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HEDDERWICK'S MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

HEDDERWICK'S MISCELLANY

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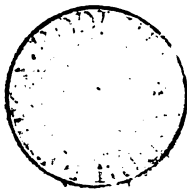
EDITED BY

JAMES HEDDERWICK,

AUTHOR OF "LAYS OF MIDDLE AGE," &c.

VOLUME I.

OCTOBER 1862—MARCH 1863.



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MDCCCLXIII.

PREFACE.

IN presenting the First half-yearly Volume of 'HEDDERWICK'S MISCELLANY,' the Publisher begs to thank the many friends who have interested themselves in its circulation and success. He desires, likewise, to acknowledge his obligations to those who, by their contributions, have afforded valuable assistance in the literary department.

The Publisher is, at the same time, conscious that the 'MISCELLANY' has hitherto exhibited some of the imperfections which usually attach to new enterprises. These he hopes to remedy, if not all at once, by slow and sure degrees; so as to render the work, in its future career, increasingly worthy of the support which it has all along received.

Among the new features contemplated, is the introduction of Serial Stories of somewhat greater length than any which have yet appeared in the 'MISCELLANY.' It is also proposed to make certain alterations in the plan and appearance of the periodical; which the Publisher hopes will prove acceptable to its readers.

APRIL 1863.



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ENDERWICK'S MISCELLANY

No. 1.]

SATURDAY, OCT. 4, 1862.

[Price 1d.]

WHAT DOES THE AGE MEAN?

BY THE EDITOR.

A DISTINGUISHED literary friend, whom we are proud to rank among our contributors, has written to us, quaintly and frankly, that he does not understand what the age means by the multiplication of cheap periodicals. If we may be allowed the confidential ear of our readers, neither do we ourselves quite understand the age's meaning; and yet, strange to tell, we are in no way discouraged either by the knowledge of our friend's obtuseness, or by the consciousness of our own. The age is incomprehensible to us and to all men in many things; and if Sir Oracle—by whom we mean not the kind and brilliant friend who has warned us mildly and helped us powerfully, but that other ubiquitous and “— good-natured friend” whom everybody knows, and who is certain to tell everybody what he thinks of us,—if Sir Oracle, we say, is only a little wise—although he may delude himself with the notion that millstones are transparent bodies, and that the Thames is a combustible stream—he will not be forward to predict the precise or even probable solution of a good many of the age's problems. Instead of getting into the “wandering mazes” of Milton's lost angels, we prefer, for our own part, to let the darker purposes of the age and of Providence alone. That our poor maligned age is, on the whole, competent to take care of itself, may be fairly and philosophically surmised.

We are always alarmed for any individual who takes upon himself the burden of the age's sorrow. Let the friends of such—if he has any—look after him, with a view to cool diet, a padded room, and the exclusion of a world that has lost its way, and is wandering, bewildered and forlorn, among the twilights of gathering disaster. It is all very well for an Elizabeth Barrett Browning to hear “the crying of the children” through all the medley-chorus of the world's mer-

cantile chaffering, and happy, homely laughter; or for a Thomas Hood to shudder at the spectre of the sick sempstress behind the many-coloured braveries of fashion. From such fine ears and sensitive-seeing eyes as theirs comes the poetry which ministers to the tender and unselfish humanities, and without which this world would be something less of a beautiful garden-world than it is now. But idle and perilous is the madness which lies outside the thin wall which separates madness from genius. The class of small philosophers who go raking about the purities of society with the noses of sanitary commissioners, and who are always in a state of fusy and prolix alarm about some awful tendency of the age—some hideous, impending ruin—some miraculous “Mene, mene, tekel, Upharain,” flaming before their startled vision,—we hold to be in a decidedly bad way. If the restless and unfortunate beings to whom we refer—and whose mission in life seems to be to push forward the pettiest of peddling projects with menace of the hugest of earthly thunders—would only be content to leave a little good work for poor, unemployed posterity to do, it might be better for their own ease of mind, as it would certainly be better for the tranquillity and happiness of their neighbours.

Whence all the perverse questioning, the monstrous metaphysical riddle-making, which is so much the vice of our time? The mistake of it consists in the supposition that the present age is one whit more at sea, adrift, and in peril of shipwreck, than the ages which have gone down to Hades. Inspired prophecy comes up to us only from remote and luminous ages of the past. Out of the Scottish Highlands, there is no such thing in our nineteenth century world as second sight. There is only one preacher in all England who professes to see as far as the Millennium, and onward, from that stage, to “the crack of doom.” It is simply absurd, therefore, for men to go howling to their gods that they are not seers or soothsayers—that they cannot look through brick walls—that they may not lift the veil which mercifully hides the future from their perplexed eyes. Men who do this we take to be in process of rapid graduation as spirit-rappers or table-turners. Soft crawling creatures may mourn that they have not legs; and ridiculous long-eared quadrupeds may hee-haw lamentingly that they have not been gifted with wings; but we expect men to be pleased and proud that they are men, and not to fret themselves to death that they are not higher spiritual intelligences.

We pray our readers, then, not to expect from us an explanation of what the age means, even in so simple a matter as the multiplication of cheap periodicals. Do the age justice, good Sir Oracle! and you will find it a well-meaning age enough. But, Heaven forfend that we should put ourselves forward as its special interpreters. The fact of cheap periodicalism having recently burst its flood-gates, and spread itself over an incomparably wider area, suffices for our present purpose. Turn wheresoever we will, that fact confronts us in strange varieties of

shape. It is blazoned, pictorially and otherwise, in innumerable shop windows all up and down the kingdom—often in multifarious combination with toys, tapes, and lollypops. We see it on purple-faced cab-stands and the benches of bow-backed porters. Its white and black insignia gleam through under-arc iron stanchions. From the pockets of precocious juveniles it peeps, the holiday copper being gone. Whether we understand the said fact or not, there it is, broadly and unmistakably visible. It demonstrates itself in the lighting of innumerable pipes, and the prophecies of infatuated wittlings that it will all end in smoke. Our poor nervous Sir Oracle, indeed, talks as if this growth of periodicalism was like the growth of a parasitical plant, insidiously clasping, enveloping, concealing, and killing that noble old English literature which is greater in depth of root and magnificence of foliage than the utmost Hellenic grandeur. But the quickness of vitality and extreme tropical luxuriance, so noticeable in that direction, is, after all, no special and exceptional development. If we have too many cheap periodicals, have we not, also, too many books, cheap as well as dear? Then, again, do even books increase at a greater ratio than other products of human industry—such, for example, as are exhibited, from decade to decade, under metropolitan acres of crystal ceiling? If any churlish mercantile man, with no margin of soul beyond his “red-lined accounts,” asserts that “we have already too many periodicals,” we picture him at this moment sitting, Marius-like, among piles of his own unsold goods, and ask him, deferentially of course, if we have not too many power-looms? Oh ye who are so deeply in the dark as to see no stars, the very blind walls of our great cities should give you eyes! Lo! there—placarded in every eye-catching variety of ink, how everything is selling off at “immense sacrifices,” as if everything existed in excess—the supply far outrunning the demand! Be honest, lawyer! and say whether we have not too many of your craft? The dentists we know to be knocking out each other's teeth in the fierceness of their competition. Advertise for a man-servant to be a lay-figure for your livery, or for an all-accomplished reduced gentlewoman to make your squalling nursery sedate, scientific, clean-nosed, and polyglot, and ten to one but the postman will, before many hours are over, dilapidate both your bell-handle and your nerves. It would almost seem that Dr. Malthus was right when he fell into gloomy arithmetical prophecies concerning the existence of too many mouths—mouths, alas! some of them at least, with more poor breath for clamour than fresh and wholesome food for mastication.

There is perhaps no department of human labour or enterprise in which the terrible activity of the age takes, on the whole, more wholesome shape than in that of cheap periodicalism. It does something to prevent the progress of our civilization from becoming degradingly gross and material. Even admitting that much of the literature thus provided is not of the most exalted kind, it is yet better than no literature.

"Angelina, or the Blighted One," may be a very ramby-ramby and trashy tale; but better take an interest in the life, love, moonshine, and impossible fortunes of that model heroine, than be wholly engrossed with ourselves. Look even at the thrilling illustrative wood-cuts;—the unhappy Angelina, for example, with hair of the thrown-back head in the grasp of that grim-visaged ruffian; or, with limp figure pendent over the black, yawning gulf, the while the strong rescuing arm of Orlando the Brave—the hero of "her ev-er-y dream"—is like a vice about her poor panting waist! Is there no stimulus to the chivalrous pulses in such crises of distressed maidenhood? The tendency of all literature, even the humblest, is to take people out of their narrow and enslaving routine of life; to open up to them new spheres of thought; and to render them less grovelling and selfish, through the wider expansion of their sympathies. No doubt there is some writing afloat the effect of which may be to render the unwary *other* instead of *better* than what they are. This has probably arisen from the temptation furnished by our now untaxed press to write down to the tastes and capacities of the multitude, whose pence are as good as the shillings of those who demand change back. Hence, we apprehend, the too great prevalence of that red-light and blue-fire description of fiction to which the epithet "sensational" has been attached. Mean what it may, indeed, we take the age to be much too sensational—not only in its literary, but in its scientific, industrial, and even fashionable developments. But lo! as regards literature, a new thing has happened under the sun. Periodical circulations—or, to speak more accurately, the circulations of periodicals—have mounted up, in some instances, to hundreds of thousands. This has made quarter-farthings of profit result in golden aggregates of recompense. The cheap has been found, in short, to be more remunerative than the dear. It has long been so in calicoes, and it is now proved to be so in periodicals, and even in books. The consequence is that some of our proud peers of literature have been tempted down to the humbler periodical levels, and into the sixpenny and shilling classics. Now, it is of the supreme essence of really great minds to be incapable of wholly shaking off their greatness. Alfred in the peasant's cottage was still a king. How the blood of Douglas gleamed through the peasant's garb! The magnates of the new and wider arena have accordingly brought with them something of their elevated tone and state, and imparted an unwonted dignity, importance, and glory to the cheap periodical press of this kingdom.

Well, then, the question arises—Will this multiplication of cheap periodicals go on; and where will it end? That it will go on is certain; and that it will result in the improvement of literature is, we think, probable. Independently of the wider fields of intellect which it will irrigate, and the new growths of genius which it may nourish, it is not unlikely that it may operate ultimately as a check on the publica-

tion of worthless books. Hasty and frivolous writing, and superficial and desultory reading, it may—and no doubt does—in the meantime, produce. So long as instances occur of vanity overmastering judgment, there will be no lack of literature for the trunk-makers—those immemorial sextons of defunct epics and sermons—those devout closers down of the mute, everlasting lids of oblivion on vain and vision-haunted names. In proportion, however, as the cheap periodical press becomes the medium of high authorship, the more, perhaps, will the entrances to it become guarded against base intrusion. To authors—and, above all, to young authors—the gain must be considerable. A book is a serious venture—apt to transform a dream of fame into a deep humiliation and a heavy loss; but periodicalism provides a vast, and, so to speak, ready-made audience, and makes the reward certain and immediate of him who addresses it with power and effect. If it be contended that the applause of the moment will be apt to induce ephemeral composition, we answer that ears attuned for the celestial harmonies will never be content with less than the longer reverberations awakened by immortal achievement. Writers rightly great can never lose their great impulses. Not for transient shoutings are their deeper and grander ambitions stirred. If such brilliant men as Leigh Hunt and the late Professor Wilson of Edinburgh suffered themselves to be engrossed by periodicalism, we fear it was because it afforded them best scope for their bright and sparkling fancies; and because, with all their genius, they were unfitted for any *opus magnum* endowed with a vitality for all time. Hunt is happiest in his brief occasional poems and papers. His "Story of Rimini" is fine, but its merit is not that of greatness. Then, with regard to Wilson, how much more fascinating is he in his "Sporting Jacket" than in his mawkish "Trials of Margaret Lindsay," or his ghastly "City of the Plague"! The nearest approach which the latter made to a great work was in his famous "Noctes." But its publication in the pages of a magazine did it no harm; it did not prevent it from being gathered into volumes afterwards; nor would its first piecemeal form of issue have prevented it from taking permanent shape into volumes had it been more truly dramatic—had it been less the outpouring, under slender disguises, of the one exuberant soul—had it, in short, been better fitted, as a work of creative genius, to live. Any writer, provided he can bear the expense, or get up a sufficient subscription list, may publish his effusions in a book; but their periodical publication—with responsible editorial staff to satisfy in the first instance—affords a tolerable guarantee of merit. Their subsequent issue in the book form implies some measure of public acceptance and approval; and thus the demands of the hour are satisfied, not merely without detriment, but with positive advantage to their claims as enduring performances. In the office, indeed, which periodicalism must more and more assume, of guarding the gateways of literature, rescuing genius from early struggle and disappointment, and imposing

a wholesome restraint on conceit, assumption, and mistake, we recognise its ennoblement and its salvation. Already some of our best writers are seeking immediate audience through magazines, and even through humbler periodical sheets; but, while enjoying the weighty authority and influence thus furnished, we deny that they are forfeiting their high claim to illustrate the genius of their age, and make good their footing among the immortals.

Holding these views, we can contemplate without alarm—without even anxiety—the present and increasing multiplicity of cheap periodicals. The appearance of this work is an evidence that we hesitate not to add to their number. We enter upon our task with good heart, with some literary experience, and not without able and brilliant coadjutors. Numerous as are the periodicals already in existence, it is presumable that scores of new ones will yet be started, and that of these some will live to be a light and an enjoyment in many homes. We desire that our *Miscellany* may take rank among the more-favoured and fortunate of its class—although not without an oppressive consciousness of how much this must depend upon ourselves. That the age has any particular or far-thoughted purpose to serve through our own humble labours, in this department, we are not now, alas! so young as to suppose. Independently of us, or of any man, the age will hold steadily on its course. We are but as shells upon the sea-shore in front of the advancing tide. The ebb or the flow of that tide we cannot influence; but the least of us may give an added lustre to its wave. Let it not grudge to us, then, its passing murmur of applause, in so far as we deserve well; nor yet its casual moan of lamentation should we be doomed early to disappear.

THE HAREBELL.

[Selected from the unpublished MSS. of the late DAVID GRAY,
Author of "The Luggie."]

BENEATH a hedge of thorn, and near
Where Bothin steals through light and shadow,
I saw its bell, so blue and clear—
That little beauty of the meadow.

It was a modest, tender flower—
So clearly blue, so sweetly tender;
No simpler offspring of the shower
And sunshine may July engender.

The 'azure harebell,' Shakspeare says—
And such a half-transparent azure—
Was never seen in country ways
By poet in creative leisure.

But chiefly the beloved song—
The patriot ballad, fresh and olden—
The 'Scottish Blue Bells,' rose among
Some other memories, pure and golden.

And chiming o'er one verse of power,
While in the chalice fondly peering,
A teardrop fell upon the flower—
My blessing earnest and endearing.

The prize was mine!—but no, ah! no—
To spare it was a poet's duty;
So in that spot I let it blow,
And left it in its lonely beauty.

PERPLEXITIES OF A PARVENU.

WITH A FEW AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES.

If the "gentle" reader will please to imagine that I am a "vulgar" person—lately lifted into a position of affluence and influence through the unexpected bequest of a distant kinsman—he will perhaps be able to understand some of the perplexities which distress me; and will sympathise with the troubles of an individual really anxious to discriminate between right and wrong, and to ascertain the exact meaning of words which, though in daily use, seem to be constantly misapplied and miscomprehended. Perhaps I ought to have said I was a vulgar person six months ago; for more recently I have been assured by several of my friends that I only need a little more self-assertion to pass for "a perfect gentleman." I am not so sure on this point myself.

You must know that when I belonged to the working classes I was in the cabinet and upholstery line, and, though I say it that shouldn't, was as good a judge of a bit of wood as any lad in the trade. My master owned as much over and over again. Now, to make a "perfect" piece of goods, you want something more, I can tell you, than thin slices of veneer and French polish. In the first place, the timber must be sound throughout—no worm at the core or dry-rot existing; then, it must have been seasoned by many sorts of weather trials, and come out only the closer and firmer for them. And now, if you find that it is beautifully grained, set to work with a will, and shape your block with delicate carvings; and polish it up, if you like, to mirror-like brightness; finally, you will have what people call a "perfect" piece of work, fit for the Queen's palace.

But counterfeits are being turned out of hand every hour in the day; veneers that blister and curl off in the sunshine, notwithstanding the radiance of their polish; and rotten or unseasoned wood that is not worth the varnish which is bestowed upon it. Better the plain deal that the kitchen-maid scrubs clean every morning. I apply my trade experience to the examination of human nature, and have come to the conclusion that "a perfect gentleman" is not easily made. I do know one, though—the young M.A. who reads with me, and explains history, geography, and grammar to me for two hours every morning, though the more I learn the more ashamed I feel. He does not flatter me about becoming "a perfect gentleman," just because his lips could not shape themselves to the utterance of a falsehood, and he sees into my heart just as if there were a glass window to it. I told him so one day; and he said something about the power of sympathy, and that circumstances had made the difference of seeming between us—that was all. It was the executor to my great uncle's will who recommended my tutor to me, and called him a Christian philosopher. I rather like the phrase, and am beginning to understand the meaning of it. What distresses me about my tutor is that he is poor. I know it, though he never told me so; but I understand all about poverty, and have my little faculty of "clear seeing" on that point. Now, if I were the "perfect gentleman" they make out, I should know at once how to help my friend; but I do not. He wrote to me "My dear friend," the other day; so, perhaps, I may dare to call him so. I feel myself blush when I order up luncheon in the middle of the lesson—having breakfasted slightly on purpose to be ready for a hot outlet—and could not press a third glass of wine on him for the world. How, then, could I offer

his money? Clearly I do not know the right way to do it. Only one resource for me that I see. There is a Church-living in my gift, and the present incumbent is nearly eighty. I know where my heart of oak, beautifully polished—my Christian philosopher—would be in the right place.

The other night I was invited to a very grand party. I should not have had the courage to go if my tutor had not promised to be there and to stand by me. There were numbers of beautiful and elegant ladies, several of them very kind and condescending to me; and, of course, the gentlemen were very stylish and stately. One of them, handsome and young, who seemed a great favourite—in fact, evidently a popular person—had the title of "Honourable" affixed to his name; but I happened to know that of him which stamped him as dishonourable in my eyes; and, when somebody asked me if I would like to be introduced to him, I said abruptly—"No, thank you; I'd rather not." This was very rude of me, I know—just a proof that I am not a gentleman yet; but I really could not help it.

The fact is, this "Honourable" personage is neither more nor less than a cruel man. He once had a horse—a noble animal, famous for its sagacity, docility, and speed. The beautiful dumb creature lent all its great gifts freely to its master; but the more it yielded the more was required from it, till at last the impossible was demanded, and the feat possible only at the life-price. The brutal owner laid a wicked wager that he would ride his horse twenty miles side by side with an express train. The merchant won his wager; and the nobler animal died two hours afterwards in intolerable agony. I insist upon it that this man cannot be a gentleman—no, not if the blood of twenty generations of kings coursed in his veins.

By way of contrast to this savage action, let me tell a little story about a very humble individual whom nobody ever dreamed of calling a gentleman.

Our beloved Queen's coronation was a very important event to a certain ragged little boy then twelve years old. He was the child of indigent parents—belonging to the very substratum of the social pyramid, as my tutor would say—and was glad to be employed as a donkey-driver in Hyde Park, when all the world was holiday-making and rejoicing. Such a run was there for donkey-riding among the little short-frocked and small-trousered people of that day, that young Tom Williams earned between three and four pounds in the course of that festive week—a sum appearing to the poor boy nearly inexhaustible, but which would have quickly melted in the grasp of his only remaining parent: as, in fact, it did, all but thirty shillings, which the child contrived to hold fast as the nucleus of his future fortune. With this sum he purchased a donkey, and started in life on his own account. With the exception of a sad term in an hospital, in consequence of a fever, aggravated by exposure and hard living, Tom, from that day to this, has never been indebted to any one for his living; he has had his ups and downs—his "looses," like other people of consideration; but at present, I am happy to say, he is well to do—has savings for a rainy day, and a wife and two children whom, in a neat little house, he supports with comfort. In fact, though only a "donkey-driver" in a suburban neighbourhood, his occupation is on rather a superior scale. I have known Tom intimately for many years, and can conceive how he has risen in popular estimation. I remember how the drivers of flies used to look at the poor little man, and almost insult

any lady who could degrade herself by riding in a donkey-chair. I recollect, also, when he wooed and won a respectable servant, how ineffably shocked the smart housemaids of the district were to think of a "girl like that" demeaning herself by marrying "a donkey-man." But the happy couple seem to have lived down that sort of contempt; the wife receives an occasional visitor to tea; has her old mother for a guest for a month at a time; and Tom is more often called Mr. Williams than spoken of more familiarly.

But one of the bright and noticeable points in Tom Williams' character is the humanity he shows to his animals. There is no mistake on this subject; you can judge for yourself by the evident love they bear him. In fact, you must be acquainted with his donkeys to know the docility and capabilities of these much-abused creatures. His donkeys, instead of being exposed to the severities by which hundreds of these poor brutes perish every winter, are stabled and groomed by Williams' own hands. No matter how tired he may be—and he often walks twenty miles a day—he attends to their needs before resting himself. Every morning he washes out the well-paved stable, and has it rubbed dry; every night the poor beasts are indulged with a clean straw bed "up to their knees."

Now, as may be imagined, Tom Williams' patronesses—for he has little or nothing to do with the sterner sex—belong chiefly to the class of genteel people of small means; invalid ladies, many of them, who feel they can afford the airing which costs but a shilling an hour, but would turn over half-a-crown in their purse several times before expending it on a fly. This class of ladies indulge in the temperate excitement and sober festivities of friendly tea-parties—festivities which usually terminate at nine or ten o'clock; and it is no unusual thing for Tom Williams' donkey-chair, hood up and German window closed, to be engaged on these occasions. In fact, Tom begins his day by calling on his lady patronesses for orders, then making his arrangements accordingly; for Tom has an assistant, who plagues him much and cannot lead or drive the animals, as Tom himself does, by a tone of the voice or the touch of his bare hand, and who is never a favourite with the ladies; accordingly, it is considered a sort of obligation when Mr. Williams promises to "go himself"—a favour he usually accords to those who are first on his list.

But, lately, a scene of alarming dissipation must have taken place. Whether it was the occasion of a wedding, or christening, or birth-day party, I do not know; but an elderly lady absolutely ordered the donkey-chair to take her home at the midnight hour! It was a bleak November night; but Tom being prudent and thrifty, and always ready to earn an honest penny, roused himself from heavy slumber about half-past eleven o'clock, and prepared to get his carriage in order to fetch the lady. Lanthorn in hand, he proceeded to the stable, where reclined in peaceful slumber a donkey and a mule. The straw that had been "up to their knees" now rose shelteringly above their heads, and Tom Williams paused from indecision which beast to arouse. Each had done his fair day's work, and received his fair day's wage of food and shelter; and both were snoozing so cozily and comfortably, that they were not aroused by their master's presence. Donkey had, perhaps, done a little the more work that day; but mule was arranged on his couch in a peculiar and favourite attitude, of the comic order, that always made Tom laugh

to contemplate. Could it be that the cunning creatures knew the softness of his heart, and feigned deep sleep in this pathetic manner? If it was a pretence, it answered perfectly, for Williams had not the heart to disturb them; and, treading gently, he left the two creatures to darkness and repose.

But did he disappoint the dissipated patroness? By no means.

Once Tom Williams had been distressed by a case of conscience, which I must describe. He loves, as I have said, to earn an honest penny; but he loves still more his sacred Sabbath, and its devotional services—joining in the psalm-singing with such loud earnestness that he once received a hint from the clerical authorities to be more gently musical. The case of conscience was this:—An infirm lady wished to be taken to church every Sunday in the donkey-chair. The temptation to earn the honest penny was considerable; but Tom resisted it, on the plea that it was a sin to make his animals toil on that day. The lady argued—Surely it was a work of necessity? Tom pondered the question, and hit upon an expedient that satisfied both parties. He bought a handle for his donkey-chair, and made the shafts to be removable; so, every Sunday, he drags the old lady to church himself, and when she has alighted he enters the sacred edifice, and performs his morning devotions, leaving the chair at the church porch. Now, on the cold winter evening when he had not the heart to disturb a sleeping mule or donkey—in his own words, “couldn’t abear to do it”—he put the handle to the chair, and making of himself a draught animal, drew the lady to her home, a distance of a mile and a-half, up and down hill.

Now, Tom Williams never was and never will be a gentleman; and yet, I maintain that there is a beautiful vein of “gentleness” in his heart, which purifies and ennobles his whole nature. There is not an inch of veneer or a particle of polish about the man; but the native wood—is not that fine? Just remember the poor donkey-boy and donkey-man, who has never begged or owed what he could not pay; whose devotions were, till checked, too boisterous; to whom, I should add, music is the dream of heaven; and who could not “abear” to awaken for fresh labour a tired donkey. And then contrast the fine dandy, with “Honourable” before his name, who rode his noble horse to a cruel death. I see—I cannot help seeing—something hideous beneath the showy veneer and French polish; something black and rotten that has an evil odour about it, and that is dangerous to touch or use.

I often think of such things and get puzzled about the use of words; for the more my tutor explains to me the derivation and right meaning of them, the more I perceive how words have got twisted out of their true sense. I think if people tried to twist them right again there would be some good done.

I know another instance of “gentleness” in a poor, illiterate, and altogether very humble person. A certain fishmonger—not a tradesman who would be selected to supply costly turbot or delicate mullet for a State dinner, but a perpetually individual, who, day after day, whatever the season or whatever the contents of his basket, invites purchasers by the cry of “Live soles!” Not that he intends to deceive you if he has no soles; but he considers that phrase the generic term for whatever finny produce he may have to sell. Five years ago he had a rival who did more than sell fish by day—he cried “Sprats!” on winter nights. Sprat-seller shall be called B., the other fish-seller A.

B. died of consumption—from catching cold on wet winter nights, it was said—leaving a widow to struggle on, with four young children, as best she might. Widow sought and gained scanty out-door parish relief, and the little boys earned odd pence in many curious ways. Old customers declared they would still buy fish if the widow would sell it. Widow was quite equal to hawking fish about the little suburban place in which she dwelt; but Widow could not trudge five miles to Billingsgate market to buy fish, as her husband had done, and also look after her little home and children. Hearing of which promised patronage, A. volunteers to drive Widow B. to Billingsgate every morning on which she desires to buy fish. A. must take the cart up for his own purposes—not his cart, by the way, but a cart shared with a greengrocer and others in a very unimportant way—and he can give the widow a seat quite easily. A. has a wife and some little ones of his own; and hopes, if he should be taken away, friends will rise up for them. So Widow B. sometimes sells fish, and often does charring. Parish allowance is stopped now—one boy being dead, and the others gone out to service; and though one or other is often on her hands, she manages to keep out of the workhouse.

Fishmonger A. driving his rival to market—who could not be his rival without his aid—is a pleasant picture to me, and contrasts curiously with some of the sharp-dealing and overreaching, the hard selfishness and cruel cunning, which are too often exercised in high places, and among those who are called gentlemen.

I believe that “whatever is, is right;” and that, when we come to see the right side of the tapestry at which we are all working—it often seems so confusedly—we shall perceive how beautiful is the Almighty plan and purpose. Obviously it is part of that plan and purpose that mean souls should sometimes be in high places, and great souls be of lowly estate; and this reflection reminds me of an anecdote a little illustrative of what I mean. When Mendelssohn the philosopher—grandfather of musical Mendelssohn—was a youth, he was clerk or some sort of servant to a very rich but exceedingly commonplace, in fact stupid, employer. An acquaintance commiserated the clever lad on his position, saying—“What a pity it is that you are not the master, and he your clerk!”

“Oh, my friend!” returned Mendelssohn, “do not say that; if he were my clerk, what on earth could I do with him?”

Not respectful language, I admit; but, perhaps, under the circumstances, to be pardoned.

I perceive there may be a curious difference between noble-men or gentle-men written as one word, or divided into adjective and noun; and, perhaps, I had better give up troubling myself about the derivation of words. Perhaps it is that I am incapable of high polish, and that the rough edges of my character are apt to catch in silken sophistries, and fray and fret without being able quite to unravel them. At one conclusion, however, I have certainly arrived, and that is that the “gentle churl” is something better than the “churlish gentleman.”

Then, again, I said a little while ago “when I belonged to the working classes;” but it seems to me there is no fair way of getting out of that community. All one can do is to get out of one class into another—higher or lower as the case may be; but an honest man will always find plenty of work, and hard work too, laid ready for his hand somewhere on this fair earth, and waiting and asking, as it were, to be done. There is a sort of work that makes the

check pale, instead of the hand horny; a stern, steady fighting with invisible legions of evil, the wages of which are not paid weekly in current coin, nor is the promotion obtained always evident to men's senses here below. Taking the phrase in the comprehensive sense, the social fabric is certainly held together by—and, I humbly believe, for—the Working Classes; and I for one mean to stick by my order. Whether tutors and tailors will succeed in making me “a gentleman,” I am not quite clear; and, indeed, the case is not very promising, for I shocked a lady the other day by telling her that I hoped always to belong to some one or other of the Working Classes! C. O.

OUR LITTLE MAID.

Our little maid was a girlish thing

With red, ripe lips, and a soft, dark eye;

A smile or a frown was enough to bring

Sunshine or showers to her April sky.

And oh! 'twas amusing the court that was paid
To the childish charms of our little maid.

Our little maid had one true love—

Charlie the cooper, with lint-white hair;

And so short, that he scarce could be seen above

The stiff, straight back of her kitchen chair.

But to measure his girth was a difficult task:

He was strong, firm, and round, like a porter cask!

Charlie the cooper was brave and true;

His faults, like his stature, were wonderfu' wee;

But his great, warm heart was as big, we knew,

As his breadth—and that was a sight to see!

They had courted since Charlie in petticoats play'd
On the same door-step with our little maid.

That Charlie loved her, we could not doubt—

He was fain at her slightest beck to run;

While she flirted with all who came hanging about,

Then told the poor cooper “’Twas only for fun.

He was welcome to leave her if he was afraid.”

A petulant gipsy was our little maid.

The cooper was fond, but the cooper was wise;

He would try the effects of a voyage to sea.

The little one wept till her big, black eyes

Were swollen and red; and she vow'd that he

Such cruel desertion would live to regret,

For she'd marry the very first man that she met!

He left her. But oh! how his great heart burn'd!

He “knew she would miss him—his poor, little pot.”

No sooner was Charlie's broad back turn'd

Than she came, so demurely, to ask—“Might she get

To visit her mother?” That night she was late;

And she came on the arm of a tall Yankee mate!

Next day she was merry as maid could be—

She laugh'd and she sang till evening came;

When—just like a dandy invited to tea—

Up walk'd the Yankee! his breast aflame

With glowing studs! and his finger-ring

For glitter and weight was a wonderful thing!

He stalk'd to the kitchen, and sat himself down

On the chair where poor Charlie had squatted so oft;

But his back was so long that his big, black crown

Seem'd quite out of place as it tower'd up aloft:

The Yankee was taller—who sat on his seat—

Than our little maid when she stood on her feet!

That night, we boys had capital fun

Watching the Yankee. I guess that he

Did not get much of his counting done;

For some of us still peep'd in to see

The studs! and the ring! and the great watch-chain!

And we hoped he would come very often again.

Our little maid had got into a scrape.

Her mistress was angry, and lectured her well.

The poor baby-face was in every shape;

But she promised amendment. “The great Yankee swell!

He was just like a lamp-post—so long and so slim;

Poor Charlie was worth half-a-dozen like him.”

Our little maid got a present that night—

A parcel tied neatly with tarry twine!

'Twas a great, yellow shawl, so glaring and bright;

Each corner relieved by a crimson pine!

It happ'd her all over, with lots to spare—

Like a gay table-cover spread out on a chair!

Next came a beautiful gilded brooch,

With a crystal stone like the Koh-i-noor!

Her master thought it was quite too much;

So he happen'd to meet him outside of the door,

Where he gave this tall Yankee a bit of his mind;

Who turn'd on his heel, and—just went in behind!

We reason'd with her; it was all in vain.

We spoke of poor Charlie; she hung her head.

Long Yankee Doodle had turn'd her brain

By his gorgeous presents of yellow and red.

The balance still waver'd; when in he threw

A beautiful bonnet of brilliant blue!

The poor little maid could not marry them both.

When she thought of the cooper, she sobb'd and sigh'd.

But the Yankee swore a terrible oath,

That the very next night he would make her his bride;

And told the poor child to prepare for her fitting—

He should have said, “Wind and weather permitting!”

But wind and weather did no such thing.

They had made little Charlie's ship their sport,

Till the people on board were fain to bring

Their vessel, dismasted, back to port;

And, first on shore, poor Charlie paid

A joyful visit to our little maid.

Our little maid was deck'd so gay,

With shawl of yellow and bonnet of blue,

When we saw the wee cooper come over the way;

And, what do you think did the gipsy do?

She ran to meet him in all her charms,

And threw herself, bodily, into his arms!

Poor Charlie sat down in his stiff-back'd chair,

And heard the whole tale, from beginning to end;

Ten minutes would bring the tall Yankee there,

Then—“What would become of her? Who would defend

Her dear little Charlie?” But Charlie said—“Whew!

I've only to double the fellow in two!

Then Yankees are nothing but bluster and boah!

So, poor little foolish one, don't be afraid.”

Then, clapping his hands—“I have it, by goah!

The way for to tickle the Yankee's beard,

And turn his complexion from yellow to blue,

Is—for us to get married without more ado!

So, off wi' them gewgaws, and let us be gone!”

But the poor little maiden look'd into her glass;

She was vain of her dress; and “The things she had on

Became her so much.” “Very well, let it pass,”

Said magnanimous Charlie; “we won't have no strife:

I'm obliged to the Yankee for dressing my wife!”

They let themselves quietly out by the back,

Just as the Yankee drove up to the gate!

He was dress'd—oh, so gay! and the cabman's hack

Had white gloves on its ears! But “the gallant came late;”

And he look'd rather blackish, as Charlie had said,

When he found he was jilted by our little maid!

J. P. H.

THE SCOTTISH PULPIT.

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

Nobody denies that we Caledonians are famous preachers. No doubt it may please Mr. Buckle—*molliter ossa quiescant!*—and certain wittings of a lighter sort, to sneer at Calvinism, and to find its genesis, not in the God-stirred heart of the ancient Hebrews, but in the frowning cliffs of Glencoe, and the broad, brown, treeless heights of Uamvar. But John Knox and Edward Irving and Thomas Chalmers are Scots who can afford to be sneered at—just as any pert or petulant tourist, sent into the sulks by a rainy day and a cloudy sky, might sneer at Ben-Lomond, or Ben-Ledi, or Ben-Voirlich, or any other reputable Ben from Campbeltown to Cape Wrath. For, whatever may be said against Calvinism, it is quite certain that Thomas Guthrie is one of the lions of Edinburgh now, just as prominently as Chalmers was of Glasgow in the days of the astronomical discourses, and Irving of London in the days of the famous orations. That Scotchmen are great preachers may be therefore assumed as an intellectual fact, as notable as that no Scotchman has ever been a great tragic actor or has ever written a great epic poem. On this notable fact we propose making a few practical observations.

In what does the great excellence of Scotch preaching consist? Chiefly, we imagine, in one thing—in its thorough earnestness. There has been a considerable amount of cant lately vented about earnest men, both in prose and verse; but, after all, earnestness is the grand quality of mind by which all great things are done in this world; and as to talking, who cares much for any sort of talk that is evidently only half meant, or, like the talk of diplomatists, meant only in the contrary sense to what appears? The first charm of all talk is earnestness, the second is playfulness. Between these two qualities there is no contradiction; the second, to be efficient, always supposes a deep substratum of the first. In the pulpit, of course, there is no room for sport—there, to be in earnest is the one thing needful; and a careless, sleepy, and indifferent manner is the unpardonable offence. The old Latin adage—*Si vis me flere, &c.*, If you wish me to weep, first show your own tears—finds its application nowhere so strongly as in the pulpit. Mr. Buckle, in the curious and amusing notes to his second volume, has a story about a certain Reverend Mr. Thomson, whose sermons used to last commonly for two hours; and in whose praise it was said, by one of his admiring auditors,—“*Our minister has an awful pour o' water; for he grats, and he swats, and he spat, quite extraordinary!*” Such an exhibition, no doubt, would be grossly offensive to persons of refined taste, and they might prefer an extremely “dry” discourse to humoral eloquence of this description. But, in such matters, sound philosophy is not exactly at one with refined taste. It is better to be affected with the briny secretion a little too potently, than to talk, on the most important of all subjects, with dry eyes and a weak accentuation.

Dr. Guthrie is strong in tears. With all his broad, rough manhood, he has a most womanly heart; and he who has not something of this will never be either poet or preacher with any remarkable result. But the Scotch preacher does not exhibit his earnestness always, or for the most part, in this pathetic way. He deals rather in the stern, emphatic decision, and the direct, glowing attack, than in the tender, tear-mov-ing appeal. You see plainly he is no sentimentalist. There is no tricking-out or dressing-up of dainty sensibilities. He brings you directly into contact—in a very decisive military sort of fashion—with the Divine decrees. He makes you understand very shortly and concisely that they are an immovable sort of thing, that will not bend either this way or that way to favour your fancies or to amuse your feelings.

“*Desine fata Deum flecti sperare precando.*”

You may think it severe, but there it is. The Divine law and the Divine will admit no questioning and tolerate no objection. Acknowledge them or be ruined. Unquestionably, this style of eloquence in the mouth of a fool—and there are, of course, fools enough in Geneva gowns as in other costumes—may often be very foolish; but that this tone is the proper and natural tone for the rhetoric of the pulpit is quite plain. All morality and all religion have necessarily an element of severe sternness in them, which not to receive is to deny the whole matter, and to turn worship into a mere piece of form, and human life into an insignificant sport. The Scottish preacher is not a mere spiritual man-milliner, with a pair of tongs to curl the locks of true believers, that they may look well before men and angels. He is a hard, determined fellow, with a hammer, or a lash, or, like Bailie Nicol Jarvie if need be, with a glowing red-hot poker in his hand; in any case, he is no trifler, no skin-deep dealer in superficial lotions and unctions. He will insist on your going vigorously to the root of the disease. You must believe before you can act. You must start on a right principle, or all your acting will be vain.

Another peculiar feature in Scottish pulpit eloquence is its naturalness, and freedom from academic, courtly, fashionable, or other conventionalities. Who ever heard Guthrie preach—when Guthrie was most like himself—and, if he had any soul for Nature, did not feel a salutary infection from the fresh, breezy movement of a soul utterly unencumbered with artificial proprieties? It is as if a cloud of fragrance from birchen trees and purple heather were suddenly sweeping across the nostrils of a man accustomed for months to the atmosphere of west-end saloons or Oxford congregations. Your genuine Scottish preacher—like stout John Knox—fears nothing and nobody. He will be altogether and decidedly himself—not straitened by any artificial training imposed on him by academic lecture-rooms or episcopal waiting-rooms. You may not be inclined to admit that he is a lion in any sense except the vulgar one—that is, a thing to be stared at and talked about; you may call him a cur; you may call him a bear; but you must admit that he carries a certain rough vigour with him which is intensely natural. He is a dog that can both bark and bite; or, to take another simile, you may say that he is dark and horrid, like his own mountain pine. You may much prefer your own smooth, English beech; but you cannot deny that he has a certain sturdy lustihood about him that inspires respect, and

that he looks well on his native hills. You may lament very unfeignedly that he does not possess the profound Greek learning of Jowett, or the subtle and thoughtful originality of Robertson of Brighton; but still, in Auld Reekie, there is something about a Guthrie or a Chalmers—and even the close, iron logic of a Cunningham—that you like. These men are brimming over and bristling round with free nature—with free, Scotch nature; and that is exactly the sort of thing that one loves to find in Scotland;—just as the tourist does not come to Callander to see Richmond, but to see the Trossachs. The rough country may be rough enough for tender feet; but it is precisely this roughness which gives it not only its strength, but also that solid sort of beauty which is so different from the rich softness and the drooping gentleness of Petersham and Twickenham.

So much by way of praise. The good of a thing, indeed, is the soul by which it exists; and the man who does not start by seeing and acknowledging that, had better let the evil alone. The faults of nations, as of individuals, can never be understood without comprehending their virtues—our most prominent vices being, for the most part, only exaggerations, or misapplications, or despotic assertions of our virtues. Now, what are the main defects of Scottish pulpit eloquence? To our seeming they are principally four. We want grace; we want learning; we want pliability; and we want practicality. We want grace—that is, a certain gentleness and dignity in the midst of our force and earnestness. Dr. Guthrie is one of the very few famous Scottish preachers who has known to unite dignity and grace of manner with force and fervour. Irving also, we believe, had dignity; Chalmers certainly had not. To hear Chalmers was to run a steeple-chase, or to be dragged furiously in the career of a rattling battle-car, amid dust and breathlessness. The astronomical Doctor was too impetuous and too ardent to be graceful. A want of grace is the fault which most naturally flows from a superabundance of vigour; and it is a fault which, it must be confessed, our Scottish pulpit orators exhibit in great amplitude. What bellowing and braying, what thumping and beating, what wriggling and twisting, what writhing and wrenching, what wrestling and sweating, have we not witnessed in those who either were or wished to appear vigorous in the Geneva gown! Herein lies a great evil. Not only really vigorous men will often overbray and overbellow themselves, as if a certain amount of pulmonary noise were absolutely necessary for the exhibition of Calvinistic thunder; but small and weak men—of whom there is always a fair proportion—will mist on tramping about like very bulls of Baah; and then the very little Skye terrier, with his repeated plunges after imaginary otters and water-rats, does appear ludicrous! It were seemly that men who have naturally no great weight of thought, or volume of language, should adapt themselves to a quiet style of utterance, which might compensate by delicacy and grace for what it wants in power. But the tyrannous fashion, which shapes sermons as well as crinolines, will not allow this; and the vigour which does not exist must be assumed, in order to please the views of critics, who are slow to discern the existence of quiet power, unless when accompanied with a certain amount of sounding external demonstration. Herein the Scottish preacher belongs to the same natural class as the popular demagogue; if he does not please merely by virtue of lusty lungs and much breath, he finds it very difficult to please without them. If St. Paul were to rise from the grave, and go about preaching, the Scotch people probably would

listen to him eagerly; for, though he was dignified and gentlemanly in his manner, he was also full of fitful vehemence and overflowing passion. But if St. John or St. James were to appear in the same character, it is much to be feared that their Caledonian experience of audiences would be far from satisfactory. We should be apt to call the former very tame, and the latter extremely moderate.

Our second great fault as preachers arises from a want of learning. By learning, we mean all those materials of intellectual discourse that are derived from written records; that is, in other words, an accurate knowledge of the past history of man—political, intellectual, and moral. Such materials stand in the same relation to eloquence that the stones of the quarryman do to the architectural plan of the builder. And as the edifice will ever be poor for the erection of which the materials are few and of inferior quality, so the discourse will be comparatively meagre and ineffective for which the materials have been derived from a narrow or superficial survey of human history. No doubt the most important thing for all men to know, in the first place, is the living world before them and around them; and here the Scottish preacher, with his native sagacity and his appetite for the facts of tangible science, has often, with no external aids, proved himself fully a match for his more favoured competitors beyond the Tweed. But for a Christian divine, with all possible sagacity and general intelligence, it must ever be a great source of weakness not to have made a serious study of the history of human thought, and especially of the history of religious thought and religious life in the revolutions of the Christian Church. The acknowledged weakness of Scottish divines in this province deprives their utterances of all authority, whenever they venture beyond the narrow field of strictly Scottish Christianity, and quite modern Presbyterianism. One seldom or never hears from the Scottish pulpit any remark that indicates the slightest familiarity with the history of Christian thought and feeling during the first three centuries. Our native caution generally prevents us from blundering into regions of which we are entirely ignorant; but an intelligent Scotch hearer, after many a confessedly eloquent discourse, often feels a sad blank; and an intelligent foreigner will often be forced to the criticism—*Well, all this is very fine, and rattled off in a grand thundering style; but the admirable preacher seems to know nothing of Christianity before John Knox, and nothing after him!* In a word, your Scottish Boanerges is often a very eloquent Presbyterian, but a very ignorant Christian.

Closely connected with our want of learning—indeed, resulting out of it, as an effect from a cause, though not the only cause—is our want of pliability. We are too rigid and unbending in our scheme of theological thought. The minds of our preachers, even the most famous, seem often formed in a mould the very reverse of the Book from which they preach. For of all books the Bible is the most various and the most many-sided. It is, in fact, not a book but a literature, not a volume but a library. But that many and significant sides and aspects of this wonderful Book are never looked at, much less comprehended, by our Scottish preachers, seems quite plain. They have never been taught the habit of wandering free and at large through these celestial gardens; but love rather to confine themselves to a certain small corner of it, where the trees are all clipped into obelisks or other odd figures, to please the artificial taste of some church-gardener. Or, to use another simile,—as Dryden accused Milton of having looked at Nature only

through the spectacles of books, so we may justly accuse many a notable preacher of having looked at the Bible only through the spectacles of the "Confession of Faith." The evil of this is not only a certain narrow and conventional style of handling Christian truth, but the erection of a very effective barrier between the Church and men of original thought and independent character; for not only is the form of clerical thought stereotyped on a narrow model, but free and fresh spirits, who, with an ardent love for Christian truth and a noble spirit of apostleship, are unwilling to allow this model to come betwixt them and the Bible, are summarily ejected from the Scottish Church, and refused the brotherhood of our local Christianity. It is a difficult thing for any Church to maintain its position in an intelligent age, when with the one hand it does not promote learning, and with the other discourages that liberty of prophesying, which is as essential to the healthy state of any Christian Church as a certain liberty of the press is essential to a sound political constitution. The only result of such a suicidal policy must be to establish an irrational divorce between the intellect of the age and the faith of the age; and to make orthodoxy—which, to be of any value, should always be free—synonymous with slavish fear and stereotyped stupidity.

One other word we have done. Our Scottish pulpit discourses are often lamentably deficient in practicality. We have often listened patiently for an hour to a laboriously-detailed doctrinal exposition of truths having not the remotest relation to the actual experience or the actual need of the hearers; while at the end was knocked off, in a single minute, the so-called practical application of the discourse, which in truth is the only important matter. The great truths of religion are sufficiently familiar to most church-goers. The fundamental principles of human and Christian ethics are now part of the familiar intellectual inheritance of all educated persons. But how these truths are to be realised, and how these principles are to be worked out in the complex problems which modern society presents, and amid the sophistical juggleries which inborn selfishness in all classes, and under all disguises, is constantly playing off—herein lies the real difficult business of Christian preaching; and precisely herein do we find the most famous Scottish sermons oftentimes a great blank. We could mention some scores of texts, of the New Testament and the Old, full of practical wisdom and rich in social suggestiveness, which are never preached on—one would think, almost, because it is the fashion in Presbyterian pulpits not to be too moral, and not to be too practical. Because the Popish Church has, on various occasions, given too great prominence to certain ceremonial works enjoined by the priests, we therefore will fight shy of works altogether, and turn away from a "moral discourse" as something not a whit less essentially heathenish than the worship of the Virgin Mary! No doubt, a string of precepts without principles will be as vain as a set of well-cut wheels in machinery without steam or water to set them in motion; but the steam requires the wheels as much as the wheels require the steam. Our rising young preachers should make it their main business to address themselves to the moral problems and the moral struggles actually presented to thinking individuals by society at the present day; otherwise the constant general declaiming about so-called Evangelical doctrines will be apt to become as unproductive and as wearisome a mannerism as the "Moderate preaching" of the last century. A sermon should as much as possible be a piece of practical business, not a mere exhibition of pious talk.

MR. WALKER'S NARRATIVE.

A STRANGE STORY.

ON a calm evening, in the month of June, Frank Marshall and I got into a second-class carriage on the Great Northern Railway—off on our month's annual vacation. I was in the pen-wiper and desk-duster department of Somerset House; and Frank was in the habit of transporting his anatomy regularly every morning at eleven o'clock from his residence in Pimlico to his office in London Wall, and at a quarter-past three o'clock from his office in London Wall to his residence at Pimlico—a daily pilgrimage which he made for the purpose of burning incense at the shrine of appearances, and "practising with the gloves" at a breathing lay-figure—his office-boy. What business Frank did in his office, or out of it, no one could conjecture; nor could he have told himself, I believe, even if called before a jury of his countrymen to furnish the information, in order to balance their judgment in an important case. Frank's father, in his lifetime, had kept an office—the consequence of which was that on his death he left Frank quite independent of doing anything except amusing himself, which he accomplished to his own satisfaction, by the aforementioned pilgrimages between Pimlico and London Wall; and, in his spare time, trying all the new inventions for furthering the development of the muscles of the human body. We were en route for Scotland. Frank being a lineal descendant of Roderick Dhu, and an intense admirer of Sir Walter Scott, was anxious to visit the scenes made so famous by his brave ancestor and favourite author.

We thought we were going to have the carriage to ourselves; and, after we had fairly got started and out into the blue darkness, we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable, by taking off our boots and substituting slippers, drawing our caps over our ears, and lighting our pipes.

"Don't swear, old chap; it's not proper," said Frank, bending over to get a light at my pipe.

"What do you mean?" I asked, astonished. "I didn't swear!"

"Come now, old boy; don't deny it. I heard you when you struck that Vesuvian—burned your fingers, I suppose. Vestas are better for pipes. Never mind."

"Halloo! there again."

Frank turned his head and I did the same—both of us becoming immediately sensible of the presence of a third party sitting at the other corner of the compartment. He was a tall, thin gentleman, wrapped in an Inverness cape, and with a small leather bag on his knee, which he was endeavouring to unlock—apparently a work of some difficulty, from the manner in which he was wrenching, turning, and bullying both the key and the bag. At last he succeeded in opening it; and, turning to us, begged pardon if his hasty temper had got the better of him.

Frank smiled, and asked him if he objected to smoking.

"Not in the least, my dear young gentlemen—not in the least. I suppose you are astonished at my appearance here. The fact is, I got in a quarter of an hour before the time, and fell asleep under the seat. I am a bit of a traveller, gentlemen, and suffered from sleeplessness very much in early youth—making up for it now. Never too late to mend, you know—as the saying is. I shall crawl in again presently. I only rose up to get my nightcap; and to inquire if you will be kind enough to favour me with a kick on arriving at Sheffield! Thank you; much obliged, I'm sure. On the crown of the head, please, with the

heel of your boot, or on the nape of the neck with the toe; either will do!"

Frank had obligingly acceded to his request to favour him with a kick on the train's arrival at Sheffield.

He was a queer-looking man, with a long beard, a winter-apple bloom on his cheeks, and rather sparkling black eyes. He sat in our company half-an-hour, partaking of some brandy, and sniffing the smoke with manifest enjoyment. His heart warmed gradually, and after some general conversation, he said—"I'm an eccentric character, gentlemen; you'll have found that out by this time, no doubt. I've had a good deal of knocking about in my day. Would you like to hear my life?"

"By all means," we both said simultaneously. "If you will be good enough to relate it, we shall feel extremely interested and obliged."

After a few preliminary hems and haws, putting himself in a comfortable position, clearing his throat, &c. the strange gentleman went on as follows—only stopping now and then to take a sip of brandy, cough, and exclaim "Ah, dear; how strong!"

"My name, gentlemen, is Walker; and I am a native of Farnham, in Surrey. My mother died in giving me birth; and my father removed to London shortly after that melancholy event. Whether it was in the iron line, or the coal line, or the ham and beef line, or the muffin and crumpet line, that my father made his money, I am unprepared to state; certain it is, however, that he lost it in the tin-mine line, and left me, at the early age of four years, an orphan. Not that he carried his money about with him in a bag, and dropped it accidentally down the mine; but that he conceived a sudden and violent affection for a person of the name of Grabber, who prevailed upon him to embark his money in an undertaking which, to describe it mildly, turned out a bad speculation.

"My earliest recollections are associated, strange to say, with a blank wall and the bill-sticking line. Awakening to consciousness, I find myself in the act of flattening my nose against a window-pane, and riveting my gaze on the apparition of a very tall and remarkably Spiky Young Man, who, with painful consciousness of the illegality of his actions, was affixing, on the dead wall opposite—and on the precise spot where was painted, in white letters, 'Bill-sticking prohibited'—a tri-coloured placard, commanding the British public, with no less than six interjectional dashes, to 'Buy their trousers at Skifter's!'

"I may mention here, that, at a tender age, I had the misfortune to fall a victim to occasional day-dreams or reveries, which day-dreams or reveries lasted indefinite periods of time, and were brought on principally by too earnest gazing at any particular object—the handle of a fork, a picture on the wall, &c. &c.

"I must have fallen into one of those day-dreams or reveries at this time; for I can remember wondering who Skifter was; where he got his trousers; if he were married or otherwise; if he had any brothers; if he were partial to toasted cheese; if the young man then engaged in affixing the placard was connected with him by any ties of consanguinity—a foster-brother, for instance (his, the Spiky Young Man's, mother having nursed Skifter in infancy); if Skifter had luxuriant, curly locks, or was bald-headed; and if he meditated bringing up his eldest son (always supposing he had such a relative) to the trouser business. These reflections were passing through my brain, when I was startled by observing that the Spiky Young Man had finished his job, and was performing a

series of wild *pas d'allégresse* on the pavement, in which the ladder was brought into use as a valuable auxiliary; now circling and whirling round his head in the manner peculiar to the aborigines of North America; now laid on the pavement, forming, with the assistance of the flapping-stick, a correct representation of the principal article of worship in use at the present day amongst the members of the Roman Catholic Church; and serving as a centre round which the Spiky Young Man was skipping and leaping in the ancient Caledonian style (except that the ancient Caledonians generally preferred swords to ladders—as showing off, in bolder relief, the originality and daring of the achievement). This continued for about ten minutes, when suddenly the Spiky Young Man seemed to be smitten with the most intense remorse at the levity of his conduct; and, picking up his ladder and flapping-stick, put them against the wall, and burst into a passionate flood of anguish—standing over and allowing the tears to flow into a dish which he had with him, and stirring the contents about, first with his right and then with his left hand. (I may mention here, in deference to your wish for exactitude in my narration, that the contents of the dish or can seemed to be paste.) Naturally of a sympathetic temperament, I could not resist being moved to tears at the unhappy condition of the Spiky Young Man, and accordingly commenced sobbing bitterly, and drying my eyes with a plumber's apron, which was hanging at the back of a chair in the room. I had just wrung out the apron for the third time, and had cleared my eyes from the blinding sobs, when I was sensible that the Spiky Young Man had ceased weeping, and was seated on the top of his ladder (which was balanced on the pavement in a most extraordinary manner), and gazing at me with a sort of frenzied earnestness. I was no sooner conscious of this fact, than I felt irresistibly impelled to return the staring with a considerable deal more than double-compound interest—the consequence of which was that I immediately jumped into another train of reflections, in which I continued till I was brought to the ground by a tremendous blow on the back of the head; and, on looking up, saw the Spiky Young Man bending over me—his eyes starting in their sockets—the sweat standing in large beads on his forehead—and his teeth chattering like a baboon.

"'Halloo, vampire!' shouted out the Spiky Young Man; 'wot d'ye mean by larin' at me in that manner? Come.'

"After I had recovered my astonishment, I explained to the Spiky Young Man that, so far from indulging in any unbecoming levity, I had been moved to tears of sympathetic sorrow at his condition.

"The Spiky Young Man laughed incredulously.

"'Powder me blue!' he said. 'I saw you, unhappy boy! Deny it not. Name your reason for doing it. Quick—spit it out.'

"He seized me by the ears, and shook me—shook me till the roof spun round, the chairs and tables performed somersaults, myself and the Spiky Young Man stood on our heads on the roof, and saw Napoleon crossing the Alps tumbling head over heels, and threatening to fall upon and crush the three Apostles on the mantelpiece, who were plunging and diving about in a most unapostolic manner. Gradually and slowly the roof, the chairs and tables, the first Emperor of the French, the cream-coloured horse, the snow-covered Alps, and the three Apostles recovered their centre of gravity, and discovered the Spiky Young Man standing opposite me—his head inclined to one side, and a sad, melancholy expression in his eyes. 'Hear you,

air,' he began, addressing me; 'what is the reason that you use me thus? I loved you ever;—but it is no matter—let Hercules himself do what he may, the cat will mew and dog will have his day.' I felt hurt at this unmerited reproach, and hinted to him, as gently as possible, that I might with a great deal more consistency put the query to him; as a little reflection would serve to convince him that, metaphorically speaking, the boot was on the other leg. I had no sooner made this candid confession, than suddenly the apartment became brilliantly illuminated with ten thousand electric lights—the Spiky Young Man had struck me a severe blow between the eyes. On recovering consciousness, I observed that he was standing back from me about a yard, with his hands clenched and his sleeves tucked up. A wild expression about his eyes made me fear that he meditated murdering me; and, under the influence of that supposition, I seized upon St. John the Apostle, and aimed straight at the Spiky Young Man's forehead. It was cast-iron, and struck with a hollow thud on his brow, bringing him with a leaden sound to the ground, where he lay senseless. The blood flowing in two distinct streams from his mouth, and forming a little puddle on the hearth, made me wonder whether the Spiky Young Man would ever again stick Skifter's bills on the walls in defiance of the police regulations, or indulge in wild revels on the pavement in the glimmering twilight."

At this stage of the narrative, Mr. Walker took another sip of brandy; and Frank, who had been listening breathlessly, took occasion to ask if Mr. Walker had a twin-brother, as he knew a Mr. Walker who bore a very great resemblance to him. He forgot his Christian name. It was peculiar, and Frank rather thought commenced with H., although not Henry or Harry. Mr. Walker, however, informed us that he was an only child, and consequently had neither brother nor sister—a circumstance which was not to be regretted, considering his father's unlucky connection with the party of the name of Grabber. Mr. Walker then cleared his throat, and went on as follows:—

"After having prostrated the Spiky Young Man, I must have wandered about the streets; for I can distinctly remember (my recollections from this point are distinct) finding myself in the neighbourhood of Tower-Hill, and, in a narrow passage, struck all of a heap by the apparition of a child of tender age hanging by the neck from a pole protruding from a cellar. This ghastly spectacle was nearly the means of throwing me into violent convulsions, and would assuredly have done so, had not a man passing at that moment illuminated the lamp on the opposite side of the way, and revealed to my astonished gaze that what I at first supposed to be a dead infant, black in the face from strangulation, was only a correct representation of a negro baby, dressed in a dirty calico shirt, a pipe in its mouth, one of its eyes knocked out, and its arms stretched frantically forth, as if in momentary expectation of being taken up in its mother's arms and kissed.

"'Halloo! young glowworm!' cried a voice from the cellar; and I felt myself grasped by the arm, dragged into darkness, and thrown on to something which crackled like a large packet of bones, and emitted a cloud of powdery dust, which, forcing itself into my nose, mouth, and ears, nearly choked me. After having been unconscious for about ten minutes, I looked round. I was in a large, low-roofed cellar, and surrounded by bales, empty barrels, ropes, pieces of old iron, rusty anchors and cables, tow, broken furniture, dusty old ledgers and day-books, and the

skeleton of a small boat, keel upwards, on which a figure was crouching, holding a candle and peering at me in the face. He was a short man, dressed something like a sailor or river pilot, with small twinkling eyes, buried deep in a shrunken body of dark, bushy eyebrows,—a man with a low brow, large Roman nose, large under jaw, no space between the eyebrows worth talking about—a man with bushy, unkempt hair on his head, thick, stubby hair on his cheeks, chin, and upper lip, and extending far down his throat—a man with a huge cavern between his nose and chin, which mouthed out, showing a row of fangy teeth, 'So, young alligator! you've come after the place, have you?'

"'I'm not an alligator, and I've not come after the place; so let me go,' I answered, rising. I thought that possibly he had fallen into arrears with his rent, that his landlord was endeavouring to let the place over his head, and that he mistook me for a tenant in perspective, or hanging about the place in order to report its appearance to a tenant in perspective.

"He pushed me back on to the bale, and I had again to undergo strong symptoms of death by suffocation.

"'Sit down,' he resumed; 'don't be a young fool; nobody aint going to hurt you. Came after the place, and are frightened, and want to go back; I can see that.'

"I again strongly deprecated any intention of having come after the place; and even hinted that, judging from its appearance, I should be inclined to think that the rent could not be very much after all; that, although he was a little behind at the present time, there were a great many men in a much larger way of business in the same predicament as himself; and that either a personal interview with, or a well-worded epistle to, the landlord would have the effect, I doubted not, of inducing him to extend the time of grace a little.

"This conciliatory speech had only the effect of making him burst into a loud fit of laughter, in which the large red cavern, with the candle before it, was so painfully and horribly conspicuous, that I had to shut my eyes in positive horror, only to open them again on encountering the pale face of the Spiky Young Man staring at me, and pointing significantly at a coffin which was floating in the air beside him.

"'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the man, till I thought that his jaws were going to part asunder. 'Ha, ha! you're a green young dolphin! and no mistake you are.' His jaws shut with a click, and his face suddenly assumed its usual grimness, as he said, holding his forefinger within an inch of my nose—'Here; look you here, young salamander! I want a boy, and you're just the sort of chap to suit me. I'm a griffinish-looking chap myself; but I won't be to you if you serve me well, which I've no doubt you will. What you've been up to I don't know, nor want to know; at all events, you're safe with me. Is it a bargain? Come.'

"I don't know what was the reason, but I certainly liked the griffinish-looking man better the more I regarded him. Visions of the Spiky Young Man rose up before me, followed to the grave by his mourning relatives; and myself before a jury of my countrymen on a charge of murder. I accepted the offer.

"I need not recount to you, gentlemen, my life with Calfeliver (that was the griffinish-looking man's name) for ten years. We were in the old rope, rag, old iron, and bone line. During those ten years, the Spiky Young Man's face was not absent from me in imagination for one hour. I was a prey to the most intense remorse. I was a mur-

derer! I had not the slightest doubt about it, because the occurrence had been advertised in the papers, and a reward of two hundred pounds was offered for my apprehension. Calfaliver knew my secret; but he did not give me up to justice, and he had no cause to regret it. I worked—I worked hard—I worked desperately. Work, incessant work, was my only relief from thought. I elevated the petty rag and bone huxtering into respectable and legitimate commerce. We purchased stores and warehouses; and I established agencies in almost every continental city in Europe. At the end of ten years we were worth sixty thousand pounds. (I was made a partner at the end of three years.) I travelled; and visited, in a business capacity, every city of any importance in Europe. Gradually and slowly I began to get more comfort and peace of mind. I reflected that it was in pure self-defence that I threw St. John the Apostle at the Spiky Young Man; and it was with no intention of murdering him. I wondered why I had not thought of that before; and at last I was happy. Yes, gentlemen, I was happy.

"It was at a ball at Madame St. Omer's, St. Petersburg, that I first became acquainted with Amelia D—. She was the daughter of a West India planter, deceased; and she was under the guardianship of her uncle, Sir Benjamin Parkins Bogtrotter (eminent sugar-refiner in Whitechapel). I was about twenty-four years of age at that time, and, I may say, handsome. My beard and mustache were grown; and I had an interesting, melancholy expression peculiarly fascinating. My hair and eyes were jet black—so decidedly black as almost to border on blue.

"I loved, and was loved.

"I left St. Petersburg, but kept up a correspondence till her return to London, when I made an offer of my heart and hand. She clasped me to her throbbing bosom, and referred me to Bogtrotter.

"'Young man!' said the pompous Bogtrotter, who was proud of his blood, 'the manes of my brother would rise up and curse me if I allowed his daughter to marry a rag-merchant. In all other respects you are eligible. Change your trade to another—as profitable, remember—and she is yours.'

"I asked a year's time, which was granted.

"I went straight to Calfaliver, and immediately assented to a proposal, which he had made a year before, to give up the rag business, and commence monster clothing establishments all over London and the provinces. In a year's time we were fully established. We spent several thousands a-year in advertising; and our names became as household words. Amelia consented to be mine. Bogtrotter and Calfaliver were introduced to each other, and became fast friends. I could hardly believe in my prospective felicity. We were to be married in a month.

"About a fortnight before the appointed time, I was standing in the sale-room of our east-end warehouse at nine o'clock in the morning. I was in the glass counting-house at the end, through the window of which I could see all that went on in the sale-room. Mr. Simmons, our manager, was counting out a parcel of bills, and distributing them among the bill-stickers. About the last to step up for his share was a very tall figure, dressed in moleskin trousers, and with a short shell jacket. His back was towards me; but I could hear his voice, which I thought sounded familiar to me. 'Mr. Simmons,' his words were, 'what I was again to observe is this here, that if you would allow two or three of the hands to accompany me—one to hold the ladder whilst I stuck up the bills, the

other two to watch the police—I might manage it. I don't bind myself as to certainty, Mr. Simmons; but I might manage to get them up.'

"The conversation related to the advertising of a patent style of braces which I had invented, and which we were anxious to have stuck up on a tempting black wall at the corner of Farringdon-street and Ludgate-Hill. The police regulations were strict, however; and it could only be managed at midnight. Of course, it would be taken down again, but it would have attracted the attention of a great many clerks and others who pass that busy thoroughfare in the morning.

"The speaker turned his face; and there—gracious heavens! before me, in the flesh, stood the SPIKY YOUNG MAN! I pricked my ear with a pen till the blood flowed, to make certain that I was not dreaming. It was substantial reality. I could not mistake those features—features that had been familiar to me in imagination for ten years. Ten thousand different emotions struggled in my head. I was not a murderer after all. I could have laughed, danced, wept. I hurried out, called a hansom, was driven to my own private house, locked myself in my bed-room, and gave way to a passionate flood of tears. I wept for an hour and a quarter; got up, cleared the table from the middle of the room, and danced a good imitation of a plantation break-down—danced till the sweat was pouring off me, and until I had so alarmed the house that I stood in danger of being taken off as a dangerous lunatic. I became calmer; partook of three chops, with kidneys, and a bottle of sherry; and hurried back to the warehouse. I questioned Simmons as to the Spiky Young Man, whom I instructed to be sent to me the next day at four o'clock.

"At three o'clock next day, I was seated in my private room at our west-end establishment. It wanted an hour till the Spiky Young Man was due. I took a bottle of brandy from the cupboard, drank a glass, and seated myself before the fire. The hum of business from the great hive surged into the room with a monotonous moaning sound. There was a French clock above the mantelpiece—the ticking of which sounded to me like the blows of a hammer on an anvil. I fell into a reverie—the whole events of my past life seeming to pass in a panorama before me. My betrothed had called to see me in the course of the day, looking lovelier than ever. My imagination dwelt, in fond anticipation, on the bliss which was soon in store for me. The ticking of the clock and the beating of my heart struck faster and in unison. I looked up; it wanted five minutes to four o'clock. In a few moments, although I had heard no one entering, I was conscious that some one was in the room. I turned slowly round, and the SPIKY YOUNG MAN stood before me. He had his cap in his hand, and stood beside the door, which he had left half open. I requested him to shut it, and motioned him to a seat. He shut the door, edged slowly and timidly to the arm-chair, stood for a moment, made a motion as if about to sit down, then, recovering himself, said—'If you please, sir, it seems more natural to stand.' I poured out a glass of brandy, which I offered to him. He drank it to the dregs, gave a long-drawn sigh, and deposited the glass, turned downwards, on the edge of the consulting-table. I poured out another, which he again drank, and then yielded to my request to sit down. I did not speak for five minutes, during which time he occupied himself by twirling his cap, whistling inwardly to himself, and then surveying the cornices of the room, as if lost in admiration of their architectural proportions.

"Your name is —?" I stopped, hesitatingly.

"Dokkerty, sir," he answered, dropping his cap and picking it up again.

"How old might you be?" I asked.

"Thirty-four years."

"How long have you been a bill-sticker?" I turned round and looked him steadily in the face. He did not recognise me.

"Put it at fifteen year."

"Did you ever work to a gentleman of the name of Skifter?"

"His face became pale, and he moved uneasily in his seat.

"Which 'ave since died? I did, sir."

"How long did you work for him?"

"He laid down his cap on the floor; closed his left eye; gazed meditatively at the north-west cornice of the room; with the right hand slowly counted over the fingers of the left hand, then *vice versa*, stopping at the third finger—"Eight years, sir."

"Could you undertake to perform the Caledonian Sword Dance, if called upon?"

"Dance it agin any man—any day of the year."

"That was sufficient. I started up and clasped him in my arms, hugging him rapturously to my heart.

"Wot's all this here game about?" he asked, disengaging himself, and flushing deeply.

"I could restrain my speech no longer. I gazed into his eyes, pushed back the hair from my brow, and shouted out—"Dokkerty! injured Dokkerty! Behold he who has supposed for many, many years that he was a murderer, and the murderer of yourself! Know that it was I that threw St. John the Apostle at your head—hurting you severely, no doubt, but not, as I supposed, murdering you. I will recompense you well—handsomely—for those hurts. You shall be a junior partner; no more a bill-sticker, Dokkerty! You have given me fresh life, a new existence." I again strained him to my breast in ecstasy.

"Suddenly, I felt myself clutched by the throat, almost to strangulation. His breath came hot and burning on my face. He clutched tighter, and hissed out—"Wretch! Murderer!—it was not me you threw St. John the Apostle at, but my brother. You are my brother's murderer; but you are now in my grasp. You shall hang for it yet. I, the poor despised bill-sticker, refuse your proffered gold. You shall swing, sir;—swing—swing!"

"All the horror of my position flashed upon me at once; but my presence of mind did not desert me. Calfaliver had taught me wrestling. I twisted my legs about his, pushed him, and both came to the floor—he undermost. I was a younger and stronger man, and released myself from his clutches; then, giving him a blow on the mouth to stop his screams, fled down stairs.

"Mr. Lintie," said I, to our astonished head warehouseman, "run up stairs, with two of the porters, and secure that madman, Dokkerty;—he is foaming at the mouth."

"I fled out into the cool air.

"I recovered consciousness in a house in a narrow street in the Jews' quarter of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. How I came there I know not. I was again an outlaw from my country, and the price of blood was on my head. I was again advertised in the *Hue and Cry*; and, had it not been for my effectual disguise, I should have been dragged back to justice. Detectives from England and foreign spies visited the house where I lay, and even insisted upon my

getting out of bed to finish their search properly. I could not account for their not recognising me, till I got a looking-glass and surveyed my appearance. Merciful fates! what a change! My hair was gray, my eyes were scarcely visible, and short, stubby hair covered my face; my cheeks were sunk in, showing painfully the outline of my jaws and cheek-bones. I lay ill for a month, and at the end of that time was able to walk out. My cash was exhausted in another week, and I commenced life again as an itinerant rag-marchant; travelled over the Continent for a time; and then fixed my quarters permanently in Paris. For five years I pursued this avocation, and saved a little money. Was I happy? No. Was I unhappy because I was still conscious of being a murderer? No. I was unhappy, miserable, because Amelia was lost to me for ever. Sipping a cup of chocolate one morning, in a low cabaret in the Rue Montmartre, I observed an English workman reading a copy of the *Times*. I asked permission to have a look at it when he had finished, which he courteously granted. Almost the first words which caught my eye was an announcement of Amelia's marriage with Calfaliver! I returned the paper and rushed out into the open air. I could hardly breathe. To use the words of *Edwin Ediot*, in the drama of the 'Maniac of Manchester, or the Fate of Felix Puffy of Pinsbury,' 'I was going mad. I felt my brain fissing. Ha! ha!' I rushed home to my garret. Instantly a feverish longing to see her once more took possession of my heart. I counted my money, changed my clothes, and set out for London that same evening. Everything seemed changed. My name had been erased from the firm. Calfaliver was prosperous as ever.

"For weeks and months I hung about, endeavouring to catch but a glimpse of Amelia. I lurked about the doors of the opera-houses and theatres in the season. I was unsuccessful. I remained in London, and woke one morning to find my money was done. I had not even sufficient left to take me back to Paris. I sought employment as a dock-labourer, scavenger, bill-sticker—anything that would gain me a living, however precarious; but was unsuccessful. Oh, the horrid memories of that dreadful winter! Winter in London, without money or friends! I formed one of a group who stationed themselves every morning outside the gates of the London Docks, waiting for casual employment. Sometimes there were three or four men taken on for a day's work; oftener one, or none. Throw a dead sheep amongst a hundred famishing wolves, and watch the result. It is nothing to what takes place among those gaunt, emaciated men—their faces, through starvation and cold, rendered fiercer than wolves—when the porter opens the small door and intimates that a hand is wanted. I was successful once; but my ribs were nearly crushed in, and I could scarcely work after having got the job. Christmas! I forgot the pantomimes. I applied, and obtained a job to walk about between two boards as a peripatetic advertisement of the entertainment. I held this position for a month. My perambulations were in the City. Ah! little recked the passengers in the street—as they saw my pinched cheeks, blue lips, and hollow lack-lustre eyes—of the dreadful romance of my life!

"Christmas-day 18—was one of the coldest I ever experienced. I had been walking about all day, and about four o'clock was painfully toiling up Cheapside. I had got as far as Wood-street, when I became conscious that a tall figure was approaching, encased between two boards

like myself, and walking with that slow, swaying motion peculiar to the profession. I began to wonder if he had as heavy an account to bring against fate as myself. He was rounding the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard when I first observed him, and we passed each other at Friday-street. I had proceeded as far as Newgate-street, when I felt some one clutch me by the hair at the back of the head. There was a clash of boards, and I fell to the ground, locked in the embrace of the advertising medium who had just passed me. The boards sounded on the pavement, and a crowd collected. We fought desperately;—I fiercely; for I could see no reason for the unprovoked assault other than the usual rivalry of trade. We were assisted to rise. I looked at my assailant—*Cicuz!* It was the SPIKY YOUNG MAN! He gave me into custody on a charge of murder, and I was dragged off to prison.

"I made no defence; and was sentenced to be executed in front of Newgate. Was I frightened at my dreadful fate? No! Death would be a relief to me. Destiny had done its worst. For the first time in my life I felt supremely happy. I longed impatiently for the day which would set me free—the beginning of the end. The night previous, I heard the sound of carpenters erecting the scaffold, and the gradual gathering of the crowd. The time dragged slowly on; and the dull sound of St. Sepulchre's Church tolling the hours had no terrors for me. At a quarter to eight a.m. the doors were opened, and I walked on to the scaffold, breathing the fresh air of heaven. It was a beautiful May morning; the sun was shining in the heavens, and its rays were reflected from every bright thing—from the great ball on the dome of St. Paul's—from the glazed tops of the policemen's hats, forming a circle in front of me—from the batons of a small band of those functionaries who were dispersed among the crowd, and who kept up a series of light skirmishes with a few dissatisfied men and women who elbowed and pushed for a better place—from the steel harness of long lines of cab, cart, and carriage horses, which stretched far up New Hill and Skinner-street, waiting till the 'show' was over to proceed on their way, and not sorry at the detention. I felt like a traveller about to proceed on a long journey, or a popular citizen about to leave his native place for ever, and attended to the railway station by a crowd of rough but enthusiastic supporters and admirers. I had a special train to myself. Where would I be, I reflected, when those carriages, cabs, and carts had reached their destination, and when that grim crowd had separated, and each member crawled off to its morning meal, with an appetite whetted by the spectacle!

"I looked far away over the heads of the crowd at the beautiful sea of blue, with only a few dreamy, fleecy clouds here and there, floating calmly and voluptuously about. Far in the distance, I could discern a small dark cloud, scarcely the size of a man's hand, which, as I looked, seemed to assume the form and proportions of a boat, with a figure at the prow, which I thought beckoned me. I fixed my eyes on it till the executioner approached, and laid his hand on my shoulder, adjusting the white cap. I was blindfolded; but I still saw the boat and the figure beckoning. I was put below the drop. Suddenly I heard hurried voices beside me; and the chaplain stepped forward, informing me that a party wished to say something which would be calculated to soothe my last moments. I assented, and was conscious of some one standing by my side. A warm breath came through the woollen nightcap to my cheek, and the voice of the Spiky Young Man

hissed in my ears—'Idiot! fool! you are on the point of death—of a judicial murder! I always hated you; and now I have the satisfaction of murdering you. Know that I am indeed he whom you are supposed to have murdered! I never had brother nor sister! Ha! ha! your doom is fixed. Your words will now have no effect. It wants three minutes to the hour. At the first stroke of the bell you will be thrown off!'

"A wild, heart-broken shriek, and the words 'Villain! Murderer!' escaped from my mouth. All my longing for life had returned. I felt a fierce, burning thirst for even a day's life. I tried to free myself from my bonds. The crowd saw me, and there was a groan like the howling of a wild beast. Pitiless monsters! I felt as if I could have thrown myself upon them, and torn them limb from limb. I hated them more than I hated my enemy. The executioner again stepped forward, and put a white handkerchief in my hand. My arms were pinioned down to the wrists, and I could only catch it nervously with my fingers.

"*I was on the point of being thrown off!*

"One moment of awful suspense! Another!! Another!!!

"It seemed an age!

"Boom!

"Five hundred thousand lights danced before my eyes!

"Cannons going off at my ears!

"My eyes were straining to jump out of their sockets!

"A rush of air was trying to escape from my throat, and forced back to my breast till I thought it would crack!

"Booming of cannons, and more lights!

"My brain would burst in another moment!

"My teeth sank through my tongue and my lips, and the hot blood gushed down my breast!

"A horrible, slimy reptile was clutching at my throat!

"More lights dancing before me, illuminating a rock, on which the Spiky Young Man was seated, grinning horribly, and extending his hand as if with the intention of assisting me, then drawing it back and laughing hideously! I struggled, and succeeded in reaching it, only to be launched back with a mocking yell in my ears!

"My heart had cracked—a thousand cannons going off—a rush of waters in my ears, and closing over me!!!!

"I had been cut down, and was resuscitated. I was a madman for a year. The Spiky Young Man, suddenly terrified, had confessed just as I was being thrown off. I had only been suspended one moment. The shock had nearly killed me. All these sensations, and more than I could relate, had taken place in one moment. It seemed to me a year. I went abroad a miserable man. My enemy died raving mad!—

"Thanks for your attention, gentlemen. This is my station. Luggage! Por-tar! Por-tar!"

Frank and I were speechless for a quarter of an hour. The train was four miles past Sheffield before either of us spoke. "What a fearful narration!" I said; "and how he is to be pitied!" "I know him," said Frank. "It's Stilty Pollins, the eminent Sensation Novelist. He has been trying the effect of a new plot. He will go down a coal-pit to-night—sup on toasted cheese, cocoa nuts, devilled kidneys, and broiled bones—and write Calfaliver's narrative, the Spiky Young Man's narrative, Amelia's narrative, Sir Benjamin Rogtrotter's narrative, and Calcraft's diary, and the novel's complete! Your hair, old chap! is like an ill-natured hedgehog's back. Depend upon it, he is convinced that it will be a success."

R. L. G.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

CAPTAIN GRONOW, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, and M.P. for Stafford, has lately published his "Reminiscences." They are made up, for the most part, of anecdotes of the camp, the Court, and the clubs, at the close of the last war with France; and, as the familiar chit-chat of an old soldier, who has seen much good society in his time, are very interesting and pleasant. We subjoin the gallant Captain's sketch of the celebrated coxcomb and wit whose name appears at the head of this article:—

"Amongst the curious freaks of fortune, there is none more remarkable in my memory than the sudden appearance, in the highest and best society in London, of a young man whose antecedents warranted a much less conspicuous career: I refer to the famous Beau Brummell. We have innumerable instances of soldiers, lawyers, and men of letters elevating themselves from the most humble stations, and becoming the companions of princes and lawgivers; but there are comparatively few examples of men obtaining a similarly elevated position simply from their attractive personal appearance and fascinating manners. Brummell's father, who was steward to one or two large estates, sent his son George to Eton. He was endowed with a handsome person, and distinguished himself at Eton as the best scholar, the best boatman, and the best cricketer; and, more than all, he was supposed to possess the comprehensive excellences that are represented by the familiar term of 'good-fellow.' He made many friends amongst the scions of good families, by whom he was considered a sort of Crichton; and his reputation reached a circle over which reigned the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire. At a grand ball given by her Grace, George Brummell, then quite a youth, appeared for the first time in such elevated society. He immediately became a great favourite with the ladies, and was asked by all the dowagers to as many balls and soirees as he could attend.

"At last the Prince of Wales sent for Brummell, and was so much pleased with his manner and appearance, that he gave him a commission in his own regiment, the 10th Hussars. Unluckily, Brummell, soon after joining his regiment, was thrown from his horse at a grand review at Brighton, when he broke his classical Roman nose. This misfortune, however, did not affect the fame of the beau; and although his nasal organ had undergone a slight transformation, it was forgiven by his admirers, since the rest of his person remained intact. When we are prepossessed by the attractions of a favourite, it is not a trifle that will dispel the illusion; and Brummell continued to govern society, in conjunction with the Prince of Wales.

"In the zenith of his popularity, he might be seen at the bay window of White's Club, surrounded by the lions of the day, laying down the law, and occasionally indulging in those witty remarks for which he was famous. His house in Chapel-street corresponded with his personal 'get up;' the furniture was in excellent taste, and the library contained the best works of the best authors of every period of every country. His canes, his snuff-boxes, his Sèvres china, were exquisite; his horses and carriages were conspicuous for their excellence; and, in fact, the superior taste of Brummell was discoverable in everything that belonged to him.

"But the reign of the King of Fashion, like all other reigns, was not destined to continue for ever. Brummell warmly espoused the cause of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and this, of course, offended the Prince of Wales. I refer to the period when his Royal Highness had abandoned that beautiful woman for another favourite. A coldness then ensued between the Prince and his protégé; and, finally, the mirror of fashion was excluded from the royal presence.

"A curious accident brought Brummell again to the dinner-table of his royal patron: he was asked one night at White's to take a hand at whist, when he won from George Harley Drummond £20,000. This circumstance having been related by the Duke of York to the Prince of Wales, the beau was again invited to Carlton House.

At the commencement of the dinner, matters went off smoothly; but Brummell, in his joy at finding himself with his old friend, became excited, and drank too much wine. His Royal Highness—who wanted to pay off Brummell for an insult he had received at Lady Cholmondeley's ball, when the beau, turning towards the Prince, said to Lady Worcester, 'who is your fat friend?'—had invited him to dinner merely out of a desire for revenge. The Prince, therefore, pretended to be affronted with Brummell's hilarity, and said to his brother, the Duke of York, who was present, 'I think we had better order Brummell's carriage before he gets drunk.' Whereupon he rang the bell, and Brummell left the royal presence.

"The latter days of Brummell were clouded with mortifications and penury. He retired to Calais, where he kept up a ludicrous imitation of his past habits. At last he got himself named Consul at Caen; but he afterwards lost the appointment, and eventually died insane, and in abject poverty, at Calais."

BELLA! HORRIDA BELLA!

BY THE EDITOR.

THE first red hand was raised against a brother—

A brother's blood was first the earth to stain;
And at this hour the children of one mother
Are burning with the demon-thirst of Cain.

Through all the myriad moans of the Atlantic
Sadly the fratricidal cannon booms;
We hear the dying cries and curses frantic—
The louder for the silence of our looms.

Is not your country large enough to bear ye—
Ye who, beneath Columbia's crimson star,
Fight for a continent of wood and prairie,
Like shipwreck'd pirates for a sinking spar?

What of the warriors of the wilds you hunted?
Left they no lessons in their bleeding track?
Or mark'd you not when shuddering Europe pointed
From her old fields of graves to warn you back?

Yours was the new bright land of seeds and schemers,
Who deem'd our elder course of grandeur run;
Who saw your 'stars and stripes,' with eyes of dreamers,
Take dawns of splendour from our setting sun.

But, on the rising day-star of your glory,
The curse was heavy of a race enslaved;—
Oh! wash that darkest page of all your story
With tears of penitence for vengeance braved.

Now, while with patriot fire your pulse is throbbing,
The foe with equal ardour grasps his brand;
And, whichever ever bleeds, there will be sobbing
And mutter'd curses on the slayer's hand.

Then, brothers! when ye cry unto the Father—
Ask not the victory for which both appeal;
But in your death-pale camps pray meekly rather
For mutual sheathing of the murderous steel!

Enough of sacrifice, enough of sorrow—
Of wasted blood and keen-extracted tears:
Oh! for a sun to yield a sober morrow,
And a wise promise for the future years!

What need more battles? Soon a mood of sadness
Will come when you will think of these aghast—
As thinks a bleak-eyed man of blows and madness
Shared in the revel of a night that's past.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"OH, if he were but ten years younger—even ten years!" said Edith Marchbank to herself one evening, as she sat gazing into the parlour fire.

Her active though delicate widowed mother was busy with domestic matters; and her strong-headed but lively and entertaining elder brother, Sydney, had not yet come home. There were no other members in the family; and Edith, with the gas unlit and the fire warm and bright, sat thinking quietly to herself, with the dreamy, perplexed air of one whose mind is pulled in two opposite directions at once.

Who was it whom she was so desirous to put into Medea's kettle and boil young again? It was Mr. Charles Rugby—a rich gentleman, who, but for his age, might not perhaps have been quite so rich. Still, she wished him younger, if only that she might consider his proposal seriously. As it was, she felt that to think of him at all was laughable. Making herself as old as she could, she was still under twenty; while her lover—she was quite sure of that—was seventy years of age at least.

Yet, somehow or other, she could not help thinking of Mr. Rugby—and thinking seriously enough too. He was a well-grown gentleman, very bald and white, bright eyed, fresh complexioned, and hale; with only a slight and scarcely perceptible stoop in his gait. Some time before, he had returned from the Continent, and found the Marchbank family reduced in circumstances, and, in short, suffering all the pangs and privations of poverty striving to be genteel. Thanks to his munificence, they were now comfortable.

Among other noble deeds, he had set up Sydney in business for himself in the city, supplying him with the necessary capital, and securing for him, through his own influential connection, a liberal amount of support. The admiration, the respect, and the gratitude of Edith were so intense that, but for what she considered his extreme age, these feelings might possibly—who can tell!—have merged into a single and very tender sentiment of regard.

A grave and deliberate offer of marriage from the venerable friend of the family had completely taken the poor girl by surprise. No doubt he had often sat with his arm round her waist, or patting her on the back as an affectionate father might pat or pet his child. These little familiarities, which she had thought nothing of at the time, suddenly took strange meanings in her eyes. But, observing her startled look and confused manner, he had not hurried her for an answer. On the contrary, he had advised her to think over it until the next morning, when he would again call. The only emphasis, indeed, with which he had enforced his suit consisted of a long, kindly, and silently-persuasive shake of the hand on leaving her to her own reflections, and to what, he hoped, would prove her auspicious dreams.

Thus it came to pass that Edith Marchbank sat in front of the parlour fire that night, staring into it as if for friendly counsel, and once more exclaiming to herself—this time almost tearfully—"Were he but ten years younger—even ten years would make a difference!"

By-and-by her mother entered, saying, "Is Mr. Rugby gone? I was preparing a bit of supper."

"He insisted I should not call you," replied Edith, "as he wished to slip away quietly. What do you think, mamma? He has actually made me an offer!"

"Of a skipping-rope?"

"Of marriage."

"Of a packet of bonbons?"

"I tell you, of marriage."

"Do you mean seriously?"

"If ever man was serious in this world."

Mrs. Marchbank was not old herself, and although in delicate health and afflicted with palpitation, was youthful in manner and showy in dress. She became quite agitated with astonishment, and at length relieved her pent up feelings with the exclamation—"Well, that really is ridiculous!"

"I am very sorry."

"But what in the name of common sense did you say to him? I never knew of anything so awkward—the old fool!"

"He did not wish an immediate reply, which was fortunate. But please don't call him a fool, mamma. Remember what he has done for us."

"You know I would go down on my knees, child, to serve him; but the idea of his marrying you, or of you marrying him, is downright infatuation. It would make the poor old gentleman a public laughing-stock."

In a short time Sydney came home, and, on learning the news, was seized with an immoderate fit of laughter, and an uncontrollable tendency to indulge in Terpsichorean exercises about the room.

"Never mind, old lady!" he at length said, clapping his mother on the shoulder, "it will be your turn next! The old fox!"

"Go along, stupid!"

"But come, Ede! tell us all about it. Did he get down upon his marrow-bones? Did he swear, spout poetry, and threaten suicide? Do tell us everything."

"Take care he don't make you get down upon your marrow-bones."

"Say rather on the flat of my back. No doubt I am dreadfully in his power. He might floor me at any moment."

"Therefore it is that we must play our cards with the utmost delicacy and circumspection," said the mother.

"Yes, Ede, you must contrive so to bamboozle your old *beau* that he may think his sour grapes sweet."

"I do not like the idea of deceiving him. You know how he has treated us. Where would we have been this day but for Mr. Rugby?"

"Surely, however, there can be no harm in trying so to shape your refusal as to avoid giving him offence," said Mrs. Marchbank.

"I shall try."

"But suppose, Ede, you should find him determined —?"

"Well?"

"Would it not be better to give in?"

"Out of the question," cried the mother.

Edith only gave a slight shudder, and said, "Mr. Rugby, I have every confidence, will not press me too hard. He has always shown himself to be a gentleman."

"It wpt do, you know, for him to be calling up his money and placing me in a fix."

"Yes; but your sister shall not sacrifice herself, I'm resolved."

"Now I think on't, old lady! she might do worse. Whatever might be her prospects as a young wife, her prospects as a young widow would be superb."

"Pshaw!" cried the mother.

"Shame!" expostulated the daughter.

"For my part," continued Sydney, "I would wish the old fellow to live a thousand years for that matter; but he wont, you know; and you might do worse, Ede, than become his fortunate survivor, I can tell you."

"I wonder what his age really is?"

"Oh, turned seventy by his own confession! He remembers all the great characters in history. Only hear him talk of things a century old! It's my opinion that when he confesses to seventy he is only letting out half the truth. Why, he's a second Methuselah!"

"He certainly does not look three score and ten."

"At all events, he is much too old for you, child, both in looks and everything else," said Mrs. Marchbank.

"Heigho! it is altogether a strange affair. Who could have suspected it? The poor old man!"

And so the family talked, and debated, and sighed, and laughed, and wondered, until, all of a sudden, they remembered that it was high time to light the gas, order in their frugal little supper, and betake themselves as quickly as possible to bed.

CHAPTER II.

Next day, shortly after twelve o'clock, Mr. Rugby called, inquired if Miss Edith was at home, and was shown into the parlour as usual. With his bald benevolent head, thin silvery hair, bland pinky face, and immaculate teeth procured without regard to expense—his appearance was undoubtedly *distingul*. He was dressed in black, but with a glossy buff waistcoat and coloured cravat. This was his ordinary

style, and had the effect of rendering his exterior very much that of a well-to-do country gentleman.

Edith, who was expecting him, was attired in a gray dress of the quietest possible tone. Her countenance was fine, and her person conspicuously handsome. The gray dress was a device suggested by her mother, with the view of mercifully disguising her charms. It was a relic of poorer days, and was a good deal worn. Her mother called it "a dowdy thing." Yet, when Edith looked at herself in a cheval mirror—one of his gifts; turned herself now this way, now that; then walked back, as far as she could, to judge of the general effect; and forward, until quite near, in order to scrutinise details—she had a secret suspicion that she was very handsome and captivating even in her sedate attire.

Mr. Rugby was fascinated. The style of her dress he interpreted as a compliment to the gravity of his years. With her complexion midway between dark and light, her simply-braided hair, and her thoughtful gray eyes, she had all the appearance of a maiden who would fill a matronly position with tranquil good sense. He fancied he saw in her one who would avoid all objectionable extremes, and who would at all times be more eager to win respect than prone to invite admiration. And was her present absence of gay colours and finery really intended to convince him that she was no giddy girl; but a person, on the contrary, of serious tastes, and fitted to be the companion of a man considerably her senior in years? After this fashion he reasoned. The matronly device was, in short, a failure; and the dull, antiquated gown a splendid success in the direction least contemplated.

With an air of courtly grace, Mr. Rugby stepped forward on entering the room, and, taking her hand as she rose to receive him, said, in his friendliest voice, "My dear girl, how beautifully that dress becomes you! Believe me, I never before saw you look so charming."

In the society of that worthy old friend of the family, Edith Marchbank had never been accustomed to experience any restraint. She had even more than once—when a tolerably big girl too—rumped on his knee, without the idea of an impropriety entering her head for a moment. Now, however, she felt that her relationship to him was completely altered; and she could only stammer out, in reference to the compliment to her dress, "I am sure it is plain enough."

"The better to serve as a foil to your beauty," observed Mr. Rugby gallantly, at the same time taking her wonted seat on the sofa, and, with a little more gentle force than used to be necessary, drawing her down by his side.

Edith coloured, and sought, with some timid agitation, to remove the aged and wrinkled hand which had insinuated itself round her waist.

"Now, don't be alarmed, my dear, simple child!" said the old man; "it is not customary for people to seek to harm those whom they have made their pets. You were always, you know, my special little favourite."

"Oh, sir!—you have been very kind to us all. But—"

"But what? Ah! I see. You have been thinking of what I said to you last night, and are now afraid of me."

"No, no; I am not afraid. I should be very unreasonable and very ungrateful to be afraid. But—"

There was a pause; and Mr. Rugby, drawing respectfully back, and contenting himself with simply taking her hand, said, in something of a sad tone, "I understand you; and of course I am not surprised."

You think me an old fool—me to talk of marriage who might be your grandfather. It is very silly; isn't it?"

"Pardon me;"—and Edith wiped some moisture from her eyes as she spoke—"you have been so kind to us all; your kindness was so great, when we needed kindness so much, that I shall never think of you but with the deepest respect and gratitude. But—"

"Ah! still that unhappy 'but.'"

"But marriage, you know, is so serious—so dreadfully serious a thing."

"You should add, 'when the disparity of years is so great;' for that, I can well believe, is your meaning. Well, well! I daresay you have some sweetheart, more suitable in point of age, to whom you have been long attached; and whom it would be very absurd in me to expect you to give up for a poor old fellow like myself."

Edith stretched out both her hands, which he grasped in both of his. "No," she said; "I have no sweetheart but you; only—no more of marriage, I very earnestly beseech you. I would have you still remain the dear old friend of the family, whom I shall not be afraid to sit beside, to talk to, or even, on a rare occasion, to kiss."

With that she pressed her lips to his cheek, and the two afterwards sat looking silently at each other, smiling a kind of sweet, beseeching smile; and neither feeling perfectly assured as to the conclusion at which the other had arrived.

Before any farther explanations could be given, Mrs. Marchbank—having overheard something of an osculant sound, by means of her ear (oh fie!) at the keyhole—entered the room in a flutter of gay colours, and looking as healthy as she could under the circumstances.

Mr. Rugby bowed to her, and said, in his kindly, laughing way, "I wanted your daughter to be a delightful little sweet-tempered wife to me; but she thinks me too old by half. She won't have me. So there is an end of the matter. You must therefore allow me to remain simply a friend of the family, as before."

"Well, I am sure," said the nervous lady, "you have at least paid Edith a very great compliment. No doubt she must feel that. But you, Mr. Rugby, can never long want a wife."

"Mrs. Marchbank, I am delighted to have your good opinion."

"I know you would make any woman, of suitable age, happy."

"My dear lady!"

"Oh, sir!"

"My dear Mrs. Marchbank!"

"You had better retire, Edith."

"No, no; let her remain. I was merely about to say that I could have married your daughter, but that I shall never marry any other."

"Oh!"

"Edith is no doubt right. I am too old."

"Oh, not too old, Mr. Rugby. It is only Edith that is too young."

"If too old for Edith, then too old for any one. Yet, somehow or other, my naturally buoyant heart has always kept me young in feeling, and hence, perhaps, my mistake."

There was just the least little touch of pathos in this—the reflection of a life wasted in the neglect of the domestic affections, and of an attempt to repair the error, now felt to be too late. Looking down at Edith, he saw her leaning her forehead on her hand, in tears.

"Come, come," he said; "no more of what is painful. I regret your decision, but have no right to do more. Let us try, therefore, how we can best

make each other happy under the circumstances. To be moderate in moments of success, and patient and resigned under disappointment, I take to be the true philosophy of existence."

Mrs. Marchbank felt somewhat relieved, and so did Edith, as they began to bustle about and prepare the table for lunch; while the old man proceeded to discuss the topics of the day with a genial flow of humour.

CHAPTER III.

Did Miss Marchbank speak the even-down truth when she said she had no sweetheart save her aged admirer? Young ladies in general, when questioned as to their love affairs, seldom consider themselves under any obligation to be accurate. Perhaps, therefore, Edith prevaricated as little as most of her sex would have done if similarly situated. She had no declared sweetheart. Of course, those beautiful gray eyes of hers were not altogether blind. She knew well enough that certain young gentlemen delighted to dance with her at parties; to hang over the piano-forte when she played; to turn over the leaves of music when she sung; to make pretty speeches to her on picking up her glove or handkerchief; and to do all the other nameless little things which young gentlemen are in the habit of doing when they desire to render themselves agreeable. For one of them, indeed—Mr. Henry Clayton, a young and rising barrister, with clustering auburn locks—she had even a considerable regard; and this feeling, she had good reason to suspect, was mutual. It was accordingly a decided relief when dear old Mr. Rugby interpreted her denial of his addresses without putting her to the pain of pronouncing the actual words. The sense of satisfaction thus afforded was deepened by the fact that her brother Sydney's business was far from being fully established; that farther capital was almost certain to be required; and that the responsibility had not been thrown upon her of imperilling a friendship so essential still to the prosperity and happiness of the family. Mr. Rugby continued his visits as before; he was as kind and considerate as ever; and everything went on as if no little episode of a delicate and painful nature had occurred.

Edith was, beyond expression, grateful; and manifested, in a variety of ways, her appreciation of Mr. Rugby's magnanimous conduct. It was so like the dear old soul that he was! He had scorned to resent that refusal on her part, which he knew to be so natural. Not the slightest irritation had he ever, on any occasion, exhibited; and, by his noble and high-minded superiority to any petty sense of humiliation, he had placed her entirely at her ease, and prevented the awkwardness which might otherwise have attended the continuation of their intimacy. While he never once, unless in the way of a passing jest, made any allusion to the subject of marriage—his friendship, which had been pure and disinterested at the beginning, remained pure and disinterested still. It even became closer and more demonstrative; while Edith endeavoured, on her part, to show that she thoroughly understood and respected this new and peculiar manifestation of the moral beauty of his character.

Weeks and months passed on, and so open and unreserved did the intercourse of Mr. Rugby and Edith Marchbank become, that Mr. Henry Clayton took an opportunity, one day he met the latter in the Park, of shaking his auburn locks knowingly, and joking and taunting her on the subject.

"Well, Miss Marchbank," he said, after some general conversation, "how is your venerable admirer?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Oh, then, you have more admirers than one?"

"I don't cultivate admirers."

"You have no need. In your case they grow wild."

"Wild admirers are not to be trusted."

"Pardon me, you have no cause to fear. Your intended, if I guess rightly, has reached the years of discretion. His wisdom teeth have come, and provided they be not gone——"

"If they are, you had best follow them. It would be well for you if you could pick them up."

"Thank you; I hope to be wise in spite of his teeth."

"Then you should have wisdom enough to know when to be silent."

"What everybody says must be true."

"If you listen to what everybody says, you must have long ears."

"To hear is not necessarily to believe."

"Then you don't believe all the gossip that you hear?"

"I believe in the love of young girls for old men, provided they have good estates."

"Fire away, Mr. Clayton! I know very well whom you are trying to insult."

"I never try to insult those older than myself."

"Knowing you can do it without trying. To be impudent is your forte."

"You are taking the huff."

"Well, sir! I never said you were not quite at liberty to think so. Good morning."

"Oh, well! if that is the way the wind blows! But let us meet when the sun shines. Positively, I must stipulate for the absence of clouds."

Edith felt nettled; and meeting Mr. Rugby shortly afterwards, as he came forward with his bright, benevolent face, did not refuse to take his arm. He was more than usually kind.

"I have just been calling," he remarked, "on Sydney. Matters are slightly improving with him. I have every confidence, indeed, that his business will yet do well."

"He will owe it all to you."

"Nay, nay; there are many young men to whom no help in the world could give prosperity. Sydney is steady, energetic, and straightforward."

"No doubt he has plenty of activity. His love of fun makes him a little too boisterous at times; but he is very good-hearted. I know, too, he feels most grateful to you, Mr. Rugby."

"Trust me, there is no fear of him."

As they walked on, the old gentleman talked of the gradual process by which he had himself got on in the world. "My means," said he, "have long been ample; but riches do not alone suffice for happiness. In my first love I was unfortunate. The young lady died."

"How very sad! And you never married afterwards?"

"No. I plunged heart and soul into business; became a very slave of the countinghouse; and deferred, in short, until it was too late."

"I am sure, sir, you well deserved all kinds of domestic felicity," said Edith, with a slight sigh.

A long pause ensued, during which they left the Park and turned their steps homeward. Passing a jeweller's shop, Mr. Rugby directed the attention of Miss Marchbank to a brooch of rare material and workmanship. She admired it, and he insisted that it should be hers. He might perhaps return to the Continent, and he should like her to keep it as a souvenir of their friendship. When they parted, Edith was at her own door. Mr. Rugby declined to enter, but said he would call in the evening. Edith,

as soon as she reached her room, threw her bonnet on the bed, and taking the brooch from its crimson morocco case, sat gazing upon it with an air of intense thoughtfulness.

"Heigh-ho!" she at length sighed; "if he were only a little younger—even five years would be something!—I'd teach that fellow Clayton how to sneer. Impudent puppy!"

So saying, she rose, with a determined compression of her lips and a little significant scowl upon her forehead, and hastily arranged her toilet.

"Whom do you think I met?" exclaimed Edith to her mother, as she entered the parlour, "and what do you think I have got? Only look there!"

"Very beautiful," said Mrs. Marchbank; "but you should be careful from whom you accept such things."

"Surely there can't be anything to fear from an old gentleman of seventy."

"Mr. Rugby!"

"What a kind old soul! How I do wish, mamma, he would take a notion of you!"

"Nonsense! child."

"Well, I am sure you are much liker him than I am."

"I wonder what can have put such stuff into your head."

Shortly afterwards, in burst Sydney in a state of the highest glee.

"Huzza!" he cried, mounting on a footstool, and flourishing his handkerchief. "I am all right now. Huzza!"

"What in the world has occurred?" inquired his mother, nervously excited.

"I will tell you," replied the young man, coming down from his pedestal. "If I were you, Ede, I would marry old Rugby to-morrow. Without exception, he is the jolliest old brick in the universe. He has actually placed a thousand pounds at my credit, in order that my business may go on with comfort!"

"How very handsome!" exclaimed the old lady.

"Handsome? It's immense."

"And he has given me that," said Edith, holding up her beautiful new brooch to the light.

"Ho! So-ho!"

"Only as a souvenir; so don't, I pray you, misinterpret."

The gratitude of the family continued highly eloquent until the evening, when Mr. Rugby came, as he had promised, and was soon under the necessity of requesting that he might not be overwhelmed with their thanks.

During tea, the old gentleman was so genial, happy, and full of anecdote, that in Edith's eyes—and very sweet, pensive, and impassioned eyes they were—he seemed to brighten back into the semblance of merely a ripe middle age.

"You have seen a great deal of the world," she at length said, as she sat looking up with childlike wonder and admiration into his keen, fresh face.

"Thank God!" he replied, "I enjoy excellent health, and am fond of travel."

"I should so like to visit the Continent!"

"Well, when you go, Edith, just try and secure me for your guide."

Sydney had, by this time, left for some engagement of his own, and Mrs. Marchbank was abruptly summoned to visit a neighbour's child who was sick. Mr. Rugby and Edith were alone.

The kindly, white-headed old man and the young chestnut-haired girl sat on the sofa together. By degrees, the old arm was put round the young waist as formerly. Edith did not resist.

"What a pity," said Mr. Rugby smiling, "that I

did not come into the world, say half a century later, in order that you might have loved me!"

Edith sighed in tender sympathy with the sentiment, and half sobbed, "There is much that a young girl may become attached to beyond mere youth. You have been very good to us all."

The old man pressed the fair maiden's head to his bosom, and said, "May I, then, even yet hope that you will make my old age happy?"

"Believe me, I would give up life itself rather than that you should be lonely or sorrowful."

"How—darling mine? Am I to interpret that as consent?"

The young girl held up her soft, dumb lips to be kissed; and, as she lay in his arms, he whispered, "Then I shall be your travelling guide after all, and our wedding-jault shall be to the Continent."

CHAPTER IV.

While the preparations were going briskly on for the marriage, Edith wore none of the looks which should belong to a happy bride. Her eyes had almost always the appearance of being newly dried, as if from long weeping in secret. She spoke little, and could not be induced to take any interest in the costumes that should be worn, or the company that should be invited. Even the well-meant jocularities of Sydney were powerless to bring a really healthy smile to her lips. She was tranquil, passive, and apparently quite indifferent to everything that was going on around.

The truth is, that she felt utterly horrified at her position. That she loved Mr. Rugby with all the best instincts of her heart, was true; but only, after all, as a daughter might love a father. He had been the benefactor of her family to an extent rare in the annals of human friendship. But was there no way short of marriage by which she could testify the depth, the devotion, the deathlessness of her gratitude? She scarcely knew how she had been betrayed into giving her consent. It was partly pique, partly esteem, partly compassion. But the issue it involved magnified itself to her imagination as something absurd, unnatural—even awful. Still, no thought of interfering with the preparations or resiling from her engagement ever crossed her mind. On the contrary, she towered to a mood in which she would have walked into the jaws of death had duty prompted. But her eye became wild, her cheek blanched, and her expression that of a martyr nerved for the stake, yet inwardly suffering from an agony of sensitiveness to pain.

Mr. Rugby was not blind to the altered appearance of the young lady whom he was about to conduct to the altar. He ascribed it, however, merely to anxiety on account of her mother's health, and to the dread which she had more than once expressed of leaving her by herself—a prey to her unfortunate nerves. Indeed, whenever Edith happened to be detected by her venerable suitor in tears, she was in the habit of feigning distress about her mother, with the view of disguising the true state of her feelings. The worthy old gentleman, therefore—partly from overjoy at his conquest, but chiefly with a benevolent anxiety to restore her cheerfulness—continued to do his wooing with a kind of briar juvenescence which he was apt to carry to excess. Sometimes he would approach her with his fine old countenance leaping with glee, and snapping his fingers and singing as one might do to a child. At other times he would glide about the room with a cautious dancing step—something between a minuet and a shuffle—and end with a strong breath or two

implying over-exertion, a laugh that reddened him to the temples, and a confession that he was not quite so light on the floor as in his early days.

Although Edith was in some sense pleased to see her revered *fiancé* thus happy, she was yet pained and shocked at the spectacle of venerable old assuming such youthful airs. She began, in short, to take that interest in him which a proud and sensitive wife takes in a husband whose dignity she is desirous to preserve. The incongruity between poor, amiable Mr. Rugby's friariness and his gray hairs impressed her with a degree of melancholy, which aggravated her consciousness of the sacrifice she was on the eve of making; and again and again she gently prayed him to desist.

"Tootey-pootsy!" he would say, patting her cheek playfully, "what makes its little self so glum?"

"Don't tell me of your early slavery at the desk. You must have been quite a ladies' man in your time; and a notorious flirt, too."

"What! you think I know how to court, eh?"

"But, dear Mr. Rugby, I always like you best when you are quiet and sensible."

"Now, be you sensible, and cease to 'dear Mr. Rugby' me. Call me Charles, or I'll pinch its little ears."

Edith tried to please him with a smile, but, relapsing into seriousness, remarked, "You are very merry."

"And you must be merry too, my dear."

Edith pressed her hand to her eyes; whereupon Mr. Rugby looked puzzled; but immediately tried by gentle force to remove it, saying, "It musn't be mummy-dumpy when it's going to get married."

The manner of the old man during these interviews, kindly and tender as it was, appeared to Edith to become every day more ridiculous—so little was it in harmony with her own mood. She feared he was in his dotage. His mimicry of the playfulness of youth had thus only the effect in her eyes of adding to his apparent age. The brightness of his spirits caused her to see his wrinkles more clearly. She remembered the words of Clayton, and began to fancy what the world would say of her as she went languidly or jauntily to church with her old bridegroom of seventy. And yet so conspicuous were his efforts to please, even in the midst of his little senile frivolities, that she felt she could not say a word or do a thing to vex him—no, not for the whole world.

One day, as Edith sat in her misery alone, the door flew open, and in burst Henry Clayton, anxious and excited.

"What means this visit?" she asked, in a frightened manner.

"Miss Marchbank," he stammered out, "I have come to offer you my hand and heart."

For a moment or two she gazed at him steadfastly; then, quickly covering her face with her hands, groaned out, "It is too late."

"I know it," he said, and the auburn locks trembled; "but, nevertheless, to make this offer is a duty which I owe to my conscience. Of course, you reject it!"

"I do."

"Then know that if misery be your portion or mine, I at least am guiltless."

Edith wept as if her tears would have no end; while her young and handsome lover went on to contrast that which might have been with that which too obviously was. "But I do not speak thus," he continued, "in order to vex you. It is now known to me, and to the world, that you have made your choice. Upon that choice the world may perhaps smile, and attribute it to motives in which affection

can have little share. It is not for me, however, to reproach you. On the contrary; that you, Edith Marchbank, may be happy, is the prayer of one who, under a light and bantering exterior, concealed a love as deep and devoted as man ever felt for woman."

"We have misunderstood each other," faltered the unhappy Edith, as if her heart would break.

Henry Clayton watched her intently, and, slowly approaching, ventured to take her hand. He then, in low fervid words, said, "Edith! there is yet time. If Mr. Rugby is really the generous man he is represented, he will release you. He will judge your engagement to him as the mere hasty mistake of your youth. Appeal to him frankly, Edith! If he should not release you, then hold him unworthy of you, and, by one brave act, vindicate the prerogative of your youth—fly with me, who am, at least your equal in years—and add one more example of the supremacy of love over the promptings of worldly policy, the coercion of mercenary friends, or even an extorted or mistaken pledge. O Edith! moments are everything. Your fate is trembling in the balance;—decide while there is yet time;—one word and you are free!"

"No more of this!" cried Edith, collecting herself, dashing back her tears, and rising to her full stature.

"I appreciate, sir, the love you say you bear me; but to defer the declaration of it till now was unmanly. This instant leave me. Edith Marchbank is the affianced bride of one at whose age you have sneered; but who, let me tell you, has a virtue for every year that he is old. Go, sir!"

The unhappy youth again snatched her hand—pressed it for a moment to his lips—and hurried away, agitated and wild with sorrow for the beautiful treasure he had lost.

In a few minutes, Mr. Rugby entered, with his head turbaned fantastically with a red silk handkerchief, and with a beautiful new Spanish guitar slung by his side. He entered with the romantic glide of a stage troubadour—strumming the cords untunefully with his shaky fingers, and warbling forth, with his poor fermant of a voice, the refrain of some forgotten serenade.

The spectacle struck Edith with shame. Yet how could she suffer a solitary flash of anger to escape through her tears, when she knew that all that foolish masquerading was elaborate for her special delectation, and was really amiably meant to disguise the advanced years which so young a maiden might deem unsuitable in her bridegroom?

A ruddy laugh of returning good sense concluded the undignified exhibition. Mr. Rugby transferred his handkerchief to his pocket; and, unslinging his guitar, presented it to Miss Marchbank, saying—"There, my darling Edy! I have brought a little musical gift for you. You remember you said you thought the guitar a very graceful instrument."

"Oh, sir! you are much too mindful of every casual word of mine. I know not how to thank you. Indeed, I know not."

"What! weeping again? I hope your mamma is not worse?"

"I fear she has been worse ever since she knew I was going to be married."

"How should that be, my dear? It is not as if you were doing anything foolish—running away with some young scamp, or allowing feeling to get the better of judgment. Your marriage will at least be a prudent one."

"Perhaps she thinks, Charles——"

"Stop! I must give you a kiss for calling me Charles. It shows it is a loving little gipsy-pipsy after all."

"Perhaps she thinks your choice should have fallen upon herself."

"What! and you by; you who are a second edition of her—only revised and improved, you know? Besides, your mamma—but don't say I said so—is just a little too old."

Edith stared, until her affectionate gray eyes became filled with wonder and tears. "Do you then really think," she said, "that people should not marry when they are too old?"

"Not ladies of delicate nerves, when they are past a certain age; but with men in good health it is different."

"Oh, I see," said Edith musingly, and with an expression of vague doubt as if she did not see in the least.

Mr. Rugby observed she was unhappy, and passed a long night in continual efforts to soothe and cheer her. These, however, were all unsuccessful. The poor girl cried and cried; and yet, when Mr. Rugby, driven to despair, put the question point blank if she repented of her engagement to him, she murmured a pathetic "No, no!" and hid her eyes in his bosom.

The worthy old man kissed and blessed her at parting, and then walked slowly, very slowly, home, with a heavy, homeless feeling at his heart. Could it be that she did not really love him—that her affections were rooted elsewhere—that she repented the engagement she had formed? Not very interesting questions may these be for the world to discuss now, but they nevertheless sufficed, during that whole night long, to keep sleep from the pillow where a certain aged head rested.

CHAPTER V.

Sydney Marchbank was the male head of the house, and the natural protector of its female members. It was therefore, he thought, a duty which he owed to his position to shoot Henry Clayton. Whether he was prepared to resort to that extremity was, of course, another question; but of the deadly direction in which duty pointed he had no doubt whatever. The truth is that he had obtained some clue to what he called Clayton's surreptitious and dastardly interview with his sister; and had marked the effect which it had produced upon her health and spirits. Under these circumstances, it was at least a satisfaction to demonstrate loudly, even should matters be carried no farther; and seeing that his highly melodramatic manner, as he strode up and down the room, excited his mother's nerves and remonstrances, he continued to exclaim, with more apparent determination than ever, "I'll shoot him. I'll shoot him; I will. I'll shoot him dead."

This was shortly before the marriage-day. The table was covered with presents, and Edith had retired with her dressmaker to have her marriage-dress fitted on. Her obvious misery diffused itself to every member of the family. In vain had Sydney talked splendid nonsense; in vain had her mother enlarged on the loveliness and value of the wedding-gifts. Nothing appeared to interest her or to revive her cheerfulness in the least. Sydney's boisterous gesticulation and threat to shoot Henry Clayton were simply a last alternative of despair, all other devices having failed.

The dress was pronounced perfect; the dressmaker took her leave; and Edith sat down in her superb bridal array, but looking so utterly woe-begone that even the blithe Sydney became alarmed.

"This will never do," he said; "your manner is

quite wrong. You are acting under a mistake. A marriage is not a funeral. It is altogether absurd to suppose that it is. Your dress is no doubt white, but it is not in the least essential that you should wear a face to match."

"I wish to be quiet."

"But I wish you to be noisy."

"Fool!"

"Or do you really wish the whole affair stopped?"

"Leave me alone. I mean to go through with it."

"Yes, my dear," said the mother, "but you must go through with it as if you were really going to be married."

"And not," Sydney added, "as if you were going to be hanged."

"Mr. Rugby is no doubt an old man," resumed the elder lady, "but many old men have been married, and to very young girls too. Everybody will tell you that he is much respected."

"I know that, mamma. It is to be hoped that I respect him also. God help me else!" So saying, Edith glided from the apartment to resume her usual attire.

"A nice bride for the old gentleman, truly!" exclaimed Sydney.

"It is plain to me," said the mother, "that the poor girl's heart is not in this business at all."

"Well, hang it! if it isn't, it ought to be stopped at once. It is a downright shame to deceive the old fellow."

"But how can you stop it? Would not its stoppage vex Mr. Rugby more? Might he not, besides, withdraw all his help, demand up all that is his own, and leave us to positive beggary?"

"He might play the very deuce with me, I know. Of course, he would require to be smoothed down. Halloo! that is he at the door. I'll bolt—leaving you to give him a gentle hint. It will come best from you."

The young man took refuge in his bed-room, and his mother sat down, struggling calmly with her nerves. She was even foolish enough to imagine that her efforts to compose herself were successful.

Mr. Rugby entered—it was his usual hour—with much of his fresh, healthy colour gone. He sat down, and requested he might have a glass of water, saying that the stair had affected his breathing for the first time.

There was a caraff and tumbler on a side table, to which he was immediately helped. After resting a minute or two, he appeared to be a little revived. Mrs. Marchbank was nervous in the extreme.

"How is Edith?" inquired the old man.

"Well, I am sorry to say it," replied the old lady, "but really there is no disguising it: she is not well at all; at least, she is not so happy as a young bride should be—she is certainly not."

"Poor thing!"

"But I know she respects you, Mr. Rugby. I know she does—as who does not that knows you?"

"Ay, ay,—respects me!"

"If she was only a little older—I don't mean to say as old as myself, for do you know I am actually turned forty-six?—she might even have sense enough to—to love you."

"Enough. I have suspected this. She does not love me. But I must hear it from her own lips."

Mrs. Marchbank gave a little shudder of chagrin, and, leaving the room, said, "I shall send her in. She was changing her dress, but should be ready by this time."

In a few moments the pale young bride and the still paler old bridegroom confronted each other alone.

"Edith!" said the latter, without rising from the sofa, "come here, and sit down beside me. Thank you. That is kind."

"Even if I refused, you would almost have a right to command me," said Edith, with a faint smile.

"I would not wish to command you in anything. May I put my arm round you?"

"I suppose you are entitled."

"Edith! I have lately suspected, and have now ascertained from your mother, that you do not love me, and of course have no wish to marry me. This is a serious thing for me. But before taking any step one way or other, I am naturally anxious to learn the truth from your own lips."

"Believe me, dear Charles! your suspicions are wrong. My mother, too, must be equally mistaken. I am pledged to marry you, and have no other desire than to fulfil that pledge."

"Good girl! good girl!" said the old man, shaking her hand nervously. "Somehow or other, I feel to-day as if I had walked many, many miles. May I ask you to ring the bell?"

Edith did as she was desired, and, on the servant appearing, he said, "Have the goodness to tell your mistress I should like to see her."

Mrs. Marchbank was labouring under palpitation. Supported by her son, however, she was at length induced to enter the parlour.

The old man did not rise, but said, "Sydney, too! I am glad to see you."

"If there are secrets, I'll retire," said Sydney, rather overawed by the general solemnity of the countenances.

"There are no secrets," said the old man, "at least so far as I am concerned. The matter is simply this:—I was led to understand that my very dear Edith desired that my marriage with her—even after all the preparations had been made—should proceed no farther. But I have now learned directly from herself that this is not the case. Her wish is still, it seems, to become my darling little wife. Is not that your wish, Edith?"

"It is."

"But, Edith!" said the old man, calmly resigning her hand, "it is no longer mine. I have determined that our marriage shall not go on."

"How?" exclaimed Edith with calm eagerness.

"Mr. Rugby!" cried her mother, and then commenced rubbing and thumping her very obstreperous heart.

"Has anything happened?" abruptly interrogated Sydney.

"Keep all quiet," said Mr. Rugby. "I am no longer in the foolish position in which I appeared to be placed. There is no withdrawal, on Edith's part, from her engagement. She is still faithful; and I am still happy. But—"

The emphasis with which this last word was pronounced, and the pause with which it was followed, occasioned something like a sensation in the little circle.

"But," he repeated solemnly and with a tremulous voice, "I know that she is making a sacrifice which I have no right to demand. Therefore, of my own free will, I have determined that the preparations shall cease."

All stared at the pale, aged face, and at each other, by turns.

"The situation of matters is awkward; but a solution is at hand which will save the necessity of any explanation to the world."

"Solution!" exclaimed Edith, while Mrs. Marchbank cast her eyes on the ground, and felt as if something were about to happen.

"Yes," said the old man, imprinting a kiss on Edith's forehead. "Bride of mine you shall never be in this world."

"Your language is mysterious."

"It is natural that it should be so, for it is spoken in the near presence of whatever is most mysterious to mortals. Edith! I am going to die."

The poor girl shrieked and grasped his arm; Mrs. Marchbank rocked on her seat, and rubbed her breast, in an alarmingly agitated state; while Sydney uttered a great healthy exclamation of "Oh, nonsense! Mr. Rugby."

But every one noticed, for the first time, that the countenance of the good old man was the colour of clay. It soon became evident that the hand of death was upon him. Mrs. Marchbank ran for brandy, and Sydney for medical aid. But it was too late. In the course of a few hours Mr. Rugby was no more. His last words were, as he held Edith by the hand, and looked tenderly into her wasted and weeping face, "It is a satisfaction to me to know that in my dying, as in my life, I shall have proved the Friend of the Family."

The greater part of Mr. Rugby's fortune was bequeathed to the Marchbanks; and among those who mourned him with affectionate tears, and many years afterwards described him to their children as a delightful old man whom they had once known and loved, were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clayton.

GARIBALDI AT SPEZZIA.

BY ALLAN PARK PATON.

"DEFEATED! wounded! captured!" Ay, in sooth,
This time 'tis no lie of the venal wire.
Strange unto you and me, 'tis yet the truth—
As much as Pope or Emperor could desire.

"Defeated!" Ay. What am I but a man?
And what but men my helpers? I may err
And I may fall. God's over all, whose plan
Works clearly out, how'er He may defer.

And God loves freedom; for He freely gave
Earth, light, life, His own Son; yea, made us free
To choose 'twixt Heaven and Hell! A trembling slave
God never meant His creature man to be!

"Wounded!" Ay, wounded! Not this crimson scar
On thigh and foot—these are scarce worth a breath:
They're healable by air, or salves; and are,
Even at the worst, within the skill of Death.

But here! oh, wounded here! this is the place:
My heart, my cloven heart, doth ever bleed
O'er thee, Italia! seated in disgrace;
For all that's said and done—a slave indeed!

Ah! crowned, like Him, in mockery, and disgraced!
For all thy prate, nought but a slave thou art!
The monk's foul arm about thy throbbing waist;
And France's iron hand upon thy heart!

"Captured!" Ay, captured! Chains may wait these wrists
A cell this body; but, look here! the mind,
In here, triumphantly all force resists:
My thought man, saint, or devil cannot bind!
Fetter these hands and feet! shut out yon sky!
Bring in some willing priest my lips to seal!
Voiceless, still freely think and feel shall I;
And this shall still be what I think and feel:—

Italy one, and Rome the capital;
Victor Emmanuel, galantuomo, King;
Freedom to all in word, and work, and soul;
And Christ's pure Gospel sunning everything!

THE UNPUNCTUAL.

SOCIETY is not so wide awake as it ought to be to the fact that it contains within its bosom a body of depredators who practise their habitual extortions without scruple or limit; who are restrained by no conscientious misgivings, and amenable to no laws; who are not even denounced by public opinion, but are in general rather favoured and caressed by their unthinking victims, who, even when suffering from their rapacity, call them "good fellows!" and "no one's enemy but their own." The worst of it is, too, that it is where civilization is farthest advanced—where population and enterprise are rifest, and where social order is in other respects most scrupulously preserved—that these depredators exact their heaviest contributions.

"Time," says an old equationary proverb, "is money." It is in this equivalent of hard cash that the class we speak of do business. The selection of a field of exertion depends on training, on accident, on necessity—sometimes on taste. One man is a horse-stealer, another a sheep-stealer, another gets at your money by forgery;—few limit their operations of this kind to pure cash transactions. The form in which the unpunctual robe you is by taking it out in time. His system is this:—In the comings and goings, the meetings and partings, of mankind, there are dropped odds and ends of time whereof every one should bear his average share. He is determined that, whatever losses there may be, none of them shall fall on him—his neighbours shall bear all. His motto is the candid one of the Border-riever Cranstouns, "Thou shalt want ere I want." The way in which he proceeds is this:—If he adjusts a meeting with you, he fixes an hour at which the chances are fifty to one that he shall be disengaged. He wants to secure the advantage of that fiftieth chance, and is totally indifferent to the forty-nine which he throws against you. If an hour of time is to be lost—and with the hour of time an equivalent amount of temper; and with the temper so much appetite, content, and health—he lays his measures so that by no possibility shall the misfortune alight on himself; it must all fall on you, or some other neighbour in the Scriptural sense of the term.

Very startling conclusions have been reached by adding up the various items consumed by a good feeder who has reached advanced life—the heads of oxen and flocks of sheep, the acres of potatoes, the stacks of grain, the lake of wine that would float a man-of-war, the rivers of beer, and rivulets of alcohol! So, if the whole value of what should have been other people's, which a hoary sinner of the kind we are describing has appropriated or destroyed in the course of his long life, were "totalled," would it not strike one dumb with amazement that such rapacity, recklessness, and cruelty can be tolerated in the midst of established law and justice, and under the influence of religion? But, so amalgamated has the sin become with the very heart of society, so utterly is all spirit

of resistance or even censure towards it deadened, that a judge of the land will not be ashamed to rob the very jury with whom he is to administer the law—nay, will keep waiting the very criminal on whom they are to do common justice; and the clergyman will even, after having thus pillaged a gaping congregation of thousands, walk serenely to his pulpit, and expatiate on original sin and the frailties of mankind.

We have said that these *Hostes humani generis* are restrained by no qualms of conscience. In fact, they are often proud of their acts of plunder—conceiving themselves to be a sort of superior beings, entitled, like arbitrary monarchs or feudal nobles, to levy tribute on their inferior fellow-beings who tread, with due punctuality, the dusty road of duty. They satisfy themselves, in all cases of cruelty and hardship, with such a syllogism as the following—"Men of genius are apt to be unpunctual. I am apt to be unpunctual—therefore, I am a man of genius." It shows how a naturally honest conscience may be seered by continuance in this sort of evil doing, that one of Charles Lamb's renowned jests contained a boast of the manner in which he had thus despoiled a fellow-being. When charged by his employer with coming late to his desk, he answered, "But you can't deny that I go away early." So did he justify the filching of one end of the time which he had sold by abstracting the other. It is as if in justification of purloining the first shilling of a pound, he took credit for making off with the last also, and leaving a balance of even money. The principle is well expressed in the formula, "Heads I win—tails you lose."

As we have already hinted, society, instead of sternly suppressing, is rather inclined to caress this class of criminals. But there is still a Nemesis, and they do not always escape unpunished with their plunder in their possession. There was the instance of Snobbles, who lost that snug Under-Secretaryship of the Board of Plantations. His patron, the Commissioner, said he had been long suffering regarding him. Out of respect for the memory of his old friend, the youth's father, he forgave the many occasions on which elderly gentlemen of unquestionable position were preserved in a state of external silence, but internal fermentation of profane oaths struggling to be free, as they wanted dinner for that young scamp, who floundered in half-an-hour too late, and totally unconscious of the dire amount of misery, irritation, and internal blasphemy he had caused. The Commissioner forgave, too, all the pic-nics, rides, jaunts, and appointments for a little business talk in which the youth had defaulted. But, on the great occasion when the Board were all assembled to install him, it was too much—the patron could stand this sort of thing no longer. So, Snobbles was passed over, and another appointment made—considered, by all present, as likely to be more satisfactory.

There was a deal of sympathy with Snobbles, in which we could not concur. What was the loss of £500 a-year in comparison with the accumulated evils he had inflicted on society through his special defect?

What, again and again, was it to balance against the calamities he would have scattered around him had he got the appointment? After his evil achievements in his private capacity, what might not have been expected of him in office? True, on this special occasion he had been detained by a railway collision, and, indeed, had narrowly escaped with his life. But what of that? Was it not always the same story? Was it not that all railway collisions, breaking down of coaches, stoppages and heteroclitc moving of clocks, bursting of boots, cracking of braces, and other like calamities, were monopolised by himself and a few others of his class? If Providence selected them for the victims of such calamities, was it well done to attempt to transfer the consequences of their doom to those on whom it had not been laid?

There are other forms in which, fortunately, such offenders meet their reward. We can summon up just now the memory of a rubicund, easy-minded, stout, healthy sinner of this class, who devastated the nerves and tempers of all around him, yet preserved both attributes to himself in seemingly prime condition. He was in a perpetual fluster, which had no visible fruit to other people, but seemed to keep himself in health and spirits. He exemplified pretty well Horace Walpole's description of the Duke of Newcastle, who seemed always as if he had lost half-an-hour in the morning, and were running after it all day. Well, this man, to all appearance happy amid the trouble he shed around him, had a cloud on his existence. It was this:—He never could throughout his life, by planning or exertion of his own—or by any warnings, exhortations, or assistance of friends—get in time to a public conveyance. In the old coaching days, he was well known from exhibitions of his round and scarlet face, like a full moon, seen on the edge of the ascent which the mail was just leaving out of sight. When the railways came, the affair was desperate altogether, and he was unable to display to his intended fellow-passengers even this testimony to his earnestness with which he endeavoured to become their companion, and make up for lost time.

Here, now, is a perfectly fresh field for an ambitious novelist. Let him make one of these lubricious knaves, who cheat us out of our hours and half-hours, odious in the eyes of every unsophisticated reader; while the man who has gone through life with undeviating punctuality—never losing a train, never missing an appointment, never five minutes behind the dinner-hour—becomes the heroic idol of the boarding-schools. If an author succeeds in making out of such materials a successful romance—which wastes midnight's oil, and becomes bedewed with feminine tears—we shall say he is a man of genius. The fact is, that it is a trait of genius to make the picturesque out of punctuality; for it has, like truth, a simple, cold unity about it; and yet it would be a striking history could we call up all the efforts that simple, punctual, and strong-minded men have made to keep their word. Johnson, describing the old Duke of Bedford as a man to be thoroughly depended on, said that if he had promised you an acorn, and could not get one in the British dominions, he would send to Norway for it. You may laugh if you please at this, but we hold it to be significant of a high and sterling nature.

THE MAMMOTH TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

EVERYTHING in America (North and South) is on a great, or, more properly, on a tall, large, or gigantic scale. We refer especially to the physical or geographical features of the country. Had we intended to speak of the people and their characteristic environments—their manners, customs, and social and political institutions—we could even in that case have manufactured a pretty paragraph—a bit of rhetoric whose cumulative thunder would have torn "the cave where echo lies," and made her voice a thousand times more hoarse than could ever have been done by endless repetition of all the virtues in the British calendar. But in such a course there would be no absolute originality. Besides, numbers in this country would doubt our veracity and sincerity in cataloguing American merits according to the patented Columbian pattern. Who, for instance, would believe that we were not joking did we advance that great religious dogma—so devoutly credited and taught on the other side of the Atlantic—that the people of America are, in every way, the greatest that ever appeared to adorn and glorify the face of the earth? Very few hereabouts, we are afraid. Yet, far be it from us to insinuate the falsity of the dogma, or to disturb the comfortable faith of those to whom it is a pedestal or a pillow. We prefer letting our cousins break their own idols. Alas! they are doing so at a more terrific pace and in a crueller manner than our fiercest passions could ever have suggested.

But the discussion of controvertible points is beyond our province. We turn with pleasure from matters of opinion to matters of fact. In meddling with the former, we might have sunk into bottomless abysses; while, in dealing with the latter, we stand on dry ground, and lean on solid realities. No one doubts—nay, there is actually a pleasure in admitting—that the Americans have got the loftiest mountains in the world. It signifies little that we have not seen the vast altitudes, nor trod the mighty solitudes, of the Andes. Have we not read of them, and, in imagination, scaled their hellish gorges, and felt in our hearts the everlasting calm of their empire? Do not we also most ungrudgingly concede that our great friends possess by far the longest rivers going? What an immeasurable country must that be whose life is sustained by such voluminous veins as the Mississippi, the Orinoco, and the Amazon! Its heart must be a world in itself. Remember, also, the prairies—boundless in expansion, interminable in lines, rolling onward, far-undulating, until the eye is interrupted by the dome of the sky, which has stooped down and fixed its crystalline sphere among the grass. Yet, let the traveller go forward a little while, and he will see that visible wall recede before him like an impalpable vision; the broad solitude open, sphere on sphere; and at length he will feel as if he were wandering into eternity! Then, how vast are the American lakes! They are veritable oceans—multitudinous in waters and terrible in tempests. Nor are the rapids and waterfalls less awful and stupendous in their magnitude. In the description of Niagara, what dictionaries of words, what deluges of epithets, have been spilt! Yet we are assured by every fresh traveller that those tumbling liquid worlds have never been adequately represented. "How puny," they exclaim, "are the pen-and-ink sketches of literary men, compared with the loud-roaring phenomenon!" At certain seasons, standing under the Horse-Shoe Fall, you can think of nothing so much as of a deadly conflict between

the antagonistic elements of Heaven and Hell; or a new expulsion of devils over the crystal battlements of the Celestial City; at other times—as, under the holy witchery of moon and star—the crescent fall of water suggests nothing so intensely as the endless hallelujahs of rapturous angels! But in every physical aspect America is gigantic. Indeed, to describe those aspects with any approximation to truth and reality, geography is compelled to mount a pair of rather exalted stilts, use callipers of American manufacture, and talk in language of the tallest possible type.

Never were these stilts and callipers and that language so necessary as in measuring and describing the Mammoth Trees of California. The truth of this statement will be apparent to those who have visited Sydenham Palace, where the bark of one of those monarchs of the forest has been built up and pieced together in such a manner as to represent a portion of the tree in its originally gigantic proportions. Throughout England we possess some noble specimens of oaks, of which we are justly proud. For, besides that the oak is the great emblem of our sturdy growth and limitless power of endurance, we feel a peculiar delight in visiting these gnarled yet evergreen senators, and in quietly imbibing the wisdom of patience and silence which their regal forms have gathered through the tempests and the changes of a thousand years. Yet we are bound to confess that our highest and thickest trees—whether oak, elm, or beech—are the merest shrubs when compared with the enormous growths of the New World, of which we proceed to indicate the character and dimensions.

As far as the foot of botanical discovery has yet penetrated, two groves of Mammoth Trees have been brought to the knowledge of the world. The first of these was accidentally discovered by Mr. A. T. Dowd, a hunter, while in pursuit of a bear which he had wounded; and the other was discovered by Mr. J. E. Clayton, an engineer, while tracing out the course of a new canal. Mr. Dowd, in all his wanderings, had never before stumbled upon so mighty a phenomenon—a forest, the individual trees of which, for magnitude and grandeur, surpassed the dreams of the most leviathan dreamer. For the first time in his hunter's experience, he gave his wounded bear full liberty to carry his grease to another market. As for himself, he was caught in the trap of wonder. He stood, as might be surmised, rooted to the spot—subdued by the solemn power of an assemblage of uncorrupted and majestic forest-senators. When the hunter returned to his lodge, and reported his discovery, he was of course disbelieved; but he quickly devised means to convince the most incredulous; so that, in a very brief period after, the fame of the Mammoth Tree Grove of Calaveras was spread throughout California, and thence over the whole country.

The exact locality of the Grove may be easily ascertained by a single glance at a good map. It is situated well up among the Sierras—almost, indeed, in the milky shadow of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Mountains—in a splendidly wooded valley on the broad mountain ridge between the San Antonio branch of the Calaveras river and the North fork of the Stanislaus river, at an elevation of 4,370 feet above the level of the sea—or more than a thousand feet higher than Snowdon in Wales, and exactly two feet higher than Ben-Nevis, in the Highlands of Scotland. To be more particular, however, we may state that the Grove is in latitude 38° north; longitude 120° 10' west; which

is about 97 miles from Sacramento City, and 87 from Stockton. The most convenient starting-point for the Mammoth Tree Grove is Murphy's Camp, the centre of an excellent mining district, about 2,300 feet below—the ascent from which is easy yet animating, and perpetually affording glimpses of the absolute greatness, variety, and splendour of the surrounding scenery.

On arriving at the Grove, according to travellers, the beholder is completely stunned into silence by the vast rotundity and magnificent height of the trees. The mere physical aspect of the stately assemblage seems to crush all power of expression down his throat; while his neck is placed in imminent jeopardy in his attempts at scanning their "starry-pointing" pinnacles. Yet this can hardly be considered tall writing. For mark! The Grove, which is not more than fifty acres in extent, contains upwards of a hundred trees, a score of which exceed twenty-five feet in diameter at the base, thus exhibiting the enormous girth or circumference of seventy-five feet! This, however, is not the greatest, as will presently appear. After the beholder has got quit of the choking sensation, and his eyes have come down from the mammoth altitudes, one of the most conspicuous objects which arrest his attention is what is called "The Big Tree Stump"—and a regular wonder-stump it is, suggesting to our mind the very probable origin of stump-oratory in America. Never did Jonathan clap his wings, and crow defiance to all the universe, from a more appropriate stump. From such a stump might the Edict of Independence have been proclaimed; and been seconded, on the same proud level, by one of those pyramidal orations for which our Andean cousins are so pre-eminently distinguished. Nor is even this stilted phraseology. For if "The Big Tree Stump" has never been used by the Transatlantic cock, from which to proclaim deliverance to mankind from the thralldom of rotten monarchies and bloated aristocracies, it has been used for more singular, perhaps wiser, purposes. Study this stump for a moment. The tree, before it was felled, stood three hundred and two feet in height, and had a circumference of ninety-six feet at the ground. Its mere skin or bark was about a foot and a-half in thickness. Well, it was felled at five feet from the base; yet neither by axes nor by saws, but by augers—it was literally bored to death. It was pierced round about by a ring of auger-holes, so closely placed, that at length, after twenty-five days' labour by five men, the mighty trunk was cleanly severed from its deep, far-branching root. What does the reader think was the result? Most likely he will say that the tree fell with a thundering crash. Not a single bit of it. He stood as majestically as ever on his bleeding stump, as if there wasn't an auger-hole in his whole body, and as if he laughed to scorn the five wretched pigmies that had taken him so treacherously under the belt. This strange fact convinces us that, in natural as in human history, it is no easy matter to undermine and hurl to the dust a long-established monarchy, however inadequately represented. Here was a forest king, whose plantation is supposed, on good authority, to have preceded a long while the plantation of Christianity! Was it rational to think that a half dozen sacrilegious Californian rats should be able to eat into his royal heart, and lay his imperial form prostrate in the dust in less than a calendar month? It was decidedly improbable, as the fact proved. How mightily astonished—shame could not touch their brazen brows—must the traitors have looked when they beheld his Samsonian majesty, whom they expected to topple

over as one of their despicable selves would have done, standing upright—serene and untrembling—with the green and leafy grandeur of three thousand summers on his expanded branches gleaming in the living beams of the sympathetic sun! Yet what cannot even rats accomplish! They had recourse to wedges in the present case; until, at length, Cæsar-like, with his rich mantle of foliage wrapped around him, he fell as a king should fall—with dignity and un murmuring resignation! But the whole empire of the forest trembled as he fell!

Now that these ambitious Americans had got a stump, and did not use it oratorically—what did they do with it? It was made as perfectly smooth as the floor of a house; and, as it was equal to the stage of a theatre—being twenty-five feet across the solid wood—why, they transformed it into a dancing-saloon! On the 4th July (mark the date!) 1859, thirty-two ladies and gentlemen actually danced at one time four sets of cotillions on its surface, in presence of musicians and spectators, without experiencing the slightest inconvenience! Think of that, ye Britons! and be dumb. But the story of this mammoth tree is not yet finished. What do you think the conquerors did with the fallen trunk of three hundred feet? Perhaps they built a forest church with its splendid timber, or a school for the miners' children. No, indeed! What then? Something more imposing? Yes; something assuredly more imposing. On the upper part of this magnificent piece of wood they constructed—a double bowling-alley! But this great work was only built after some Californian Barnum had removed the bark from the fallen monarch, for purposes of exhibition among his wonder-loving countrymen and the simple-minded people of Europe.

The largest tree now standing in the Mammoth Tree Grove of Calaveras is one called "The Mother of the Forest," which some degenerate and lucre-loving son of America has actually skinned alive. There she stands, the great old Mother—so called because of two breast-like protuberances, which give her a sort of maternal appearance; there she stands, disrobed, but still majestic, eighty-four feet round the waist (she was ninety feet with her bark), and three hundred and twenty-one feet in height—truly the stature of an Amazonian empress. Some mercenary wretch has computed that this lady contains 537,000 feet of sound inch lumber. Almost at the foot of this living "Mother" lies the dead body of "The Father of the Forest," who doubtless fell, in an agony of rage and grief, at seeing his wife so horribly abused. This old monarch, still majestic in his dead ruin, measures one hundred and ten feet in circumference at the base; and, when alive, he must have shaken his ambrosial locks full four hundred and thirty-five feet into the astonished heavens! As he now lies, his vitals have been burned out of him by fire to the extent of two hundred feet, so that a man can walk upright for that space into his empty carcase. Another prostrate and disembowelled tree is so capacious inside that a man on horseback can with ease ride into the hollow a distance of sixty feet! Before its downfall, it stood three hundred and thirty feet in height, with a circumference at the root of ninety-seven feet. There is yet another ancient dethroned forest king, called by the unkingly title of "The Horseback Ride," on account of its hollow being so wide that a person can ride on horseback into it seventy-two feet!

Nearly all the trees in the forest have names, either as individuals or as groups. There are, for instance, "Husband and Wife," a magnificent pair. They lean towards

each other as if going to embrace; and, so far as health is concerned, they seem well qualified to support each other in the most tempestuous weather. Then there is "Hercules," standing three hundred and twenty feet in his shoes, with a girth of ninety-five feet at the root, and every one of whose branches would make a club for Cyclops. Next comes "The Hermit," lonely, old, and grim; followed at the heel by "The Old Maid," somewhat bent and worn in her figure and attire, and quite unable to conceal her years. She is naturally succeeded by "The Old Bachelor," the scraggiest-looking tree in all the Grove; solitary and sour, as most wifeless and childless people are. We come, then, upon a pair which anybody would inevitably call—and which have, therefore, been called—"The Siamese Twins." These are the children of "The Mother of the Forest;" and surely never before did mother conceive such twins. They spring from a single stem, and stand three hundred feet from the grass. Near them—designedly, we dare assert—stands a trustworthy, majestic member of the mammoth family, which could not by any possibility have escaped being christened "The Guardian." He overlooks the twins, with the air of a trustee, to the extent of twenty feet—being three hundred and twenty feet high, and eighty-one feet in circumference just above his incomparable ankle. Then follow several groups, all splendid in appearance and gigantic in stature; such as "The Pride of the Forest," "The Beauty of the Forest," "The Two Guardsmen," and "The Three Graces"—the last group being about three hundred feet in height and ninety-two feet each in girth.

The other Grove to which we have referred contains upwards of three hundred trees of the same mammoth description. One of these, "The Rambler," measured at the base no less than one hundred and two feet in girth, while its stature was two hundred and fifty feet. But the largest and most wonderful tree of the world was found in this Grove. It lies prostrate, however, and only one hundred and fifty feet of its trunk has survived the action of time and the elements. But never did eye behold such a trunk. Without its bark it actually measures thirty-three feet across the butt; and it is quite manifest that, in its days of power and upright splendour, it could not measure less than forty feet in diameter, or one hundred and twenty feet in circumference! This might truly be called the Sovereign Tree of the World! A striking peculiarity about these giants of the primeval forest is their singular perpendicularity of figure. Tempests have broken, but could not bend their mighty trunks. They shoot up into the sky like columns reared by man with the aid of plumb and line. Another equally imposing feature is the immense length of shaft they exhibit without the least protuberance. "The Mother of the Forest" and "The Father of the Forest," for instance, showed respectively one hundred and thirty-seven and two hundred feet of trunk, of matchless straightness, uninterrupted by a single bud or branch. Not less remarkable is the enormous thickness of their bark, which at the thinnest is never less than six inches, while it is often found to be as great as two feet. "The Mother of the Forest" was blessed with this thickness of skin. Big, also, as a giant's head, are the cones which grow on these trees, measuring from one to a couple of feet in length, with a corresponding thickness!

Botanically, the Mammoth Tree of California belongs to the Taxodium family. When first discovered, however,

an English naturalist imagined, after due examination, that it was a new genus, and baptised it with the very appropriate title of "*Wellingtonia Gigantea*." But the American naturalists would not submit to this appropriation. A gentleman named Lobb set to work, and discovered its relation to the *Taxodium* family, whence it must be referred to the old genus, *Sequoia Sempervirens*, under which title (with the addition of "*Gigantea*") it is now known to scientific men. Then, as Wellington was a Briton, and the big tree an American, its popular British title has been superseded by an American one—"*Washingtonia Gigantea*."

The antiquity of these giants is decided by the well-known rule that each concentric circle is the growth of one year. On minute and careful examination, nearly three thousand of these concentric rings have been discovered in the butts of the fallen monarchs, which justify the startling conclusion that they are older than Christianity itself.

Such are specimens of the Mammoth Trees of California. In number, height, and circumference, they unquestionably surpass everything of a similar character which the Old World can exhibit. In saying this, we do not forget those trees, throughout Europe, which have become famous, either from their great size or from the strange uses to which they have been applied. We do not forget the oak at Allonville, in Normandy, which was converted into a place of worship; nor the oak at Kidlington, which long served as the village prison; nor the great oak at Salcey, which was hollowed out, and used as a cattle-fold; nor, especially, do we forget that famous oak

"Wherein the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim;
And far below the Roundhead rode,
And humm'd a surly hymn."

All these do we remember, and many more, whose trunks have been scooped into the most fantastical articles—such as water-banks, tombs, and dwelling-houses. In England, there are many extremely large and ancient yews. Two especially—one in Brabourne Church-yard in Kent, and the other in Hedsor in Bucks—are of great magnitude; and have, severally, reached the enormous age of three thousand years, and three thousand two hundred and forty years! Indeed, the latter is supposed to be the most ancient specimen of vegetation in Europe.

Yet, while freely admitting the merits and peculiarities of these European growths, truth compels us to conclude with the statement, that it is only a country like America which can produce these mammoth enormities in whole forests. We began by saying that in North and South America everything was on a gigantic scale; and we conclude by yielding the palm to our cousins for the production of big trees—reserving to ourselves, however, the right to claim the sole power of producing certain small matters which are entirely beyond even their Himalayan genius.

F.

In mercantile life, a man is most esteemed who, on the first blast of ill fortune, surrenders to his creditors while there is yet much to divide. Nevertheless, I am not satisfied that the award of public opinion is, in this instance, just. In war, the highest honour is bestowed upon him who holds out to the extremity of exhaustion, because it is felt that, although unsuccessful, he has done his utmost for victory

X. X.

A YOUNG LADY'S CARDIPHONIA* IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

My grandmother had an antique cabinet in her dressing-room, which used to excite many vague and fanciful notions in my childish mind. There was one drawer in which lay some very old-fashioned jewels—heir-looms, no doubt, in the family; and these my aged relative from time to time exhibited to me, with a sort of half-pleased, half-sad emotion depicted on her faded yet still handsome face and in her trembling hands, which added not a little to my natural interest in the trinkets. She would place me on a stool at her feet, and sit watching my tiny fingers dallying with the costly relics—her head slightly inclined to one side, and her thin lips moving almost imperceptibly, as if the wind of far off memories were blowing strangely about her heart; and then, as though suddenly wakening from her reverie, she would snatch the treasures hastily from my lap, and, gathering them into their ebony resting-place, shut them up in silence from my bewildered gaze.

But, besides the jewels, there was another object that rendered the cabinet very memorable to my regards. This was a picture which my grandmother occasionally produced from a secret labyrinth, and showed me in those quiet hours when the child who lingered beside her seemed rather an aid than a hindrance to the play of her early recollections. It was a miniature portrait—exquisitely painted—of a lady in the first blush of womanhood. However long the intervals that might elapse between my seeing it, I could never forget that sweet, bewitching countenance. Whenever I was alone, it was before me—it haunted my very dreams. The light auburn hair was parted over a sunny brow, and fell in wavy ringlets over neck and shoulders; the eyes were large and lustrous, and showed the soul, as in a mirror, sparkling in light below. The lips were gently parted, as if to utter a song of love and hope. It was a delicious picture, on which, as you looked, you felt a breath of summer wafted to your inmost being. An ultra-critical examiner of the features might possibly have detected the least shade of pettishness or frowardness in the *tournure* of the *tout ensemble*; but in those days my artless taste saw nothing wanting—nothing amiss—nothing to desire but to feast my vision on it always.

The dress was simple—of pale-blue gauze, with a single rose of deep carnation dye peeping from the white tucker on the bosom; but the air of the whole was noble and true. I was fascinated by the fair unknown. I admired—I actually loved her. I think my grandmother delighted in me all the more for my delight in *her*. Yet, strange to tell, I never sought to pry into the history of my favourite. She passed

* The word Cardiphonia is of Greek extraction, and signifies "utterance of the heart." We find it used by one or two old writers, to whom it has appeared (as to myself) more expressive of the full, spontaneous unbowing of thought and feeling than any other term to be found in our own language.—J. C. S.

between us by the name of "Laura," and had been, as I understand, an intimate companion of my old friend's girlhood.

Long after the death of my venerable relative, and by my mother's decease, that antique cabinet came into my possession; and then jewels, miniature, and everything else reverted to me by rightful descent. The former I found undisturbed in the secret drawer; but on searching for the latter, I discovered a MS. traced in a round, school-girl hand, which I read with double interest, as coupled with the old associations. The pages professed to be an Autobiography, in the most literal sense of the word; and, as I went on, it became clear that the writer was no other than the original of my cherished portrait. When I had finished, I suddenly recollected that my grandmother's maiden name had been "Fanny"—"Fanny Musgrave;" and here was another link in the chain. I sat pondering a good while over the picture, and the "heart-utterance" I had just perused; and could not help recalling a remark which I heard made the other day by a very aged gentlewoman. She had sat for some time quietly sipping her coffee, while various specimens of the rising generation of both sexes were parading their modish airs around her, when she turned to a staid, elderly man standing near, and said, almost solemnly, "Ah, Doctor! there was a beautiful simplicity in the manners and in the *thoughts* of the young people of my early days, for which the easy indifference or the forward assumption of modern times offer but a poor exchange."

LAURA'S DIARY.

"April 11, 17—

"I am the daughter of an old and wealthy house. Aunt Stanley would say the spoiled daughter and the pet child of fortune and of too fond parents; but, then, Aunt Stanley is of the old-maid genus. I was seventeen last Friday; and mamma says, gravely, that my education may be considered as finished. Yet surely I have not learned everything which I ought to learn; and I have heard say that knowledge is interminable. Then there is that old story of Newton picking up a few shells by the sea-shore—*N'importe*. I have had masters and mistresses of every species of accomplishment; and my present governess is a Swiss Protestant, who was pronounced when she came, three years ago, to be exactly *comme il faut* for a young lady of my position. Governess! forsooth. What need have I now of such an appendage, when I am coming out into the world to think and act for myself? My aunt, Lady Harcourt, goes to a public *assemblée* in the city of D—, seven miles off, on the 19th of this month; and it is arranged that I am to be of her party. Properly speaking, I should have made my *début* in London—as the *haut ton* always do; but I had set my heart on having no more delays, and have carried my point. So, hey for the 19th!

"Papa says—'Laura, do not dance too much, or you will bring back your old enemy the headache.'

"Mamma says—'Laura, you shall appear in a dress of peach-coloured satin, with the same set of pearl ornaments which I wore at my first ball.'

"Ma'amselle Hortense says—'*Vraiment, ma chère, je suis au désespoir de vous perdre si tôt. Je retournerai tristement à mes vallées et mes montagnes—et jamais, jamais, je ne reviendrai plus en Angleterre!*'

"And Jessica—dear, good little Jessica—says, in her quiet voice, every day, while my hair is being dressed—'Ah, Miss Stanley! there is not a single silken lock here that will not one day be the chain of some manly, devoted heart.' And I laugh, of course, when my maid speaks thus; and she fancies I am pleased. Foolish Jessica! I care nothing for lovers. Perfectly happy without them, they would be only a bore and a weariness.

"What a day of beauty it is! Come Dian, Pedro, Juan, and all the rest—let us have a run on the lawn. O beautiful sky! O beautiful fields, and hills, and woods, and river! my heart bounds to behold you, and cries out, through its every throbbing pulse—How beautiful is life!

"April 13.

"All the talk to-day is about my cousin Lionel, who is hourly expected home from abroad. He is the only child of my widowed aunt Harcourt, as I am the only child of my respected parents. Novel writers would all use 'the sole hope of our two houses.' Of course, this Lionel is a paragon—a phoenix—an Apollo Belvidere. He has been everywhere, and seen everything, for the last three years. I do not suppose I should recognise him were he to walk into the room at this moment. Three years must have made a vast difference. He was but a youth, fresh from the University, when he went away, and now he is a finished 'man of the world.' Such is the term they use in speaking of him, though what is precisely meant by that expression I am somewhat at a loss to guess. However, time will show. And, meanwhile, I am summoned to a private council (of which Madame Martine, the French *modiste*, is president) to consult about my toilette for this approaching ball.

"I have fought a hard battle with the allied armies—that is, with mamma, Hortense, and the milliner—who all agreed that I should have gold embroidery on my satin robes; while I pled for silver trimmings instead. It was no use; my taste was voted too plain. They desired a richer and more elaborate effect; so I was vanquished in that department. But it was otherwise in regard to my *coiffure*, or rather *no coiffure*; and it is settled, as I wished and insisted, to have my ringlets wholly unadorned, save by a sprinkling of the old pearls.

"April 14.

"There is company below to-night. A few dull, middle-aged persons, picking grapes and cracking walnuts over lazy glasses of wine. How thankful I felt that a headache excused my going down stairs. Ma'amselle is in her chamber (like the Queen in the old ditty)—not eating bread and honey, though, but writing her English experiences to her cronies in Switzerland; and I am delightfully single! What shall I do? Try over this new song, with the guitar accompaniment. I see the commencement is good—a *rallentando* movement—like moonbeams playing on a waterfall! Some people will have it that all true melody has something sad in it. Nonsense. It may be so with some temperaments; but I rather think the melancholy must be in the heart first to perceive it in the music. As for me, I am too happy to fling a shadow on sweet sounds or on anything else.

"April 20.

"The ball is over. And, indeed—and again, indeed—it was a brilliant affair. But I have got the headache papa predicted. Perhaps I did dance rather too much; but, then, my partners were so numerous, so pressing, and so pleasant—all except my cousin Har-

court, who was most officiously disagreeable. *N. B.*—I cannot deny he is much improved in appearance—a handsome figure, with a peculiar *tournure* which none of the others had. He had just arrived in time for the ball, so I met him last night for the first time since his foreign campaign. I saw Mr. Sebright could not bear him; and poor Sir Harry Marchmont looked after me so wistfully as I was being handed down to supper by that odious Lionel! A man of the world, is he? Yes, if assurance makes one. How he rattled on to me about news at home and abroad with such a *déjà vu* air, and ‘consigned’ me *ad libitum* with his airy familiarity! I have no patience with his provoking ways. He thinks, I suppose, that he has only to talk and grin, and show his white teeth; and behold! his simple quondam playmate will immediately fall into fever fits of admiration! Oh, he little knows Laura! She is not to be wooed and won in a day. Wooed and won! what do I say? Are not the birds free? And what have I done that I should be cooped up within prison walls? At any rate, if ever I am so situated, you may rest assured, O worshipful cousin Lionel! that not with you will I share my captivity.

“My governess has just looked in to say that the hall door has been besieged all morning by my cavaliers of last night, inquiring—‘Comment je me porte ce matin?’ Several are now in the drawing-room with mamma, no doubt expecting my gracious presence. My cousin, it seems, is not among them. I think I shall go down.

“What an elegant young man Mr. Sebright is! His dark eyes beam with modest genius; he is fond of poetry, too—mayhap tunes the lyre himself. We (that is, he and I and the company generally) had got quite into a dissertation on the comparative claims of Pope and Dryden, and he was growing almost eloquent in his quaint style of talk, when lo! that forward Harcourt arrives, walks into the very centre of the dance circle, defines at a glance what we are all discussing, dashes into the subject with ready tact, and with his *brusquerie* and his brilliancy (as if he had been hand and glove with the Muses from infancy!) settles the whole question at issue in a moment with an irresistible *coup d’état*! Everybody was surprised. None of us, I believe, were foolish enough to look delighted—mamma particularly. And whenever Lionel uttered any very smart thing, I observed she stole a furtive glance at me, as though she would say, ‘See, Laura, how far your cousin transcends the rest!’

“Mamma has some meaning in this. But I have none of my own, and a will of my own. I am not inclined to see with her magnifying-glasses; and am old enough to judge of certain matters for myself.

“April 23.

“Yesterday, we had a large dinner-party at Mrs. Musgrave’s. Who could like these tedious state dinners of gastronomy, and plate, and solemn ceremonial! Is the culinary art no longer a science only, but raised to the rank of a cardinal virtue? What stupid remarks were offered in the dreary intervals of the more serious business! If we had not been dining, we should certainly have been yawning. Old Mr. Neville had the best of it, to my thinking, falling off into a doze ere the cloth was well removed!—Age and infirmity, of course, pleading his excuse. But all things have an end. The ladies are marshalled into the drawing-room; and I heave a deep sigh of relief as lovely Fanny Musgrave sits down to the piano, and sets the keys a-dancing to a fine bravura air.

“The first who forsook his wine in favour of the fair was Mr. Annealey—a tall, thin young gentleman, who

skims the surface of society with a sort of indolent good breeding, and pays a lady a silly compliment as he passes along; one you scarce notice whether he comes or goes—a mere syllabus without a head. He was soon followed by Sir Henry Marchmont, Dr. Willoughby, and Mr. Sebright. The Doctor, who is quizzical, readily engaged me in conversation; Sir Harry ensconced himself near us, but could scarce get a word said for the other’s volubility; Mr. Sebright hovered about for a while on the confines of my sofa, and retired finally into a window-recess, to study a volume of engravings. Then came music; and here I was shortly summoned to play my part. Do what I would, I trembled all over when I was seated at the harp; and saw, or fancied I saw, so many eyes turned upon me. How I envied the perfect ease of the previous performers, who seemed to have no nerves, and passed as coolly through the ordeal as if they had been warbling in solitude under green leaves!

“While rehearsing the symphony, I heard some one enter the room very quietly, and was aware of a new figure standing behind me—another added to the group—a fresh pair of ears and eyes to witness my confusion! I repeated the symphony, to gain time and courage, and then began my song. I chose a simple one—an old thing I had known from childhood. Yet, simple as it was, I felt my tones quiver with an absurd agitation I could scarce control; my knees knocked against each other; my heart fluttered; and I thought I should have stopped, when a fine manly voice behind me insinuated a few accompanying notes with exquisite skill and grace. Thus encouraged, I was emboldened to proceed, and reached the conclusion—just saved, and no more, from absolute failure! Strange to tell, I was overwhelmed with compliments in spite of my bungling; and my vexation, meanwhile, was in nowise lessened by the discovery that my unknown assistant was no other than my forward cousin! Somehow, I was particularly mortified to be indebted to *him*, of all men; and, though he forbore speaking to or looking at me, I was provoked to have needed and involuntarily accepted his aid. Yet, had I been calm, I might have remembered that none but he could possibly have echoed that old, familiar air. One thing pleased me, however. When required to sing a second time, I plucked up a spirit, and acquitted myself decently, without extraneous help. After this, I could afford to give Lionel a civil hearing on his town news—for he was just returned from a brief sojourn in the metropolis. But oh! I hate to think of the whole affair.”

(To be continued.)

THE PRISON VAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Often to weep and sometimes to rejoice

Is evermore the chequer’d lot of man:

“Keep up your heart!” I heard a woman’s voice

Shout to the inmate of a prison van;

And then the little group that with it ran

Prolong’d the plaintive cry—“Keep up your heart!”

“Lo! sin and weakness doing all they can,”

Sighing, I said, “to act a human part.”

Within that wheel’d receptacle of shame

My fancy drew a ruffian in tears;

Or some poor victim of a blasted name

Touch’d with the tenderness of early years:

The worst of humankind have griefs and fears

Even as the best; but, like a stroke of art,

What thrill’d me was the sympathy that endears

Utter’d in that one cry—“Keep up your heart!”

WASHINGTON IRVING AT SEVILLE.

In the "Life and Letters of Washington Irving"—at present in course of publication by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving—we find some delightful snatches from the pen of that graceful writer. The following is part of a letter written during his residence in Spain:—

"If ever you come to Seville, be sure to visit its glorious Cathedral. That, however, you will be sure to do; your good taste will not suffer you to keep away, but visit it more than once. Visit it in the evenings, when the last rays of the sun, or rather the last glimmer of the daylight, is shining through its painted windows. Visit it at night, when its various chapels are partially lighted up, its immense aisles are dimly illuminated by their rows of silver lamps, and when mass is preparing amidst gleams of gold and clouds of incense at its high altar. Visit it at those times; and, if possible, go alone, or with as few gay ladies and gentlemen as possible, for they are the worst kind of companions for a cathedral. I do not think altogether I have ever been equally delighted with any building of the kind. It is so majestic, ample, and complete; so sumptuous in all its appointments, and noble and august in its ceremonies. It is near the house where I lodged when in Seville, and was my daily resort. Indeed, I often visited it more than once in the course of the day. It is delightful to me to have a grand and solemn building of the kind near to me in a city. It is a resort where one gets rid of the noise, and nonsense, and littleness of the petty world around one, and can call up in some degree (though after all but slightly) a glow of solemn and poetical feeling—the most difficult of all sentiments to be summoned up in a city.

"A quiet saunter about a cathedral, particularly towards the evening, when the shades are deeper and the light of the painted windows more dim and vague, has the effect upon me of a walk in one of our great American forests. I cannot compare the scenes, but their sublime and solitary features produce the same dilation of the heart and swelling of the spirit; the same aspiring and longing after something exalted and indefinite; something—I know not what, but something which I feel this world cannot give me. When my eye follows up these great clustering columns until lost in the obscurity of the lofty and spacious vaults, I feel as I have done when gazing up along the trunks of our mighty trees that have stood for ages, and tracing them out to the topmost branches which tower out of the brown forest into the deep blue sky—my thoughts and feelings seem carried up with them until they expand and are lost in the immensity. I find I am running into very long tirades in this letter, and am spinning out thoughts for the want of facts to relate. But I have no domestic gossip nor the chit-chat of a circle of acquaintance to communicate, which are the lively and interesting materials for a letter; you must excuse, therefore, my prosing. Give my love to all my dear little friends of the round table, from the discreet princess down to the little blue-eyed boy. Tell *la petite Marie* that I still remain true to her, though surrounded by all the beauties of Seville; and that I swear (but this she must keep between ourselves) that there is not a little woman to compare with her in all Andalusia."

In a subsequent letter, Mr. Irving gives his impressions of Spanish beauty:—

"What can I tell you of Seville that you have not heard a thousand times? I know nothing of its inhabitants, for I have not mingled with them. As to the famed beauty of its women, I am inclined to set it down as one of those traditional things that has commenced in fact, and been handed down from age to age, and from traveller to traveller, though it has long since become a falsehood. There are beautiful women in Seville as (God be praised for all His mercies!) there are in all other great cities; but do not, my worthy and inquiring friend—do not come to Seville as I did, expecting a perfect beauty to be staring you in the face at every turn, or you will be awfully disappointed. Andalusia, generally speaking, derives its renown for the beauty of its women and the beauty of its land-

scapes, from the rare and captivating charms of individuals. The generality of its female faces are as sunburned and void of bloom and freshness as its plains. I am convinced the great fascination of Spanish women arises from their natural talent, their fire and soul, which beam through their dark, flashing eyes, and kindle up their whole countenance in the course of an interesting conversation. As I have but few opportunities of judging of them in this way, I can only criticise them with the eye of a sauntering observer. It is like judging of a fountain when it is not in play, or a fire when it lies dormant, and neither flames nor sparkles. After all, it is the divinity *within* which makes the divinity *without*; and I have been more fascinated by a woman of talent and intelligence, though deficient in personal charms, than I have been by the most regular beauty."

ELIZA.

[MARRIED, 10th August 1861.—DIED, 29th August 1862.]

A YEAR ago I married her—
My peerless angel wife;
One little year, and death hath come
To sever life from life.

A year of love! How sweet it was!
And ah, how swift it sped!
Was it a dream—her love—her life?
A dream that she is dead!

Is it a dream that words of love
Were in her latest breath?—
A dream she look'd, and smiled on me,
Even in the grasp of death?

Is it a dream the angels came
And bore her soul away;
And left me, for the wife I loved,
A form of speechless clay?

Ah, no! I wander o'er my house
In solitude and gloom,
And meet with traces of her hand
In every silent room;

And tokens of her constant love
Appear in every scene,
To tell me what my present is,
And what my past hath been.

I need not stand beside the grave
In which her ashes rest
To know that I am lone on earth,
And she is with the blest.

A thousand mem'ries, wants, regrets,
Perplexities, and fears,
Remind me of my bitter loss,
And move my frequent tears.

My tears! They flow unheeded now.
Alas! it was not so
With her who heighten'd all my joys,
And banish'd every woe.

But wherefore should my heart be sad
That she has gone before;
And wooes me to a brighter home,
Where every grief is o'er?

Oh, rather let my prayers arise,
Benignant Heaven! to Thee,
For wings of faith to soar to her,
When death hath set me free!

D. G.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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DOUBT AND FAITH.

AN APOLOGUE.

DOUBT is the father and Faith is the mother of Knowledge; and the marriage of the pair and the birth of their radiant babe came about in the following manner:—Once upon a time, Doubt roamed up and down the world, in great perplexity of spirit, seeking his friends; whom, from a slight defect in his eyes, he had some difficulty in discovering. At the same time, Faith traversed the earth in equal perturbation; but her difficulty arose from her inability to avoid her enemies, who thronged thick and fast upon her wherever she went. It chanced that Doubt and Faith met one evening, after a long day's journey, at a little inn at the foot of a mountain; and, in course of conversation, they discovered that each possessed the very power of which the other was most deficient. Ere they went to sleep they did each other essential service. Doubt, strong-handed and iron-willed, repulsed the enemies of Faith, and made her slumbers as calm as a seraph's; while Faith, most reliant in soul and spiritual in perception and speech, brought the friends of Doubt to his lonely chamber, and enabled him to spend one of the happiest nights of his life. Next day, they both rose with the lark, and their souls were full of music. They engaged in conversation; and again, during this and many succeeding days, they exchanged mutual help and became partial to each other's society. Indeed, in their sojourn at the inn, all idea of time seemed to be banished from their minds—so pleasantly and profitably did the hours grow into days, the days into weeks, the weeks into months, until the months had completed a whole year. When at last they began to think of wending their several ways, they discovered that it was utterly impossible to live apart from each other without producing a vast weakness and vacuity in their lives. Doubt could not live without Faith, nor Faith without Doubt. In the darkness

of their impending separation, the star of love shone out, and revealed to both the true condition of their hearts. Marriage, they felt—and were compelled to confess—was their only possible chance of happiness. And so they were married; and, uniting their several virtues and gifts, their mutual service was rendered with endless benefit to both—Doubt unmasking and repelling the enemies of Faith; and Faith, with the golden persuasion of her seraphic tongue, attracting and retaining the truest friends of melancholy Doubt. In due season, by the smooth revolving of the sacred and inevitable laws, a beautiful broad-browed babe was born to the pair, to whom they gave the name of Knowledge. Then were they truly happy; for then only did they find out the full significance of the tie by which they had become one in purpose and one in soul. Not that they were entirely free from care. True happiness does not imply such freedom. Henceforth their united efforts were directed to the training and education of their son, who, as his name implies, was a youth of peculiar genius. At first, both his physical growth and intellectual progress were singularly unpromising; and he showed signs, occasionally, of some mysterious mental perversion. For instance, at certain seasons he would believe, as pure gospel, every story—however silly, improbable, or fantastical—which any of his schoolfellows chose to relate. At other times he would hardly believe anything, however authentic. He was now and then suspicious even of truth. It will be seen that, in the due culture and correction of these opposite qualities, the combined abilities of his parents would be called admirably into operation. This was indeed the case; and most tenderly did they fulfil the irksome yet sublime duties of teacher to their only child. Whenever the youthful Knowledge manifested signs of extreme credulity, it was the duty as well as the delight of his father, Doubt, to suggest to the open-minded student that particular statements were either partially true or wholly false; and then to teach him the method of testing every proposition maintained on what appeared to be insufficient testimony. Again, when the deep-eyed youth got into one of his sceptical or profoundly unreceptive moods, it was the great delight of Faith—his beautiful, reliant mother—to have him brought to the altar of her knee, where she smoothed down the obstinate questionings of his darker mind without sacrificing any principle of philosophy or religion. There was a divinely insinuating melody in the simplest motions of her tongue which never failed to make the young lad feel as if he were drinking in thrice-filtered music, falling from those sweet organ-alembics which are continually pouring their soft streams of harmony around the invisible throne of Heaven! Thus, by the tender watchfulness and intelligent management of his loving parents, did Knowledge grow strong in body and large in mind: and is so growing at the present hour. He never has escaped—and will not for many years to come—the troubles and dangers which are incident to his complicated career. But he will become pure and wise betimes—in pro-

portion, indeed, as his discrimination or selective and rejective faculties ripen in breadth and precision. He is taught that to take everything on trust is to expose himself to the wildest impositions of fools, rogues, and dreamers; and that to take nothing on trust is to insult his father and mother, who are not, as the ignorant would have us believe, mere Disbelief and Credulity. Doubt is the arch-investigator, the discriminator, the enemy of falsehood, and defender of Faith; while Faith is that angel in whose radiant and capacious bosom is garnered all truth, whether as the fruit of investigation, intuition, or revelation. But as Doubt has a human pedigree and Faith a divine one, Knowledge, their only child, is related both to earth and heaven. He is, nevertheless, endowed with the power of so working and advancing, as ultimately to free himself from all gross human elements; of escaping from the trusk of materiality; and at last taking his position on high among the glorified hosts. F.

FAMILIAR PHRASES.

A CERTAIN satirist has said that were Shakspeare now to rise, he would stare with wonder

"To find the meaning out of what he wrote."

The reference is, of course, to those clever commentators who put interpretations upon plain language beyond what the author intended. A similar amount of invention has been displayed by certain literary antiquaries in attempting to trace the origin of familiar words and phrases. The exclamations "Go-ho!" and "Heit!" to a horse, have been dated back to classic times; while the interjection "Bo!" used to frighten children, has been traced to a ferocious general of that name under the mythic Odin. Who would have fancied that the proverb "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" needed any explanation? Yet our antiquaries have narrated that it arose from Lord Surrey, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, having given a kingfisher to Somers, the king's jester, which he afterwards wished to have back. His lordship promised him two at some other time, if he would return the one in his possession; and was met, according to the story, with the famous answer in question. Now, if such an incident really took place, the probability is that the answer of the fool was nothing more than a happy application of the proverbial saying. True, that saying must have originated with some one; but to give it the literal origin of an actual bird in the hand being preferred to a couple of birds in prospect, is to deprive it of much of its poetic force as an exemplification of cautious policy. In like manner, the phrase, "By hook or by crook," is said to have arisen in the time of Charles I. when there were two learned judges named Hooke and Crooke; and when a difficult cause would be settled by either the one or the other. But, unfortunately for this explanation, the phrase was used more than once by Spenser nearly a century earlier. In the "Faerie Queene" occurs the line—

"The which her sire had serapt by hooke and crooke:"

and elsewhere, in the same poem—

"In hopes her to attain by hooke and crooke."

Of course, it is quite possible that the phrase might be applied by the punsters of Charles's time to the judges whose names held out such obvious temptations to their wit; but the words had in all likelihood no other origin than that which they themselves, with their quaint similes

linity of sound, suggest. To give a person "A bone to pick," is a proverbial phrase suggestive of a hard task, and is synonymous with the equally common phrase of giving such a one "A nut to crack." Yet even these words, so likely to suggest themselves to any one who had ever picked a bone or seen a bone picked, our ingenious Jonathan Oldbucks must account for by stating that they arose from an old marriage custom in Sicily—according to which the bride's father gave the bridegroom a bone, saying, "Pick this, in order to show that you can manage a wife, which is more difficult than picking a bone." This is far-fetched indeed. Almost equally absurd is it to ascribe the phrase "A feather in your cap" to the old practice of Indian warriors putting a feather in their caps for every victim they killed. A feather in the cap is a mark of distinction not peculiar to the Indians; and, to use it as a simile for any honour won, is simply a figurative way of saying that such a one is entitled to carry his head high. Again, it seems to be quite gratuitous to assert that the proverb "A dirty bird defiles its own nest" originated with John Knox, who is alleged to have used it in reference to the supposed complicity of Mary Queen of Scots in the murder of Darnley. The probability is that it is much older, and had a thousand homely applications long before it was elevated into that historical dignity. How could it occur to any one that such a phrase as "The biter bit" required to be traced back to a Lord Chancellor, who is said to have used it in allusion to the case of a certain Bishop Tonstall, who, desiring to suppress Tyndale's works, arranged to have them bought up; but at such an extravagant price that Tyndale was enabled, with the proceeds, to issue a second edition? Equally preposterous does it appear to account for the term "Skinflint"—applied to a miserly fellow—by alleging that a certain caliph named Abd-al-malek was surnamed Raschal He-cash, or "The skinner of a flint." Surely this is the very mad-gallop of archaeological research!

It is clear that such phrases as "Chip of the old block," "Diamond cut diamond," "Neither rhyme nor reason," "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," and the like—phrases having an obvious meaning in themselves—do not stand in need of any learned explanation whatever. Yet these are the very class of proverbial expressions on which our archaeological friends exert the greatest amount of ingenuity. Take, for example, the glass-house aphorism. It is gravely told that some of the courtiers of James I. amused themselves by squirting pebbles through a tube at the windows of the citizens; whereupon, Buckingham, the leader in this frolic, had the windows of his own mansion, which happened to be unusually numerous, attacked and smashed by the pebbles, an incident which—so at least the story goes—issued from the lips of the king the rebuke expressed in the proverb. To the same monarch is attributed the case "The proof of the pudding is the eating of it"—His Majesty having, with these words, cut short a panegyric on a certain dish at table. But what evidence is there that the phrase was not in common use at the time? In like manner, the phrase "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good" is attributed to the wreckers of Cornwall, referring to the frequency of wrecks from whatever point of the compass the wind may come—a somewhat forced derivation. To take another example, why should the verse "While the grass grows the steed starves" be traced to a traveller in Lincolnshire, who, on asking a Cornish farmer for food for his horse, was told to wait until a grew? "Shutting the stable-door when the steed

is stolen" equally speaks for itself, without tracing it to an old Mayor of Chester, who caused a gate through which his daughter had been carried off to be shut up. The phrase "When rogues fall out honest men come by their own" is ascribed to Sir Matthew Hale, in reference to a couple of litigants detected in a combination to lease a ferry to the injury of the proprietor; but it is quite as likely to have been a current phrase which Sir Matthew merely quoted. "Never look a gift horse in the mouth" is a perfectly natural lesson in politeness, and does not need the tragic incident to account for it, of a Carlisle farmer having had his nose bitten off from neglect of that wholesome rule.

On the other hand, there are many familiar phrases which require explanation, and to which it would be well for the learned in this department to confine their inquiries. "Under the rose" is a phrase of this kind. It has been attributed to party secrets communicated—during the war between the rival houses of York and Lancaster—to the partisans of the Red or White Rose. But this derivation is too simple. Accordingly, it is traced back to an ancient period, when the rose was the emblem of silence. Roses were then, it seems, worn in the head at entertainments, or painted in the ceiling; and all conversation "under the rose" was understood to go no farther. "Paying too dear for one's whistle" belongs, of course, to Franklin, whose little story on the subject is among the best things in "Poor Richard's Almanac." The term "Printer's devil" might fairly have arisen from the usually inky aspect of printers' apprentices; but a couple of more abstruse derivations are given. One, that it arose from the early printers in Germany being supposed to be in league with the Evil One; and another, from the circumstance of Caxton, the first English printer, having in his employment an apprentice named De Ville. "Why don't you dun him?" was a phrase which arose in the town of Lincoln as long ago as the reign of Henry VII. It referred to a certain John Dun, a famous balliff, whose name, like that of Burke the murderer, has added a new word to the language. "Jack Ketch," as a generic term for hangman, originated in a similar manner—one John Ketch, in 1632, having officiated with distinction in London as the Craftsman of his day. "As drunk as David's sow" is not in such common use as it was at one time. It was suggested by an incident in the life of one David Lloyd, an innkeeper at Hereford. This individual had a pig with six legs, which he was accustomed to exhibit to the curious. On one occasion, however, it happened that his wife, who was greatly addicted to inebriety, had let out the pig, and lain down in the sty herself, where she fell into a deep sleep. In this position she was discovered by a party of visitors—poor David having first pointed to the sty, and unwittingly exclaimed, "There's the sow!" The phrase "Saving one's bacon" is said to have arisen from the efforts of the country people to conceal their bacon from Cromwell's soldiers. "Not fit to hold the candle to him"—a phrase implying inferiority—is usually traced back to the time when links or torches were held, on festive occasions, by boys and menials. The description of a lazy fellow who would contribute nothing to the festivities, as one who would "Neither dance nor hold the candle," must likewise be referred back to that period. "Fitting to a T" was probably derived from the mark on the ice in the Scotch game of curling being called a tee. "That's the thing to a T!" would be exclaimed when the exact point was reached and no more. The phrase "Mind your P's and Q's" might have originated in the

difficulty which children have in discriminating between the *p* and the *q*; but the usual explanation is sufficiently satisfactory—namely, that taverners were at one time in the habit of chalking *P.* and *Q.* as abbreviations for pints and quarts; in which case it would, of course, be important that bibaceous guests should mind their *P*'s and *Q*'s, both that they might not drink too much and that they might not be overcharged. "Hobson's choice" originated with a horse-hirer named Hobson, in Cambridge, who, when any one wanted a horse, always produced the one which had been longest in stable, saying, "This, or none." The ancient Germans drank mead—a beverage made with honey—for thirty days after every wedding; but, perhaps, the term "Honeymoon" does not stand in need of this literal explanation. To "Bear the bell" is attributed to a little golden bell having at one time been the chief prize at the York races; but it more probably arose from the leader of a team or flock "bearing the bell." "Dining with Duke Humphrey" means not dining at all. It seems that one of the aisles in St. Paul's frequented by loungers was called "Duke Humphrey's Walk;" and that gallants unable to procure a dinner were accustomed to loiter there during meal-time. "Grinning like a Cheshire cat" refers to the crest of an influential family in Cheshire. An amusing origin is ascribed to the phrase "Catching a Tartar." It is related by Capt. Grose that, in an oriental skirmish, an Irishman called out to his officer, "I have caught a Tartar!" "Bring him here, then," was the reply. "He wont let me," shouted Pat, on finding himself carried off captive!

There is something wonderful in the tenacity with which such phrases keep their place in the popular language of a country. In order, however, that they may endure, they must have some special wit or significance. As for the phrases which take hold, from time to time, of the wags of London—such as "Does your mother know you're out?" "Who's your hatter?" or, to take the newest, "How's your poor feet?"—they must pass away with the ephemeral laughers to which they give rise; probably to be succeeded by others equally destined, after a brief and uproarious career, to be forgotten.

THE LOVE LEGACY.

BY A VILLAGE DOCTOR.

I HAD seen my early boyhood
Blighted by a father's death;
Seen my gentle, widowed mother
Striving with chill poverty—
Many weary winters striving,
With pale cheek and panting breath,
Ever praying, "Keep my children
From the world's temptations free!"

I had watched that darling mother
Through long nights of wasting pain,
While I soothed my little sister
With fond hopes my heart belied;
Till one balmy April morning,
Bright with sunshine after rain,
I became that sister's guardian
At our dying mother's side.

Then she prayed that God might keep us!
Turned a fond and yearning look
On my little sister, Annie,
As she breathed her sad behest—
"Listen, darlings, and remember!
In my desk you'll find a Book;
Do as I have there directed—
'Tis your mother's last request."

Oh! the dreary separation!
Oh! the weary weight of woe,
As I led my little sister
From that sad and silent room!
Oh! the utter desolation
When I laid my mother low
In the cold, cold grave; and left her
'Mid the church-yard's ghastly gloom!

Well for me I had a sister
Waiting for me, all alone;
Trusting, clinging to her brother
As her only friend and guide.
Well my mother knew my nature,
When she gave the little one
To my charge. I fain had laid me
In the cold earth by her side;

But I thought of little Annie
Weeping in our lonely home;
And I thought upon the promise
To my dying mother given.
I would keep that promise sacred;
Poverty and want might come,
But I'd guard her little daughter
Till we met once more in heaven.

I was now fifteen; and Annie,
Little Annie, was but nine;
I was in a merchant's office,
With a salary so small
That it barely served to clothe me.
How could income such as mine
Keep us living? Thus I pondered,
Leaning on the church-yard wall.

Then those words went thrilling through me—
"In my desk you'll find a Book;"
And the weary load was lightened
Which had nearly stopped my breath.
I would go to little Annie;
And, together, we should look
At the sacred pages, written
By her hand—now cold in death.

Slowly, sadly, then I left her;
Slowly, sadly, sought my home;
At the door my little sister
Met me, with a pale, sweet face;—
Met me, with my mother's welcome;
Took my hand and bade me come—
As my mother used to lead me—
To my old, accustomed place.

I had thought to see her grieving,
As a child is wont to do;
Grieving, mourning for her mother—
Weeping, haply, till she slept.
Now, to find her grave and thoughtful,
With her table spread for two,
Quite unnerved my trembling manhood,
And I sat me down and wept.

Then the little girl—woman
Wound her arms around my neck;
Sitting on my knee, she whispered—
"I know something will remove
All your sad forebodings, Harry!
I know something that will cheer
Those sad tears." "What is it, darling?"
"Tis our mother's Book of Love.

"When you left, my heart was breaking,
And I wished that I was dead;
But I felt that wish was sinful:
Oh! I knew not what to do;
Till I thought of mother's death-bed—
How she looked—and what she said;
Then I read the Book she left us.
Harry! you must read it too.

"First, my boy! you'll take your dinner"
(Twas my mother's words again);
For she saw that I had risen
For the Book; but that desire
Stopped me—as if one had spoken
From the dead; so I remain
While she wheels her little table
Close beside the parlour fire.

And I watch my tiny housewife;
See her place our simple meal;
Close the door; then, turning gravely,
Seat her in our mother's chair.
"Oh, my darling sister, Annie!
I can never cease to feel
That you were my guardian angel—
Saving me from blank despair!"

See us, by the flickering fire-light,
Bending o'er that blessed Book—
All our dread anticipations
Charmed, by mother-love, away.
Revelations, strange and startling,
Dawn upon us as we look;
Years of self-imposed privations;
Rules to guide us, day by day.

Many years before, my father
Left his home one summer day—
Left my mother bright and happy,
Dreading neither grief nor pain.
Ah! how soon dark clouds may gather!
He was scarce an hour away
When they brought him, pale and bleeding;
And he never spoke again.

I was bounding through the garden,
Chasing a wild honey-bee;
And my mother's merry laughter
Echoed round me, clear and gay,
When we heard his horse returning;
And I climbed the wall to see.
Ah! what meant that strange procession,
Moving slowly round the bay—

Moving slowly, 'mid the sorrow
Of a still-increasing crowd?
Weeping mothers clasped their infants—
Little sick ones saved from death;
Men, whose sunbrowned cheeks were strangers
To a tear-drop, wept aloud;
And the children, grouped in clusters,
With pale cheeks and 'bated breath.

Still I think I see them moving,
Slowly, in the summer light;
Hear that murmur rising, falling,
Like the sobbing of the sea;
Gaze upon that bleeding forehead,
And the face so ghastly white;
Surely that is not my father—
Oh! no, no; it cannot be!

And I saw the aged pastor
Stop them ere they reached the gate—
Caution them to follow slowly,
While he hurried on before.
Ah! kind Nature had prepared her—
The good pastor came too late;
For he found her pale and lifeless,
Stretched beside the garden door.

Then I thought I must be dreaming
As I lay upon the wall,
For these horrors passed before me
So unlike reality.
But I knew the men who bore him,
Heard their voices rise and fall;
Smelled the heavy-honeyed fragrance
Of my own laburnum tree.

Lying, 'mid its golden tassels,
Listening to its whispering leaves,
Soon I saw them moving forward—
Guided by that gray-haired man;
And I heard the swallows twittering
In their nest, beneath the eaves;
Saw the children hastening homeward,
Breathing heavy as they ran.

And, behind them, slowly followed
One who shunned all humankind,
Save the friend whose hat he carried
With a mastiff's jealous care.
Poor lame Laurence, sad and lonely—
Weak in body, warped in mind—
Toiling onward, slow and weary,
With a face of dark despair.

What to him though tens of thousands
Cumbered still God's smiling earth?
Only one of all the many
Sought the poor deformed one's good;
Only one had ever taught him
What the cripple's soul was worth.
Must he lose that friend, whose counsel
Cheered him more than daily food?

And he scowled upon the children,
Who, in terror, fled away;
Scowled upon the mothers, weeping
Tears that would be dried ere morn;
Scowled upon the stalwart fathers
Who had borne him round the bay,
Who had wept soft, soothing tear-drops;—
While his eye-balls burned with scorn.

Then he questioned them abruptly,
"Have you left him? Is he dead?
Breathing still? Will no one aid him—
Him! who saved so many lives?
When the fever raged among you,
Who sat, fearless, by your bed?
Who restored your dying children?
Who relieved your suffering wives?"

"Oh, my friend! my more than brother!
Would that I were straight of limb!
Would to God this crooked body
Had the power to match the will!
I would run o'er miles of moorland
For a friend to succour him;
God knows he should want for neither
Nurse's care nor surgeon's skill!"

And his burning words aroused them,
For they hastened to the shore;
Launched a boat; and soon I saw them
Far across the shining bay;
While poor Laurence sought the cottage—
Lingered, sadly, by the door;
Humbly prayed for leave to enter
Where my dying father lay.

Never nurse with softer footfall
Watched beside a bed of pain;
Never nurse with touch more tender
Bathed a suffering patient's head.
Doctors from the nearest city
Came in haste—alas! in vain:
Ere they reached our distant village
He was numbered with the dead.

How distinctly I remember
Gazing, sad, across the sea,
Watching for that boat returning;
Sobbing, till I sank to rest;
Sleeping 'mid the summer breezes,
Lulled by that laburnum tree;
Waking up, as if a millstone
Had been laid upon my breast!

Creeping homeward, hungry, weary;
 Longing, yet afraid to hear
 That it really was my father
 I had seen—so ghastly white!
 But my home looked sad and dreary,
 And I dared not venture near;
 So I wandered till the twilight
 Deepened down to starry night.

Then I heard I had no father;
 Heard my mother was laid low—
 Crushed, by suffering and sorrow.
 When we met, I scarce could trace
 My young mother's rosy beauty
 In those features, wan with woe;
 And I saw her tear-drops falling,
 Slowly, on a baby's face.

Thus it was that little Annie
 Dawned upon us in the night
 Of our sorrow—like a sunbeam
 Through dark clouds of thunder-rain;
 Till her mother's tear-drops sparkled,
 As they trembled in the light
 Of her holy, infant beauty,
 Lightening half her load of pain;

Forming there a bow of promise
 That the Lord no more would bring
 Such a flood of bitter anguish
 As had overwhelmed her heart;
 For our dove of peace had lighted,
 With soft healing on her wing;
 So, the weary one was strengthened
 Bravely to perform her part.

And she rose up, pale and tranquil;
 But her light laugh rang no more
 Through the garden, in the sunshine,
 As it did that fatal day
 When his horse, without a rider,
 Came and stood beside the door,
 And we saw that sad procession
 Moving round the silvery bay.

Then we left our native village;
 Left our cottage by the shore;
 Left poor Laurence watching sadly
 Where his "friend the doctor" lay.
 And our mother's Book now told us—
 After many years were o'er
 She received a farewell letter
 From her old friend, Laurence Grey:—

"Dearest Madam,—Ere this reach you,
 Laurence Grey will be no more!
 Life has been a weary burden;
 Death will be a glorious gain.
 I shall meet my friend the doctor
 On that bright and blessed shore—
 Straight of limb, and tall of stature,
 Fresh from suffering, free from pain.

"I bequeath unto his widow
 All that I possess on earth.
 I bequeath unto his children
 Blessings for their father's sake.
 Guide them in their father's footsteps;
 Tell them of their father's worth.
 Oh, to fall asleep in sorrow!
 Oh, to meet him when I wake!"

Poor lame Laurence left our mother
 What to her was wondrous wealth,
 Raising from her heart the burden
 Which had caused her panting breath.
 But, alas! it could not save her—
 Riches may not purchase health,
 Though they lighten up the shadows
 Which o'erhang the Vale of Death!

Now, our mother, too, had left us;
 We were in the world alone,
 Clinging fondly to each other;
 Trusting that the Almighty arm—
 Which upheld her faltering footsteps
 Through the sorrows she had known—
 Would protect us now, and keep us
 Safe from suffering—free from harm!

Still we felt that she was near us,
 Though we heard her voice no more;
 Though Eternity's dim shadows
 Hid her from our yearning sight,
 She was there to guide and cheer us
 As we turned those pages o'er;
 As we read each kind "Good morning"—
 Lingered o'er each loved "Good night."

Long we sat with arms entwining,
 Smiling brightly through our tears,
 Gaining strength and consolation
 From those links of mother-love.
 Like a golden chain it led us
 Onward through the coming years;
 Binding us on earth together,
 Guiding us to Heaven above.

Every morning, ere we parted,
 She was with us, as of yore;
 Every evening found us reading
 In our mother's precious Book,
 Household words, whose quiet humour
 Dimpled Annie's young face o'er
 With the smiles on which her mother
 Loved, so dearly loved, to look.

No sad thoughts were there to grieve us;
 No deep cares to bow the head—
 Far into the distant future
 All was kindly wisely planned.
 We had but to trust, and follow
 Where that golden love-chain led—
 Happy that we still were guided
 By our gentle mother's hand.

And we passed our quiet evenings
 Talking of the days gone by—
 Talking of our darling mother
 As I knew her long ago.
 And my little sister listened,
 With flushed cheek and open eye,
 While I told her of the father
 She was destined ne'er to know.

Years have passed, and little Annie—
 Little Annie now no more,
 But a tall and graceful maiden—
 Like a sunbeam, lights my hearth.
 I am now the village doctor,
 In that cottage by the shore,
 Following in my father's footsteps—
 Hearing daily of his worth;

Wandering in the sunny garden
 Where I chased the honey-bee;
 Leaning on the wall, where sorrow
 Sent the sobbing boy to rest;
 Sitting, on the summer evenings,
 Under the laburnum tree,
 Listening to the happy twitter
 Of the swallows in their nest;

Walking, on the Sabbath morning,
 To the old church on the hill—
 There to praise the God who kept us
 "From the world's temptations free!"
 There to bless the gentle mother
 Who, though dead, yet speaketh still,
 By her own life's pure example,
 And her rare Love Legacy!

J. F. H.

A YOUNG LADY'S CARDIPHONIA IN THE
LAST CENTURY (Continued).

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

"April 24.

"Mamma says I must learn to subdue emotion, for some but ignorant or silly persons ever show what they feel. This advice is for the thousandth time within the last six months. She complains to Mdlle. Hortense that I am not half precise in my sayings and doings—not sufficiently cut and squared (I suppose she means) into the ways of other young ladies. Now, my dearest mamma, and my sweet, patient governess! let me ask you one question—Do you really wish to make an automaton of your poor daughter and pupil? And will you stretch this vexed question of the proprieties so far, that a respectable puppet will be all the result of your affectionate cares? Is it for this that I have read and studied—pored over my favourite authors and nursed my rainbow dreams—merely that I might hide henceforth each thought and feeling they have engendered; and present a cold, monotonous surface to the outer world? Then birds are better than human beings; and I wish I were one of them!

"Riding out with papa this afternoon on my darling little Arabian, and bounding over the heath, we had just come to a sharp turn in the road when a sudden breeze caught my hat, and away it flew over the hedge! Poor papa's gouty habit left him powerless to recover it; Joseph was a long way behind, cantering at leisure, in total ignorance of the mishap; and there was I, a forlorn spectacle, with my hair streaming to the breeze, while I gazed woe-begone and wistful after my truant head-gear. When, all of a trice—just as if he had lighted there for the purpose—up dashes my cousin on his bay hunter, clears the hedge at a bound; and, stooping for an instant, catches my stray hat as if by magic on the end of his long riding-whip; then over the green barrier once more with another leap, and presents it to me with a bow and a smile of quiet exultation!

"Lionel! where did you drop from?" I ask, astonished.

"From the clouds, whence I am commissioned by Jupiter to watch over you unseen by night and by day." These last words almost in a whisper.

"I could not thank him, I felt so piqued by his assumption. By what right did he thus constitute himself my knight-errant elect? I did not speak, but merely put on my hat with a courteous gesture. One of the feathers was broken. I plucked off the piece and threw it from me. Harcourt caught it dexterously as it floated in mid air, and stuck it, laughingly, in front of his own hat.

"You must allow me to wear this trophy, Laura. The fashion is new, I allow; but I flatter myself it is not unbecoming."

"He looked so radiant and happy, and the piece of feather swung and nodded so comically in its novel position, that I could scarce retain my gravity.

"Fine feathers make fine birds," I said; "and, since you come from the clouds, your plumage is quite in character."

"Hercules papa, who had stayed his horse a few paces distant during this episode, cried out, 'Good

morning, Harcourt! I have a friend to visit some miles off; you can take care of Laura,' and turned down a side-path. Joseph stood waiting for orders.

"'Follow your master,' quoth Don Quixote, with lively readiness; and away trotted the groom; while we two were left standing *vis-a-vis* on the broad high road.

"'Whither away?' he inquired, gaily. 'North, south, east, or west? The world is all before you where to choose.'

"There was something so self-satisfied in the expression of my cousin's face at this moment, that I felt my old provocation rising anew. So I spoke curtly. 'Home, I think,' and turned my steed in that direction. I expected his countenance would have fallen, but it did not. Neither did he attempt a word of dissuasion; but evinced a delighted alacrity to accompany me. This galled me; so I broke my Arabian into a saucy canter, to get the sooner to my journey's end.

"'Fair and softly,' cried my companion, ambling jauntily by my side. 'How long do you fancy it will take to reach your own hall-door? Perhaps you dread rain; and I must confess it does look threatening.'

"This last suggestion, seeing that the sky was purely blue and beautiful, sounded simply meaningless and absurd. Not so the arch look that attended it; and had it not been for the grotesque figure he cut, with that fragment of scarlet feather still bobbing in front of his chapeau, I could have felt half-inclined to quarrel with him. As it was, I merely looked aside to conceal my physiognomy; and, under a sudden impulse of contradiction, darted at an angle down a green lane to the left, and so regained the heath—which was certainly not on the way homeward. Of course, he continued holding on by my steps, and I led him a very pretty chase of a good hour or more, up hill and down dale; completing to the full my original intention of being a reasonable time on horseback that day. At length, as the sun was just setting, the Castle came in sight. Every window was gleaming like a fairy palace. I felt fatigued with the previous exercise, and let the reins drop on my palfrey's neck. There is something in the sight of fine old architecture that always moves me. Add to this the many sweet associations that cluster round my own dear home, and there is no marvel that I never can behold its antique towers and noble arches without indefinable feelings of romantic and admiring interest. My cousin had noted my mood. Nothing escapes his lynx-like regards. (*Mem.*—I hate these violently-observant people, before whom we can scarcely call our thoughts our own.) For he began trilling, in a kind of *sotto voce*, the air, 'O stay at home, my Phillis fair!' I silenced him with a look. I was in too grave a humour for badinage. We were riding very slowly. Neither spoke. I was gazing intently on the lovely picture before us. The *coup-d'œil* was superb. The venerated mansion stood forth like a magnificent queen sparkling with a thousand jewels. The old woods, just bursting into summer, encamped round about her in green and guardian pride. The river meandered in quiet beauty through the rich meadows. In lordly grandeur the blue hills stretched far away in the distance. The air was of that delicious temperature—cool but not chill, balmy but not oppressive—that ravishes the sense with its exquisite fulness. My eyes moistened; and to conceal this I stooped to stroke Fenella's mane. It was an idle ruse. He uttered not a syllable, yet I felt that Harcourt was reading my very soul. Had it been any one but he who was at my side—papa, mamma, Hortense, or even little silly Jessica—I might have

relieved my throbbing heart by giving expression to my enthusiasm. But to my cousin!—the scholar, the traveller, the man of the world, the spy upon my every thought and action—how could I reveal myself to him? Impossible! So we paced on in silence—the horrid creature actually seeming to have all his pulses beating in unison with mine, under the sweet influences of the scene; till at last, just as we were entering the Castle gate, he said, in a subdued yet earnest voice—

“What wondrous pictures and poems have been in your mind for the last few minutes, Laura! And no marvel, for earth is very fair on a night like this.”

“Again I was provoked; I did not wish for his sympathy. My mood changed in an instant. I looked up at him bravely. There was the absurd morsel of red feather dangling from his hat, in ludicrous contrast with the grave face. I laughed outright.”

“You may go back now to Jupiter and your native clouds,” I said; “for here I am once more at my own sublunary dwelling.”

“Just then mamma appeared on the lawn, and advanced smiling, as if well pleased to see us together.”

“You have got Lionel with you, my darling!” she exclaimed. I left them talking; and, waving my hand gaily in token of adieu, went briskly forward towards the house. Then quickly alighting, I consigned my Arabian to a groom who was loitering about in expectation of the charge, and ran up stairs to my own apartment. Having locked my door, and thrown off my riding-habit, I walked straight to the mirror, and was mortified to see traces of the emotion I had so lately sought to subdue still visible in my glistening eyelids. Why will this forward cousin be for ever throwing himself in my way? Why do papa and mamma always make him so welcome here? Oh! I see it plain enough. There is a plot among them to promote an attachment between us. But I will not have my affections controlled in this way. I do not care to please that man;—and I won’t!

“Strong in this determination, I felt quite a heroine, and rang for my maid. She came immediately.”

“Well, Jessica; any news?”

“Yes, ma’am; a great deal of news? Mr. Sebright has been here and Dr. Willoughby; and Sir Harry Marchmont brought his sister to introduce to Mrs. Stanley; and old Lady Swinton called in her new barouche; and young Captain Swinton, who is home from Ireland with his regiment, rode by the side of it, looking so handsome in that splendid Hussar uniform! They were invited to remain at the Castle over the evening, and agreed. Then your papa arrived with your uncle Arlington.”

“And of course Mr. Harcourt stays to dinner,” added Mdlle. Hortense, who had glided into the chamber unawares—*Et voilà tout!*

“There, thought I, Harcourt again! and why ‘of course?’ But I will not be fooled. Swinton is an empty head; yet he may serve a purpose.”

“O Hortense! what a day of loveliness! How I wish you had been with me in my ride! My pale-blue silk, Jessica;—and please put a white rose in my hair at the left side.”

“My governess smiled. I did not quite like the character of her smile. I said nothing, however. And soon after the gong sounded, and I went down stairs.”

“May 2

“I will not submit to this any longer. Every day for the last week has Lionel been at the Castle; and now he goes in and out and over all the house almost as if it were his own;—always received, too, with

open arms by my parents, and treated like one of the family! And why not? if they like his society—which I don’t. And so from this day I must begin to show him. I will not be made over to his care on all occasions as is the fashion at present. The thing is ridiculous. I cannot walk, ride, sit at home, or visit abroad, but my cousin is sure to be at my elbow. Everybody makes way for him; and I am the mere puppet of obedience. It is too bad. He claims my hand in the dance, and I give it him like a simpleton. He brings me duets, and I sing them with him. He tells me romantic anecdotes of his foreign travel, and I listen to him!

“Only last night, thinking to enjoy a few quiet moments with Hortense, we were scarce placed on our favourite garden-seat by the river, where I imagined no living being could be within sight or hearing; when suddenly we heard the plashing of an oar, and Harcourt glided into sight, steering his tiny bark to the very spot where we were stationed! The evening was so fine and the water so calm, I could not resist his invitation to step into the boat; supposing that, of course, Hortense would follow. But no. While I was settling myself in the stern, and before I could forestall her intention, she had silently stolen off, and was disappearing from view among the trees! I cried after her, but she did not hear me.”

“She is gone!” said Lionel, very complacently; and, applying himself to the oars, we were quickly skimming along in gallant style; and there was I—taken prisoner, as I may say, and borne away in triumph by this daring pirate. In one respect, however, let me do him justice—he never talks to me of *love*. If he did, I should dislike his companionship a thousandfold more. Query:—May not a gentleman make himself very obnoxious to a lady without ever coming on the subject of *la belle passion*? I think he may, decidedly.

“After a flying sail of about a couple of miles, we neared the little old-fashioned church, on the opposite bank, with its simple grave-yard, where

‘The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.’

I desired my boatman to stop here, and we disembarked. I wished to see a tablet, recently erected to a favourite gamekeeper of my father’s, shot by accident in the forest. We were soon among the gray stones of the dead. I never saw Harcourt so sedate. I suggested, ‘Are there any village Hampdens, I wonder, buried underneath these green mounds? or Cromwells, guiltless of their country’s blood?’

“Nay,” he answered; I think the poet is at fault in his suppositions there. Genius and ardour will not lie supine—cannot be hid—in whatever sphere they are found. When young Norval had only *heard* of battles, he longed to follow to the field some warlike lord. Flowers may, indeed, be born to bluish unseen; but the oak and the cedar tree will assert their supremacy, and be known and recognised afar off.”

“I was about to utter my concurrence in this sentiment, when my eye caught sight of a female figure kneeling on the sward a few yards distant. With one hand she was tenderly smoothing the grass of a fresh green mound, while with the other she sought to stay the tears that overflowed her cheeks. The face was deadly pale, and spoke of much suffering. My heart yearned towards the poor mourner. It was a simple picture. Harcourt had seen it too; and we both turned mechanically away, in respect for her sacred grief.”

“To be loved in life,” said he, “is much; but to be loved in death is more. Better, far better this than worldly fame, whether for peasant or sage!”

"I sat down on a fragment of ruined wall, under a spreading thorn. The young moon gleamed through the light foliage. I was terribly afraid of becoming sentimental. We had not yet discovered the tablet we came in search of. By good chance, there it stood, quite unexpectedly, right before me—a modest stone of chaste design, 'James Arnold, aged 29 years.' I had often beheld this young forester; and his melancholy end was fresh in my mind. Why was I not alone? Then might I have given a few tears to his memory. As it was, I only gazed at the spot stupidly for a minute or two, feeling a strange tightness at my throat. Then, suddenly starting up, I murmured something about the evening growing late; led the way quietly to the river's brink; and so into the boat, and home.

"The night was superb. Sunset and moonlight held divided sway in the sky—the gold and crimson of parting day on the one side fading into the deep serious blue of coming darkness on the other. When I went to bed, sleep long played me truant. When it came, I dreamed that an unseen hand laid a rich jewel at my feet. I passed on unheeding. But learning afterwards that it was a fairy gift, I wept bitterly at my folly in rejecting it."

(To be continued.)

A VICTIM OF CONFIDENCE.

I CAN'T do it. I knit my brow, compress my lips, and endeavour to frown; but I only burst out laughing at the reflection in the mirror. I puff out my cheeks, glare, and try to look majestic; but I immediately commence grinning, as I think of my resemblance to the clown at Asley's, when, putting on an air of stern dignity, he commands the ring-master to come back and pick up his hat, or "blowed if he don't make him."

No; Nature has chosen to make me with a frank and confidence-inviting face; and I must abide the consequences.

Why will strange people, with some particular joy or sorrow oppressing them (generally the latter), persist upon pouring it all into my ear, and making me an unwilling confidant of the most delicate and private secrets.

Why?

Because I am an easy, good-natured, benevolent, kindly-spoken, confidence-inviting gentleman. "Bless his kind heart!"

That's what they say. But it is all a mistake. I am not benevolent, good-natured, or kindly-spoken. Commercially speaking, it's a losing game. As for my countenance, I can't help myself if it is confidence-inviting.

When I ride in an omnibus, ten chances to one but some lady has forgotten her purse; and is, therefore, unable to make the necessary squaring-up with the conductor. There may be other eight male persons in the bus, who all button up their pockets, look fierce, or pretend to fall asleep; but I am invariably the victim on whom she fixes her eyes, and, with a bland smile, asks if I "would be kind enough?" &c. Now, the remarkable circumstance is this, that although I am fully determined to do nothing of the sort, or to refer her to my neighbour, or to prevail upon her to make an arrangement with the conductor, these lips of mine will insist upon parting mildly—showing a regular set of pearly teeth—and muttering, "Certainly, madam; perhaps you'd better have half-a-crown; you will require money before you reach home," and my coward fingers slip into my waistcoat pocket, and pull out the coin.

Why will Mrs. Grubbins persist in knocking me up at unseasonable hours of the night, to inform me that Grub (Grubbins) has not come home yet, and that she infers he is drinking at "The Broom-Handle"—a public-house hard by? Because she wishes me to go over and fetch him, and so takes that method of mildly hinting her desire. I, like an ass, immediately step round, and risk getting a black eye—always lots of abuse, certain—in endeavouring to get him home. "Mind your own business," Grubbins will tell me, "and leave me to attend to mine." Yet that very same Grubbins "looks me up," as he calls it, at least twice a-week, smokes in my parlour (I abhor tobacco), and wears me with long and rambling dissertations on his wife's friends, whom he designates "a stingy, mean lot," and also states that they all sprang from dirt—"dirt, sir, dirt;" whilst his ancestors were eminent city merchants, and at one time could have "bought and sold the whole beggarly lot of 'em"—I am quoting his own words. He is one of the greatest bores of my life; and yet I cannot make up my mind to say, "Grubbins, you are a humbug and a nuisance; get out!" I have often rehearsed the words with the intention of saying them to him, but I have never had the moral courage; besides, if I did, my face and appearance would give me the lie in the throat as deep as to the lungs. If I were certain he would take it as a hint, and never trouble me again, I would tell him; but he would only take it as a joke, give me a poke in the ribs, and call me a wag, a good soul, &c. At one time I was very nearly getting into a serious difficulty over Grubbins' affairs. He requested me, as a favour, to allow him house-room for a piano and a few chairs, as he was rather overstocked with furniture, and intended making a present of some to a friend who was getting married. I was weak enough to consent; and, in the dead of the night (he did not wish the neighbours to know anything about it), he removed into my house a grand square piano, sofa, chest of drawers, and a set of drawing-room chairs. Besides the inconvenience of the furniture, I was continually being annoyed by the two Miss Grubbins looking over to practise. Not long afterwards, I received an impertinent and peremptory letter from Messrs. Parchment & Foolscap, to the effect that I was to attend at their chambers, Gray's Inn, on a certain day between one and two o'clock p.m. The drift of their communication, imparted with much bullying and threatening, was that Grubbins, in consequence of a temporary inability to satisfy the demands of several tradesmen and others, had retired, for an indefinite period of time, into the *Gazette*; and that they, P. & F. on behalf of the injured creditors, had discovered that the statement of his property was wrong, and made up with the intention to defraud; and that I had aided and abetted him, in so far as concealing part of the furniture! My solicitor pulled me through the case, at a considerable pecuniary loss to myself.

Against my wish, I was made chairman and secretary to the "Crushy-Common Consumptive Charwomen's Friendly Fund;" the consequence of which is that I am continually being stopped in the public streets by some hideous-looking virago, who openly calls down an impressive blessing on my head. I am naturally of a very sensitive disposition, and these rencontres always cause a decided tendency of blood to the face, neck, and ears; and a general nervousness and confusion of the faculties, painful to myself, but amusing to the thoughtless passengers—especially the boys. Last week, for instance, while walking along a crowded promenade, in the fashionable end of the

town, with my friend Major Bagbrains, I was pulled by the coat-tails by old Mrs. Cheeky; and in her shrill piping tones, audible to the passers-by, she informed me that the last bottle of wine which I so kindly sent had done her a world of good; and that it only wanted another to complete her recovery. She also informed me, in confidence (although Bagbrains, six yards off, could hear her), that all my kindness to Mrs. Sleekey was money thrown away; as she had discovered through a Mrs. Blinker—a friend, and, she believed, a blood relation—that Mrs. Sleekey was no more ill than the man in the moon; that she drank gin like a fish; and smoked till she was black in the face!

Bagbrains has cut my acquaintance since that eventful conversation. He was a man whom it was my greatest ambition to be seen with; and now he merely recognises me in the street by a nod.

I am also continually being waited upon (often with addressed letters of introduction) by reduced parties in great pecuniary distress, who seem to select me as the only proper medium in the town to relieve their miseries—burned-out shopkeepers, reduced merchants, frozen-out gardeners, poor men from Manchester without a farthing or a friend, &c.

It is in my adventures from home, however, that I am peculiarly unfortunate. I was once taken for a burglar, in consequence of having consented to hold a clerical-looking gentleman's bag at a railway station, whilst he pretended to go for a cup of coffee. The bag contained two hundred pounds' worth of watches and chains, which had been stolen from a west-end jeweller's shop. I was detained two days, and might have been longer, had the clerical-looking gentleman, a notorious burglar, not been captured on board a steamer bound for New-York. My appearance, however, brought me out of this difficulty, as it got me into it. The burglar grinned waggishly when confronted with me, slapped his leg, and said, "No: dashed if I do; he's a jolly sort of a chap! Yes, Mr. Inspector, I gave him the bag to hold, on discovering that you were on the scent. Shouldn't have asked him if he hadn't looked so jolly good-natured!"

I could recount a hundred other awkward situations into which I have been inadvertently drawn; but the latest will suffice. My "Old Man of the Sea Adventure" I call it, in playful allusion to the aged swindler who prevailed upon Sinbad to carry him across the stream. By-the-by, Sinbad must have been a good sort of fellow also, or he would not have been imposed upon in the manner he was.

About three weeks ago, I took a second-class ticket for my home here, at Crushy-Common, and got into a carriage beside a country-looking young lady; who, during the brief time the train was at the station, informed me that she belonged to Boston in Lincolnshire; that she was a governess in a London family; that she was treated very kindly; that she was returning home on a visit; and that she was engaged to a thriving young farmer in Hampshire, to whom she was to be married in eighteen months. Several other miscellaneous passengers got into the carriage during the recital of those interesting facts; and, just as we were going to start, a jovial sailor and an old man entered. The sailor took the seat opposite to me; and the old man, who was evidently a friend, sat by his side. The sailor was dressed in the usual nautical shore garments—pilot-cloth jacket, ditto trousers, glazed hat stuck very much on the back of the head, striped shirt loose at the neck, and a black silk handkerchief tied with the traditional sailor's knot—the ends flying about his face with the breeze entering at the carriage window. The old man

was the most peculiar-looking individual that I have ever seen; and, although evidently above seventy years of age, had come all the way from Australia alone. He was tall and fat, with very little hair about his face, which was tanned to a copper-kettle colour, and literally furrowed all over with lines. He had little farrety, fierce-looking eyes, hooked nose, bushy eyebrows, an enormous ear on the left side of the head, and a little bit of dried skin about the size of a shilling on the right side—suggesting some encounter or Lynch-law process, the probability of its loss through accident being very slight. The sailor was slightly intoxicated; the old man very much so. Immediately the train had started, the former pulled out a flask from his breast pocket, took a sip of its contents—wafting an odour of raw brandy through the carriage—and handed it to the old Australian, who took a longer sip. He then gently, but firmly, withdrew it from him, wiped the mouth on the sleeve of his jacket, looked at me, handed the flask, and said, "Here, mate! You look like one of the right sort! 'ave a drain." As I did not wish to give offence, I thanked him, made a pretence of drinking some of the liquid, and handed it back. "That's right, mate!" he continued. "Give us a tip of your flipper." I gave him my hand to shake, and he detained it fully five minutes, in a maudlin sort of manner; causing me to be the focus for the eyes of all the passengers in the carriage, and a return of my old complaint of a determination of blood to the face, neck, and ears. "I say, mate," he resumed, still grasping my hand, "you don't happen to have a brother of the name of Bill Tarryakin?" I informed him that I never had a brother, and that none of my friends were named Tarryakin. "Well, I'm jiggered," he said, "if you aint as like Bill as two peas! Ah!"—and he sighed—"he was the right sort of chap; he was!" Here he treated the company in general to an account of Tarryakin; for whom, it appeared, he had a profound regard and esteem, on account of the many amiable qualities he possessed—foremost among which was a wonderful gift of spinning yarns, and a capability of consuming an almost incredible amount of raw spirits without losing his ballast—*i.e.* the command of his legs.

After rambling on in this manner for some time, and analyzing the points of resemblance between myself and his friend, he informed me that he was bound for Liverpool, to join his ship; that he had picked up the old Australian at a boarding-house in the neighbourhood of Tower-Hill the evening before—just in time to prevent him giving all his money in charge to a rascally Birmingham flash jeweller; discovered that he, the old Australian, intended going to Crushy-Common; and that, as it was on his way, he took charge of him—and a precious hard job he had of it, too;—besides, he could not get properly drunk himself! It was his intention, the jolly sailor said, to give him in charge to the station-master on the arrival of the train at Crushy-Common; unless—and here he looked significantly at me—any person in the carriage got out there; when he would take it as a kindness if he, the person, would see him safe. In a rash moment, and admiring the sailor's good nature, I offered to take charge of the old gentleman till he got sober; and then send him, in a presentable state, to his friends. The sailor grasped my hand. The station was reached. The old Australian was bundled out; and I followed. His luggage—consisting of a huge sailor's chest, hammock, and a large cage with a hideous-looking monkey inside—was landed on the platform. The ruddy young lady huddled closer to Jack. The engine shrieked and

passed, as if in diabolical glee at my position. The carriage doors were shut. The train crawled slowly into the tunnel; the sailor waved his cap; and I was left alone on the platform, supporting my charge, who was making ineffectual attempts to drink out of the bottle without uncorking it!

They are both here yet—the man and his monkey!—and it is now a fortnight since the event! I can't find out his friends. He contrives, mysteriously, to keep himself in a perpetual state of intoxication; and labours under the hallucination that he is in the vicinity of Melbourne; that I am his son; and that I am unlawfully detaining a black and tan retriever dog of the name of Badger, his property. The monkey got out of its cage twice, and went shrieking and screaming about the house—nearly sending my housekeeper into fits.

I am lying in wait to catch him sober; when I shall insist upon his giving a proper account of himself, and pack him off to his friends.

When I am out of this difficulty, I intend to persevere in frowning and grimacing till I have a stereotyped expression of the most unmistakable ill-nature; and if I can't manage that, I shall assume the cognomen of "The Spitalfields Canary," challenge Mr. John C. Heenan, of the United States of America, to a grand international prize-fight; and get this good-humoured countenance battered out of all shape.

R. L. G.

THE "CRONIES" OF BURNS.

A FRAGMENT—BY THE LATE DAVID GRAY.

A "CRONIE," as I take him, is a mightily different fellow from a friend as the world goes. You, O married reader! (with children, I hope!) may find many a friend before death, the devouring darkness, comes; but assuredly never one "cronie" more. It is only the boon companions of the spring-time of youth—boon companions, in speaking to whom you are but thinking aloud—that can become the "cronies" of your good old age. Souter Johnny must have had many and many a raid with Tam o' Shanter through the verdant valleys of Kyle before such a praiseworthy degree of genuine brotherhood was arrived at. Praiseworthy brotherhood, and meeting unavoidable, in the circumstances! For in that auld town of Ayr, meeting suddenly beside the statue of Wallace, in his niche yonder, what a host of old delights would the sight of each recall to each!—delights that must be raked up, and spoken of, and felt over again, before they parted from the blazing ingle and the clean hearth-stone. What a volume of old things they would have to read!—memories, which are the ghosts of dead feeling (according to Thackeray)—some sad, some jovial, yet all softened and smoothed down, as gazed at in doubtful wonder through the dim half-century.

"And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthie cronie!"

says that most inspiring of all tales. Cherish, then, O married reader! the friends of thy youth. Unconsciously are they ripening into "cronies;" who alone will kindle you, in the future time, if you live, with an old reminiscence of the sowing of your wild oats—when maidenhood was a tellurian charm, and blood was in the veins.

"Whom the gods love die young," says some old heathen; and whom we mortals love die old, say I, a young Christian. For, after all, it requires a lifetime to

know a man; and you cannot love a man till you know him. Youth is confiding—takes too many things (including friends) on trust, so to speak. But in his watching and scheming to catch that dollar—dollar almighty here below!—your quondam friend forgets all about you; nor will he hesitate to gain the sour grapes for which you both are striving by knocking you down—if he is able. That is too often the preface to his book of life;—book, written now no more to the dictation of father, guardian, or other, but to the dictates of his own prompting soul. How often is this the case? How often did you find, O married reader aforesaid!—with or without children as the case may be—how often did you find that you had nourished a scorpion in your bosom? The healthy, free-hearted fellow that sat on the same bench with you at school and college—where and what is he now? Think, if you please. Good Heaven! here am I, not very old—but beginning life, as my grandfather says—yet already having worn out the friendship of a baker's dozen. Never meant for cronies, they: rather for the mouthpieces of convention. Sworn subjects of etiquette and peg-top trousers—subjects born to cumber this earth like weeds. Is it not sad, this frittering away of the affections—this wasting of humanity? How many oiled and curled Assyrian bulls pace foolishly along the Argyle-street of our Glasgow every night, to be laughed at by all men with eyes (that can see) in their heads? Is there no way of teaching them—of making them useful? Could we not put a violent end to foppery and conventionalism? Such persons have no more fire in them than spring cabbages. They are born, grow, court, marry, produce children, die, are buried "according to the fashion of the time;" and it is my opinion (private, of course) that, when they get to the shores of Styx, they will ask Charon if he will be so kind as to row them o'er the ferry.

A "cronie," as will be seen, is rare, and equivalently invaluable. When some of them meet together, there is much story-telling, and shaking of heads, and singing of "Auld langsyne." To revive the fire of the old times, there are "reamin' swats, that drink divinely;" and, in the life of the past, the cold, harsh present is forgotten, and—the bumper toast goes round! Fine sight this, O man of buckram!—those two old cocks, shaking withered hands over the table, with maudlin tears in their eyes! Fine doings these, O nervous teetotaler!—the singing of songs, and chorussing, and thumping of tables till the glasses ring again! Put it down, O Gough, of the powerful tongue and powerless judgment! Get an Act of Parliament to put it down—it is wicked! There should be none of this; but let the "cronies" receive one another like the hermits in the Palestinian deserts—as Marcianus received Avitus—with some coarse pulse, and water eminently clear and creditably cold. What a consummation!

Robert Burns was not the man to have received his "cronie" in this way; or over a cup of tea, sanc'd with scandal and worldly whining. He was as devoid of namby-pambyism as Lamartine is full of it. He was all intense earnestness—every inch of him. When we think of him ploughing on the fields of Lochlea, we fancy him setting his teeth, and "holding" as if his life depended on it! His soul was all fire, and his body was all health. What a life he must have led in his youth!—a life beyond the imagination of this writer.

And knowing, as you all do, or should do, the foibles, the eccentricities, the virtues, the vices of this man; knowing that what he did he did with a will; that where he loved he loved till death; that he laughed till the

tears ran over his cheeks; that he hated cant and hypocrisy worse than even Carlyle; that he was a satirist keener than the bastard Faulconbridge. Would you not like to know what sort of human beings were fellows to him in his prime of life, and whether or no they are worth the talking about in our day?

It is wonderful what a great commotion the least spark of poetry raises in a human soul. The person blessed or cursed with it is blinded to all other qualities; and, like the blind man, he holds his head higher than other people. He is not of the same mould as other men—not earthy and grovelling; but ethereal, aspiring. He consequently grows very proud of himself, and is chary of giving inferior persons the honour of his company. He despises the world—life; appears neither to eat nor drink—has no stomach but to sing. He breaks through customs like a spider's web. Shakspeare classes poets with lovers and lunatics; and I think the simpering postaster, who parts his hair down the middle, wears his collars *à la Byron*, has far too much of the lover and far too little of the lunatic. For your lunatic is an earnest fellow: too much earnestness, not learning, made him mad.

Now, all the "cronies" of Burns cared for by me were poets—great poets in their own opinion; not great in mine. Some of them tolerable, as you shall see, and some of them intolerable; yet all deeming the company of their neighbours too tame for *them*. I know not whether to praise or condemn this dissatisfaction at the ordinary round of cares and comrades. They must have had souls yearning for other things, good or bad; yet this yearning is in itself noble. Keats, with Leigh Hunt for his friend—not "cronie"—cried out against "this inhuman dearth of noble natures." Rousseau only half-lived on earth. Nay, it is said there are degrees of blessedness in heaven; and they who yearn most in God's name are nearest the cloud of His majesty. Deeming the company of their neighbours too tame for them, I say, they addressed commendatory epistles to the terrible ploughman then making such a noise about the country; which letters were answered in a quiet, noble, deathless way. And so an acquaintanceship was formed which grew to a friendship; and sometimes, *mirabile dictu!* ripened even to a *crushship*. Thus it happened with Burns in two or three instances.

Now, these persons, though not good poets, were all men of "noble touches." Burns was not the man to bother himself with the company of a fool—so I thought; and, in looking into what is recorded of these things, found that the companions of his younger days were strong men with strong feelings—interesting for themselves alone, yet far more interesting when reviewed in their free-and-easy connection with our great national singer.

About two miles from the farm-house of Lochlea, there was another farm-house called Spittleside. At the time Burns was living (and thinking in his own way) with his father in the former farm, Dainty Davie, "Ace o' Hearts," was living (and thinking in his own way) with his father in the latter. It is not at all strange that, living so near each other, they should have become staunch "cronies." Rather a fine fellow this David Sillar, as far as I can gather—fond of music, and loving a good song well sung.

"Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle!"

writes Burns to him; and at any of the "country rockings" so frequent in those days, what invaluable concomitants

would Dainty Davie and his fiddle be! A fellow of no mean intellect, either—aspiring to fame in his own way, and fighting for it. Rather strange in his opinions, too, for those orthodox times; defending the character of "Auld Nick" even, in a carelessly humorous way open to much censure; and broaching strange religious opinions in his rhyming epistle to "Bauld Lapraik, the King of Hearts!"

When he was about twenty-one (Burns would be about twenty-two), he became a member of the Bachelors' Club established by Burns in Tarbolton, and was for some time the constant companion of the poet at kirk and market. A strange admiration of odd practices and odd principles was characteristic of this Sillar. Hearing of Burns as being rather an out-of-the-way character, *then* he looked after him lovingly. Here is what led to their meeting, according to Sillar:—"I recollect hearing his neighbours observe he had a great deal to say for himself, and that they suspected his principles. He wore the only tied hair in the parish; and in the church his plaid, which was of a particular colour (I think *bleuet*), he wrapped in a peculiar manner round his shoulders. These surmises and his exterior made me *solicitous of his acquaintance*." Made you solicitous of his acquaintance! Very good. Neither he nor you, Dainty Davie, ever had the eccentricities, the oddities, the corners of your character rubbed off: and polished in shouldering your way through society.

Yet, though you could play the fiddle, write a passable song, and verify advices to the "lasses of Irvine," in language immodest enough in all conscience;—yet, what a poor, sorry figure you cut here in the heyday of your blood! "After the commencement of my acquaintance with the bard, we frequently met upon Sundays at the church; when, between the sermons, instead of going with our friends or lasses to the inn, we often took a walk in the fields. In these walks, I have often been struck with his facility in addressing the fair sex; and many times, when I have been bashfully anxious how to express myself, he would have entered into conversation with them with the greatest ease and freedom; and it was generally a death-blow to our conversation, however agreeable, to meet a female acquaintance." What is this? Instead of going with your friends or lasses to the inn, do you say? Why, I am told by different reliable parties, my dear David, that you and the poet were well known for a liberality of sentiment and a love of pleasure not altogether in accordance with the orthodox notions of propriety entertained by your Calvinistic neighbours. I am told that, meeting at the fringe of some glen, you would set off together for many miles beneath the autumn moon, bent on rustic intrigue, and love, and love's adventures. Oh, the days you went a-courting, a long time ago! The talks you had going and returning—the rude wit, rough and ready. Did he sing "Tam Glen" on the road coming home? or, "It was upon a Lammas night," till his soul flashed through his eyes? The hide-and-seek, and tapping at back windows; the amorous whistle, and "Oh, the kiss ahint the door!" Burns acting as "blacksole" to you, and you to Burns; and when she quietly opened the door, and came blushing out; then a tumble among the fragrant hay, with idle talk and dallying—not always innocent, God knows!—and again to be up and away, as the earth rolls round from the dark, and her flowery forehead catches the sunlight! What a grand, primitive, even enviable sort of life, had there been no Bible in the world, and had virtue been what *Brutus* called it! Worshippers of Nature ye called yourselves—Nature "animate and inanimate;" but only the "animate" was for some time

apotheosized, and your worship savoured somewhat of Mahomet. Burns said to you, "Ye love your Meg, your dearest part; and I, my darling Jean!" But this Meg (Margaret Orr) was never married to you; and Jean—her husband is well known. And yet, O Dainty Davie!—for all it came to then, and almost for all it comes to now—I would give five years of my life to have spent one long, roaring night with the great Ains and you, and the "muse-inspirin' aquavite!"

HELVETIUS.

BY LOUIS BLANC.

To any such as have been told of the enormous influence which it fell to the lot of Voltaire to exercise in the eighteenth century, it may seem strange to hear that in none of his books the least word is to be found of the French philosophic fraternity at that period. Such, however, is the case; at least in my opinion.

It is true that, in the celebrated *salon* of Baron d'Holbach, where the most conspicuous French philosophers of the eighteenth century—Diderot, Boulanger, Duclos, Raynal, Grimm, Marmontel, Morellet, and so forth—used to meet, Voltaire was hailed as the leading mind, and was styled "The Patriarch of the Holy Philosophical Church." But they blamed him in whispers for timidly shrinking from the logical consequences of his own principles. In fact, the true import of their teaching may be said to be faithfully and completely reflected in the book "*L'Esprit*," by Helvetius. That is a genuine product of the *salon* life as regards philosophy.

Madame de Graffigny used to say, "The book of Helvetius consists of the sweepings of my drawing-room." With far greater show of reason might d'Holbach have said the same thing in reference to his own *salon*, in which Helvetius was so often observed silyly collecting materials for his intended book.

What is the real scope of this work—the importance of which results not so much from its intrinsic value as from the circumstance of its being a reflex?

Before answering such a question, and to prevent the answer from being misconstrued into an attack upon a historical character, I think it right to say at once that—due allowance being made for those human frailties to which every one of us is more or less subject—Helvetius was essentially a worthy man. Grimm says of him that the term of "perfect gentleman" must have been invented as a distinction exclusively his own. No warmer and more generous friend, perhaps, ever existed. On Marivany, whose violent disposition was but too well calculated to put him sometimes out of humour, he had bestowed a pension of 2,000 livres. One day in a discussion, Marivany having taken fire in the most offensive manner, Helvetius kept his temper to the last moment, and after the departure of his friend, contented himself with saying, "I would not have suffered all this were I not allowing him a pension."

A severe game-preserved he appears to have been; but it is a fact that, while preventing the peasants from poaching on his estate, he, more than once, proved very kind to them. The following is Gib-

bon's character of Helvetius:—"Besides being a sensible man, an agreeable companion, and the worthiest creature in the world, he has a pretty wife, a hundred thousand livres a-year, and one of the best tables in Paris."

Now for his book.

It may be thus summed up:—All our ideas, all our judgments, are mere sensations. The only kind of merit or talent on which we set any value at all is our own. It is our own image, and nothing else, that we admire or love in the person we fancy we admire or love. In physical sensibility lies the unique source of our passions. There are only two objects in life—to seek pleasure and to avoid pain. Self-interest is the sole spring of our actions; which society terms virtues or vices according as it is either benefited or injured by them.

An amusing passage of Helvetius' work is this:—"Don't you think that the insects which are living in the grass hold the sheep in abomination; and take that very animal to be the emblem of savage cruelty which is to us men the emblem of meekness? Ah! if we could understand the language of these poor insects, we should hear them say:—'Let us fly from the sheep—that voracious wild beast which devours us and our cities. Why does it not take example from the lion and the tiger? These are mild, charming, nay more, generous animals. They do not destroy our habitations; they do not drink our blood; they, on the contrary, devour as many sheep as they possibly can, and thus show themselves the avengers of the oppressed.'"

And the conclusion of Helvetius was, that men and insects reason, feel, and act exactly in the same way; that the world is ruled by one universal, exclusive, all-absorbing law, to which all living beings are equally subjected—from the man of genius and the hero to the oyster; and that there are no such things as truth, virtue, morality, self-devotion, love, unless considered as diversified forms of this essential and unique principle—self-interest.

The publication of the book "*L'Esprit*" occasioned much scandal. It was condemned at the same time by the "Sorbonne," the Pope, and the Parliament. It was burned by the hands of the executioner. Helvetius was compelled to retract. Speaking of him, the Queen said, "I pity his mother." Alluding to the fact that the author was a farmer-general, Buffon said, "He ought to have made a lease more and a book less." Playing on the word "*l'esprit*," which in French means *wit* as well as *mind*, some declared that the work "*L'Esprit*" only wanted that which the title promised. In short, there seldom was such general outrageous abuse.

And why? Precisely because the society of those days, looking in the mirror held out to it by Helvetius, was vexed to the very heart at seeing its image so faithfully reflected! Alas! how true, how profound, as referring to the time, this saying of Madame du Deffand's, "The reason why Helvetius has set so many people against himself, is simply that he has revealed the secret of every one!"

SEEN AT THE TIME.

A STORY A LA MODE.

I AM a native of Ireland, and am 53 years of age; my profession is that of a clergyman of the Established Church. I am a plain and simple man in my customs; and in my creed a lover of the truth, no matter where it is sought or upon what it is based. This statement will, I trust, absolve me from a superstitious belief, and free me from the necessity of endeavouring to explain one of those mysterious incidents on which learning can throw no light, and as to the cause of which Nature is still silent.

On the 10th of September 1853, I was travelling on the Great Northern Railway to a small town in Yorkshire. The weather was miserably cold and wet, and the rain streamed down the glass of the carriage windows like a flood of tears. We had left the King's Cross Terminus at 45 minutes past 8 p.m., and it was now much past midnight. I sat listlessly with my watch in my hand, mentally calculating how long it would be ere my journey would be at an end and my mission fulfilled.

I have stated that I am a minister of the Church of England; and, amongst the sacred duties of my office, I am sometimes called upon to perform even a sadder one than that of attending the dying bed—I allude to that of bearing the tidings to the unconscious survivors. It was upon one of these mournful missions that I was then bound—the more mournful, perhaps, from the knowledge which I had that the relatives were expecting the deceased himself instead of his sad messenger. The deceased had unexpectedly been stricken with fever, and I had been summoned suddenly to attend his last moments. To my astonishment, I had recognised in his features those of an old college chum and schoolmate; and, in compliance with his latest request, I was hastening to apprise his family of the melancholy event—hoping that I might be able to add words of Divine comfort and support; and that God would be pleased to make me the humble instrument of leading them, in their first lonely hour of bereavement, to the resignation which had soothed the last hours of the departed.

My journey at length came to an end, and I stood upon the little station at Marketbury. The guard had remounted his solitary seat; the farewell shriek of the engine had died away in the damp night air. I had watched the red, round, fiery bull's-eye at the back of the last carriage disappear behind a bend in the road; and the train had resumed its course through the chilly wind and the lonesome night, when, upon glancing round, I found I was the only passenger that had alighted at Marketbury. The station looked gloomy enough at that hour, as I was conducted by the porter through the little office to a door at the further end of it; and still more miserable did it appear when the door had closed behind me, and I found myself on a dark and desolate heath at half-past two o'clock on a cold and rainy morning.

The town of Marketbury presented anything but a cheering appearance—a dozen or two of gas-lamps, weak and watery in the distance, being the only indication I had of its existence. A large barren common was before me, facing the road on which I stood; and whether I should turn to the right hand or to the left, or boldly plunge across the waste, I was in doubt. The rain came down in torrents, and each moment it increased. I was already half drenched, and as to the best course to adopt I was quite undecided. To get a conveyance to Marketbury was out of the question; and to walk to the town in such a

deluge, with nothing but the distant gas-lamps to mark the way, seemed all but an impossibility. Thinking the station would probably be closed for the night, I determined to seek some shed in its vicinity, and there remain till at least the rain had abated or a conveyance could be procured.

Hopelessly I was passing the station, when I fancied I saw a small ray of light struggling through the chinks in the door. Insignificant as it appeared, it gave me confidence; and with my knuckles I rapped at the door without delay. No answer came. The sound was borne away on the night wind; and the rain dripped dimly from the leaden roof into the pools beneath. As the necessity for seeking the shelter of a shed, in which to remain for the night, became the more inevitable, so in proportion did my desire for a more comfortable resting-place increase. I knocked *again*—this time much louder than I had knocked before. There was a momentary pause; I then heard a shuffling of feet, a key was turned sharply, and the railway porter stood before me.

He was a broad-shouldered, thick-set man, rather above the middle height than below it, and had a red, round, good-humoured face—the features of which were, however, all but obscured by an enormous beard of sandy-coloured hair. He was also very fat; and the suit of corduroy which he wore fitted him so tightly, that when he walked he appeared in a perpetual state of bursting. I remembered his face at once, and recognised him as the man who had taken my ticket. I had also heard the policeman call him *Proggles*.

The man looked with an air of astonishment at receiving a visitor at so late, or rather so early, an hour; and, as he held the door partly open, began with “No train till three, sir.”

I could see the office clock from where I stood. It was half-past two already; so, without hesitation, I entered the little office.

“Going up, sir?” inquired the porter, as he pushed a large, leather-backed arm-chair towards a stove, where the embers of a fire were gradually dying out.

“No; I am waiting till the rain holds up or until the mail train arrives, when I may stand a chance of getting a conveyance to Marketbury.”

“You’re pretty well wet through, sir,” said the man, putting more coals upon the fire, and raking out some of the ashes. “Take your coat off—a cold’s more easily caught than got rid of.”

Mr. Proggles having raised the gas a little, retired into a dark corner of the office, and was seen no more.

Having divested myself of my wet coat and boots, I sat down in the old-fashioned chair that the porter had drawn out; and, throwing my head back, took a survey of my temporary lodging.

It was furnished in the usual style—the customary number of life assurance prospectuses hanging upon the walls; the broad, brown desks, with the large flat-bottomed ink-stands; the pigeon-hole receptacles of the passengers’ money; the invariable number of bundles, baskets, fishing-rods—left by travellers by the last train, or awaiting the arrival of those by the next;—everything bespeaking a railway station of a little Yorkshire town. A broad, white-faced office-clock was fixed above the fireplace before which the porter had placed the chair; on my right hand was the small latticed window at which the rain was beating; and on my left hand was the little door through which I had but just now passed.

Fatigued as I was, from having travelled so many hours

without intermission, I imagined there would be little difficulty in gaining repose; but in this I was mistaken. A strange restlessness of mind and body pervaded me; and, try what I would, I could not bring myself to the quietude that precedes sleep.

Just by the office fire watching the coals as they dropped from one shapeless mass to another; and in their strange forms I mentally saw old faces, half forgotten; while memory conjured up many a kindly word and cherished look.

Thoughts of the past glanced rapidly through my mind; the days of boyhood dwindled into those of age; and I, a gray-haired man, sat wondering how the time had fled since I and he whose eyes I had but lately closed in death had many a college laugh and pleasant game. How far into the future my imagination might have carried me I cannot say; but my thoughts appeared gradually to resolve themselves into one strange fancy. My attention became riveted to the ticking of the office clock.

Never once in all the wanderings of my mind—while conjuring up the memories of the past or picturing what joys or sorrows looked out of the distant future—had I become entirely lost to its solitary sound; it seemed to lure my grief—to tune my thoughts; but now, as I buried my head in the thick horse hair cozing out of the back of my chair, it roused me—for its tongue appeared to tick as if uttering the word uppermost in my mind) *my dead friend's name!* So strong an impression did it make upon me, that I started up to assure myself I had not dreamed. All was quiet within—no sound broke the stillness but the dripping of the rain on the window-sill and the ticking of the clock; but the wind, rising, howled a mournful accompaniment over the dreary common.

We had stared at each other (I and the clock) for some time, when, chancing to look down, I found that I was not alone. Unobserved by me, Mr. Froggles the porter had come out of his obscure retreat, and, like myself, had his eyes fixed on the clock. Its broad, white face seemed to look down on us, and its long, thin-pointed hands proclaimed the hour of night.

"Can't sleep, sir?"

"You're right. I cannot."

"More can I, sir."

And having thus delivered himself, Mr. Froggles became again absorbed in the clock.

The place looked so desolate, and my restlessness so hopeless, that I thankfully seized on the chance of entering into conversation.

"You've not much rest of a night, I suppose. You are always being disturbed?"

"I've pretty much of that, sir," answered Froggles, twisting his shiny cap on one side, the better to scratch his head. "What with one thing and what with another, I never get what one may call a good night's rest."

"You have a day porter, of course, to relieve you?"

Seeing that I was inclined to converse, Mr. Froggles drew a very low wooden bench close to the fender, on which he endeavoured to seat himself. I have before remarked he was very corpulent, and that his clothes fitted him tightly. His efforts, therefore, to lower himself were painful in the extreme; and why his corduroys did not burst in his efforts, is a mystery I have never yet been able to solve. As his posture was anything but a comfortable one, either for himself or for me—his knees being on a par with his whiskers—I remarked, "You must be rather confined for room there. I am not at all tired. Turn my chair, whilst I try to warm myself by a turn up and down the room."

Mr. Froggles opened his eyes very wide, and gazed at me for some time; then shook his head, and answered, "No, thankee," most emphatically.

There was something so earnest in the man's look, and so strange a determination in his brief reply, that I felt compelled to ask him if he had any objection to the chair.

"No," he replied; "I haven't no objection; only I'd rather not."

After a short pause, he resumed—his hands in his pockets and his eyes upon the ground, "Why, you see, sir—but mind, I know you'll laugh at me; leastways, what is to say the same thing, you won't believe what I'm a-going to tell you?"

When I had set Mr. Froggles' mind at rest by assuring him that I saw no reason to doubt his veracity, and that my mood was not by any means one for laughter, he demanded,

"Do you believe in presentments?"

"In what?"

"In presentments;—a something as comes across you not of what is *a-going* on, but of what is *a-coming* on?"

"You mean presentiments?"

"Well; so long as you knows *what I means*, never mind what you calls it. Well, sir," continued he, nodding his head at the clock above the fireplace, "*that's* a presentment to me."

"That clock?"

"Yes, sir; that clock."

He stopped for the moment, as if either afraid or ashamed to go on; and, in an abrupt and hurried tone, he continued,

"Well, sir; to come back to the point, Do you or do you not *believe* in presentments?"

"Well," I replied, "I am inclined to think I do."

"Well, you're inclined to think you do. Well, sir, I wasn't *suppositious* at one time; I laughed at people who talked of presentments, but I don't *now*; although, mind you (here Mr. Froggles raised his forefinger impressively), all what I've seen may turn out nothing. I've had no *proof* as yet—as yet, mind you. Do you know anything of Marketsbury?" he inquired.

On my replying in the negative, he proceeded,

"Ah, then, of course, you don't know nothing about what I'm *a-going* to tell you; you didn't know the party—but, either way, that makes no difference. Well, sir, some few months ago, a young fellow came down here with his wife and a youngster. I took his ticket at that 'ere door. I didn't want no one to tell me he hadn't got too much (of what we all want more or less on) *pride*, nor too great a stock of (what we all think we got too little on) money; so I wasn't surprised when he asked me to find him a cheap lodging. I took him, sir, to the house of a friend of mine who'd got a room to let; and found out next morning he'd come down to one of our doctors here, to be his young man."

"A doctor's young man?" I repeated, with some degree of curiosity; for I began to feel a strange interest in the story.

"He lodged with my friend, sir; and, not that she listened, but plaster only dividing them, she couldn't help a-hearing what was talked about sometimes."

I could not understand why he did so; but as Froggles arrived at this portion of his narrative, he dropped his voice and looked around as if fearful that we had unseen listeners.

"The young man's wife warnt what she seemed to be. The cotton dress she wore on some of our coldest days

warnt what she'd *always* worn; and my missus felt timorous of addressing sich conversation to her as she did to some that she know'd. My friend, sir, finds out it was a runaway match; and that the dad of the doctor's young man didn't do as was expected when the young man come and knuckled down, and begged him for the sake of somebody who was there, and for the sake of a little somebody who *wasn't* (but who'd make one of the family they thought shortly), to forgive him for having married somebody the dad didn't wish him to. The young man, sir, one morning looks a deal whiter in the face, and comes down to ask of me what time the first train started for London; and that day, sir, I heard he'd got a letter, and that his dad was dead. All that night my friend heard him a-sobbin' like a little child, for the old man was gone without forgiving him. Well, sir, next morning, bad as he was—for he'd always been weak and delicate ever since he come—he made ready for to go. With his wife and young'un he comes down to this office; and if I was to live to be a centurion—no, not for a hundred years—should I ever forget that parting. My friend says (and I thinks her fully justified in her expression) that she's certain sure that that poor girl had'got a-something on her mind—a *presentment*, sir, that she'd never see him again. Lor' bless you, sir! she cried as if her heart would break."

The speaker had a singular catching in his voice as he related this, and his eyes blinked as if they'd got something in them they were not used to. There was a brief silence, during which the clock kept on repeating my dead friend's name.

"I shall see you again soon," continued the porter, blinking, and looking at the fire as if that caused him to do so; "I shall be here again by Monday week," the young man said, sir; but for all this the wife didn't seem satisfied. She put her arms close round him, as if she thought once parted, parted for good and all. None of us knows, sir, what he was a-thinkin' on; but on getting into the carriage he says, 'Why, Emmy, my pet! why, what's the matter? I shan't be gone above ten days; and then he laughs and says, 'I shan't forget you, darling! you'll never leave my mind. I'll be down by the mail on Monday night.' He asks me if it didn't come in at three. 'At 10 minutes past,' says I. 'Cheer up!' he says to his wife, as I slammed the carriage door. 'Look out for me at 10 minutes past three on Tuesday morning. I'll be with you. Good-by, Proggles; I shall see you *first*, before I get home. Good-by. God bless you!'"

The interest that I felt at the commencement of the story had gradually increased. The place where he lived; his occupation; his cause of leaving; the very time he started—all corresponded so minutely, that it left not a shadow of doubt upon my mind that the *doctor's young man* and *my dead friend* were one and the same!

"A few days after," Proggles went on to say, "there comes a letter from the young man a-saying that, as no will hadn't been found, he being an only child, the property was his. Monday week comes at last; that train that you come by was in, sir; and, very shortly after, the whistle of the mail train was heard. I took my place to collect the tickets; all as come down by it passed by me; but the young man wasn't among them—that I'll take my 'davy' on. Before I shut the door and looked up for the night, I looked round just to see that all was safe. I stood where I stand now, sir; that same little jet of gas was a-burning about as high as it does now—not too much light to see by, but enough for what I saw. That cheer was there, on the same spot where you are sitting; and *is* that cheer, as

plain as I sees you and you sees me, as close as I am to you now, I sees that young man then! *He said he'd see me first*; and so he kept his word."

Steadily and resolutely my eyes encountered those of my companion. Our hearts beat loudly, but the clock ticked louder than them both. The almost awful stillness, broken by no sound but one—the chain of evidence that had, link by link, proved unmistakably that he who had fulfilled his promise, and had occupied the very seat in which I sat, was no other than he who had died in my arms on that same night—rendered me motionless; and, dreading the answer I should receive, I asked,

"What was his name?"

"Swinden, sir."

"Too true—too true!"

"Stop, sir, till I've told you all. I was in my sober senses when I saw all this. I knew it was the time he said he'd come. Mind what I say. I tells my story to our clerk here—he laughs at me; to the doctor—he tells me to take a cooling draught; to the clergyman—who talks about a hoverwrought imagination;—but they've changed their tone now. Mrs. Swinden, sir, was a-sitting up for him, and was a-standing at the door to meet him. A figure comes along the road, and goes straight past her in at the open door. She followed it. There, where she'd always used to see him—sitting by the fireside—*she* saw him then! She spoke; made up for to touch him; but a horrid thought comes across her, and she screams. When my friend brings her to, out of the faint in which she found her, his cheer was empty, as it had been since he left it. Nothing from that time to this has been heard of him; we don't know whether he's alive or dead. Since Monday night, I've scarcely closed my eyes a-thinking of what I saw. It may be fancy, sir; but I've a strange presentment, somehow, that as at that time he was seen, so at that time, sir, I shall hear of him again."

So very still—so like the silence that overhangs the dwellings of the dead—was the quiet that had crept about us, that I almost feared to break it by a word or motion. In a short time, however, my companion had learned from me the time, the manner, and the cause of my poor old school-friend's death.

I had scarcely uttered the last words, and was confronting the terror-stricken face of Proggles, as he heard them, when a shriek, loud and appalling, burst upon us.

"The mail train, sir. Look there! You remembers what I said." As he spoke, the porter pointed towards the clock—

Ten minutes past three!

W. B.

CARRY YOUR AIN SUNSHINE WI' YE.

A SONG SEEKING A TUNE.

WHY need ye wander the wide world o'er,
Seeking frae life's dreamy sorrows to free ye?
Happiness stands by your ain hallan door,
Gin ye carry your ain sunshine wi' ye.

Sorrow may come when ye're dreaming o' joy;
Friendship and love, when sair sighed for, may flee ye;
But rain clouds will pass frae your summer sky,
Gin ye carry your ain sunshine wi' ye.

Trust ye in Him—never trusted in vain!—
Him who has a'thing to gie and forg'te ye!
Amid mirk gloamin' bright gleams ye'll gain,
Gin ye carry your ain sunshine wi' ye.

Edinburgh, Sept. 1862.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.]

THE ANGEL HAND.

BY ALLAN PARK PATON.

AFTER living several years abroad—he copying ancient Masters and I ‘murdering marble’—my friend and I had only got home to Liverpool the previous day; yet, as soon as the Exhibition-rooms were open, we found ourselves in them; and, as it chanced, ‘brought up’ by Brett’s picture of ‘The Hedger,’ in its appropriate frame of oak leaves.

‘Hurrah for Old England!’ half-shouted Hunter, lifting his cap. ‘Hurrah for Young England, my boy!’ cried I; and then to it we went.

It was among the first examples of ‘the new school’ which we had met, after hearing much about them during our long absence; and, though now familiar to many, I cannot help describing this ‘thing of beauty’—hoping that, to those to whom the memory of it is a joy, I may happen to recall more vividly some of its features.

It is in the woods, and spring-time, and morning. The trees are principally birches, with their smooth, tall, slender trunks and branches of brown-flecked silver. The early sunshine streams through them. Along the picture, in the foreground, stretches a fence of woven branches; and this the Hedger is either forming or repairing. He is an athletic, ruddy-faced, blue-eyed man; with a Jim Crow on his head; and wearing brown clothes and leather gauntlets. With one arm he is bending down into its place a long, thin, pruned branch; and in the other hand he has his curved wood-knife. He is very busy in his healthy and solitary labour. His little daughter—with the baby on her arm, and carrying a basket and tin with his meal—is coming through the wood to him; and her face is brimful of responsibility and affection. A settled little woman, awfully impressed by father’s hard and lonely work for *them*, and the necessity of *her* taking the baby and breakfast safely to him. It will be a bonny party,

and a happy one, in a minute or two. The motto to the picture is from Coventry Patmore's 'Angel in the House':—

'In dim recesses hyacinths drooped,
And breadths of primrose lit the air.'

And so it is. There is a perfect world of hyacinths and primroses; and, beside these, almost all the beautiful things of the sweet spring-time—a delicate fern on the bank before the fence, and wild violets, wild strawberries, moss, brambles, and ground-ivy everywhere;—and all painted exquisitely: indeed, they are almost growing and trembling.

'By Jove! look!' whispered my companion, after a long mutual silence, as a developing sunbeam stole across it, and its truth and beauty rushed up—a multitude of marvellous details coming out livingly.

'See that Hedger *now*!' said one of a group lounging past behind us. 'Would you think it was the same we saw last night?'

'Well,' muttered my friend, 'I can believe it will lose dreadfully at night. That wonderful purple and all those delicate little tints must die down in the gas: they are only for the day. I wouldn't be surprised if it were unusually dull at night.'

'I dare say so,' I remarked; 'but think how a bank of bluebells, or a gray crag with heather about it, or a knoll embroidered with wild flowers and haunted by dreaming moths, would look if you came on them in the dark, and shed the glare of a lamp or torch on them! That the works of these fellows should lose by artificial light seems a testimony in their favour. Moonlight and starlight blanch the face of Nature. In sunlight only does she bloom and smile; and *then* only are our true paintings glowing and beautiful—kindling and darkening; as God's paintings, of which they are children's copies, do with the dawn and the dusk.'

We moved on reluctantly, loath to quit the quiet, sweet forest nook; but immediately found ourselves in another, as we paused before 'The Woodman's Child,' by Arthur Hughes, also appropriately framed with a wreath of ivy.

'How fond they seem of children and the woods!' I exclaimed.

'Not a bad sign, is it?' asked Hunter; and away, again, went our minds a-wandering.

The scene here, too, is in the tree world; but the trees are larger, and it is opener. The composition is reversed, in so far as the Woodman is at work far away at the back; and his wife is stooping in the middle part, gathering something. In the foreground, their child is lying sound asleep, with her back to us; and you see just a bit of the chubby upturned face, which glows with a sunbeam. She is at the base of a great tree-root—what Shakespeare calls 'an antique root'; the tree has been cut down; and, near her feet, a ruddy squirrel is peeping at her; while on the tree-root a robin is perched. A jar and her father's corduroy jacket are at her side, and a straw matting is her pillow; while about the upper part of her figure a beautiful dark-blue shawl, with wrought

flowers, is wrapped. Here, again, the hyacinths were glorious; and, after our exile, we eagerly recognised many of our woodland wild-flowers.

One of two ladies, who came to it before we left, observed to her friend that 'the shawl was surely too fine for the class;' but the other told her it was cheap, and worn by working women.

We passed on, exchanging a smile, but it vanished as our eyes rested upon Wallis' 'Dead Stonebreaker;' and, for myself, I felt tears come as I read the quotation, from Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus,' with which the painter had accompanied it. Uncouth in language they call him, and he may be; but surely the soul of pathos is here. What a thoughtful *will* it is!—

'Venerable to me is the hard hand; crooked, coarse, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besotted, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee, hardly entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent; for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed! Thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred; for in thee, too, lay a God-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand, with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom.'

Here 'our hardly entreated Brother,' the Stone-breaker—old, for he is gray-haired—sits with a drooping head, dead, and dead apparently for days. There is a deathly look of decay in the bluish-pale face. He is sitting among the hard blue flints he has been breaking; his legs are separated; he has been hammering the stones between them; and the hammer lies a little before the two arms that are close to each other, and stretched out as if in the last effort. A keen-eyed weasel, tawny, and with arched back, is close to him, and gazing wonderingly. He is in a hollow behind a bank, where the body is not likely to be discovered soon. Beyond the bank there is water—a lake or something of that kind; and behind this rise dark blue mountains, over which there is a greenish sky, against which the foliage of the trees is relieved strangely.

This picture we did not like so well, but could not deny that it had the great power of touching the heart.

'You remember Quintin's description of his Chat-terton?'

'Well?'

'Some things in that letter would do for himself now.'

Quintin Berwick had been our chief friend—a youth full of genius and aspiration; all who knew him had been fond and proud of him; and to us, during our sojourn in the south, one of our dearest hopes had been to take him again by the hand, to hear his clear merry voice, and to work together with him in the Arts we loved.

But that was over. He was gone. And our set duty for that day was to visit the old place where

we had all been so happy, and pay our tribute of sympathy and respect to his mother and sister, from whom, we had been told, his death seemed to have taken away the half of life.

Our interest in the pictures o'ercast by the memory of our loss, we loitered on blindly till stayed by Wind-
in 'Too Late,' and this work only made us more sad.

'He wrote us about his "Burd Helen."'

'Yes, "a noble picture," he called it; grave and rarely—like tapestry almost, some labour of the loom done in the time of the ballad; but the subject morbid and unlikely one. He believed no man could so torture a woman; and then——'

'And here, too, seems torture,' I said.

We thought it must be scarcely worthy of him, though beautifully drawn and well grouped. The colour was flimsy and weak—indeed, the picture was unfinished looking; and besides it did not tell its story well, it gave forth 'an uncertain sound.' Still, it was full of expression; and being evidently connected with the crisis of a heart history—these hearts of ours! how the whole world feels for suffering, or disappointed love!—it possessed a fascination which drew us back to it, and would not let us easily away. We could not understand it; but we yearned to understand it. 'Too late! Too late!' we asked ourselves, and then strove again to pluck out the heart of the mystery. An acquaintance had the evening before told Hunter that the artist's own explanation was that it was the meeting of two engaged persons after a separation, during which disease had altered her appearance; and that he was repelled or shocked by the change, and could not love her. We were unable to see it in this way; and were confident of the information having been taken up wrongly. We leaned on the belief that there had been neglect on his part, which had caused her fatal illness; for the defined red on the cheeks and the lustre of the eyes told the sad tale of nearing departure—that he had returned at last, but 'too late.' He had forfeited her love and sacrificed her life.

There are four figures in the picture: she and her sister, and a little child-sister, and the returned lover. It is a garden, and a long hedge, of holly perhaps, stretches across behind the figures. She has been sitting; but on his approach has risen, supporting herself by a staff in the right hand. Her figure is thin and her features wasted; and there is a saddest, dreamy, half-wondering, half-reproachful expression on her face—with its high, flaming cheek bones, and hollow dark eyes—as she gazes past her sister (who is of about the same age, healthy, and beautiful; embracing her, and weeping on her shoulder) towards him. A handsome man—in a light-brown shooting-dress and a wide-awake hat—he stands on the left side of the picture, his head bent, and his face completely hidden by his left arm, which he has brought round it. He is filled with shame, or grief, or self-reproach; and the little child, whom he perhaps met in the happy and true time, looks up questioningly at him, and with something of sorrow for him.

'Let us go,' said my friend, pocketing his catalogue and seizing my arm; 'we'll be here again to-morrow, and musn't be "too late" in doing what is right; and, leaving the rooms and entering a cab, we were ere long set down before the nest-like cottage of our old chum.

They were out, we found; and the maid told us that, taking advantage of the fine, clear, frosty day, Miss Berwick, in an endeavour to lighten her mother's brooding grief, had coaxed her to have a short walk. She expected them back every moment; and asked us to step in and wait. But we preferred strolling about the familiar walks, which, at many a merry Christmas time, we had seen as they now were—white, as strewn with ground crystal, and glancing with stars in the sunshine; the hollies and laurels on either side *breathless* under their burden of dazzling snow. Then we went round to the back ground, and sauntered along, with the bank on one hand, thick with what our poor friend used to call 'Fairy Staffas;' and with the stream let on the other, grumbling within its icy prison; and by-and-by we reached and rested in the old bower.

It was little changed. There stood the small centre table which had so often glistened with our flagons of half-and-half, and on which so many funny sketches and precious designs had been 'knocked off,'

'Like bubbles blown
For summer pastime in the wanton air.'

There were the benches—as thickly charactered with dates and initials as the obelisks of old Nile—on which we three had lolled, arguing on the principles of art, criticising pictures, or enjoying pun, song, and story. There were the shelves for the pipes and matches; and there were the walls, still rejoicing in Quintin's twelve cartoons illustrative of 'The Life of a Goblin,' from its cradle, an acorn shell—to its grave, a deserted seamen's egg on the yellow sands.

As, stooping, we entered, we had mechanically taken out our 'clays;' but one memory after another of 'the days that are no more' coming back, we put them up again; and, sitting down, talked on and on till arrested by the sound of footsteps, when, looking out, we saw, arm in arm, and clothed in the deepest mourning, Miss Berwick and her mother pass in the direction of the house. The former was the nearer to us, and we were surprised at the change in her.

Minta! little Minta! the blue-eyed 'girlie' with her fair ringlets streaming to her waist and her face filled with glee and wonder! Our tiny Hebe, and pipe-filler, and occasional fire-stealer, with whom we romped and rambled; for whom we made odd drawings by the score; and to whom we told tales and trilled ditties beyond all computation! Minta! whom we used to tease morning, noon, and night—calling her our 'Peas-Blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-Seed!' and to whom we had written dozens of foolish letters from our studio on the Pincian Hill—thinking her still a child!

Why, she was now a tall, graceful young woman; her hay-coloured hair simply braided on either side of a forehead and countenance so regular and noble

in form, and so pale and spiritual, that there was brought back instantly to my mind's eye one of those glorious creations of ancient sculpture which I had gazed on almost daily for the last few years, and still with ever-growing wonder and delight!

(She has just passed, smiling proudly, and with our sleeping babe in her arms, through 'my roomful of rough blockwork.' O God! give power to these hands to fix in thy fair marble—for the good and pleasure of Thy creatures—the love, beauty, and grace wherewith Thou hast clothed her!)

We had but risen to go to the house after them, when, having learned of our being in the garden, and hurrying in search of us, she reached the bower; and, mingled gladness and grief filling her eyes as with sunny dew, clasped a hand of each, and warmly welcomed us.

Following her, we were soon seated in the old parlour; and ere long—while the bereaved widow sat beside, silent and bowed down—we had heard from his sister the touching narrative of that rapid decline under which our dear companion had paled, and withered, and died.

And with sore hearts we heard it. Poor Quintin! In that very chamber, many years ago, we three had, over maps and books, laid out all our travelling. We were to go together, and study together the most precious works of those

'Whose strong hearts beat through stone, or charged, again,
Cloth threads with fire of souls electrical.'

But while Hunter and I, in due time, were able to carry out the design, changes had occurred making others more dependent on his labour; and Berwick had to renounce his long-cherished dream, and remain behind. We had, however, been constant correspondents, although latterly his letters had been fewer, though not less cheerful. We had also heard, from himself and others, of his being ill; but he had always been strangely delicate-looking, even when at his healthiest and gayest; and, in our excited prospect of returning and reknitting the old brotherhood, we perhaps gave less weight to the mention of sickness than we should have done. We well knew what a strain, mental and bodily, there must have been to produce that glorious picture by which he so suddenly leaped into his throne—bringing the success-following fashionable and rich into his rooms; and that the corresponding reaction must have been dreadful. But, then, he would rest during the winter, and in the spring how set up would he be beside the gray mountains and blue lochs of Scotland! Ah! while we jested and schemed, he was getting those large eyes and hollow cheeks, and being shaken by those cough-gusts, of which we had just heard. While we were engrossed with life, and new subjects, and fame, and fortune, he had been looking into the other world, girding himself for the eternal duties, and thinking less of a name among men than the invisible gnat that sang in his quiet chamber. The winter had come, and he was at rest. Our light wanderings on the earth were ended. He had gone forth on that solemn and mysterious journey in which no human eye or human voice could follow him.

'I know you would like to see what he was last working at,' said Minta, as, hastily drying her tears, she led the way; and Hunter and I, rising, followed her, murmuring an apology to the silent mother.

'Here is almost everything as he left it,' continued our guide, as she opened the door of what had once been our old companion's studio; but which he had latterly slept in—as, no longer able to work there, he had the desire to be at least in the place, and surrounded by the materials, of his former labour.

'This,' said Minta, as she unfastened the sheet which had wrapped the easel and made it wraithlike, 'was to be his next picture; and, as you see, it is hardly more than half completed.'

'What is it?' Hunter asked.

'He called it "The Mons Victorialis,"' she answered; 'and if you turn it you will find a note by him on the back;—which we did. It was this:—

'There dwelt a certain nation close to the ocean, at the very extremity of the east, among whom a writing was current, inscribed with the name of Seth, concerning the Star which was to appear, and which had been handed down from father to son through the generations of learned men. For twelve of the more learned, and lovers of celestial mysteries, had elected and disposed themselves to watch for that Star. And when any of them died, his son, or one of his kindred who was found of that mind, was appointed in his place. And they were called Magi in their tongue, because they glorified God in silence and inward prayer. These, therefore, year by year, after the thrashing out of the corn, ascended into a certain mountain, called in their language Mons Victorialis, having in it a certain cave in the rock, and most grateful and pleasant with fountains and choice trees; into which ascending, and bathing themselves, they prayed and praised God in silence three days. And this they did, generation after generation, ever watching lest peradventure that Star of beatitude should arise on themselves.'

Having read this record of an old legend, we replaced the picture, and were struck with it, even in its unfinished state.

It is 'high as the highest peak' of this 'mountain over the ocean, at the very extremity of the east; and the time is early night, when the stars are just beginning to be seen. This had been so subtly managed by Berwick, that we found ourselves ere long muttering, 'Do you see any star?' and answering 'Yes, there's one,' and 'yonder's one,' and 'here's one that surely was not there before.' There are three Figures representing three of these silent hereditary watchers, who, judging by the rich robes and precious gems indicated, are of kingly, or at least princely, rank. On the left, laid in a hollow between two crags—with his head sunk on his breast, over which flows, glacier-like, a gray beard, and with his arms raised over the rocks on either side, and his shrivelled hands drooping powerless—is a very aged man, one who may be supposed to have watched there for more than half-a-century; and whom we would take to be utterly conquered by Time, save for his eyes, which still gleam through their silvery brows, fixed in a patient gaze upon one quarter of the heavens. In the centre, and with his back to us, a second—with short thick hair and strong frame, and apparently in the vigour of manhood—is seated, and, with folded arms, looks straightly on that way. And on the right hand, almost fronting us—drawn to his full height with expectation, and shading his piercing eyes with one hand, while the other arm is stretched forth with outspread fingers that seem preparing to point at some particular object—stands a youth, of noble form and features, and with long soft locks falling over his shoulders, who, as if his search had commenced that very hour, gazes eagerly and hopefully into the sky.

It is a picture inducing silence and speculation; and we stood long before it thoughtfully. At last we left it, and I was taking a glance at some new casts in the room, when Hunter called me; and, turning, I found him gazing at an object over the mantelpiece which instantly riveted my attention, and at which we both looked for a long while without any louder sound than an occasional sigh.

Within a small silver frame there seemed floating in the air, and in an offered position, a Hand—small, exquisitely shaped, and strangely instinct with feeling and even thought. As for its delicate and beautiful colour, its transparency, and its subtlety of drawing and shading, I had never seen anything approaching it, and cannot say more than that it suggested to me the most faultless marble, tinted with a faint rose tincture; but it possessed a softness and life that I could not remember even any approach to in art.

"Whose is this?" Hunter asked.

"Quintin's," answered Minta. "That was the last thing he wrought at; and he put some touches on it only a few hours before his death."

"And what is it?" I inquired.

"Well, he called it 'The Angel Hand,'" she replied, "and always held that he had seen it; but it was, we fancy, one of the results of his great weakness."

"Sit down and tell us about it, Minta," said my companion; and, resting near, while we two continued our gaze, she gave us the following explanation:—

"For a month or two he had been unable to paint more than a few minutes every day; and, when the weather was fine, he generally sat in his chair outside the window, where one or both of us kept him company with a book or our work.

"One lovely day in June, he was sitting in the sun-time; and, some visitors having called, we had left him alone, and remained away a little longer than usual. Our friends had just left, and I was passing through here to join him, when I started to catch the sound of his voice, calling, in a low earnest tone, 'Mother! Minta! quick! quick!'"

"Glancing out, I observed that he sat bent forward, his arm stretched out before him, and his thin pale face radiant with delight and surprise.

"When I reached him, however, his expression changed in an instant to one of disappointment. He sat back, his hand fell upon his knee, and he muttered,

"'Gone! It is gone! But I saw it! Oh, I saw and felt it!'"

"I dreaded fever, and asked him what he meant; and he told me that, while sitting there and thinking of his coming death and the future, his mind, even while he was surrounded by God's gifts of goodness and beauty, was beset by doubts; that the utterance on the part of the other world—the profound mystery, as it were, that the Deity and His Spirits sent towards us—perplexed him; and that, overcome by his mental trouble, he had cried out, 'Oh, that I could see or feel evidence of that other life! If angels are about, is there none to pity me?'"

"And I held out my hand, Minta," he said solemnly; "and it was taken, and clasped, and held."

"THE ANGEL HAND, my dear sister! THE ANGEL HAND!—I wish you could have seen it."

"Then he anxiously asked to be helped in, and took his old place at the easel. We will never forget the hopeless look he gave at his brushes and palette; but, evidently after a short prayer, he commenced *that*, and worked at it a little every day. As I have said, he reached it but a few hours before his death; and it was the only time we ever saw him appear satisfied with it."

Here Minta paused; and we both said, 'It is very strange!'

'It must have been a delusion induced by his great weakness, the doctor thinks.'

Hunter shook his head.

'But something very singular happened connected with it, just as he was leaving us,' she continued. 'He had been told, and indeed felt, that his hour was come; and he called us all round his bed, and, sitting up, kissed us, and bade us farewell—shaking hands with the doctor and the servants. Then, while I supported him, he bent a little forward, and, stretching out his arm before him, held his hand for a few moments, trembling as if with expectation. Suddenly, we all saw it half close and become steady, as if it had been caught by *another hand*,—when his face lighted up with inexpressible satisfaction, and, sinking back, he left us!'

DREDGING DAYS.

READER! have you ever dredged? I have;—and never will I forget those joyous days. They are marked with red letters in my mind's calendar. Those dredging days came to me as little oases in the desert-like common-places of life. They came and went; but the sweet remembrances still remain with me. The oases' palm still shades, and the bubbling spring still supplies its gushing stream to refresh me in my toiling march through life. For months the city's smoke and the city's roar are about me. The morning and the evening have the same monotonous story repeated—that of a day's work begun and a day's work ended; and thus weary weeks and months pass away.

How happy is it to one so engaged to leave the moil and turmoil of business behind, and seek the pleasures of a day's dredging!

But methinks I see some reader curl the lip and ask the sneering question, 'Dredging! What's the use of it?'

To such I answer,—If you want the excitement of a gambling saloon without its sin; your body renovated without doctor's cure or apothecary's drugs; your mind lifted above the carking cares of life,—in short, if you want a day of the highest pleasure and of the noblest good, spend that day in dredging. Suppose we have a dredging excursion in each other's company, just to see if we can spend the day profitably and happily. The morning sun finds us awake and ready for our work. Snatching a hasty breakfast, and laying in a store of food as sea-stores, let us away to the boats.

The scene is magnificent. Our place for dredging is on the lovely Frith of Clyde; and yonder, opposite to us, rises the lofty Goatfell in silent grandeur and majesty. As yet the mists of morning cling to the sides of the towering giant and flood the valleys in their embrace. Away in the far distance stands, sentinel-like, the Craig of Ailes; and trending to our left is the Ayrshire coast, speckled with woods and fields. Looking over the side, we see deep down into the ocean, which appears to be absent altogether, giving us the idea that our boat is suspended in the air—so silent, calm, and transparent does the water appear.

The rocky bottom is covered with long, tangled seaweed, which waves like a miniature forest. Darting out and in may be seen the little rock-fish; while, here and there, large star-fish and urchins browse upon the sea-grass.

But we must go further from the shore; and as we slowly pull out into the bay, I will inform you of the requirements for dredging. As regards the dredge, it is

about two feet long by one foot and a-half deep, and five inches wide at the mouth. In form it is like a carpet-bag, with a little alteration made to ensure strength. The cloth of the carpet-bag is replaced by the net, which is made of strong cord, wrought into close meshes. This bag-net is tied on with thongs to an iron framework, which may be represented as the mouth of the carpet-bag. In the dredge there are no hinges to shut, so that the mouth is always open; but from the ends where the hinges should be long handles are joined, which, meeting in the centre, form a ring to which the rope is attached. The edges are inclined outwards, that they may scrape the bottom. Do you wonder why we have a basket of bottles with us? They are for holding our live stock, which we hope to bring up in the dredge. As you see, they are packed in a basket for convenience of carriage, and also to keep them from knocking each other to pieces. These are the only things you need trouble yourself with when dredging. We are now a good distance from the shore; suppose we throw over the dredge. Well, then, pass up the rope, and while doing so take care you do not pass yourself over the side. Observe, I tie one end of the rope round the handle of the dredge, while the other end is passed round a seat; and now we will consign the dredge to the deep, with many hearty wishes for its success. For half-an-hour we shall have to pull about, as it will require that time before there is any chance of the dredge being filled. Bend to your oars now, and move along. You think it easy work? Wait till the dredge begins to scrape, and then you will find some difficulty in making headway. Pass out more rope; there are fifteen fathoms of water here, and we shall require about thirty fathoms before the dredge will fall into the right position for scraping. Do you not begin to feel the anchoring process of the dredge? It is now tearing up the bottom and filling its capacious maw. Pull away, therefore; and as we move along let us have a chat on Natural History.

Altogether ignorant of Natural History, say you? Yet you have been at school, and received the elements of a good education. Perhaps you may have forgotten, and been not unwilling to forget, your Latin, your Greek, and your mathematics; and possibly you may be thinking that these studies have been of little use to you. Engaged as you are, it may be so. But as a study calculated to give tenacity to the mind, combined with pleasure, and to prepare the student for the active duties of life, while gratifying his love of the grand and the good, let me recommend Natural History. Let it be taught in our schools, and made as important an element as grammar and arithmetic, and I doubt not a great advance will be made in the education of the young.

What! are you tired? 'Tis time, then, to pull up the dredge; and now pass those bottles this way, and stow these oars carefully past. By the difficulty in moving the boat, I may prophesy a good haul. Heave! ho! Hand over hand, and in comes the rope. This is the hard work; but there are glorious hopes excited. The dredge is full. There can be no doubt of that. Look! the dredge is near the top, but there is a dirty haze in the water round it. Now for our first dredgeful. Heave! ho! One last heave, and then over with it on the board; and lo! sand, and nothing but sand, is to be seen. We have struck the wrong place, and for the last half-hour have been ploughing a sand-bank. Never mind; 'better luck next time;' so again throw over the dredge; and, in the meantime, we shall have a turn at the heap of sand.

With the exception of an old shell or two and a few

pieces of sea-weed, our labour has been in vain. But what old shell is this? It is the *Cyprina Islandica*; and, as you may see, the outer skin or epidermis is worn off. When this shell lived, our island was colder and lower in the world than it is now. By the presence of this shell and a number of others in the raised beaches around our coast, we are informed that the seas in which they lived partook of the icy coldness of the north. We do not get them living now about our shores; but they may be had in great abundance in the Arctic seas, where the bergs move their glistening peaks, and the intrepid mariner follows the whale. Along the coast you may notice bold escarpments of rocks, rising steep above the waves, presenting in some places the appearance of a flight of stairs. This is the ancient coast line, marking the height to which the sea rose when this shell lived in these waters. We conclude from the present *habitat* of these boreal shells that the seas which surrounded Britain at one time were covered with floating bergs, and peopled with animals peculiar to the Arctic Zone. But we cannot wait longer over this shell, though we should like to tell you of the time in which it lived. Our purpose now is to describe what living animals we may bring up. Re-sign the oars for a minute, and come to the stern, and assist in pulling in the dredge. Make all ready; and with a long pull bring it to the top, and with a strong pull land it on the board. Capsize it, and gaze upon the spoil. Do you see that glorious spread? Talk of sumptuous feasts and exciting scenes! Could they beat that? But be sharp. Over with the dredge and catch that moving whelk. Do you wonder at that shell working its way so rapidly across the board? You have seen the whelk moving along the sand and leaving a long trail behind it; but never did you, and never will you, see it moving so fast; for see, it is not a whelk, but a lobster-like animal that inhabits it. See how he draws in his legs and horns when you touch him. Closely examine him, and you may notice a difference in the size of the large toes. The one is much smaller than the other. What use does this serve? Just watch when he draws in his body and you will find the larger toe crossing over the mouth of the shell and protecting the smaller toes. Now, if both toes were large, they would interfere with each other. Is not this a wonderful adaptation for its protection? You want to know the animal's name? It is the *Pagurus Bernhardus*, or hermit crab. If you pull it out of its shell, the hinder part will be found quite soft and unprotected. By getting into a hard shell, it is free from the attacks of its enemies. When it grows too large for its shell, it looks out for another; and often, in these searches after lodgings, amusing fights take place, and very often terrible battles between rival hermits. When one hermit envies the house of another, a regular battle begins, and usually might against right triumphs. The weaker crab is pulled out; and its stronger brother, whipping its tail from the shell, pops it into its neighbour's one, and then walks away with its new possession, leaving its old house for the vanquished.

There are also several star-fish among the sea-weed. Take care how you separate them; for they are very brittle, and always ready to dismember and break into pieces. Is not that a beautiful one, with the five thin rays joined on to a round centre disc? The rays are covered with fringes, which give them a graceful appearance as the animal throws itself into various forms. This is one of the *Ophiocoma*; and that other kind, which has very few and short fringes proceeding from the rays, is one of the

Optima. Ha! here is a magnificent specimen of the *Salaster*. Look! it has twelve rays, while the others have only five. Place it in the water, and watch the long suckers moving on its under surface. These are the organs of locomotion; and if you watch carefully when they are moving up the sides of the glass, the small suckers may be seen taking hold, and the body is raised a little; then a few of them detach and fix higher up; and this process is continued till the animal has gained the position it desires. The two former star-fish move by their spines; but this and a number of others move by suckers. We are ready now for another haul; so, clear overboard the useless material, and put the shells into the bottles for examination at home. Here comes the dredge; and this time we have not a large assortment. Only one urchin and a tiny fish! We must go further out, however, between those two islands; and there we may hope for better success. This is the spot to heave the dredge; and now, while it is filling, we may lunch, and also examine this urchin. Hand us up that bottle, and we shall place the urchin in the water and watch its performances. 'Tis a common *Echinus Sphæra*. It is round in shape, flattened a little on the under surface—the whole being covered with spines. When you rub these off, you may notice that the globe may be divided into five equal parts by five ribs, which originate from the bottom of the animal. Running along the edges or joinings of these ribs are small pores, having a connection with the interior. If you watch for a few seconds when the animal is in the water, there will be protruded little thread-like bodies, having a circular disc which acts as a sucker. When they touch the side of the bottle, the animal holds fast, and is able to move and even to ascend to the top of the vessel. Is it not astonishing that these small suckers are able to suspend the heavy urchin? But just consider the number of them. There are five ribs having on each side a row of these pores—thus making ten rows. On each side of the ribs, from the under to the upper part, there are 186 pairs of pores, having a sucker from each pair—making in all 1,860 suckers in one animal! Thus you see what it lacks in the strength of each sucker it makes up in number.

If our time were not short, I might tell you of the wonderful mouth which this animal possesses. You will see, however, in comparing this star-fish with the urchin, that there is a close resemblance between them. Why, you might take the *Asterias* (one of the star-fish having suckers), and, bending the five rays backwards till they meet in the centre, imagine that the spaces between each ray were firmly joined. This would make the outline of the urchin. From the sides of the rays you may also imagine the suckers proceeding as in the urchin; and thus you have a star-fish changed to an urchin. In your study of Nature, you will find a great many examples of this recurrence to a common plan. There is seen a great unity of design pervading all classes of animals, which leads us to the belief that the great Master Builder planned the types on which all animate existence is framed. He conceived the plan, and leaving nothing to chance, wrought out all the minutest details. The type to which these star-fish and urchins belong is the Radiate, embracing those animals that have parts radiating from a centre. This fish is the *Syngnathus Acan*, or pipe-fish; it belongs to the vertebrate type of animals.

Just one other pull of the dredge! But, my dear friend, what is wrong? You feel unwell? I have no doubt of that; and your lunch, taken so recently, will tell

greatly against your recovery in this stiff breeze, which, heaving the boat, disturbs your stomach, and you are in for sea-sickness. But if you want ashore we must first get the dredge on board. Here it is, and a good haul this time. *Eolis*, *Doris*, *Aplysia*, *Lima*, and a number of other molluscs, with a few crabs and star-fish.

But you can stay no longer. Put them into your bottles, and now for the shore. When you get home, examine them carefully, and perhaps you may discover new beauties. You are now landed; and may I ask you how you have enjoyed yourself? Was there not healthy exercise for the body, excitement and information for the mind, and for the cares of life a brief interval of oblivion? Have you not, my friend, had a joyous day? 'Ay,' you answer dolefully, 'I have had all that—and more.' Ah! yes; you had sea-sickness. But you will get better soon, and by the time we have another excursion you may be able to stand the sea better; so, for the present, good-by.

N.

THREE SCENES.

I.

Merrily glided down the river Emily Ray and I, Each at the other a-glancing ever, laughing with love-lit eyes; Happy as life and love could make us, gliding down the stream—Thinking not aught would ever awake us out of our bright young dream.

'Emily, love! is life not bliss—joyous on every hand? Can it be better, brighter than this, even in Edenland?'

II.

Ah! sadly gliding adown the river went Emily Ray and I, With eyes a-glisten and lips a-quiver, gazing into the sky—Wistfully gazing, heavily sighing, gliding along our way; Calmly the crimson eve was dying—so was Emily Ray. Carefully wrapped on a pillow, reclining, folding her hands on her knee,

Sweet, good words, to a soul repining, softly she breathed to me: 'Ah, Willie, Willie! what changes come o'er us, even in one short year!

Well that we know not the trials before us during our pilgrimage here.

Only last summer, how happy were we!—pleasure on every hand. We thought ourselves blessed as the angels could be, even in Edenland!

Faded with health has the bright illusion!—maybe 'tis better so. Happiness here is a dream—a delusion; and I am willing to go. O'er the dark swellings of Jordan's billow, hopeful, my spirit shall bear,

On to the realms of the righteous, Willie! and you'll come and meet me there.

Beckoning to us, on that bright shore, loving and lost ones stand; Oh! to be with them, to sorrow no more, for ever in Edenland!

III.

Once again I was on that river, dreamily drifting on, With eyes a-glisten and lips a-quiver—Emily Ray was gone! The winds might blow and the waters roll—little it mattered now; Sorrow lay heavy on my soul—sadness was on my brow. I was so lonely; and oh, how weary! longing to be away—Life seemed a wilderness, dark and dreary, wanting my Emily Ray.

But the stars shone out, and ere I wist came peace—I know not how;

And the lady-moon looked down and kissed the sadness from my brow.

I know that my love is well and blest, safe 'mid the angel-band, With the loved and lost who have gone to rest in the happy Edenland!

J. T.

FASHION.

FASHION—frivolity, whim, caprice in modes and manners! What can be more contemptible? It originates nobody knows exactly how or where—like a fitful breeze bending for the time everything silly in one direction. Its influence is not deep, but extensive—spreading, in widening circles, from some indefinite centre. At first sight it would seem to be merely a crotchet of tailors, milliners, *et hoc genus omne*, and too trifling for serious consideration. It is difficult to treat with any respect the *dictum* which condemns as unsightly the hat or coat which last month was declared handsome and most becoming. Yet such is fashion! And though staid philosophers can see no reason in it, it may have some foundation in reason after all. One striking circumstance is to be remarked in fashion. It is an influence that affects only civilised communities, and even in them has power chiefly over the diviner sex. Savages, barbarians, and secluded races have fixed tastes. There is no fickleness of fashion—no ephemeral vagaries—among them. They deck and deport themselves in the same style, without variation, from age to age. The modes and habits are stereotyped where mind is stagnant. Progressive nations alone are votaries of fashion. Fashion, though not progressive but rotary, is closely connected with social progress. It is an instinctive, restless love of change with which, in certain circumstances, the human mind is beset, apparently to prevent it from becoming hopelessly stationary. It is, perhaps, a provisional endowment, vouchsafed to hold the place of true taste and active intelligence till these be sufficiently cultivated to secure their growth. Devotion to fashion is not a common accompaniment of taste or intelligence, though it may be in some measure a substitute for them. In fact, fashion has most influence over those whose taste is least developed, or whose intellect is not vigorous. The more fashion the less taste or sense. Good sense and taste dictate the choice of dress suitable to each individual's style of features and complexion. Fashion disregards all such considerations, and imposes a uniformity of shape and colour on all her giddy train. The full face and the thin must alike be surmounted by a bonnet monstrously large for the one or ridiculously small for the other, according as the ample or diminutive size may be the rage. Colours are used or misused with the same utter want of discrimination. If blue is fashionable, it is worn not only by the blonde, whom it becomes, but by the pea-green visaged, whom it makes frightful. If a dirty cinnamon—which suits no complexion—finds favour (as at present), everybody must display the ugly hue or be voted unfashionable.

But better far the frivolities of fashion than fossilised habits and petrified ideas. If a man has not native taste enough to keep his person, his attire, and surroundings in good order and pleasant freshness, the next best thing is that he should do so in emulation of others. If he will not cast aside seedy clothes because of their seediness, it is well that

he should do it to be like his neighbours. But the truth is, most men would make few changes, either for the one reason or the other, if left to themselves. It is the 'women folk' who chiefly, for good or evil, enforce and carry out the dictates of a revolutionary spirit in matters of taste. It is they who are continually condemning capital wardrobes as rubbish not fit to be worn, only because something newer is 'out.' It is they who remorselessly consign to the broker or the pauper garments and equipments which the owner has hardly had time to get used to, for no better reason than that articles of a different style are now the vogue. How many a husband and father is teased to irritation at his own fireside about that 'frightful waistcoat' and 'horrid hat,' and implored to throw them aside before their new gloss is off! Not that they are either horrid or frightful. Quite the reverse. It was admitted on all hands, when papa got them (only a few weeks ago), that they were 'quite the thing.' But then they were fashionable; now they are out of date, for (and this is thought conclusive) shapes altogether different are now worn by stylish people—said people being, in his estimation, geese!

But all this, nevertheless, influences the old gentleman to make a change often when he would not otherwise think of it; and has also the good effect of inducing him to part with articles, while they are yet good and serviceable, for little or nothing, to rear-rank men without the means of purchasing what is new. Miss and madam, too, are instigated by fashion to make perquisites or charitable donations of many a 'love of a bonnet,' neither crushed nor faded, but only superseded by a newer 'love.' Nurse-maid and cook can thus walk in the steps of mistress, only a few steps behind, in the fantastic ways of fashion. Ever the poor char-woman and the dependent on alms can, in due course, have scientific stays, and dresses that stick out, when their betters—to be fashionable—have done with them long before they are useless.

No doubt this dispersive influence tends to extravagance more than to economy. But a propensity to extravagance may be so regulated and restrained as to produce wholesome activity; while economy is apt to degenerate into selfish parsimony, and, in the end, sink into slothful torpor. Thus, fashion, though contemptible enough in itself, is by no means contemptible in its effects. Its silly vagaries provoke the scorn of all who judge of things by strict utilitarianism, or who possess taste sufficient to distinguish between what is truly beautiful and mere novelty. The scorn is intensified when it is perceived that even real novelty can seldom be claimed for things fashionable. The broad brim and the narrow, the high crown and the low, alternate with each other in hats, just as the short waist and the long, the tight sleeve and the wide, do in coats and dresses—without any material difference at one time from another. And so of every caprice of fashion. It is but a return from the recent and familiar to the obsolete and half forgotten; and then, again, from that to the other, or something else—resuscitated, with slight change of

form, from the sepulchre of buried follies. In the monster crinolines of the present day we have a reproduction—with some change but no improvement—of the hoops of our great-grandmothers. These, again, were only a restoration of an absurdity prevalent in the Tudor times; and nobody can tell how often before. High-heeled shoes are out at present; but their turn is coming—not for the first time or the last. Every such change must, *per force*, be borne with patience; but let us pray that we may never be tried with the intolerable affliction of hair-powder and pomatum! Even pig-tails and patches would be welcome in comparison.

Nature, in her outward aspects, gives no countenance to this incessant craving for change. From year to year, and from age to age, she presents the same forms of beauty and grandeur to human observation—the same combinations of marvellous power, wisdom, and beneficence, to move our admiration and minister to our delight. Not to speak of the splendours of sun, moon, and stars—which we may suppose to be necessarily invariable, and not specially designed to gratify our love of magnificence—there are still innumerable objects which have seemingly been created beautiful with express reference to our appreciative powers, or these to them; and yet they never change or give place to newer objects. Witness the rose budding and blowing now as it did in Sharon and the gardens of Damascus three thousand years ago! Witness the 'lilies of the field' blooming just as when it was declared, in the Sermon on the Mount, that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!' The violet still displays its gold and purple in the same perfect harmony of complimentary colours, and the same clover-leaf-like form of corolla; and still, unvaryingly, its bright eye is marked off and shaded by sharply-pencilled dark eyelashes as of yore. Nature—the Supreme Intelligence working in Nature—makes perfect work; but repeats the same forms and combinations with persistent consistency. When human taste and skill advance far they become also persistent, and create forms of loveliness never abandoned from the mere desire for change. The sculpture and the architecture of ancient Greece once appreciated, are never set aside for crude novelties. They are the consummate flowers of a tasteful people's maturity of taste; and will survive all the vicissitudes of fashion and all the barbarisms of innovation.

HOLDING UP THE MIRROR AT FOGGYTON.

We in Foggyton are mostly connected with the iron and coal interests; and our amusements for a long time consisted principally of periodical matches, which used to take place between the bull-dogs of the town, occasionally diversified by matches between the masters of the dogs when the dispute as to the relative merits of the animals ran high.

Of course, we have a Mechanics' Institution; on the platform of which a reckless party—in a withered dress suit, white pocket-handkerchief, and fortified with a one-bottomed chair, round table, and tumbler of spring water—once attempted a lecture on mesmerism and the laughing-gas. He succeeded in putting one Noah Barker, a beruclan puddler, under the influence of the gas; and immediately afterwards fell a victim to his own experiment—the effect upon Noah being to rouse all the passion for pugilism which had before lain dormant, causing him to vent it upon the unfortunate lecturer. He (the lecturer) was rescued, leaving the tails of his dress coat and his white pocket-handkerchief behind.

I was apprenticed to Powell the surgeon-dentist at the corner of the High-street, and became acquainted with George Blythe through his attending at our consulting-room about two back teeth, which he ultimately had extracted. George's father was the manager of one of the iron mines in the neighbourhood, and George acted as book-keeper in the office at Foggyton.

'I'll tell you what it is,' said George to me one evening, as we were sitting in the consulting-room at the back of the shop—the shutters up, the door closed, a jug of beer on the table, and a 'church-warden' in our hands; 'I'll tell you what it is, old fellow! until there is some legitimate place of amusement in Foggyton, there will be no end to those disgusting rows and blackguard fights among the men. What are they to do of an evening, and especially of a Saturday evening? They go to "The Blue Pig" or "The Spittoon and Opera-Glass," sing a few songs, talk a lot of absurdity which they call politics, gradually get drunk, quarrel, and nearly kill each other. Now, what I say is this, that if they (meaning the authorities) would convert that Mechanics' Institution into a theatre, procure appropriate scenery, get a company together, and play Shakspeare and the legitimate drama, they would do a great deal more good than having a lot of half-starved lecturers raving away about mineralogy, electro-biology, botany, mesmerism, and the laughing-gas. Not that I disparage science and useful information; but what I propose is—Give 'em real amusement and instruction blended. Play "Macbeth" or "Richard the Third" on a Saturday night; protract the entertainment till the public-houses close, and "The Blue Pig" and "The Spittoon and Opera-Glass" will sell less beer; and the men, going home with more money in their pockets and with clearer brains, will be more agreeable with their families on the Sundays.'

George and I had been discussing a shameful fight, which had taken place the evening previous, between two miners, in which one of them had received serious injuries about the head.

'I quite agree with you, my dear fellow,' I answered; 'but how could it be done? There is no theatre in the town; and it is absurd to suppose that the Mechanics' Institution would be let for such a purpose; besides, we could not get a company to come once a-week; and it could not be kept up every night.'

'Look here!' said George, putting down his pipe, and laying his hand solemnly and affectionately on my shoulder. 'It can be done. You and I get up a company and make the experiment. I have thought of it; and it can be done. We can easily get the Twister Hall fitted up for a trifle. It was originally intended for a theatre; and is half finished as such.'

'Agreed,' I answered, pleased with the idea; and we drained the jug to the success of our philanthropic scheme on behalf of the unenlightened and truculent inhabitants of Foggyton.

The play was to be 'Othello'—Octavius Bradd being selected to represent the credulous Moor; and Sylvanus Togg the crafty Iago.

Bradd alias Murphy was a native of Dublin; minus an eye, and prided himself on his resemblance to his great countryman, Mr. C. V. Crook.

Togg alias Smith was born in a court off Fleet-street, and would have preferred the part of *Hamlet*, from the fact of his extraordinary resemblance, as his friends and admirers informed him, to the elder Kean in that character.

These were to be our two leading men. Both were shoemakers; and each felt that he had mistaken his trade, and that the delineation of leading tragedy character on the stage was his proper vocation.

Ikey or Isaac Morris—who was an authority amongst all the young patricians of Foggyton in matters concerning dress; who had a taste for genteel comedy; and who made a neat little income out of the colouring of meerschaum pipes for ambitious smokers—agreed to play *Brabantio*, on consideration of having a 'heavy swell' in the second piece.

John Brown, Junior, our mortar-boy, had a predilection for buffo singing, and was only restrained from 'coming out' altogether in the comic line of business, and running off to London, from fear of being followed up and captured by Mr. John Brown, Senior, who was a temperance lecturer, and had an aversion to amusements of any kind, more especially theatrical. Mr. Brown, Junior, used deeply to deplore the fact of his being a minor, and incapable of individual responsibility. To him I imparted our dramatic scheme. He jumped at the idea, offered to sing 'The maniac dustman,' and give his wonderful imitations of the cries of various domestic animals.

The principal female character was to be undertaken by Miss Murphy, Bradd's sister, who promised to bring other two ladies who assisted her during the day at the making up of babies' fancy caps.

Our next difficulty was the afterpiece. Morris, who was security for the bills and the rent of the theatre, insisted upon having his light comedy part. Togg had a drama of his own, the whole of the incidents of which were to take place in the bowels of the earth. Bradd was of opinion that an exhibition of sparring would be the thing. Togg was nearly resigning, in consequence of Blythe and I respectfully but firmly declining to have anything to do with his drama; the principal objections being its length, the hazy nature of the plot, and the impossibility of representing the chief incident or sensation scene—a fight between two of the principal characters, suspended in a basket, half way down a coal-pit.

It was at last decided that the nautical drama of 'The Midnight Bell' should be performed; which, with a proper amount of blue fire, cutlasses, long sea-boots, red cravats, and striped shirts, would be likely to go off well. It possessed this advantage, that there were two heavy characters in the piece—the amount of villainy being pretty well balanced. This was a consideration, on account of the intense rivalry which existed between Messrs. Togg and Bradd, each having the most profound contempt for the other's talents. There was a virtuous lieutenant to be played by Morris. In the last piece, Blythe was to take *Scravage* and Morris *Yawland* in the vaudeville of 'Pale Ale, or The Reason Why.' All the characters had been got together by the exertions of the last-named gentleman.

We occupied three weeks at rehearsal; and at the end of that time the dresses were ready, the proof-sheet of the bill in our possession, the theatre in order, and the scenery in capital working condition.

We had a grand dress rehearsal a week before the performance was to come off, at which the whole of the members and supernumeraries were present. Mr. Togg, as *Othello*, was arrayed in a long night-gown, originally of a bright red colour, but which had been reduced by repeated washing and boiling to a sickly yellow; a turban, with flashing tin diamonds, ornamented his head; and round his neck was slung a broad leather belt, which looked as if it belonged to some part of a donkey's harness

—suggesting the idea that Mr. Togg was in the coal trade and the proprietor of a cart. Red tights, yellow slippers manufactured by himself, and a steel chain encircling his waist, from which a basket-hilted sword was pendent, completed his attire. His face was, by means of burned cork and grease, dyed to the deepest black, and shone like a fresh-polished fire-grate.

The fair *Desdemona*, who was about four inches taller than her liege lord, arrayed herself in a low-bodied muslin dress, and took her hair out of paper for the occasion. She was supported by Miss Bleaky, similarly attired, with the exception that her dress, instead of being pure white, was dotted with black spots.

Mr. Bradd as *Iago* was immense. He aimed at originality and freedom from the traditionary conventionalities of the part. He was of opinion that *Iago* was not the cynical ruffian he was generally thought to be; but should be represented as counterfeiting a jovial frankness of manner. Freedom and naturalness were what he said were wanted in portraying the part. Accordingly, at rehearsal, his reading was generally accompanied with profuse gesticulation, swaying of the arms, slapping on the shoulders, and elegant *poises*, with his legs carelessly thrown across the back of a chair, resting on the table, or himself seated on a barrel—which he insisted should be put upon the stage to give something of reality to the out-door scenes. His decided Irish accent, and the confidential manner in which he related his meditated villainies, emphasised with profuse working of the forefinger, nods with the head, and knowing winks with his remaining eye, gave a decidedly fresh and highly original effect to the soliloquies.

He wore for the occasion an immense oakum wig, with curls flowing over his shoulders, and which he dexterously contrived should come over his cheek, so as to conceal as much as possible the physical defect of the loss of the left eye; yellow bag trousers, brought in tight at the knees, and white stockings downwards to his shoes, which were also yellow, with brass buckles; the jacket, part of a soldier's coat of the time of George the Fourth, buttoned tight to his waist; and over the left shoulder was thrown a small blue velvet cloak. He had in his possession an old naval cocked hat, which he trimmed up, and wore jauntily stuck on the side of his head. A broad black leather belt encircled his waist, and served as a rack to support an old revolver, three daggers, and an immense basket-hilted claymore which reached to a quarter of an inch from the ground. His jet-black mustache and imperial contrasted beautifully with the tarry colour of his hair.

Togg sneered at the incongruity of the costume; but Bradd only affirmed that the general effect was striking, which was all that was requisite.

The venerable *Brabantio* was taken in hand by Mr. Morris; and he attired himself for the part by putting on a tow wig—to represent extreme age—fierce cork mustache and whiskers, rolling up his trousers to the knee, putting on a pair of old Wellington boots, which were too large for him, and the legs of which swayed to and fro when walking. Over his ordinary dress he threw a large horse blanket; and his attire was complete.

John Brown, Junior, was to play *Roderigo*; and Mr. Adolphus Bullock—a friend of Bradd's—*Cassio*. Mr. Brown, Junior, considered that a striped racing-jacket which he possessed, blue woollen stockings drawn over the knees, lady's cloth boots, and a fire-brigade helmet, formed a correct representation of a young Venetian noble.

man of the period. His weapon was a huge brass-handled cut-throat; and he also carried a dagger, horse-pistol, and telescope.

Cassie was dressed by his friend Bradd. His make-up would have done better for *Julius Caesar* or *Marc Antony*—consisting of flesh-coloured tights, sandals, tunic, High-land claymore, and a jockey's cap.

George and I were to represent all the officers, soldiers, attendants, &c.; and also to look after the working of the scenery.

The only extra wardrobe required for the naval drama was a lieutenant's dress, which Morris had made new for himself, at a cost of six guineas—so zealous was he to do every justice to the part.

The last rehearsal of both pieces went off well. All were excellently posted up in their parts; and we had every prospect of a successful debut. Exactly one week before the important event, the entire *dramatis personæ* supped together on the stage of the theatre—the viands being prepared at 'The Blue Pig.' After supper, Morris rose and read the proof-sheet of the bill, which was as follows:—

THEATRE-ROYAL, FOGGYTON.

(Late Twister Hall.)

THE OTWAY GENTLEMEN'S DRAMATIC AMATEUR CLUB

beg to inform THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF FOGGYTON that their first performance will take place in the Theatre-Royal Twister Hall, on

SATURDAY THE 27TH SEPTEMBER,

and, from the first-class amateur talent which will be brought forward, combined with

NEW SCENERY, MAGNIFICENT DRESSES & DECORATIONS, and a judicious selection of pieces, they hope to be greeted with a bumper house.

The performances will commence with Shakspeare's celebrated Tragedy of

OTHELLO, OR THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Othello, Mr. Sylvanus Togg.

Iago, Mr. Octavius Bradd.

Desdemona, Miss Madeline Bradd.

After which, that rising Low Comedian, Mr. John Brown, Jun. will give his wonderful Imitations of the cries of various Domestic Animals, such as

THE PIG, THE HEN, THE ASS;

and an authentic account of the Salaries of the principal Actors and Actresses of the Metropolis; and dance his truly astounding **PORTUGUESE PALKE JIG.**

To be followed by the Nautical Drama of **THE MIDNIGHT BELL.**

Black Rupt of the Cliff, Mr. Togg.

Death's-Head, the Pirate, Mr. Bradd.

Lacy Power, Miss Theresa Bleaky.

Lieutenant Spitfire, Mr. J. Morris.

The whole to conclude with the interesting Vandeville of **PALE ALE, OR THE REASON WHY.**

Admission—Pit, 4d.; Gallery, 2d.

N. B.—No dogs or children admitted.

The next morning all the dead walls in Foggyton had broken out in a rush of our bills—in green, blue, yellow, white—in fact, all the colours of the rainbow.

Our hearts beat high as the eventful day drew nigh. At last Saturday arrived; and at half-past six o'clock the doors of the theatre are opened and admit the audience. In a quarter of an hour the house is crowded in every part. Bradd has engaged a friend of his, an ex-prizefighter, to take the money; and though there are rather more children and dogs than we calculated upon, still, we feel on the whole that it is to be a success.

Behind the scenes everything is now in readiness—the tackle in working order, the stage swept, the characters dressed and ready to go on; and, punctually at seven o'clock, the curtain is drawn up, and Messrs. Bradd and John Brown, Junior, walk on as *Iago* and *Roderigo*.

It is not a cheer or a laugh which greets them on fronting the audience; but an amalgamation of a cheer, a yell, and a laugh. The effect from the pit is good; and the audience wait patiently for the opening words.

John Brown, Junior, has evidently swallowed something, however, which seems to stick in his throat. He looks at the audience, gasps, glares at Bradd, and whispers huskily, '*My father is on the second seat from the back, and sees me. I must be off!*' He actually does meditate retreating; but Bradd—with a significant clenching of the fists, and an assault-and-battery look in his eye—whispers, '*Don't mind your father. Go on. I'll murder you if you dare move!*' The fright, however, has made him forget the preliminary conversation; and so, without further ado, he shouts out, '*What ho! Brabantio! Signor Brabantio! thieves, thieves!*' As this contemptuous disregard for the text of the play has put Bradd out of a considerable portion of his speech, that injured individual is rather annoyed, not to say incensed; and in crossing over takes the liberty of giving him a kick on the ankle, muttering something about his being a 'murdering fool.' Mr. Brown, Junior, however, feeling that he is in the wrong, does not resent it; and as he has discovered that the party whom he thought was his father is only the editor of the *Foggyton Union-Jack*, he is at ease, and prepares to go cheerfully into the part.

The noble *Brabantio*, with praiseworthy promptitude, squeezes his head through the pigeon-hole, requesting to know the meaning of this terrible summons. 'What is the matter here?' Next follows the query as to whether his doors are locked or not. The venerable *Brabantio* is, however, in too distressed a state to favour them with a reply. The scene which represents the residence of that noble Venetian runs along the side of the stage, and is supported by a chair and ropes at each end. Now, whether it—Mr. Morris's head—had swelled in consequence of his superhuman attempts to restrain his merriment at the truly singular appearance of Mr. Bradd, is uncertain; but certain it is that, on making the attempt, he found it impossible to get it back. Add to this the fact that the chair, on the topmost back spar of which he was standing, threatened to overbalance from the uneasy shifting of his feet, and fancy the feelings of the parent of the gentle *Desdemona*. Strangulation, or at least dislocation of the neck, was almost certain. He was rapidly turning black in the face. Messrs. Bradd and Brown, Junior, were posturing on the stage, unable to account for his silence. He was just on the point of explaining, when he felt that in another moment the chair would fall. With one last frantic pull, and a 'wild, heart-broken shriek,' he succeeded in extricating his head; but, in doing so, overtoppled the chair, and down came the whole of the scene, himself on the top, striking and covering up *Iago* and *Roderigo*—like a flash of lightning, as Mr. Bradd afterwards pathetically described it.

Here follows a scene of dire confusion which threatens to dash all our hopes. The audience are on their seats, yelling and screaming with laughter, and the dogs and children join in. Mr. Bradd, in his blind wrath, and with the scene still covering him, crawls to the unfortunate Brown, and so mauls that unhappy low comedian that for a month or six weeks any attempt at exe-

cutting a Portuguese prize jig would have been an act of sheer madness.

Several of the audience nearest to the stage jump up and assist in replacing the scene; and in about ten minutes everything is in order. Mr. Bradd now darts on to the stage, and makes an apology to the audience, contriving to extend it to a short speech; in which he touches upon the increasing importance of Foggyton with regard to the mineral wealth of the country, glances at the present state of European politics, and mentions the cheering fact of an early reduction in the price of the quartern loaf!

By the time he has finished, the members have got ready, and it is determined to go on with the Senate scene—Mr. Brown, Junior, having with great difficulty been appeased.

No sooner does Morris appear before the assembled potent, grave, and reverend seigniors, than a fat-faced, jolly-looking party in the pit rises up and solemnly proposes—'A cheer for Boots! Boots for ever!—escaped uninjured.' Instead of feeling grateful for this friendly interest in his welfare, *Brabantio* pulls his martial blanket around him, and favours the fat-faced, jolly-looking man with a most determined scowl, meant to cover him with confusion. 'The same to you,' says the fat-faced, jolly-looking man, nodding to him, and imitating the action of a person drinking a glass of wine. 'Polish yer boots?' shouts another party at the back. 'Why don't you chalk yer mustache?' cries a baker. 'Hurra! Blankets!' shouts a small boy. 'Inform his mother—he's been sent to the wash with it!'

Their attention is, however, drawn from him by the entrance of *Othello*. The talented Togg is greeted with a universal shout of laughter; and the epithets, 'Bones!' 'Uncle Sam!' 'Jim along Josey!' freely applied. He preserves his equanimity, however; and gradually the audience cool down, and they are allowed to proceed. Everything now goes on smoothly. The Senate scene is done well; though, strange to say, and to Mr. Togg's extreme disgust, it is not applauded—strange, because whenever Morris has finished any part of his 'talking,' the most determined and enthusiastic applause follows. It is evident that the tow wig, the blanket, and the Wellington boots have given a *prestige*; and the noble Moor is considered quite a subsidiary character.

Bradd's soliloquies are also listened to favourably.

Another little incident, affecting Togg in particular, threatens to seriously disturb the proceedings. The Moor—his jealousy now fully awakened through the artful insinuations of *Iago*—is alone on the stage, giving way to one of his wild bursts of passion, and writhing under the conviction of his wife's perfidy. He is just at the most passionate part of the speech—clasping his brow convulsively, and riveting his agonised gaze on the precise spot on the ceiling where the ventilator *ought* to be; when a fierce bull-dog, intentionally or accidentally escaping from its owner, with a savage yell makes a bound on to the stage and fixes its teeth in his dress. To pull out his sword is, for *Othello*, the work of a moment; and he is about to run it into the animal when the owner, a truculent-looking fighting man, rushes on to the stage. 'Lay a finger on the dawg and I'll choke you.' 'Take it off, then,' shouts Togg, his blood fully up, 'or I'll cut it in pieces, and you too.'

The owner at last succeeds in getting its grip loosened, by the process of putting a little snuff on its nose; and, pitching it over to a companion in the pit, tucks up his wristbands, and manifests an intention of inflicting

bodily chastisement on the injured Moor; but he is kept at bay with the sword, and a threat that, if he attempts any violence, it will be run into him. The audience, however, order him (the owner) off the stage; and he thinks proper to comply with their request, assuring Togg that he will see him at the end of the performance.

Bradd again walks on and explains that unless order is preserved it will be impossible to go on. Tranquillity being once more restored, the piece goes on without interruption till it reaches that part where the great scene between *Othello* and *Iago* takes place.

In his zeal, the outraged Moor grasps rather tightly at *Iago's* throat; and, we are sorry to record it, that crafty individual so far forgets himself as to seize him in return by the hair of the head, and deal him a severe blow on the nose. *Othello*, now roused in earnest, returns the blow on *Iago's* mouth, which draws blood; after which they both close, fall, and roll from one end of the stage to the other, struggling desperately. The audience, thinking this part of the play, applaud fiercely. Both of the combatants are again on their feet; and *Othello*, with his arms in the most approved pugilistic attitude, rushes upon *Iago*, who, with wonderful presence of mind, whips off his wig and dashes it right into his face. This has the effect of nearly blinding him, and the opportunity is followed up by *Iago* butting in, headwards, at his stomach, and prostrating him on his back!

John Brown, Junior, Morris, *Amelia*, and the fair *Desdemona* now rush on to the stage, and endeavour to separate them; *Othello*, however, determined to be revenged, appeals to the audience to see fair play.

In mercy let us drop the curtain on the scene of dire confusion which ensued. Sufficient be it to observe that it was a decided and expensive failure. George and I are sadder and wiser men; and there has not since been another attempt, in Foggyton, 'to hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure.'

R. L. G.

A YOUNG LADY'S CARDIPHONIA IN THE LAST CENTURY (Continued).

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

'May 3.

'Why did I go on that foolish errand to the churchyard with that finished man of the world for companion? Of course, though he said little, he knew every turn of thought I experienced during the whole time; and now he dances attendance on me more closely than ever. I will not endure it any longer. This very day commences an entirely new system. What is the use of a girl who cannot assert her own will in a matter of this kind? Jessica! tell Thomas to get out the pony-chaise; I have visits to pay, and must be off immediately. Oh, the delight of feeling one's own mistress—free, completely free, to do what I like and care for whom I please!

'May 10.

'Everything goes on charmingly; and Lionel, I trust, is fast finding his level, in so far at least as I am concerned. I can see that papa and mamma demur considerably to my new line of action; but they will soon acknowledge the reasonableness of letting me take my own way.

'Meeting Fanny Musgrave the other morning at old Mrs. Swinton's, she showed me her new filly—a beautiful creature of a rare mottled gray—and begged me to make trial of her. I mounted directly, and was off at a brisk pace down the avenue towards the high road. Here I encountered Captain Swinton on his fine chestnut steed, who proposed—half jest half earnest—that I should extend my lease of the filly, and strike out through the park-gate into the adjacent country. I was just in the mood for a frolic; so through the gate we went. We had not gone far, and I was chatting very gaily with my cavalier, when, as good luck would have it, up came my cousin on foot, and on his way to the Castle. We stopped an instant to exchange civilities; and then I gave a little impatient flourish with my riding-whip, and smiling to the Captain in signal that I wanted no further delay, we were off again at a sharp trot. As for Harcourt, he looked so queer and amazed, as he stood transfixed, staring after us—oh, it was a most excellent sight! (*Memo.*—Stroke the first of my new policy.)

'My spirits, which were good before, rose immensely; and after making a charming detour of more than half-an-hour, we returned to Mrs. Swinton's. I restored the filly to Fanny, and drove home in the carriage with mamma—the Captain riding all the way by the side of it, and making himself appear even more silly than usual, poor man! And upon my account, too!

'Next day, we had a large dinner-party, and Lionel of course arrived among the first. Knowing his custom, I did not go down early, as I used to do—when he never failed to engage me in conversation, and so escort me to the dining-hall; but descended, after a most elaborate toilette, close upon the announcement of dinner. Thus was my cousin's old plan completely foiled; for I got involved in such a crowd of friendly salutations on my entrance, that he vainly attempted to reach me; and Mr. Sebright having made a modest proffer of his services, I accepted his arm and seated myself at table between him and Sir Harry Marchmont. (*Memo.*—Stroke the second.) Behold Lionel, queer and amazed again, and I superabundantly talkative and vivacious!

'Yesterday morning we had just breakfasted, and nobody in the room but papa, who was reading the newspaper, when, attracted by a bright sun, I slipped out by the parlour window, which opens on the lawn. An exquisite day! Rain had fallen in the night; and now every bush and flower and blade of grass bloomed and sparkled in fresher beauty. Enticed by the delicious air, I was strolling most agreeably along, when a quick step came up behind me; then a voice,—

"Whither away, Laura?"

'I turned and confronted my cousin. He looked provokingly satisfied at having met me. Descanting on the loveliness of the day, he got into absolute rapture with the landscape, though he allowed he had seen finer in his travels; and ended by giving me an invitation from his mother to join a party to Eltham Abbey that very afternoon. I listened courteously; taking care, however, to be slowly retracing our steps towards the Castle as we talked. Of course I could not comply with any request made through his agency, and so give him cause for triumph. "I had no leisure," I said, "for the projected excursion; engagements at home; letters to write; a hundred things to do. I was sorry I could not accompany Lady Harcourt." So I

bade him a light good-by as we reached the house, and flew up stairs; determined to have a busy day without his society. (*Memo.*—Stroke the third.) Lionel again in perplexity, and myself happy in the thought of thus gradually slipping out of the meshes of the enemy.

'May 20.

'I think I have fairly piqued my cousin's pride at last, and driven him off the field. This is just as it should be. The schemes of the meddlers are baffled; and I am free as air! Lionel has not been here for days past;—and when I encounter him by chance, there is a quiet, grave recognition, and he moves on. What a relief!—no surveillance now; no dropping from the clouds to watch everything I do. Free! free! How delightful the change! Yet I have not gained the victory without considerable vigilance and determination. Positive opposition, indeed, I have had none. I expected remonstrance from mamma, but she says not a word; and papa is kind as ever. I thought, perhaps, Mdlle. Hortense would have observed my change of demeanour to my cousin, and dubbed me capricious; but she, too, is silent; and why? They are convinced at last that I will not be made a fool of; and they respect my spirit.

'Who dines with us to-day? Mr. Sebright among others. He will doubtless bring me the MS. song he promised me—an old Indian air—the words by himself. Shall I have flowers or jewels in my hair? *N'importe*. One thing is certain—I am in thrall to nobody.

My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne!

'May 24.

'What a stupid party we had last night at Lady Annealy's. Not a single man there worth either speaking to or dancing with. The viands were delicate enough—profuse indeed—and costly to a wish; but the mind needs food too, and there was literally none of it to be had for love or money. When will people learn to be more amusing before they invite others to their houses to be amused?

'May 29.

'A strange report has just reached me, which I scarce know how to credit. Grandmamma Arlington arrived last night from her seat in Wales, on a visit to the Castle. She had passed a few days with my aunt Harcourt on her way hither. As I was seated quietly at my embroidery last night, I overheard her telling mamma the most extraordinary piece of news. It seems she strongly suspects, from various circumstances, that my cousin Lionel has formed an attachment when abroad to a German lady, highly accomplished, but without fortune. This girl, moreover, is so very young that her parents refuse to sanction the marriage just yet. So a delay of two years has been proposed. Mamma was astounded at the information. And I—what did I care about it? Not a pin. So I gently opened the casement and leaned out to inhale the sweet evening air (for certainly the room felt rather close); and upon drawing in my head a few minutes thereafter, I found that the speakers had changed their topic. Then papa came in, and read aloud a long prosy speech, made by somebody in Parliament, upon malt duties or some such nonsense; and, after partaking of biscuits and negus, we all withdrew to our *chambres-au-coucher*.

'June 8.

'This morning is wet, and I feel strangely out of spirits. Heigh-ho! I wish I had a new novel—anything new! I hate old things; they look so universally melancholy. Even grandmamma's visit I don't enjoy

nearly so much as I expected. One day she asked, carelessly, "By-the-by, what has become of your cousin Lionel that I never see him here?" when mamma, interposing, answered for me in the same indifferent tone, "I think Laura and he have not been such good friends of late; and so he seldom comes."

'Seldom! thought I; why, he never comes. It is exactly a fortnight to-morrow since he called at the Castle; when, finding me playing over that Indian melody to Mr. Sebright, he merely exchanged the common courtesies, and disappeared. What did that look imply which he gave me on quitting the apartment? Serious it was—almost sad; sweet and kind, yet half reproachful too. A deep, earnest, indefinable look. Perhaps he deemed me whimsical, heartless. No matter; it is all over now.

'Grandmamma rallied me the other morning on the subject of lovers. She inquired the number of mine; and how many true, kind, noble hearts were among them. She never named Lionel as possible to be of the category; and though I longed to speak of him, and ask in my turn concerning his lady-love over the sea, somehow I could not. The words would not come. I wonder is she beautiful? Complexion dark or fair? Could she say of herself, as the poet hath it in his verse—

A German maid behold!
Mine eye is blue,
My hair is waving gold—
Heart warm and true!

'Heigh-ho! I guess the reason now why my cousin said he knew of fairer scenes than ours here in England. He remembered the Rhine, on whose banks the tale of love was spoken, and longed to be there once more; while I—O fool! fool!

"Are there any strangers below, Jessica?"

"Only Sir Harry Marchmont and Mr. Sebright."

"I will not go down."

"The milliner has just sent home your new bonnet, Miss Laura."

"I cannot look at it at present. My head aches, Jessica. Put some eau-de-Cologne on my temples, and leave me alone for awhile."

'Thirteen days since he was at the Castle! It is a long absence. Yet why should he come at all? Why did he ever come?

'June 11.

'Returning from the concert last night, papa fairly taxed me with flatness of spirits. I parried his remark with a joke. But how could I feel gay when I had just been listening to some of Haydn's finest airs? What an inexpressible melancholy there lies in exquisite music! The echoes of some of these symphonies (so sweet and mournful to the soul!) lingered about my heart for hours afterwards! And when I wakened up from a short sleep in the early morning, still the notes seemed wailing passionately in my ears!

'June 12.

'I love that old provençal verse of the Countess de Die. It is ever running in my mind now, though I used to count it but a wailing piece:—

Alas! alas! my song is sad.
How should it not be so,
When he who used to make me glad
Now leaves me in my woe!

The refrain is tender and touching. I can fancy well the pale, weary face looking out, day by day, and looking ever in vain! Wishing she were dead, mayhap. Oh, how truly I can sympathise with her!

'June 17.

'How long is it now since Lionel has been here?

To judge by my feelings, a year at least; but, in real point of time, about three weeks. Yet the circumstance is never remarked by anybody—his name is never mentioned in the house. Are they all turned in league against me? Did I use him ill? Was he disgusted with my caprice? No, no; I forgot. His wishes are all centred in that foreign *inamorata*; and I was the mere plaything of a day.

'Mamma has just left my boudoir. She says, inquiringly, "Laura! your cheek is losing its wonted bloom and your mind its native *esprit*. How is this, my child? Are you well? Will you go to Wales with your grandmamma when she leaves us a few days hence?"

"Mamma, I will do anything—go anywhere you please; but I am perfectly well."

"Your aunt Harcourt is to be here to-day. I will consult her about you."

'I almost started at the magic name. And oh! how I longed to say to mamma, "When is Lionel going to wed that German beauty?" But somehow I could not speak the words. So she kissed me kindly and left me.

'What strange beings we are! I cannot look at that hat of mine with the broken scarlet feather but my heart grows sick. Will Lady Harcourt come to-day, and shall I hear anything to interest me?

'My aunt has been here, and closeted with mamma and grandmamma for more than an hour. She is gone; and I have heard no news! To-morrow we are promised to dine at Mrs. Swinton's. I will not go. Captain Swinton has grown absurd and conceited beyond bearing. How unlike some men I have known, who had seen the world and profited by their experience!—men of large, liberal views—deeply versed in human nature, and yet full of poetry and romance! Heigh-ho! That is a pretty sentiment, "To be loved in life is much, but to be loved in death is more!" Hortense is soon going away back to Switzerland. Everybody seems forsaking me.'

(To be continued.)

WILL MURDER OUT?

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE would think that, of all trades going, the trade of murder is the most unprofitable, as it is undoubtedly the most perilous. It is a common saying that 'Murder will out'; and that it does come out at times, in ways the most curious and Providential, is certain. There would really seem to be few things in this world more difficult than surreptitiously to dispose of a dead body. Some years ago, a learned professor in Boston tried it and failed. Can we wonder, then, at the non-success which so often attends the efforts of less scientific murderers, on finding themselves alone with the silent victims and witnesses of their guilt? Two at least of Shakspeare's mightiest tragedies—'Macbeth' and 'Hamlet'—appear intended to illustrate the moral that murder will not hide. Godwin's novel of 'Caleb Williams' and Coleman's play of 'The Iron Chest' have apparently a like design; and the same may be said of Bulwer Lytton's story and Thomas Hood's poem of 'Eugene Aram.' Every successive murder which fills the newspapers, and is a town's talk—or, it may be, a world's wonder—seems, in like manner, to demonstrate the impossibility of concealing mangled corpses or washing out bloody stains. True, murderers often escape the

hangman's noose, either through the cunning with which they have done their work, or through the tender-heartedness of juries. But murders, according to the popular notion, inevitably transpire; and with them all the enormous risks of detection and punishment for the murderers.

Yet, in spite of what appears to be the overwhelming chances against secrecy and impunity, we find 'the bloody house of life' (to quote Shakspeare's phrase) invaded with as much frequency—we had almost said as much periodical regularity—as if the chances were altogether on the other side. The public press is seldom without its engrossing murder or murders. People descant and congratulate themselves on the certainty with which crimson footsteps are tracked; and marvel at the infatuation which marks every new instance of blood-guiltiness. The question is again and again forced upon us, and upon every man who gives the matter a moment's thought—Do murders ever, in any single instance, pass unnoticed, or without awful perils and still more awful fears to the perpetrators?

We think it probable that the generally-accepted axiom, 'Murder will out,' is not of universal application. No doubt, when a man is murdered, he is likely to be missed by some one. Byron says—

'There is a tear for all who die—
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;'

and it is assuredly difficult to conceive of any human being so utterly forlorn but that his disappearance will excite inquiry. Thus, then, in addition to the chances of the body being discovered—wholly or in part—to tell its own dreadful tale, there is the still greater chance of a clue to the murder being found and followed up, from the simple fact of the murdered individual leaving a blank somewhere. Nevertheless, we cannot avoid arriving at the painful conclusion that there must be many murders perpetrated that are never found out, and never even suspected. It is of course vain to attempt to prove the occurrence of deeds incapable of proof. Steam is invisible; yet the instant we let it forth to speak for itself it becomes visible vapour, and refuses to the physical senses its invisible property. In like manner, how can we drag secret murders to the light to demonstrate that secret murders are perpetrated? The very act would be destructive of the argument. Our position is that many murders *must* occur, the occurrence of which is wholly unknown; and which, if known, would cease to belong to that class of murders. In the main, we admit this to be a guess; but it is at the same time a guess probable in itself, and, indeed, founded on data leading directly 'to the door of proof.' For example, how often do murders come to light which, but for some slight accident, would have remained unrevealed until the Day of Judgment! From such casual liftings-up of the curtain behind which such crimes are enacted, may we not infer the existence of a bloody interior on one side or other—perhaps near us, perhaps far off; but into which no human eye is ever permitted to penetrate?

These remarks have been suggested by a remarkable incident related in the 'Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi,' the clown. Joe, who belonged to a theatrical family, had a younger brother named John, who manifested an early repugnance to the stage, and determined to become a sailor. The latter accordingly obtained, through the good offices of a friend, a situation in an East Indian man-of-war lying in the river. No sooner, however, had he got on board, with everything prepared for the voyage, than

his eye alighted on a man-of-war about to drop down to Gravesend with the tide, while his own vessel was not to sail for ten days. A sudden impulse seized him; he slid into the water, swam to the king's ship, entered himself as a seaman or cabin-boy under a feigned name; and went off, whither his friends knew not, leaving behind him his entire kit, which had cost upwards of £50. This was in 1789, after which fourteen years elapsed without a syllable being heard of him. He was of course supposed to be dead; and all inquiries regarding him, and all tears lamenting him, had ceased after a decent interval of time. Perhaps the runaway had been something of a scapegrace. At all events, Joe Grimaldi continued to make riddle faces, and tumble head over heels, and cry, 'Here we are!' and keep the town in a roar, and take comical short-cuts to a broken-down constitution and a premature old age, as if no mysterious family tragedy had happened!

Nor had it happened yet. The hard-working, strong-feeling, and laughter-moving son of Momus made great circles of merriment—especially as each succeeding Christmas came round—with no premonition of the startling and bewildering glimpse he was to obtain of his long-lost brother, at the end of fourteen years, prior to his vanishing again—suddenly and unaccountably—into an obscurity wholly and for ever impenetrable. It was one night towards the middle of November 1803, when Grimaldi was performing at Drury-lane, that he was told two gentlemen desired to see him at the stage-door. He was passing from the green-room to the stage at the moment; and he accordingly sent back a message that the gentlemen would require to wait. On going down, as soon as he was at leisure, to see who wanted him, he observed two young men, in fashionable and showy evening dress—consisting of a blue body-coat with gilt buttons, a white waistcoat, and tight pantaloons—one of whom, with visage bronzed by southern suns, accosted him in frank and familiar terms. A few exclamations of surprise and hurried explanations followed. It was no other than John Grimaldi, the fugitive sailor-boy; now the full-grown and seemingly thriving man. The scene of recognition and of fraternal greeting, enacted at the stage-door, would have been effective on the stage. Joe shed tears of joy; and was taking him up stairs, when the friend who accompanied him, and who had not, in the excitement of the moment, been introduced, abruptly took his leave, arranging that he should see him next morning at ten. The incomparable clown went through the remainder of his performance in an agitated state; while his brother talked freely with the other performers in the green-room, and also with Joe whenever he was off the stage. In answer to inquiries, he boasted of his success—of his riches even—and, pointing to his breast-pocket, said, 'At this moment I have six hundred pounds here!' On Joe throwing out a hint as to the danger of his carrying so much money about with him, he laughed, and said, 'We sailors know nothing about danger.' He added that even if it were all lost, he 'would not be penurious.' Subsequently, he exhibited a coarse canvas bag filled with coin, which he carefully replaced in his pocket. It likewise appeared that he had not been more than two or three hours in town, having merely tarried to get some dinner, and then hurried straight to the theatre. He expressed himself eager to see his mother, whose address he obtained; but as Joe was not to appear in the after-piece, it was arranged that they should visit the old lady together. Joe made all haste to change his dress, leaving

his brother meanwhile on the stage. When, however, he emerged from his dressing-room, ready to leave, he found the latter gone. Several of the actors, of whom he inquired, had seen him 'not a minute ago.' The porter at the stage-door had observed him pass out 'not a minute back.' Joe was annoyed; but waited, expecting him every moment to return. He then walked up and down the street; came back to the stage-door; began to get uneasy; and could not understand what had become of him. The hour waxed late, and the puzzle proportionally increased. It then struck him that, as he had occupied some time in changing his dress, his brother might have stepped out in his impatience, and visited a Mr. Bowley, who lived close at hand, and with whom he had been a bosom friend in boyhood. This was a lucky guess. He had been there, but was gone. The direction in which he had proceeded was also pointed out. It was Duke-street. Grimaldi followed this clue with all speed—knocking up the family of a Mr. Bailey, their old landlord, and learning that a gentleman with 'a white waistcoat' had been there before him, knocking and ringing violently, but had not been admitted. Not without a vague feeling of apprehension, he ran back to the theatre, thinking he must surely have gone there; but he had not been seen. Again he set out to various other places in the neighbourhood which he thought it possible he might have visited. In vain. Returning once more to the theatre, he found the establishment shutting up for the night. His brother had not been there. What could such strange conduct mean?

But now the idea occurred to Grimaldi that his brother, thinking he had missed him, must have gone straight to their mother's home himself. Reassured by this notion, he lost no time in proceeding thither; but merely to throw her into a swoon with the news of her son John's reappearance, in sound health, 'and with money enough to make all their fortunes.' On recovering, she insisted on Joe going to bed—fatigued as he was with his night's performance and his fruitless chase—while she sat up alone to await the return of the wanderer. She did so; but the morning found her still alone. The wanderer did not appear. He did not appear that night. He did not appear the night after; nor the next night; nor yet the next. A week passed, and he appeared not. He never appeared again. The Admiralty instituted inquiries; the police ransacked all London; powerful friends were not wanting to aid in prosecuting the search. Vain, vain. The poor sailor was as much gone as if he had been swept overboard, in a tempest, into the seething surges of the Atlantic. Some suggested that he had been carried off by a press-gang; but the general conviction was that he had been murdered, and that the friend who accompanied him to the theatre, and could not afterwards be found, must have been privy to his fate. There could, indeed, be little doubt that John Grimaldi had been killed for his cash; and that, in fact, his ostentatious prosperity had been the occasion of his secret death.

Here, then, is an instance of a probable murder, occurring in the heart of the metropolis, and conducted, on the part of the murderer or murderers, with perfect secrecy and success. Here, in a word, was a murder which would not out. No doubt the unfortunate stranger was missed, for the city was made to ring with the sudden mystery of his disappearance. But suppose he had been entrapped, robbed, and put out of sight an hour or two earlier—before he had reached Drury-lane and been seen by his brother and by the friends of his brother at the theatre—what then? Acknowledge that possible, and we are at

once furnished with a case of secret murder, with no poisoned or wounded body discovered, with no friends distracted, with no inquiries instituted, with no noise made, and with absolutely nothing of the crime known, except to that Great Eye of the Universe from which nothing whatever is hid!

Are there many such secret murders? Is it only a few of such crimes that find their way into the newspapers? Are there monsters walking about, enjoying large prosperity from anonymous sources, at whose very names the world would shudder if they knew all? We know not; we hope not. We can never know; we can only hope. But it is well, in the midst of the misgivings and the alarms and the horrors thus suggested, to cherish a generous faith in the undoubted good that is in human nature, and that seeks for vent and exercise through a thousand channels—the more honourable when *they* are secret; and which has, for these many years, been engaged in making the world better; and that, too, with so much practical diligence, that we are surprised there should still be a tendency, even among the inherently base and brutal, towards poisonous deadly draughts, terrific bloody knives, and savage remorseless blows.

TO A CRITIC.

Throw down, my critic! that sore-wearied pen,
And let poor rhyming devils have some peace!
What matters it that o'er and o'er again
Your pedant imitates the songs of Greece?

Or married ladies, in three volumes mild,
Propound such happy theories of right:
Or reverence a hero dark and wild—
A heroine all rose-bloom and delight:

Tearful young gentlemen murmuring of dreams,
And dewdrops glistening on their pale one's bier—
Dressing their sorrow in all moonlit gleams,
And talking vaguely of a lonely mere?

Why murder all those innocents, and bring
Woe to their tender, unreflecting hearts?
Long may they sermonise, or prose, or sing;
Nor tremble at your courteous, cutting darts.

'Twill do the men no harm—the women good—
To vent their spleen upon a sheet of white;
For anger will not long for nobler food
When but allowed its grievances to write.

Throw down then, critic! that o'er-laboured quill;
And turn to little upturned eyes of blue,
That wonder what has made papa so ill
That he don't speak to Jack, and Kate, and Sue.

Turn to the little rosy cheeks that wait
To dimple into laughter clear and sweet;
While Jack your whisker pulls, and little Kate
Climbs up your knee with scarlet-slipped feet.

Turn to the open window, where the breeze
Comes sweeping in from uplands far and wide;
And grateful perfume of the apple trees
Bears in upon you in a wavy tide.

Throw down the quill! Go leap the meadow bars,
To feel the dewy coolness of the grass!
And breathe the fragrance of the campion stars,
That shine in trembling whiteness as you pass!

W. BLACK.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention, but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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LITERARY MISHAPS.

AN old countryman, recently visiting a printing-office, remarked to one of the compositors that he did not understand how they all came to be such good 'spellers.' Having been told they generally considered it as easy to spell correctly as not, and that from long practice it was unusual to make a mistake, he remarked, further, that he supposed them also to be conversant with every language that they might be called upon to put in type. This fact, for it is so, is quite reconcilable with the idea of another equally verdant gentleman—that a phonetic system of spelling would be an advantage; but as this could not now be of easy introduction, and might lead to much confusion, things will have to remain as they are, on the principle of one phonetic scribbler, that 'Wat kant b kurd must b ndurd.' Others, again, are so ignorant of the actual labour required in the production of books, that they think nothing can be easier. Instance the old lady who went into a bookseller's shop in Glasgow, asking for a 'big prent' Bible. After being shown several, none of which appeared of large enough type to satisfy her, she very coolly remarked, 'I'm gaun up the toun a bit, to buy some bits o' things, an' ye can jist pit your stampin' airns in the fire, an' hae ane ready for me as I come back.' Poor old lady! her ignorance was plain enough; but there are plenty as unreasonable in their demands at the hands of the printer—the mis-spelling of a proper name or the omission of a comma throws them into a state of mental agitation, and may perhaps beget a letter animadverting in strong terms upon the mistake to the publisher or editor of the work in question. Mistakes will happen in the best works, in spite of all the care which can be taken in their getting up by the printers. Yet they are not always in fault, for the author often leads them astray, by carelessly-written 'copy,' both in punctuation and spelling. One well-known American writer re-

commended that all authors should work for a time in a printing-office, as a means of reforming a diffuse style and incorrect punctuation—compositors becoming critically aware, in the picking up letter by letter of a long and complex sentence, of the best means of curtailing and strengthening sentences; and quick at detecting repetitions; to say nothing of the art of nice punctuation. It is part of a proof-reader's duty to mark a note of interrogation against any passage in a book preparing for press which he does not think is right, or when a sentence is incomplete. Authors profit by these quiet estimates of their meaning; and many a weak point, which might have marred a writer's reputation, has been set right by attention being drawn to it by the unobtrusive (?) of the proof-reader. Many a good work is sadly disfigured by the negligence of the authors in correcting their proofs; and others, again, are extremely diligent in making unnecessary alterations. Cases have been where one volume has grown into two by means of corrections, and others have had their price considerably heightened in consequence. It is recorded that both Milton and Addison were solicitous regarding the correction of their works in passing through the press. The satirical poet Churchill expressed himself rather energetically on this point, when he said 'that it was like cutting away one's own flesh;' while the manuscript of Julius Scaliger was so carefully prepared that the print corresponded with it—page for page and line for line. Ben Jonson was once requested to revise a sermon full of typographical errors; but he declined the task, and recommended that it should be sent to the House of Correction. Burke, the celebrated orator, was careless in regard to his MS.; for one of his most spirited effusions received so many corrections and interlineations, that the compositors refused to correct it, but took down the types and re-set the whole.

Now, all this does not proceed only from the many who write and publish; but the few who occupy the highest status in the literary world are equally to blame for all this extra labour. Lawyers of high standing send their MS. to the printers with technical phrases and legal terms mis-spelled and abbreviated, and expect the compositor to decipher and set it up in a readable condition. Divines of known ability leave their 'copy' without points or even 'caps,' to mark the beginning and end of sentences—thus giving much additional labour, and causing thereby much loss of time and temper. Were their works left in the same state in which they are frequently written, no one would attribute the fault to the author—the printers alone would be held accountable.

Most printers, however, endeavour to put forth their works in as careful a manner as possible. Stephens, a printer in Paris, of some celebrity for his classical editions, in order to secure perfect accuracy in his books, used to exhibit proof-sheets for public inspection—offering a reward to any one who could detect an error in them, so that it might be rectified before printing. Yet one of his editions of the Testament is known as the 'Pulres Edition,' from the

Latin word 'plures' being mis-spelled, owing to the transposition of the letter *l*. In the beginning of last century, two Glasgow citizens of the name of Foulis—also distinguished for their elegant printing—were actuated by a similar spirit; and, eager to produce an immaculate edition of Horace, caused the successive proof-sheets, after revision, to be hung up at the gate of the University—offering a reward for the discovery of any error. A well-known edition of Homer, published by them in 1756, has received great praise for its beauty and accuracy. Bishop Lowth could only find one error in it, and even this was a comparatively unimportant one. Gibbon has also praised this edition for the beauty of the type with which it is printed.

Before advertng to the literary mishaps peculiar to the newspaper press, we shall notice a few that have occurred in books, some of which may as fairly be attributed to the writer as to the printer. We may premise that the similarity in the spelling of some words, others with the difference of only a letter, and the comparative resemblance of their written conformation, are the most fruitful causes—the mistakes often having a fitness of themselves which, independently of the amusement they afford, is sometimes superior to that of mere incongruity. Thomas Moore happily hits off the liability of printers to commit errors, in the 'Fudges in England,' when he makes Fanny say—

'But a week or two since, in my "Ode to the Spring"—
Which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing—
Where I talked of the "dew-drops from freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "from fleshy-brown noses."'

Mr. Pyecroft relates the following conversation on this matter:—'Really,' said a printer to him, 'gentlemen should not place such unlimited confidence in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blinded reader of proofs; for I am ashamed to say that we utterly ruined one poet through a ludicrous misprint.'

'Indeed! And what was the unhappy line?'

'Why, sir, the poet intended to say—

"See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire!"

instead of which he was made to say—

"See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire!"

The reviewers, of course, made the most of so entertaining a blunder; and the poor poet was never heard of more in the field of literature.' The same gentleman also notices another singular error, in the passage quoted by Dr. Johnson as an authority under the verb 'to sit.' 'Asses are ye that sit in judgment' (Judges, v. 10). The verse is—'Speak! ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment, and walk by the way.'

A monkish writer of a work published in 1561—consisting of 172 pages of text and 15 of errata—attributed the mistakes to the wiles of Satan, who caused the printers to commit them; but he does not state whether it was the Gentleman in Black himself or his satellite—the printer's devil—who had his

finger in the 'pie.* The Bible itself has not escaped from these mishaps. One edition, printed many years ago, is known as the 'Vinegar Bible,' from the fact that the 'Parable of the Vineyard' is therein styled the 'Parable of the Vinegar.' Disraeli, in his 'Curiosities,' gives an account of a scandalous omission of the important negative in the Seventh Commandment. The printers were summoned before the Court of High Commission; and this 'not' served to bind them in a fine of £3,000. A prior circumstance had occurred which induced the Government at that time to be very vigilant on the Biblical press:—The learned Bishop Usher, going one day to preach at St. Paul's Church, entered a bookseller's shop and procured a Bible of the London edition. When he came to look at his text, to his astonishment and horror he discovered that the verse was altogether omitted from the copy he had got.

To which of the two, author or compositor, are we to attribute this vile misquotation of a line of Burns?

'New Tam! O Tam! had they been *queens!*'

Queens never were plentiful in Ayrshire, but it could not out many a bevy of

'Queens,

A' strapping lassies in their teens!

A book was published not long ago, in which some other example of public spirit and good citizenship was brought into comparison with the conduct of Cato and Brutus. This was the end of the paragraph, and no doubt was intended to have a good training effect; but, unfortunately, the two Roman names were printed Cats and Brutes!

In Pope's notes on 'Measure for Measure,' he says the story was taken from 'Cinthio,' dec. 8, nov. 5—making 8th decade and 5th novel. One of the many 'amendments' of Shakspeare thought fit, however, to omit these abbreviations; and we therefore read December 8, November 5! Pope has also been misquoted on another occasion, by some prosaic compositor who sought to bring the poet's idea within the limits of his own understanding, thus—

'Who could take offence,

When pure description held the place of *sense!*'

Word of 'the place of *sense.*'

In one of the many Christmas books published these days at that festive season, there was a passage to the effect that, though young ladies sometimes objected from coyness to be kissed under the mistletoe, they did not object to it under the nose—which we naturally understand to have meant 'under the rose.' We forget in what Radcliffian romance the following incident occurred:—The passage was a vigorous one—the scene well wrought up—the heroine was on the point of being sacrificed to the revenge of the villain of the story, when opportune aid arrived to rescue the fair damsel in the person of a knight riding on a war-horse! We should fancy that war horse was here meant.

The similarity of two written letters has led oc-

* *Re*—a printer's technicality for types mixed, disarranged, or out of order.

casionally to awkward mistakes—as the author of a temperance novel would find to his astonishment, when he saw that where he meant to say that 'drunkenness is folly,' it was rendered 'drunkenness is jolly!' Even the want of a comma may lead to strange results, as in a bill which was presented to a farmer, which ran—'To hanging two barn-doors and myself seven hours, 4s. 6d.' A recent critique upon 'Othello' has the following, showing how much the want of a comma may mar the sense of a passage:—'The Moor, seizing a bolster full of rage and jealousy, smothers her.' This reminds us of a very Irish epitaph, which places the brother of the deceased in a very awkward position—'Erected to the memory of John Philips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother.' A correspondent lately sent a piece of poetry to a newspaper, with these words:—'The following lines were written more than fifty years ago, by one who has for many years slept in his grave merely for his own amusement.'

Audubon's 'Ornithology' contains this sentence, which shows that authors do make strange slips at times:—'The earth was rent asunder in several places; one or two islands sunk for ever; and the inhabitants fled in dismay towards the eastern shores.' And Bulwer somewhere says—'I hear the vain shadows glide.'

In all works hurriedly produced, such as newspapers, there is, of course, a greater liability to commit errors; but, all things considered, newspapers are marvels of correct typography; and it cannot be doubted that the careful and painstaking method of reading over the proof-slips alone produces this result. These proofs frequently contain very curious errors—such as Paper-families for Paterfamilias; or, 'Eh! the Brute!' for 'Et tu Brute!' But these are generally set right, before printing, by the reader comparing the proof with the author's manuscript—supposing that this is itself correct, which is not always the case; and then it becomes the duty of a good reader to see that there are no inconsistencies in spelling, punctuation, abbreviations, &c. The hurry of production in the case of newspapers, were it not for this care, would be apt to produce many blunders. Imagine a telegram arriving at an early hour of the morning, containing important news which not only requires notice but a leading article! Two o'clock; first post at five; and country subscribers must be duly supplied. The fagged compositors—who have already about finished up the work required for the day's paper—shake up their nearly empty cases, and prepare for a hurry. Forth from the editorial room comes the MS.—two or three pages at a time—in a half-readable hand; and so on for a while till it is all out. Not a word is heard; not a sound but the low, silent whispering of the type as it is hurried into the composing-stick. When a part is ready, a proof is taken; and then the reader and his satellite are spinning over it. Corrected, it is revised by the editor; and it is then put into its place in the paper, which now is 'put to bed.' The wheels of the machine begin to revolve, and forth come the sheets; which are then folded, packed, and hurried off to the railway in nothing more than time.

Such being not unfrequently the case, the wonder is not that there are mistakes, but that there are so few. Of those which have occurred, we shall give a few specimens—premising that most of them occur from the causes already noticed. Thus, in an article upon the short-time agitation, some years ago, it was stated that a 'factory-boy was shaved to death' (*slaved*). Darwin may assert strange things; but the following, we imagine, does not enter into his catalogue of affinities—that 'ants reside in subterranean taverns' (*caverns*); or this—a live surgeon was caught in the Thames, and sold to the inhabitants (?) at sixpence the pound.' The Directors of the Indigent Old Men's Society in Edinburgh, on looking for the report of one of their annual meetings, some years ago, in the next morning's paper, were no doubt astonished to find it reported as the *Indignant* Old Men's Society. So with a learned bishop, who had been viewing the antiquities of an old church: he was stated to have expressed himself gratified with its *iniquities*. The animadversion of one newspaper upon a public officer—some parochial Bumble—which said that he had been 'tried in the balance and found *panting*,' was as likely to be correct as if it had been that he was 'found wanting.' A provincial paper says:—'Our account of the thunder-storm last week contained a slight mistake. Instead of hailstones as large as *pullets*, read *bullets*.' Another speaks of the excitement created by a recent highway *bobbery*. A gentleman was presented, according to one paper, with a silver medal, for *stealing* geraniums—seedling ones were meant. 'Many *confusions* of the limbs took place at a recent railway accident.' This same paper also stated that a lady had been cured 'by the Cheltenham *walters*.' Another, again, speaks of a Mr. Miller as being a member of 'the *Pease* Society.'

We have perhaps said enough, though the list might be easily extended. But are such things to be wondered at? Look on this picture of their ordinary difficulties:—An important county meeting takes place to-night, and subscribers will expect a full report with the morrow's papers. Imagine, then, the reporters who have attended returning per train, in a jolting carriage, at an express rate—each busy transcribing his phonetics into long hand with a pencil. Fancy this crumpled mass of paper, only half intelligible, and blurred, put into the compositors' hands, set up, corrected, and put to press in very little more time than an ordinary person would take to read over the same! Yet this is comparatively a common case with daily papers. And there is not a public speaker who will deny that he is indebted to the reporters for the manner in which they have rounded off a sentence left incomplete in the speaker's hurry; or used the pruning-knife with skill in the excision of some twice or thrice repeated phrase. Now, is it not astonishing that such fair and correct reports are given? Of a truth it is; and the public are much beholden to them and the compositors for the correctness which in general marks the productions of the modern press; and ought to exercise a little of that charity which is not easily offended in their strictures upon all such Literary Mishaps.

D.

THE INVESTITURE OF THE HOSE.

I dedicate these songs to those
Who bore the Babe and wove the Hose.

BIRTH OF THE BABE.

It was an April morning about the middle of the month. As I lay dreaming of greening hedges, and bursting and blowing buds, I was awakened by a muffled whisper, just like the rustle of a new leaf brushed by the downy wing of a bird. Yet, in spite of the shrinking delicacy and tenderness of the voice, it possessed a subtle depth and power; and therefore I rose quickly and silently, as if on the wings of a strong instinct that seemed to anticipate volition.

The morning, although not quite dark, was yet so overshadowed by the lingering night that the indefinite streaks of silver, which the dawn was endeavouring to write on the black wall of the east, were still powerless to waken a suspicion of morning even in the soul of the lark. Cold and mystical silence, therefore, reigned over the face of the earth. As I hurried along the streets for Dr. Plato, the raw air laid its damp lips upon my face and made me shudder. Up in the chill heavens the very stars seemed to shiver, and began to assume a ghastly aspect, as if conscious of the imminent dawn. The streets and squares were shadowy, and almost soundless; there was just so much sound, indeed—and that of a dull, negative sort—as to suggest that the slumbering city was disturbed by some intrusive vision—perhaps the spirit which foreshadows the manifold troubles and labours of the day.

Dr. Plato was sound asleep when I rang his bell; but he answered quickly, and the moment he saw my face he at once guessed my mission.

'Is she very ill?' he inquired.

'I think, Doctor, that she will require your presence immediately.'

'Then,' he replied, 'as I have got several hours' undisturbed rest, I will be with you in a few minutes.'

It was always a pleasure to see Dr. Plato. There was in his manner a frankness and a sympathetic cordiality which acted on his patients like the elixir of life; and his common smile was as good as a dozen insurance offices. It seems to me that a physician properly so called—that is, a physician whose primary and only object in life is not to make money, but to bring health to suffering humanity—will always approach his patients as if he could restore them to strength by his mere physical presence. This assertion will not appear obscure or ambiguous to those who know that in most men, but especially in medical men, manners are mesmeric and contagious. Dr. Plato's manners were remarkably so. I speak from experience. He never visited me but he seemed to carry his chest of restoratives in his face. His voice, too, was always so new and fresh, that I felt as if it went into my blood like the very essence of sunshine. Then, it actually seemed that the medicines he gave me were not at all like the nasty things which other doctors are reputed to prescribe to their patients. The crowning proof of Dr. Plato's moral-magnetic power lies in the fact that children do not fear him; but would have lovingly stood by his knee any length of time, as they did by the knee of that other Physician who delighted so much to tolerate and bludgeon little children. Depend upon it, a great part of a physician's success results from his manners.

Dr. Plato was as good as his word. He arrived

Myrtle Cottage almost as soon as myself; and, as if to confirm the good character which I have ascribed to him, the dawn seemed to follow at his heels. There was instant busting in the house; and, while the Doctor entered into a whispering conversation with our middle-aged and over-headed nurse, I just breathed a few words of sympathy and encouragement in my wife's ear, and retired to my little study—which, of course, is also my library. At this conjuncture, however, reading and reflection were entirely out of the question. There was Shakspeare, in twelve volumes; but all his immortalities were dumb, as expecting some new personage to enter immediately upon the stage. Homer, Milton, Wordsworth, and the rest of the great choral company, had not a single voice among them all. As I stood dreamily yet uneasily in front of the shelves, it seemed to me that the silence of these poets did not arise from any unwillingness to sing, but from the fact that they were all wondering whether a new voice would not soon be added to their golden number. Like Shakspeare and his splendid co-mates, the philosophers were also voiceless; but, unlike them, they were different as well as dumb, and did not appear to care a whit whether their number was augmented or diminished. I turned in disgust from their unsympathetic and unfathomable visages to contemplate the opening and many-coloured features of the dawn.

The stars were growing unmistakably pale. There was something awful in the air, the hour, and the chill, noiseless aspect of the world. I felt, as I looked abroad upon the fields and the wide heavens, as if silence were trembling on the edge of sound; or as if all the powers of Nature were hushed in the expectancy of a new revelation, and yet as if they had an absolute fear that the revelation might contain prophesies of woe and misfortune to the sons of men. A weight of unaccountable sadness was removed from my brain when the clarion of a cock in a neighbouring farm broke suddenly into the hollow silence. It was like a proclamation that there still was life in the world; and that there was also light, whose ascent from the under-world would both herald and sanction the uprising of man from his uneasy depth of dreams to the thorny throne of power and the equally jagged seat of necessary and compulsory service. Hardly had the note of the cock died within my ear, when the challenge was taken up, by some early riser of the feathered singers, a quivering series of notes about the length of an eight-syllabled line of poetry. It was evidently a first attempt that morning, made before the chorister had wet his whistle in the shallows of Myrtle Brook—which is a favourite haunt of the whole tribe of beaked musicians. There was, nevertheless, the ring of true melody in the preliminary gush, and the earnest of many a golden note yet to gladden the fields and woods. I was rather uncertain as to the identity of the bird. If it was not a lark, the aspiring spirit was not long in giving shrill intimation that he intended that morning to pay an early visit to the stars of heaven, there to pour out his overflowing devotion to the Power who is the authentic fountain of even melody—a melody, let me say, which contains more sensations of soul than many melodies breathed from mortal lips. At first his song came like the broken and fall-ripples of a stony brook; but at length, as the morning brightened, he mounted high upon the wing, racked his liquid throat, and flooded all space with a continuous shower of sparkling and expanding notes. So light now was the morning, that those stars which had not been wont to drop over the dim western walls were fairly

caught in the rising surge of dawn, and flickered and weltered until they were completely devoured by the radiant streams which flowed in intense splendour from the east. Then the birds of earthly flight—the blackbird, the thrush, the bullfinch, and the rest—distended their various throats; and with their beaks of many hues made the woods ring, and ring again, with half-a-hundred different songs, blended into one grand confusion of melody; amid which, and at my very ear, I caught the friendly and perhaps too familiar chatter of the prince of domestic ballad-singers, the impudent sparrow.

As this timber-tuned little fellow brought home my wandering fancies, I was startled by an entirely new voice, which suddenly broke in among the choir with a singular and most pathetic treble. In a couple of seconds the voice established its identity in my ear and heart. It was not a song—it was a cry; and, most wonderful of all, as I stood listening, I imagined that the very birds were silent for awhile, as if curious to discover what was the species of the new comer. They could only guess, I fancy; while I, who was so deeply involved in the voice, felt it quiver in my inmost heart. One mysterious thing was this—the longer I listened, the voice seemed a clear repetition of my own: my own as it must have sounded at an early period of my life, and now reproduced and addressed to me in the tenderest tones of appeal. This assuredly was the highest pinnacle of the morning's music; for, although it arose from the level of the earth, it caught my soul up to the seventh heaven!

Some one opened the door of my study. 'Well, Doctor, how is my wife?'

'Very well, considering what she has endured. She is doing excellently.'

'Thank Heaven! But what is it, Doctor?'

'A daughter, fat and fair.'

'Thank Heaven again!'

'What!' cried that splendid physician, 'you don't regret that it is not a son and heir?'

'Miserable materialist! no. My name is not of such mighty importance that it need necessarily be perpetuated. Besides, to live only in name is a sort of second-hand immortality. A man may live in name and be dead indeed. Yet, if an heir is required, I have ample faith that he will come in due season, with all his father's imperfections on his head. Pray Heaven that he may possess his mother's virtues! If he does, I shall be content—for goodness is the greatness of the saints.'

At this the nurse entered and put the new-born baby into my arms. It was a baby. Shall I describe the baby? No! Shall I describe my feelings when I took the baby? No! I don't know what other fathers see in their first baby; but it seemed to me that there was only one baby in the world, and that, undoubtedly, was *our* baby. But let that pass. As to my feelings—those who are fathers are well acquainted with the first paternal sensations; and those who are not will make the discovery when their first baby is placed in their fatherly arms. Dr. Plato was a capital fellow. I could have kissed him that morning. But there was some one else to kiss—whom I did kiss, and right tenderly too; but whether it was baby or baby's mother I decline to inform you, gentle but inquisitive reader!

When Dr. Plato went home, and mother was righted, and baby was put to her first sleep in this world, and nurse and I—I especially—had failed in an attempt upon breakfast, I returned to my study—to the company of the poets and philosophers. The singers at least were no

longer silent, but sang their divine melodies with super-emphases. Who of them it was, or if it was any of them, or whether it was all of them at once, or whether it was only a fancy of my own; certain it is that I heard, coming from the direction of the shelves, indistinctly, I confess, a lilt something like this:—

THE CONTEST.

The red cock waked ere day was born,
And feasted full on barley-corn;
And then he vaulted on the wall,
And blew a blast upon his horn,
As if to say, 'Take notice all,

I am the finest bird of morn!
Proud fool! so dingy red-and-yellow!
The blackbird was a prettier fellow!

The blackbird, from an alder nigh,
Unlock'd his golden-lidded eye,
And scan'd the silent-silvering east.
He dropp'd into the cool, green rye,
And made the early worm his feast.

Then sang he to the morning sky—
Defiant—yet, oh! clear and sweet,
As if no lark were at his feet.

The lark—the bird that dreams in dew,
And sings in heaven so dim and blue—
Ashamed that he had slept so long,

With speed despatch'd a grub or two,
Then rose on wing supreme and strong,
And sang his song divine and true.
Long, emulous, on the notes he hung,
As if there were no human tongue.

But on that very April morn
A tender human babe was born,
Whose eyelids trembled in the dawn,
Just like two lily-buds forlorn;
Whose cry went wavering o'er the lawn,
And seem'd to fill the birds with scorn.
But soon they ceased, abash'd and dumb—
They felt the soul of life had come!

THE WEAVING OF THE HOSE.

At the time of which I speak, there lived in the same town, but at the opposite end to where Myrtle Cottage stood, a very kind-hearted and excellent lady called Sibyl—a name which rumour said she inherited from her ancestors, who were Romans, and who came to this country with the Cæsars. Whether this alleged origin of name is perfectly authentic I really don't know, never having busied myself with the family affairs of the lady; but what is of much greater importance to the present purpose is, that she was quite a superior genius; for, besides being well qualified in all the graceful accomplishments of modern times, she possessed the faculty of verse; which is not an accomplishment, but a power inherited from the Heavenly Power—the Parent of every divine gift. One other thing in which she was remarkably skilful was the working or weaving of hose for little babies. As there is some occult harmony between the mental weaving of rhymes and the mechanical weaving of hose, Sibyl always span her cunningest verses while working the delicate woolly coverings for the toes of the tender infants. Now, Sibyl was one of our friendliest acquaintances; and as all babies must have hose to protect their pretty feet even from the winds of summer; and as, moreover, the investing of the little soles with their first hose is a ceremony in our town of some significance, the good lady took upon herself the responsibility of weaving, with her own fingers, the articles necessary for the invest-

iture of our baby. This was so characteristic of Sibyl, that it did not at all astonish us; but it nevertheless gave us greater satisfaction than the mere value of the hose could account for. But the reason was this—that the slightest compliment paid or service rendered by her to any kind or degree of person, appeared to have in it greater power of blessing than similar acts done by any other individual. Indeed, Sibyl's smile was as good as another person's gold, for it seemed always to sink into the heart and create the power to smile in those who were thus shined upon by her sunny yet subtle eyes. People went even the length of saying that there was an element of mystery about Sibyl, and that she possessed, to some extent, the power of a prophetess. This was, of course, a popular fancy, with a foundation, however, which is not always expoundable by the laws of popular metaphysics. The mystery of Sibyl's power lay in her perfect goodness of heart and consequent perfection of manners. Given, natural goodness of heart, good intellectual endowments, and good education—good manners are inevitable. As, moreover, the action of good manners is generally unobtrusive and unconscious, it is little wonder that their effect, in rare and remarkable instances, should be attributed to a sort of divine magic. There is a way of doing kind actions and saying kind words which makes them really appear to be a sort of heavenly coinage. This was the mystery about Sibyl.

Having resolved to do anything, our friend went into it with energy. Into the weaving of our baby's hose, however, she put both love and energy; and while she wove them, she sang her choicest melodies, and actually created several new ones. So these pedal garments may justly be said to have been woven with music and poetry. One of these original rhymes related to the special operation in which she was engaged. It certainly was suggested by the occasion; and the crooning of it as certainly aided greatly in increasing the velocity of her twinkling fingers in handling the wires. I learned it afterwards from her own lips, and give it here—somewhat deteriorated, I am afraid, by the lapses of a treacherous memory:—

SIBYL'S WEAVING CHANT.

Lingering day is almost dead;
Twilight holds his feeble head;
Star-dreams break around his bed—
Lo! his soul to heaven is sped!

Light the lamp and stir the fire;
Build the pile of this gray fire;
Let the new flame, flashing higher,
Priest-like, light the solemn pyre.

Maiden! bring my wires and wool;—
Place me now my knitting-stool
Where the lamp-light falleth full,
And the fire-light waxeth cool.

Thanks! Now get thee to thy rest—
Sleep is stealing to thy breast;
Breathe a prayer, and then unvest—
Thou shalt prosper in thy nest.

Now I am alone with night,
Let me ply these spindles bright;
And subdue these balls of wool
Into something beautiful.

Fingers! ye must mend your pace,
Or the night may win the race.

Time is flowing softly past,
Each hour swifter than the last;
Every stroke a mortal dies,
Leaving tears in loving eyes.

Yet the sand is still undone,
 Dream-quick though the atoms run;
 Still, although the tide rolls out,
 Back it dances with a shout:
 For each mortal heart death-stricken,
 One is born, and others quicken:
 Every stroke a soul is sent
 From celestial banishment—
 Banishment remember'd not
 In this sense-encumber'd lot:
 Unremember'd, dimly guess'd
 Only when the soul is bless'd
 By those dreams that hither roam
 From the spirit's ancient home.

Time is flowing—let it flow;
 Souls are going—let them go:
 He that sent them shall resume them;
 Earth can never more entomb them:
 They have dropp'd their mortal robe
 In the trenches of the globe;
 It shall moulder, they shall bloom
 In the land of blissful doom,
 Where their broken lives shall be
 Finish'd to the last degree.

Therefore shall my tears be brief—
 Souls that die not need no grief.
 They that linger on the stage,
 Lapsing, leaf by leaf, to age,
 Shivering by an opening tomb—
 They should wake our fear and gloom.

But to-night I cannot grieve;
 For, as now I weave and weave,
 Ever in my soul I see
 Forms of fair divinity
 Pressing round a baby-face
 In its mortal dwelling-place.
 Never from my memory
 Shall that face erased be!
 There I saw it—see it now—
 With the life-dew on its brow,
 Fresh from that eternal clime
 Whence the soul leaps into time;
 On the wings of blind desire,
 Groping still for light and fire.

What is she for whom the rose
 In the burning desert blows?
 What is she for whom the fountain
 Gushes from the parched mountain;
 And at whom the lion's eye
 Tames its rolling majesty;
 And the tigers, while they pause,
 Sheathe the horror of their claws?
 Tell me what is she? and whence?
 Whose imperial influence
 Thus commands the homage true
 Which to Heaven alone is due?

One among ten thousand, she
 Is the Flower of Chastity;
 One in whose unspotted mind
 Earth and heaven are interblended,
 Like two melodies combined,
 Ever ending, never ended;
 Mingling in their incompleteness,
 Till they grow one perfect sweetness:

One, from whose unsmirched lip
 Never does foul slander slip;
 Nor in whose transparent heart
 Ever are false words engender'd;
 (Brazen coin, which shameless Art
 Even to the Gods has tender'd.)

Armed with truth, she builds her story
 To the starry heights of glory.

Wander wheresoe'er she may,
 Spirits 'tend her night and day;
 'Mid the azure of her eye
 Shines a star no ill assaileth;
 In her breast, a sov'reignty
 Rules, and over all prevailleth.
 Fiends may rise in fire and thunder—
 On she passes like a wonder!

This is she to whom is given
 Secret armour wrought in heaven:
 Mother Nature knows her well,
 As she trippeth down the dell;—
 Feels her presence as she treads
 Lightly o'er the violet beds;
 When the caten pipes are trilling
 Prophecies for her fulfilling;
 And when autumn leaves are falling,
 Or red winter brooks are brawling.
 This—the perfect one—is she,
 Mirror of maturity,
 In that age when but to be
 Virtuous shall be grandest dower—
 Virtue being the crown of power!

Such be she, sweet maiden! born
 On that holy April morn,
 When, as to the world she came,
 Heaven was bathed in amber flame;
 And the birds were smitten dumb
 As they heard her wallings come
 Wavering o'er the milky lawn,
 Like the weeping soul of dawn.
 'Tis for her I weave these hose—
 Bless her pretty heels and toes!

Deftly, softly, weave the hose
 For the baby's tender toes!
 Leave the old fleece of the dam,
 Take the new fleece of the lamb
 From the downs or streamy dells,
 Or from hills of heather bells—
 Shear it in the dewy morn,
 Ere the hunter winds his horn.

Wash the wool as white as snow
 In the pool where lilies blow;
 Sun it in the golden beam,
 On the bank beside the stream;
 Card it cleanly ere you spin,
 Let no envious speck get in;
 Spin it at the cottage door,
 Chanting ditties heard no more!

Weave the hose with spotless hand;
 Rim them with a crimson band;
 Sweetly think, the while you weave,
 Lest the babe have cause to grieve:
 Murmur still a holy spell,
 That may evil spirits quell:
 When at length the task's complete,
 Bless the hose and bless the feet.

Peace! the hose are woven well;
 Loose the spindles and the spell!
 Night is deepening quick above me—
 O ye Heavenly Powers that love me!
 Guard me through the solemn night
 From delusive dreams and light.
 Bless the work that I have done;
 And thrice bless the little one,
 Whose unselfish, waxen toes
 Wait to fill these dainty hose!

Keen critics will easily perceive that the wool out of which Sibyl has spun her weaving chant is not altogether of home growth. It is very evident, indeed, that she has been wool-gathering on the pastures of certain rather celebrated personages, whom she has—unconsciously of course—contrived to fleece of several longish threads. Knowing her, however, as I do, readers may rely upon the justness of this explanation of her apparent cribbing—that, being an extremely simple-minded and free-hearted individual, she gathers the materials to build her rhymes pretty much in the same manner as the chaffinch gathers materials with which to build her nest. The quality of this latter establishment is of a singularly composite character. There are so many fine hairs interwoven in the texture of it, that you might fancy the little creature had laid the backs of the gentlest mice in the country under contribution. This delicate wool forms the inner lining of the nest, from which, outward, the orbicular walls are a curious conglomeration of stuffs fetched from the four main quarters of the compass. Feathers of other birds also form part of the building materials; while, so far as you can form a judgment, the wings of the builder's self do not appear to have contributed a single quill as a spring to the luxurious couch. Yet, in spite of all this weaving and building with foreign materials, the most envious sparrow would admit that the chaffinch was both a most excellent architect and mason; and that her nest was actually the work of her own hands—that is, of her own beak and claws. If, therefore, the chaffinch isn't a thief, I must claim that Sibyl is quite as honest in the weaving of her simple ditties.

THE INVESTITURE.

In our town, babies were always invested with the hose on the night preceding the day of baptism. On that famous Saturday evening, therefore, when our baby was invested, there was a pretty gathering at Myrtle Cottage. Some errant arithmeticians would have maintained that half the town was present. But I, who should glory most in that splendid assembly, don't claim so high a figure as that. The ceremonial drama was neither very lengthened nor very complicated; and, to carry out the illusion, there were more spectators than actors. Happy am I to be able honestly to state that the artists who represented the various parts did their duty with consummate ability. Fatherly sensations of love and pride make my heart tingle in recording that, in the leading character, baby was perfect. This was the more extraordinary, as on that particular day the young and rising actress did not attend rehearsal, being affected by an unaccountable drowsiness all forenoon. Both our parental hearts were much troubled at this mishap, and we half anticipated a breakdown. But the pretty creature was evidently conscious how much was expected from her on this occasion. At all events, she went at her part in such admirable style that, so far as she was concerned, there wasn't a single hitch during the whole course of the drama. I question very much, indeed—though, perhaps, I shouldn't say it—whether even the best of the Exhibition Babies of the Great American Republic could have done the part one whit more justice. One thing at least is certain, and that is, that she gave universal satisfaction, and drew down the most enthusiastic applause from all parts of the cottage.

I need hardly state that Dr. Plato and Sibyl were, on that important evening, two of our most honoured and respected guests. Grandmamma could not, of course, be regarded as a mere guest. She was something infinitely

higher, as—being one of the roots of the family—she had a supreme title to be. Naturally, she was mightily concerned for the reputation of baby; and, from the manner in which she nursed the little heroine—by kissing, and dandling, and coddling (or *cuddling* her, as the Scotch have it), and by singing and talking to her in a thousand bi-roglyphical languages—you could have seen at a glance that the ancient dame was endeavouring to keep her new grandchild well up to the scratch, or 'sticking place,' so that she might not fail on the occasion of her *début* before so select an assembly. Being an old stage-manager in that kind of business, she was highly successful; and to her must unquestionably be attributed a large measure of that artistic completeness and dramatic consistency which were visible in the various stages of the customary ceremonial. The lights burned brightly; the scenery moved as if on wheels of air; and, to conclude this point, the prompter's voice was scarcely heard the whole evening.

As on all similar occasions, the real proceedings of the evening commenced by each of the invited guests inquiring for baby, and giving her a preliminary kiss. Dr. Plato was appropriately the person to initiate this stage of the business; and, strange as it may seem, the little creature flung up her pearly fists, as if to claim the Doctor as an old friend. To say truth, this admirable physician actually was baby's oldest acquaintance. In a half-serious, half-humorous mood, he made an apparently professional examination of her corporeal prospects for the evening. After a brief pause, and with an aspect of due solemnity, he pronounced the diagnostics decidedly encouraging. His opinion was that she would 'go through with it bravely;' and, as he was not present in an entirely professional capacity, he finished off the highly diverting pantomime with a salute which would have done credit to the gayest gallant.

Sibyl followed the Doctor in the action of this prologue. With true feminine instinct, she took the quiescent little personage in her arms. In most ladies this is a common enough act, and, as they do it, nobody seems to wonder; but as performed by Sibyl, there was in the manner of it something new and singular. Although the popular conception regarding this lady signified nothing to me, yet I had not altogether forgotten it; and, as she took baby from grandmamma, I fancied that there was about the action an air of originality. Yet it was quite in accordance with Sibyl's real character, and did not require the popular fallacy to account for it. She took the child in her arms with the calmest, blandest, and most insinuating tenderness. Baby was slightly disturbed just after Dr. Plato's fervent salute, and exhibited symptoms of making a demonstration; but the moment she felt herself transferred to the attentions of Sibyl, she became as calm as a lamb lying under the woolly side of its mother. Sibyl's manner was decidedly mesmeric. She wound her lithe arms about the little thing with a series of supple embraces, pressures, and fondling endearments, which bore a marvellous resemblance to the subtle blandishments of the prehistoric agents of the Fairy Queen, whose great delight it was to transport the most beautiful babies to the regions of Fairyland, for reasons and purposes best known to themselves. Of course, Sibyl's well-known character and modern costume precluded all idea of suspicion. I question, however, whether even the most cunning and irresistible fairy could have insinuated herself into the good graces of our baby with more skill and ease than did our amiable friend. But much as I admired her pantomimical enchantments, I am convinced that the greater part of

her influence lies in her eyes and the tones of her voice—the former having all the fascination, without the guile, of the serpent; and the latter the somnific melody of those lullabies which the angels, it is well known, murmur over the pillows of favourite infants. Be these things fancies or facts, I verily believe that the good effects of the kiss which Sibyl that evening stamped upon the lips of our baby were not worn away for a couple of months.

The other guests then saluted the incomparable creature *seriatim*; after which, she was returned by grandma's mamma, whose heart was quite in a flutter of excitement from the broad and unmitigated encomiums which the excellent critics present delivered in praise of the little bud of a woman with which our house had been blessed.

Dr. Plato asserted that she was as neat and pretty a piece of handiwork as ever he had helped Nature to bring into the sunlight. Sibyl was of opinion that the Doctor might very safely have dispensed with reservation altogether. She at least did not feel the slightest hesitation in declaring that a finer and more exquisite baby never had been born; and, what was better, never could, would, or even should appear on the face of the earth. Regarding the worth of these enthusiastic sentiments, mamma and myself would hardly be accepted as competent judges; but it may be sufficient to state that Sibyl's opinion commanded an overwhelming majority of votes, especially among the female electors in the assembly.

This brought us to the principal ceremony of the evening—the Investiture of the Baby with the Order of the Rose. Sibyl brought the necessary articles, wrapped in silk paper, and tied with white silk ribbon; so that the package had a virginity of aspect which suggested ideas of purity and beauty. Preliminary to the investiture was the bathing of the baby—a piece of work demanding great tact and delicacy of handling. These qualities, I need hardly state, were found combined in the experienced hands of grandma, who went about the work with an ease and mastery of style which were admirable to behold. Then Sibyl, who is herself perfect in most domestic mysteries, was tickled at the spectacle; and, in a dream of ecstasy, wove a series of circles round the bathing group—an act which was quite in harmony with the other parts of her character. While she moved about, she hummed a fragment of verse, to the following effect.

BABY'S BATH.

Tenderly bathe her dimpled limbs,
Her toes so white and small;
Breathe in her ear those russet hymns
Whose music floods and overbrims
The human breasts of all;—
For, it is all a mother's art
To win the spirit by the heart.

Carefully bathe her brow, and clean,
As if it were her soul;
And sing those songs that come between
Heroic joy and coward teen,
And keep life sweet and whole;—
For, 'tis a father's joy to find
The heart still faithful to the mind.

Then came the main ceremony. Sibyl unfolded her white package and revealed three pair of hose, which had manifestly been woven with the utmost nicety of art—a nicety, however, which did not exclude the utilitarian idea of luxurious comfort. Nothing could have been more artistically combined than these two features—if it were not, indeed, the different colours in the hose, which were

blended in a manner that very clearly showed under what solemnly poetic influences they were spindled into their beautiful completeness. The art displayed in the work formed a very appropriate index to the metaphysical peculiarities of Sibyl's somewhat mysterious character; while the comfortable and massy thickness of the woolly fabric as naturally indicated the amiable tone, depth, and warmth of her human heart—which truly resembles one of those ancient hearths or fire-places still to be met with in old mansions, which usually had capacity enough to feast the whole household and any number of incidental guests.

By all present, the hose were pronounced to be perfect specimens of knitting; and, of course, Sibyl was regarded as a thorough mistress of her art. In discussing the merits of the articles, I was not in the least surprised to find that Dr. Plato was quite as deep on the various kinds of knitting as on the nature and uses of medical drugs. In truth, the great charm of the Doctor arose principally from his many-sidedness. He was a respectable theoretical architect; a good judge of horse-flesh (and the owner of a spirited nag); a shrewd politician, and therefore little of a partisan; his theological attainments were decidedly beyond mere respectability; while his acquaintance with the great literatures of the world was fully proved on the very same night when he expounded the utility and beauty of knitting in all its phases.

At length grandma, with baby on her knee, planted herself right in front of a rich, red fire, which had been got up for the occasion. While she sat fondling the little creature, who seemed as merry as a cricket on the hearth, mamma and Sibyl stood, one on each side, with a hose apiece, toasting it with great diligence, and getting it into a proper condition of warmth for the last act in the drama. It was at this juncture that the last rhyme was chanted, in the form of a short lullaby, in which all joined, to the great delight of the heroine of the evening.

LULLABY.

This is the pretty babe was born
Eight early on an April morn,
When blackbird blew his golden horn.

So, toast her ten white buds of toes,
Until they redden like the rose,
And drop into the bonny hose!

Each of these verses was chanted twice; but before the last line had died on the lips of sound, the pretty toes were snug within the cozy wool; and the ceremony of investiture was finished amid the clapping of hands and the congratulations of everybody in Myrtle Cottage. Once more was baby kissed and codled; but, as such sweet usage was too much for her delicate training, she fell asleep with the briefest possible notice, and was forthwith planted in her little cot with such abundant carefulness that I was afraid for a while that she would never again see the light alive.

Baby being thus disposed of, an adjournment was at once made to our compact dining-room, where we found as neat and sweet a little supper as was ever before prepared by the hands of a one-year's wife. We dispatched it with a pleasant deliberation, saucing it with an animated discussion of the manner in which the drama of the evening had gone off, and of the merits of the principal artists engaged. Mother, Sibyl, and grandma were much praised. My own representation of the *Young Father* was set down as, on the whole, a rather quiet performance; and the discussion ended by everybody yielding the palm to OUR BABY.

F.

A YOUNG LADY'S CARDIPHONIA IN THE LAST CENTURY (Continued).

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

'June 20.

'A curious incident happened this morning:—At breakfast, papa turned suddenly round, and addressing grandmamma,

"When did you say we might expect that distinguished stranger of whom you spoke last night?"

"He ought to be here this afternoon," she answered; and then, turning briskly to me,

"Laura! you must put on your very best looks and your brightest smiles in honour of my *protégé*. Your name is not new to him; he longs to see you; and, if I have any skill in such matters, his are exactly the appearance, manners, and character to suit your taste."

'I felt surprised, and glanced at mamma for an explanation.

"Quite true," said she, "as far as we can estimate matters; but of course you must judge for yourself."

'I made no reply. In truth I was rather taken aback. The trio looked so easy and happy about some secret arrangement they were quietly making, that I knew not what to think. But I took little interest comparatively in the subject, and asked no questions about the future guest—at which, no doubt, they marvelled. Slipping from the room at the first opportunity, I felt it a relief to be removed from their prying eyes.

'Once in the solitude of my own chamber, I threw myself on a couch and gave way to my long pent up tears.

'Everybody comes save one! I thought in bitterness of spirit. What avails this stranger to me? Will not his presence only make the contrast deeper and sadder between himself and all his dull compeers and the princely heart I have lost—irretrievably lost? Ah! no;—not lost—rather the noble heart which I never had.

* * * * *

'O Lionel! Lionel! could I see you once more; could we take sweet familiar counsel together, as in days gone by, you might find me sorrowful indeed; but scornful or capricious, never!

'Let me compose myself. My eyes are red. I am bewildered, brain-sick; but I must bear up yet awhile. This stranger troubles me. I foresee new vexations in connection with his arrival. Why, why will they not let me alone in my folly and misery?

'June 21—6 o'clock a.m.

'Such a surprise! I have not closed my eyes all night; yet I have no sense of fatigue this morning. On the contrary, my soul is like the lark which, long engaged, springs exultant to meet the sun. Can it be possible? Is it not all a dream, from which I must soon be rudely awakened?

'Dinner passed over yesterday, and no appearance of the expected guest; still grandmamma (who has always assumed authority in this matter) persisted that he must and would come that night. I fancied they watched me if I appeared disappointed. I was thoroughly dispirited, and cared not whether he came or no. In the twilight, I stole into the music-room; and, taking down my mandolin, ensconced myself in a low window-seat. I commenced playing a few notes of that simple air so associated with my childish life

—the same that I sung that evening at Mrs. Musgrave's, when my nervous tremor had nearly exposed me but for *him*—"O willow! willow! the graves are green!" and, I am sure, just then I wished that the grass was waving green over mine. Gradually the words came to memory so vividly that I found myself rehearsing them aloud almost before I was aware. As I did so, a thousand thoughts coursed through my mind—a perfect phantasmagoria of past scenes and feelings rushed upon my inner sight—my eyes were directed towards the dusky outward landscape, which grew dimmer every moment in the fading light. And as I sat thus, I sang feebly and mournfully this old song:—

'No more, no more the world can show
For me in golden hue;
The bird I nursed so tenderly
The long dark winter through—
Whose colours pleased my eye, whose song
Beguiled the wintry day—
Has slipp'd his prison bars, and flown,
I know not where, away!
O willow! willow! the graves are green;
And my true love heart is breaking!

'Had he but whisper'd his intent,
And bid me sweet farewell;
Or said, "Perchance I may return,
Again with thee to dwell."
But no! One morn, in haste, I fall'd
To latch the tiny door;
And he was gone—my only one!—
To come, ah! never more!
O willow! willow! the graves are green;
And my true love heart is breaking!

'Oh! could I know that he had found
As loving hands as mine,
To tend him through the sunny hours,
I should the less repine!
But why should birds more wisdom own
Than men have oft confess'd,
Who, wrapp'd in pleasure's chase, forsake
The hearts that love them best?
O willow! willow! the graves are green;
And my true love heart is breaking!

'I had scarce faltered out the last lines—for my tones were unsteady by reason of my dreary mood—when there came a tap to the door, so gentle as to be just audible and no more. Ere I had leisure to respond to the summons, the door opened, and a tall figure (looking taller for the darkness) stood in the aperture.

"Laura!" said a voice that thrilled me, "pardon this intrusion. Your music has drawn me hither—your song—my song too in the dear old days that are gone!"

'I could not speak. I looked hastily away. I knew my eyes were filling fast. He advanced a few steps.

"Then do I indeed return as a stranger," I asked, "without one word of welcome? And will you not forgive me?"

'I roused myself, got up hurriedly, and, I am afraid, some trepidation, held out my hand, still without looking at him.

"I have nothing to forgive," I murmured. "never thought—" here I stopped.

"Ah, Laura! you never thought how miserable you were making me."

'Another thrill at my heart as he spoke the words—a confused mingling of joy and astonishment—I could have laughed through my tears.

"Your hand is cold," he continued, detaining

fully in his own, which seemed burning in contrast. "Are you perfectly well, and perfectly happy, as I—everybody wishes you?"

"Just then the glare of lights in the adjoining room the door of which was yet ajar) streamed fitfully into ours. The servant was arranging the chandelier. My courage ebbed again. So, disengaging my hand quickly, but not unkindly, I merely said, "Lionel! I am quite well—quite happy;" and escaped from the chamber by the opposite entrance.

"How like a vision of the night does this seem in retrospect! And what a flutter it has caused me! Is Harcourt, then, the expected guest? And had I unconsciously betrayed my secret to my watchful cousin? Or was his coming purely accidental? And yet, after all, am I so buoyant? My cousin, doubtless, has felt sorry for my pitiful, froward humour. But what then? Does it follow of necessity that he loves me! What is become of the blue-eyed German prince! There is nothing but mystery in this affair. Yet, better mystery than lassitude;—better turmoil than inaction;—better, a thousand times better, that he has come again to the Castle—that I have seen him, spoken with him—whatever betide!

'9 o'clock a.m.

"Grandmamma has just looked in; and asks, laughing, what is my opinion of the distinguished visitor who made his appearance last night?"

"Answer, evasively, "So, that was a ruse of yours to keep me unaware."

"I felt half inclined to be angry with grandmamma, when she guessed too much."

"I doubt we shall find him rather a troublesome guest," she continued. "He is here again already, invited to breakfast;" and with this she vanished.

'7 o'clock p.m.

"When I went down stairs at the usual hour this morning, there was Lionel strolling about on the lawn in front of the windows; and, as soon as he saw me, he came."

"I fear I frightened you last night," he began, "now that I saw his face plainly for the first time since our estrangement. I could not but mark a certain alteration in it); "but my long absence from the castle had grown too painful."

"Bury the past," I answered, smiling. And the rest of the household appearing just then, we sat down to the morning meal, when the talk was on ordinary matters.

"After breakfast, I again went up stairs—having given orders, however, to have Fenella ready at the door by a certain hour. When that hour came, I was not surprised to find Harcourt waiting to accompany me. I had anticipated as much. The day was fine, and we set forth. Of all species of bodily exercise, surely none can compare with equestrian. There is freedom and an exhilaration about it, compared with which every other is insipid. Yet, on the present occasion I did not experience this so keenly as I had been used to do. The light badinage, too, in which I was wont to indulge with my cousin was all gone, and I fancied that he shared my graver mood."

"I had a purpose in view in thus riding out with him; and I was badly at a loss how to make it good. Fortunately, he himself paved the way to it. We directed our course along the bank of the river, which sparkled with intense brilliancy. "After the Rhine," said he, "any river seems to me tame. You, Laura, who can appreciate scenery, will not find Germany."

"I believe the ladies there are beautiful as well as the landscapes," I remarked.

"Yes; they have attractions, many of them. They are very simple in habits and disposition, and much given to home enjoyments; but they lack the educated refinement and taste of my countrywomen."

"Are they not devoted to music, and usually excel in it?"

"I have thought so. Yet to my mind one great charm of music lies in association; and as they know nothing of our familiar English airs, their melodies have the less fascination to us. For example, what strain could match that delicious ballad—

'O willow! willow! the graves are green!'

which, when I caught the echo of it last evening, seemed like something wafted to me from a purer state of being?"

"Here I lowered my eyes involuntarily. In a few minutes I ventured to observe, "Having loved Germany so much on a first acquaintance, you will probably return to it ere long!"

"My return will depend entirely on circumstances," was his reply. "I should like of all things to see it again; but that can be only under conditions."

"What need of more? mused I. Only show him the path clear to his lady-love's hand, and, swift as the arrow from the bow, straight he flies to the fatherland."

"After this, neither spoke for awhile."

"How delightful is kindness," he at length began, "after slight and scorn, whether real or imagined! Yet how seldom we value a privilege aright till we have both lost and regained it!"

"There was a meaning in his fine eyes as he spoke which I failed not to interpret. Yet my very consciousness kept me silent. And, while I could not affect to misunderstand him, I dared not say a word either in vindication or apology of my past waywardness."

"Your grandmamma proposes to carry you off into Wales," said my cousin at last.

"I will not go," He smiled, as if relieved to know my decision. "I should prefer a journey to Scotland," I added.

"The words were scarce uttered, when I remembered, with a certain pang of vexation, that Captain Swinton had recently gone thither with his regiment. Quick as thought, I perceived that he had followed out my idea. He said nothing, but his brow darkened; and, of course, I could not retract or even qualify my expression. We remained silent for a space; and soon after, meeting Fanny Musgrave and her father mounted and on their way to the Castle, of course we turned homewards with them; and the talk was of indifferent matters."

'June 28.

"Do love and jealousy always keep company in the human heart? We read of the highest love of all that when it is perfect "it casteth out fear." Is it not the same, in their own place, with our earthly affections?"

"I have watched Lionel closely for the last week, during which he has been at the Castle more or less every day; and the whole result of my observation is this—that there is a hesitancy in his mind strangely affecting his behaviour to me. This must spring from one of two causes: either he doubts my regard, or he is betrothed to another."

(Query.—May there not be a hesitancy in my own mind, in reference to his position with that foreign maiden, which is somehow reflected in his feelings and manner towards me?)

"When do you meditate accomplishing your Scotland tour?" he inquired of me the other night.

"About the same time you set out for Germany," I jokingly answered.

"Nay, that is impossible," he rejoined; "for——" he seemed about to say more, yet checked himself. Yet I begin to feel sure, almost quite sure, that he—but then this foreign rival! I will bear suspense no longer. Grandmamma goes to-morrow; and I must and will speak of the matter to her before she departs. I have a strong presentiment that she is in his confidence, and she shall be in mine too.

'June 29.

'A flash of lightning—a thunder clap—the crash of an avalanche! For the wealth of kingdoms I would not write down the details of what has transpired! Let me cool my joyful agitation by a burst of passionate tears! Lionel has told me all I wished most to know. His heart is mine, and mine alone! There is no German *fiancée* in existence for him after all! The whole was a fabrication of my grandmamma's—as well as that other little device of the "distinguished stranger guest"—to which recourse was had to pique my curiosity and attract my slumbering interest. She saw us both unhappy in our foolish estrangement, and pitied the caprice that was slowly working its sad retribution. It turns out that to unite Harcourt and myself has been the darling wish of my parents ever since I was born. But they feared and found perversity on one side at least; so had recourse to stratagem. That is all over now, and I am happy; yes, beyond expression, happy! We are to have a probation of two years, and then comes my visit to Germauy; to which it seems my cousin had vowed he would never return till he carried me thither as his bride. But oh! how many things are to take place before then! I have to go to London. I have to be presented at Court. I have to——

'Tap, tap, at the library door. Dear, dear! shall I never get this letter finished to Fanny Musgrave? "Who waits there? What! Lionel!"

"O Laura! come out into the garden, into the sunshine, into the glory and beauty of fresh enchanting Nature!"

I rise; I shut up my writing-desk on the instant. The earnest pleading of that manly voice enters into my very soul like a spell of music!

'We are off. We are under the blue, bright sky. We are among the roses and lilies, the carnations and honeysuckles; and there is not a single thorn to be seen amid the blossoms. What is the flower of which Harcourt and I have made a mutual exchange, and hope to preserve pure and fragrant for life?

'A sweet, modest, priceless flower.

'It is called HEART'S-EASE!'

Here endeth Laura's 'Cardiphonia.' And even thus may all good and honest hearts find a happy ending to their true love's history! Verily, there is too little simplicity in our day! Feathers, and polkas, and crinoline have fairly put the bewitching goddess to flight. Old fashions, they say, are fast coming into vogue again. Oh, for a touch of the old-fashioned *naïveté* of mind of our grandmothers' days! I often look for sweet, genuine characters like Laura Stanley in society; but I look in vain. One word in your ear, my fair readers, ere we part—Be simple, be sincere, be yourselves.

AUNT RACHEL'S STORY.

BY ELLEN EMMA GUTHRIE.

CHAPTER I.

OH! that sad night on which my mother died! Never shall I forget the nameless horror which crept over me when informed by the sorrowing domestics that my mother—she who had loved me so tenderly—was dead, and I should never more behold her. Happiness seemed suddenly wrested from my grasp; and, weeping, I besought their permission to follow my mother.

'Why did I not see her die?' I murmured, sobbing the while as though my heart would break.

'You are too young to witness such scenes,' nurse said, in reply. 'Sorrow is not for the youthful; therefore, cease to weep. Your mother is now happy, in a beautiful land where there is neither sorrow nor care.'

So saying, dear old Marjory took me in her arms and tried to soothe me; but in vain. I kept frantically calling on my mother; until nurse, fearing my grief would prove fatal, placed me on a sofa, and hastily quitted the room. In a few minutes she returned—a tall, elderly lady accompanying her. The stranger, who was weeping bitterly, approached, and taking me in her arms said, in a sweet, trembling voice, 'My poor orphan! do not grieve. I will endeavour, with God's blessing, to replace her whom we mourn!'

There was something in the stranger's pitying tones irresistibly fascinating. My tears ceased to flow. Gazing earnestly in her face, I faltered, 'Will you, then, be to me a mother?'

'I will! I will!' she exclaimed, once more clasping me to her breast and kissing me tenderly. 'You have a right to my love—I am your mother's sister. With her latest breath she committed you to my care. Will you, therefore, accompany me to my home? Your aunt Rachel offers you a place in her lonely heart!'

My aunt Rachel! Frequently had my mother mentioned her sister Rachel—dwelling with fondest affection on her amiable qualities, and deeply regretting the family estrangement that had taken place in consequence of her (my mother's) marriage.

One by one her relations passed away without evincing any desire to see their offending and now widowed sister or transmitting her an assurance of their forgiveness; and bitterly did my mother grieve in secret over the unkindness of those towards whom her heart yearned with all the warmth of early affection. But aunt Rachel, when the shadows of evening were falling on the pathway of her solitary existence, could not endure the thought of quitting this world without once more beholding the beloved sister whose image was still cherished in her inmost heart in spite of all that had occurred to separate them. Accordingly, at the close of a lovely summer day, she ordered her carriage and set off on her journey of reconciliation.

She arrived to find the loved one dying. In the solemn chamber of death, the kiss of mutual forgiveness was exchanged; and my mother died while blessing her sister for this visit of love, and commending me to her care. In obedience to that last appeal, my aunt Rachel came to comfort me in my desolation. Again the words were repeated, 'Will you accompany me to my home?' and for answer I flung my arms around her neck, and sobbed myself to sleep upon her bosom.

On the day following that mournful one which saw my mother consigned to the tomb, aunt Rachel signified her intention of returning home. Greatly to my delight, she expressed her determination to take my old nurse into Yorkshire, provided she were inclined to accompany us. The faithful creature shed tears of gratitude when informed she was not to be separated from me, whom she loved with daily increasing affection; and joyfully hastened to make her own little arrangements prior to leaving London.

Late on the evening of the second day from that on which we quitted the metropolis, we drove up the stately avenue leading to Fenton Abbey—the venerable residence of the Sackvilles, of which ancient family aunt Rachel was a representative. Never having been in the country, I was with feelings of reverential awe I beheld the magnificent oaks lining the avenue; while, at sight of the swans sailing majestically on the lake, now gleaming through the trees, I laughed, and clapped my hands in all the exuberance of childish glee. The mansion itself pleased me still more. It was an antiquated-looking building—all gables and turrets, with no end of windows almost concealed by luxuriant ivy; which twined itself around the chimneys, peeped in at the casements, and fluttered over the old battlements with the familiarity of long friendship. On our approach, the gates were thrown open by an elderly man arrayed in a suit of sober brown livery, who bowed to us with becoming solemnity; and in a slow, querulous way, welcomed Miss Sackville back to Fenton Abbey.

"Hope my lady's sister is well?" he said, while assisting aunt to alight from the carriage.

"Oh, John! This is her only child."

With these words, aunt Rachel kissed me tenderly and bade me welcome to my new home.

This admonished, the old man glanced at my black dress, shook his head; and, with a heartfelt sigh, ushered me into the entrance-hall.

It was a long, low-roofed apartment, with mysterious nooks and corners all thrown into shade—the hall being dimly lighted by a bronze lamp, placed on a marble table which stood at one side. The roof was supported by black pillars, and the panelled walls were adorned by faded portraits of the bygone generations of the Sackvilles; who, arrayed in the brilliant costumes of the age in which they lived, seemed to smile on me as welcome to their ancient abode. My eager eyes, while wandering over these noble warriors and queenly dames, encountered the picture of a lady, attired in blue satin, so strikingly like my departed mother that I started, and, grasping nurse's arm, pointed to the portrait.

"Surely it is herself!" she exclaimed, gazing on the pale, sweet countenance which beamed forth from the canvas, seeming to invite our looks by the calm steadfastness of its regards.

The old servant, observing my emotion, said, in a sorrowful tone, "Yes, my young lady, that portrait was always considered very like Mrs. Abington! Only, your mother had a much livelier expression than that which the painter has bestowed on the Lady Emily."

Here aunt Rachel broke in upon his observations by bidding him attend to the luggage. Gazing herself on the portrait, she heaved a sigh, and murmuring, "Thank God, I was not too late!" took me by the hand and conducted me into the dining-room.

The sole tenants of this lofty apartment were a beautiful white dog, of King Charles' celebrated breed, and a sleek black cat—the latter too lazy to rise from its comfort-

able position on the rug to welcome its mistress—merely stretching out its snow-white paws, and regarding her with half-shut eyes; while Tiny, with the devoted attachment of its species, frisked around her, seeming scarcely able to restrain its joy at her return.

The three following days were devoted by me to an inspection of my new abode, with which I became daily more delighted. Possessed of an imaginative disposition, a fine old mansion like Fenton Abbey was much more adapted to my taste than a modern house in one of the secondary squares in London.

Old nurse did not agree with me respecting the superiority of Fenton Abbey to the metropolis. Being a curious old place, she admitted it was well worth a visit; but to live in it was another matter. For her part, she did not like going through the long passages after nightfall—the butler having informed her that there was one part of the wall, at the corner of the gallery leading to the upper bedrooms, where no one ever placed their hand, lest it should come in contact with the fingers of a skeleton, said to have been felt there from time immemorial. "So current is the story," added her informant, "that people have come from all parts of England to see the celebrated passage." "It is a well-known fact," pursued nurse, with an ominous shake of the head, "that Mrs. Ellison, Miss Sackville's maid, fainted on the stairs one evening after passing the dark corner. When questioned as to the cause of her illness, she affirmed that, on account of the darkness, she had groped with her hand along the wall, and forgetting the necessary caution—i. e. to lift her hand at that particular spot—it had been clutched as it were by a hard bone, thereby occasioning such a shock to her nerves that she went down at once with a scream. And then there's them pictures," said Marjory, warming with her subject. "I dare not, for my very life, keep my eyes open while passing through the hall."

"Why, nurse? What do you mean?"

"Oh, well, Miss Emily, I just think it's not *canny* to have the walls of one's house covered with pictures of dead people—they have got such a queer, melancholy look with them; and it is anything but pleasant to know that the eyes of those whose bodies have long been mouldering in the grave are staring after you as you go through the hall."

"Marjory," I said, "should you like to return to London?"

"Me! Miss Emily!" exclaimed nurse, in visible consternation. "Why should I go to London when you are living here? But if you wish to get rid of me"—(Here a corner of the apron was applied to her eyes.)

"No, my dear nurse; I never could wish you to leave me; but I feared you found this old place dull; and, as you seem to have imbibed strange fancies regarding the pictures —"

"Oh, dear Miss Emily!" interrupted nurse, "I'll not mind them any more. John truly says they are but canvases and cannot harm me. As for the story of the skeleton hand, it may just be idle nonsense—every ancient place must have its ghost. Fenton Abbey is really a sweet spot; and Miss Sackville being so kind, and Mrs. Monk a highly respectable person, and one who tells such nice stories about the family, I have great reason to be pleased with my present life. So, Miss Emily, please say no more respecting my returning to London."

The requisite promise was given; and nurse never more alluded to the pictures.

Time flew rapidly away in the peaceful seclusion of

Fenton Abbey. As I grew older and more capable of enjoying the calm, rational pursuits of a country life, my heart expanded, with grateful affection, towards that benevolent and warm-hearted relation who had rescued me from the dreary solitude of soul which threatened to overwhelm me at the period of my mother's death. Dear aunt Rachel! I fancy I see her now, seated in her high-backed oaken chair, in all the calm repose of dignified old age—her snow-white hair smoothly braided across a forehead yet unfurrowed by Time, with mild blue eyes tranquilly gazing on the lovely landscape; or, as was most frequently the case, intent on the pages of that Book so calculated to ensure inward happiness. How I loved to contemplate my aunt on occasions like these! Her whole being seemed pervaded by that spirit of benevolent tranquillity which betokened a mind at peace with itself and the world around; while the gentle air of sadness not unfrequently resting on her pale forehead, told of sorrows deep-buried in the recesses of that heart, into the secrets of which none dared to inquire.

Much I wondered that aunt Rachel had never married. Very beautiful she must have been. Even in advanced age traces of departed loveliness were discernible in her finely-cut features and marvellously sweet expression; while her noble carriage added dignity to a commanding figure yet unrent by the weight of years. Had unrequited love or misplaced affection blighted all hope of youthful happiness, and taught the sinfulness of creating an idol for herself among the faithless race of humankind? Or had the possessor of her young heart sunk into an early grave, leaving the mourner to traverse the desert of life alone? Who could tell! It seemed a mystery; and there was much about aunt Rachel savouring of the mysterious. She appeared wholly absorbed by some powerful recollection, apparently connected with an early visit to Scotland; for she never referred to that time without betraying symptoms of the deepest emotion.

Of my mother she frequently spoke in terms of the warmest affection, while my father's name was never mentioned. From various hints thrown out by John and Marjory, I gathered that he had been very greatly my mother's inferior by birth, and of a wild, roving disposition. Reports of his evil doings having reached her family prior to the marriage, they implored her to abandon a man every way unworthy of her; but in vain. Blinded by love, and deceived by his specious promises of amendment, in an evil hour my mother fled with him; and the gates of her father's house were closed against her forever.

Shortly after their arrival in London—whither they had gone to reside—my father returned to his former irregular courses; and so regardless did he become of his wife's happiness, that weeks frequently elapsed without her seeing him. Repenting when too late of her foolish choice, my mother vainly strove to reclaim my father. The seeds of vice were too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated; and, within twelve months after their marriage, my father died from the effects of a raging fever, brought on by intemperance.

My birth took place not long afterwards. In the society of her infant, my mother strove to forget the past; still, thought would intrude, and at length she became a prey to the deepest melancholy. The unrelenting displeasure of her relations contributed not a little towards injuring the health of one whose heart was already bowed down by sorrow. Gradually, as old nurse said, she sank and sank, until death put an end to her sufferings. My mother's marriage was a painful subject with aunt Rachel. She

never recurred to it without shedding bitter tears; still, on the subject of herself and her youthful prospects, she was silent; and I vainly conjectured her reason for remaining single when numerous must have been her suitors. I was soon, however, enlightened.

On the morning of my sixteenth birth-day, aunt Rachel entered my room, bearing a small casket. 'My dear Emily,' she said, tenderly embracing me, 'you are now a young lady, and I have here a trifling gift, which you must keep in remembrance of me.'

'Dear, generous aunt!' I exclaimed, returning her caress, 'how can I ever repay all your undeserved kindness?'

'You have more than repaid me,' was the affectionate reply, 'by bestowing on me your love, and enlivening my solitude with your presence.'

I opened the casket. It contained a magnificent pearl necklace; and, what pleased me still more, a likeness of my aunt—taken, she informed me, in her twenty-second year. Never had I beheld a more lovely face; and, judging from the resemblance one could trace between it and its faded original, the likeness must have been a striking one. Unable to restrain my curiosity, I exclaimed, 'O aunt! why did you never marry?'

Aunt Rachel's lips quivered, and her eyes filled with tears, as she replied, 'Some day, my dear, you will know the reason why. In the meantime, oblige me by accepting this little present; it will serve to recall me to your remembrance in long after years, when the place that has known me shall know me no more.'

Weeping, I threw myself into her arms. She blessed me; then quitted the apartment.

One evening, shortly after the above conversation had taken place, old nurse informed me that my aunt wished to see me in her room. Repairing thither, I found her seated by the window, gazing forth on the placid lake beneath.

'Dear Emily,' she said, taking me by the hand, and keeping her eyes fixed on the sun-lit water, 'I promised, on your birth-day, that you should know the reason why I have been content to braid St. Catherine's tresses—in other words, to remain unmarried. Life being uncertain, even to the young, I will no longer delay making you acquainted with the circumstances which occasioned my choosing a single life, in spite of the efforts made to shame me out of my resolution. The evening hour is the most suitable time for those in the decline of life to relate their reminiscences of the past. The departure of day is to them a warning that their pilgrimage on earth is drawing nigh its close; while the setting sun, leaving us but to return on the morrow, conveys the blissful assurance of a joyful resurrection. Listen, while I narrate my story.'

Seated by her side, with my eyes alternately fixed on the rainbow sky and the flushed face of the venerable speaker, I listened with breathless attention while she related the following incidents—remembrance of which had thrown a halo of brightness over her solitary existence.

CHAPTER II.

'I was the eldest of eight children,' thus she commenced; 'your mother being the youngest—about sixteen years my junior. Four of us died in infancy. From my earliest years I was of a pensive, reflective disposition; and frequently sought the solitude of my own apartment, there to gratify an inordinate love for the ideal by indulging in dreamy reveries and devouring every novel

that came within my reach. I was enveloped in an atmosphere of romance. Everything connected with Fenton Abbey breathed but of the past. The umbrageous boughs of the stately oaks which sheltered my girlish head from the noonday sun, in like manner waved over the plumed helmets of the gallant Sir Hubert Sackville and his retainers as they swept along the avenue—a noble cavalcade—to take part with their sovereign against the traitor Roundheads. The well-polished armour adorning the entrance-hall graced the persons of my noble ancestors when they went forth to do battle in defence of their country; while, from the ancestral portraits which decked the walls, murmuring voices seemed to proceed, telling of many a brilliant pageant and heroic achievement unrecorded in the pages of history. This sort of visionary existence, so seductive to a girl of my temperament, was not conducive to health. I was seized with a low fever—the result, so the medical man informed my parents, of my sedentary mode of life. Dreadfully alarmed by this information, when convalescent, my father insisted on my abandoning my rusty old books and joining in the sports of my brother and sisters. In obedience to my parent's commands, I no longer shunned the society of those youthful friends who, if immeasurably inferior to the heroes and heroines of my imagination, at least possessed a high flow of animal spirits, and, by their merry pastimes, contributed largely towards the restoration of my health. Still, having drunk of the enchanted fountain, I could not entirely consign my highly-wrought fancies to oblivion. In order that I might to a certain extent gratify my love for reading, I requested my father to allow me one hour daily for the perusal of my favourite authors. He consented. Shutting myself up, therefore, in my chamber, I revelled, undisturbed, amid the glowing imagery of poets, historians, and romancers, until the golden moments allotted me were fled.

Of histories, that of Scotland delighted me the most. How my heart went out towards those noble heroes who fought and died for their country's freedom! Again and again I perused their daring exploits; and wept to think such men had passed away as a vision of the night. Among the youthful companions who shared our amusements, there was a boy named Seymour, the eldest son of a neighbouring proprietor. Robert Seymour—or, as we generally styled him, Sensitive Bob—was of a mild, retiring disposition; and so awkward in all his attempts to shine in the sports of his more forward associates, that he generally incurred ridicule where he fain would have excelled. On these occasions, poor Robert's cheeks became of a crimson hue; and, too gentle to resent his companions' taunts, he would withdraw from the contest, and seat himself by my side—always sure of consolation and sympathy from me. So decided was the preference he evinced to my society, that it speedily attracted the notice of his cruel tormentors, who styled him my lover, and teased him with numberless observations, which only caused him to cling to me the closer. Each succeeding year added to our attachment; and at length it was regarded even by the thoughtless companions in the light of a very serious affair. Never was there a more devoted cavalier. His arm outstretched to convey me in safety across the swollen brook; his hand that twined the shrinking violet and wood anemone into a wreath to grace my temples; while, mocking at dangers, he would scale precipitous crags to procure the flower I had admired from a distance. Still, he never spoke of love; and I felt grateful for his forbearance. There was nothing of the hero about

Robert Seymour. His was a simple, honest character, that, combined with a ruddy complexion and yellow curly hair, could not possibly constitute a hero in the eyes of an imaginative maiden in her teens. When approaching my seventeenth birthday, my father declared his intention of throwing open his halls, in order that I might be introduced to society. Hitherto I had lived for myself only; henceforward I must render myself agreeable to an indifferent world.

There is something melancholy to the mind of a reflective girl in the event of her launch on the ocean of life. She has for ever quitted the flowery banks of childhood; peace and contentment are behind her; the world, with all its gay allurements, lies before her. Who dare say she will pass unscathed through the trying ordeal which all must encounter who mingle in the society of their fellow-creatures?

Happy, indeed, the individual who, standing at the portals of eternity, can look back with untroubled mind on the long vista of years he or she has been permitted to spend on earth, and say, in all the fervour of sincerity, "I thank thee, O Lord! that thou hast preserved me from the evil thereof!"

The eventful day at length arrived, and endless confusion prevailed within the precincts of Fenton Abbey. All the neighbourhood had been invited to share in the festival. Every one looked radiant with happiness—anticipating the pleasures of the dance—save her on whose account the old Abbey was to don its gayest attire, and seem once more the Abbey of other and more chivalrous days. In order to avoid the disorder attendant on the preparations, I stole away to the woods, there to indulge, undisturbed, in my cherished phantasies. Scarcely had I proceeded a few paces along my favourite walk, when a quick step on the gravel caused me to look back. To my consternation, I beheld Robert Seymour hastening towards me, bearing an exquisite bouquet, which he presented—blushing and stammering painfully while offering me the customary congratulations. There was something in his whole bearing different from his usual deportment. His cheeks were flushed, his hair was disordered, and a certain consciousness in his look inspired me with an undefined terror. I became confused while thanking him for his polite attention, and made as though I should return home; when, sinking on his knees, he seized my passive hand, and, without preface of any kind, poured out his whole soul in a passionate avowal of love.

I know not how it may be with girls of a different mould, but the sight of Robert Seymour kneeling at my feet inspired me with the deepest sorrow. I did not love him; but how could I pain his tender heart by telling him so, when his very existence seemed to depend on the answer about to proceed from my lips?

"Dear Miss Sackville," he went on; "believe me, this is no momentary burst of feeling on my part. Since boyhood I have loved you. More than two years ago, I acquainted my father with the nature of my feelings, and besought him to ask your parents' consent to our union. He has done so; and they have given their sanction, provided you yourself are not opposed to it. O Rachel! dearest Rachel! dare I hope for so great a happiness?"

My parents had consented. I looked on the face of my kneeling lover—his beseeching eyes and quivering lips pleaded powerfully in his favour. I could not bear to wound his loving heart by a refusal. If the feeling I experienced for him was not that of love, there was no other whom I preferred. Unwilling, therefore, to keep him any

longer in suspense, I expressed my desire to comply with my parents' wishes.

'Poor Robert! this answer, cold as it was, seemed to place him on the pinnacle of happiness. He clasped my hand, pressed it to his lips;—but why dwell on his extravagances? Suffice it to say, he declared himself supremely blessed, and we returned to Fenton Abbey—engaged.

'Speedily extricating myself from my friends, whose congratulations tended only to increase my bewilderment, I retreated to my chamber, and, throwing myself on a sofa, burst into a passion of tears. Youth's too bewitching dreams were for ever fled. Henceforward mine must be an every-day life—a mere prosaic existence. But how render otherwise the fate in store for me? The days of chivalry were gone. Those noble knights whose heroic deeds of arms emblazoned the pages of history slept in their graves, and none had arisen to fill their place. Times were changed. Unfortunately for me I had been born in an age widely different from those—the descriptions of which had filled my girlish breast with imaginative longings that could only conspire to make me miserable.

'At this moment, my eyes rested on the bouquet given me by Robert Seymour. The thought darted across my brain—I was about to be married—married to one I did not love as a woman ought to love an affianced husband! What had I done? To avoid inflicting a momentary pang on my kneeling lover, I had perhaps sealed the misery of one, if not of both, for ever.

'Almost frenzied at the remembrance of my weakness, I rushed to the window, and gazed despairingly on the heavens. "Restore me my girlhood!" I cried, as though addressing some invisible power; but no voice responded to my prayer. Nature alone heard my anguished voice. In the sighing wind and the rustling of the yellow leaves, as they fell trembling to the ground, I read her sympathy with my passionate grief. There was no escape for me. I must for ever have done with the world of imagination. That which had hitherto proved a source of delight, could no longer be indulged in; other cares demanded my attention. I was standing on the verge of womanhood; anxieties and sorrows were before me. Peace and tranquillity, I imagined, were for ever departed.

'A knock at the door interrupted me in the midst of my solitary musings. In answer to my permission to enter, a servant made her appearance, bearing my ball dress. She seemed surprised at my dejected air; and informed me, greatly to my annoyance, that the company were beginning to assemble, and that my mother desired my presence in the drawing-room. Hastily donning my gay attire, I descended to the library, where my father waited to conduct me to the already crowded hall. Robert Seymour was with him. Never having seen me in anything but the plainest dresses, he seemed perfectly bewildered on beholding me so richly arrayed; and his voice faltered as he whispered in my ear how happy I had made him. Sincerity dwelt in his voice; the tenderest love beamed from his sparkling eyes. Poor Robert!

'The ball passed off with great *eclat*. Every one was happy, or appeared to be so, and expressed regret when the hour of departure arrived. For myself, I was in a continual whirl of excitement. The magnificent appearance of the old hall, adorned with waxlights, and thronged as it was by a numerous and brilliant assemblage—the soft strains of music floating in the air—the intoxicating whirl of the dance,—all conspired to render me oblivious of everything calculated to mar the present enjoyment. Even the old Sackvilles adorning the walls seemed, by

their smiling glances, desirous to quit their antiquated frames, and share for a brief space in the festivity.

'In consideration of our youth, my father stipulated that two years should intervene between my engagement and marriage. This probationary term was to be spent by Robert Seymour in travelling; and by me, in fitting myself for the position I was to occupy. It is almost needless to say that, with my peculiar feelings, I felt deeply grateful to my father for deferring the marriage. Not so Robert Seymour. He protested strongly against the delay; but my father remained firm, and Captain Seymour himself admitted the propriety of his son seeing something of the world ere settling down into private life. Having expressed the satisfaction I felt on being allowed to remain some time longer single, you will be surprised to learn that it was with feelings of genuine sorrow I bade Robert Seymour adieu. Such was my inconsistency: the man whom I had longed to get rid of now possessed the power of drawing tears from my eyes. So unaffected was my grief, that I felt tempted to support his petition, and entreat my father to allow the marriage to take place at once.

'But some mysterious power restrained me. It was otherwise ordained. Poor Robert! the tears ran down his cheeks as he bade God bless and protect me during his absence. A presentiment of evil seemed to oppress his heart at this our last interview. More than once he exclaimed, "Dearest Rachel! I cannot bear to go; much may happen in the space of two years. You may be seized with illness, and I not near to comfort you; or," his voice faltered, "you may see another whom you prefer. Were that the case, I could not survive the blow. Rachel! my heart is bound up in you."

'I smiled reassuringly, and bade him have reliance on my constancy. He blessed me and departed.

'Alas! I trusted in my own strength; and no mortal can do that with impunity. The sisterly affection I entertained for Robert Seymour, and the desire to spare him pain, caused me to dissimulate even at the last moment. Not even my parents penetrated into the real state of my feelings. They imagined me overwhelmed with grief at my lover's departure; when, in reality, I was mourning over my own weakness. Solitude being generally preferred by maidens in the absence of their admirers—in imitation of a love-lorn damsel I secluded myself in my chamber; but the time which my friends imagined was devoted to thinking of my betrothed, was spent in poring over favourite authors, with whose glowing descriptions of noble knights and feats of arms I became daily more enamoured.'

(To be continued.)

TRUTH.

Men preach and preach, and write and write,

To wake the soul to life and light;

One preaches that, another this,

As what alone can lead to bliss.

One sage uplifts his pen and writes,

'Behold, O man! the Light of Lights!'

Another and another still,

(Each privy to the Eternal Will)

The very heavens with shoutings fill!

Yet do I fear, when all this noise is done,

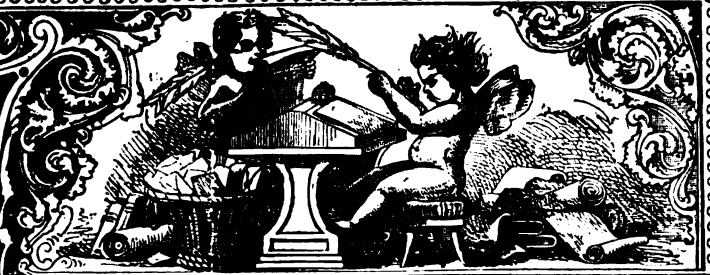
The truth has not been told by any one;

Nay, much I doubt, that, teach as mortals may,

The immortal truth will still remain to say! W.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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ROBINSON'S MISCELLANY

No. 6.]

SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1862.

[PRICE 1d.]

THE OTHER HALF.

If I make the remark, at the commencement of this paper, that one half the world does not know how the other half lives, my friend Brown, or Jones, or Robinson may move pettishly in his seat, and say, 'Oh! we have heard that remark before; don't, for gracious sake! let's have any moralising on that subject, for it really is stale.' Jones may say to Robinson, who is reading aloud for the delectation of his two friends and himself, 'My dear Robinson, if we are going to have anything on that subject, shut the *Miscellany*, and let's have another game of whist.'

I beg respectfully to request that, before they commence their rubber, they will read to the bottom of the page.

One half the world does not know how the other half lives. I have ventured to repeat the saying; but I am not about to launch into a dissertation on the shifts and struggles to which honest or dishonest poverty resorts to make ends meet. I am not about to advocate any particular society for the relief of the destitute. I mean to treat the subject from another point of view altogether. I shall be genteel. '*Hon! soit qui mal y pense.*' Let no one think that this is a novel feature in my character or writings. I ought to have said—I shall be, as I always am, genteel.

It so happened that, immediately after making up my mind as to the subject of this article, I should fall in with my friend Birtwhistle. Suddenly, I felt that some one was endeavouring to extract my handkerchief from my pocket; and, on turning round, was fronted by Birtwhistle, who smiled, and informed me that I was 'sold again!' He leaped gaily back, did Birtwhistle; and, attitudinising like Laertes in the last scene of 'Hamlet,' made a lunge at me with his stick, exclaiming, 'A hit, my lord; a most palpable hit!' His next proceedings were to 'bonnet' a small boy—who was standing open-mouthed on the pavement, disturbed

in mind at his strange conduct—and kiss his hand to a domestic servant of prepossessing appearance, who was tacking along the pavement on the opposite side of the street, with parti-coloured ribbons floating on the wind from her cap, and the beer-jug (a profile likeness of the late Duke of Wellington) at her breast, like the figurehead of a yacht. He then linked his arm in mine, and said, 'Vell, hold fellar! wot are you hup to?'

Mr. Birtwhistle is in the drysaltery line of business; and, if I had been a dignified customer whose patronage he was anxious to secure, he would not have made known his presence to me in the above manner; and his English would have been in strict accordance with the rules of polite conversation. But I was not a dignified customer; it was after business hours; and Mr. Birtwhistle was *en route* to his club, where his merry flow of spirits, innocent practical jokes, Cockney-costermonger grammar, and general frolicsome vein, nightly keep the table in a roar.

I went with Mr. Birtwhistle that evening, heard two or three of his comic songs, laughed at his *bons mots*, and joined in the choral chant which eulogised him as 'a jolly good fellow! which nobody could deny;' borrowed some money from him; heard other two or three good fellows apologise for not being able to refund money which they had borrowed; and saw Birtwhistle slap them on the shoulder, and assure them, with generosity and good nature beaming in his eyes, that it was 'all right—no hurry.' Surely a happy man, a benevolent man, a perpetual good-natured man, my friend Birtwhistle! Look at his broad honest face, clear blue eyes, open forehead, and well-formed mouth;—surely the very quintessence of *bonhomie*. Hold! not so fast. The last song has been sung; all but three or four of the members have retired, and by this time, I would venture to say, are snug between the sheets. My jovial friend Birtwhistle is about the last to depart.

With a 'God bless you!' to the smiling landlord, and a pleasant joke to the landlady, Birtwhistle sallies out; and, buttoning up his coat, moves homeward. Link your arm in mine, my friend Robinson, and we shall quietly follow Birtwhistle. Happy wife to have such a husband! Happy children, such a father! Happy mother and father, such a son! Ha! my good friend, you start, and clutch my arm tighter—Birtwhistle is passing a lamp, and the light streams on his face. We have made no mistake. It is the same Birtwhistle; but lo! the face, which but a few minutes ago was radiant with peace, goodwill, and benevolence towards every one, is now unmistakably changed. The open forehead is somewhat clouded by several ominous wrinkles, which look suspiciously like frowns. The lips are compressed; and, as I live, part for a moment as an oath escapes them. Birtwhistle has reached his own door. He fumbles for a moment, as if in search of the latch-key. He can't find it. He swears, and gives a sharp rat-tat. He waits a moment, and knocks again, furiously. A lady opens the door, and Birtwhistle enters. It is his wife. Happy Mrs. Birtwhistle!

'Supper ready?' says Birtwhistle, snappishly.

'You told me you would not be home to supper,' replies his wife. 'It is now after twelve o'clock, and the fire is out.'

'I did nothing of the sort. I want some supper; so you must either knock up your servant to light the fire or do it yourself—I am starving.' (You and I are witness, Robinson, that Birtwhistle had a chop, two kidneys, some Stilton cheese, and a pint of stout half-an-hour ago, at the 'Pigeon.') Surely this is not Birtwhistle! the amiable, the good-natured—the funny Birtwhistle! Verily it is! But see, Robinson; do you see nothing there? 'You see nothing; yet all that is you see.' Good! But I see something. Behind the hall door a small brass-headed nail, and on it a fiddle. There is no such thing in reality as either a fiddle or nail, but still I see both there. Birtwhistle has, metaphorically speaking, hung up his fiddle on that nail; and now he is another Birtwhistle till he goes out again. Woe to you, children of Birtwhistle! if you are uneasy in your slumber, and cry out during the night. Birtwhistle will be at you like the ghost of Hamlet's father, and you will suffer for disturbing his slumbers. O unhappy Mrs. Birtwhistle! you are yoked to a bilious little hypocrite. You were deceived at first by his seeming amiability and good nature; but your eyes are now open.

At breakfast next morning, the full light of day shines on Birtwhistle, and gives the lie to his appearance at the club the night previous. The bacon is underdone; the eggs boiled too hard; the coffee too weak; and his shirt-collar too stiff. Birtwhistle, Jun. on venturing timorously into the room, is challenged with having two spots of mud on his trousers; which, on further investigation by his indignant parent, being found correct, the wretched boy is immediately commissioned to bring the clothes' brush, with the back of which he is summarily chastened on the knuckles, and sent off—defiantly keeping back the tears, but with indignation and a sense of injustice struggling in his heart.

Is this a true picture?

O ye Birtwhistles of society! think again before ye start up, bristling with indignation, and asseverating fiercely that it is 'gross exaggeration—written for effect—nonsense.' If the cap did not fit, ye would be silent. Defend me, O ye wives, children, mothers, and fathers of the Birtwhistles of society! Do I speak truth or falsehood?

Stand forth, juvenile members of the Birtwhistle family! Have some of you not a brother who is at school with you; and who, on holiday occasions, is in the habit of making fishing, or swimming, or bird-nesting excursions into the country? Have you never earnestly entreated to be allowed to accompany him and his companions on these occasions, and been sternly commanded to 'cut away home,' on pain of 'getting a cuffing?' Has that big brother, on your persisting in following him, never seized hold of your cap and hurled it over a hedge—immediately running off with his graceless companions, and leaving you to return home, with desolation and wounded feeling in your juvenile bosom?

Sisters! have you not, some of you, a brother vapish and disagreeable at home, who, when you meet him at friends' houses—especially where there are young ladies—is all amiability and attention? A brother who invests money in cigars, pet meerschaum pipes, gorgeous studs, sleeve-links, and walking-sticks; who can never spare five shillings to buy you a pair of gloves; and yet who frets and fumes if his dinner is five minutes late, or if one button is off his shirt? A brother who sends expensive presents of the latest music, portmonnaies, smelling-bottles, point-lace, and amethyst card-cases to young ladies, who treats him a duck? A brother who is the life of a social meeting or quadrille-party; who is great at picnics and country excursions, but who never asks you to accompany him; and who, if you happen to be invited, frowns at you in secret, and is doubly disagreeable at home?

Approach, Mrs. Jones! late a snow-white aproned, black-haired, fresh-complexioned servant-maiden; now a pale-faced, anxious-looking, but still tidy matron. Was not your lover, when you first knew him, a cheerful, good-humoured, light-hearted, straight-haired young carpenter? and did he not gradually change after the first year of wedlock? Has he not a reputation among his comrades for being a good-natured fellow, ready to do anybody a good turn? and does he not render your life, and that of the blessed child, miserable when at home? Does he not often come home at the small hours, in a Bacchanalian state, and even go the length of beating you? You are dumb and hang down your head. Alas! it is too true. Is not this social evil among the lower, middle, and upper classes greater than one would suppose? Is it not very common to hear that Mr. So-and-So—when the party speaking has met in company the evening before—is a very agreeable person, a benevolent person, a person whom it would be perfect happiness to live with, a person who must be a jewel to his wife, children, and relations; and who, if his real character and life were known, would be found a demon and a snare—a very despotic domestic tyrant, who plays on the best strings of his fiddle out of his own doors, and who hangs it up altogether when he is at home?

Then there is a misunderstanding about the life of the friends the Mootons. The Mootons give gorgeous dinner-parties, to which I am sometimes invited. I am constantly being told that the Mootons are the most agreeable people in the world; that they live like a pair of turtle-doves; and that their whole life is sunshine and happiness. This is the general belief; and any person visiting the house, or meeting them in a society, would indorse the universal opinion. Mrs. Mooton wears ringlets, and Mr. Mooton a mustache. Mr. Mooton when she laughs absolutely shines; she shakes her little head, and the golden curls dance about her face as if they actually leapt with gladness and delight. When Mooton père smiles, his mild grey eyes are almost buried in fat; and a regular set of white pearly teeth are disclosed positively delightful to contemplate.

Mr. and Mrs. Mooton amuse themselves and their friends by having little amateur quarrels and fights of repartee on every opportunity. When Mr. and Mrs. Mooton are presiding at a dinner-party in their own house, we are all in ecstasies when Mr. Mooton informs us that his wife and he had a quarrel last night. Nobody present can resist the comicality of the idea; and we are in transports when she informs us that the monster actually caught her by the hair and shook her, because she had invited a few friends (present) without first consulting him. Funny! isn't it? She laughs and pretends to look serious, and calls him the fat ogre with the mustache—the naughty man! And he, determined to be revenged in his funny way, cuts her a very fat piece of meat underdone, and says, 'Take that for revealing State secrets;' and then he invites any of the gentlemen to pull his wife's ringlets, and they will discover that they are false. Can anything be more humorous? The idea of being false! 'She actually threw a candlestick at me last night,' he will tell us—at which we all laugh; and she will be revenged by putting the coldest of the potatoes on his plate; and then, after she has finished the piece at the piano, she will playfully slap his face, because he held his ears, hissed, and pretended that he believed her playing and singing execrable, and told her for goodness sake not to attempt it again.

Open the street door, and allow me a clear passage through the lobby. Guests of the Mootons! what your hosts are telling is true. It is a miserable device to vent their spleen upon one another. Where's the humour now? Nay, further, they pinch each other under your very eyes. I detected Mooton père once kicking his wife's ankles, under cover of the table, at a card-party. I am no slanderer. If they would be honest in their hate of each other, I would say nothing; but I won't be taken in. I likewise warn you. Cover me from their wrath—form a half square in front of me—until I have time to vanish out into the street.

I could say more on this subject, but my space is exhausted; and the stern voice of the *genius* of the case-room commands me, in the meantime, to 'hold!—enough.'

R. L. G.

LOST.

A LITTLE hand was laid in mine:
The dear, dear shock and thrill
That shot through all my beating blood—
I seem to feel it still.

Two little, longed-for, timorous words
Stole to my raptured ear:
Through half this sleepless, silent night
That voice I seem to hear.

The eyes that long had lit my life
Look'd love to love in mine:
Now, all about the whispering dark,
Their starry glances shine.

A heart was sworn and sealed my own,
O'er-brimm'd with love and trust:
That heart, with all its wealth of love,
Is nothing now but dust.

Woe's me! That warmth of love and life!
And now the bitter change!
How sad! how very sad it seems!
And yet less sad than strange.

P. P.

AUNT RACHEL'S STORY (Continued).

BY ELLEN EMMA GUTHRIE.

CHAPTER III.

'It was in the autumn of the year seventeen hundred and forty-four,' aunt Rachel continued, 'that Robert Seymour quitted England. Everything remained unchanged at Fenton Abbey until the following May; at the beginning of which month my father received a note from an aunt of his, who resided in Scotland, declaring her intention of paying him a flying visit *en route* from London, whither she had been obliged to go on business.

'My father smiled on reading this laconic epistle, and observed to me, "Now, Rachel, you are about to have a rich treat. Of all people in the world, Lady Macdonald is the one to regale you with accounts of Scotland, and the doughty deeds achieved by her ancestors in the days of old. She is a fine-hearted, noble-looking old woman, but proud as Lucifer. You must therefore remember not to wound her prejudices, as she possesses a fiery disposition, and is not apt to forgive when once offended." "I wonder," he observed to my mother, "what has taken my aunt to London? Depend upon it, something important is dawning in the political horizon when Lady Macdonald betakes herself to the English capital,—a city rendered obnoxious to her by the occupation of the Elector of Hanover—as, in common with the Jacobites, she contemptuously styles our reigning monarch!"

'My mother agreed with my father respecting the singularity of Lady Macdonald's visit to London. Here the conversation ended; but the little that had been said sank deep into my mind. Much I pondered over the terms—Jacobites, Elector of Hanover, and so forth; and I longed for the arrival of her who could enlighten me as to their meaning.

'In little more than a week after the receipt of her letter, Lady Macdonald arrived. She was indeed an imposing old lady; the uprightness of her bearing denoted pride, and the yet unsubdued fire of her eyes, energy of disposition unimpaired by time.

'She resembled in features the old portraits of the Sackvilles (her mother having been a Sackville accounted for the likeness); and her figure, although delicately proportioned, was by no means deficient in dignity; while the elegance of her gestures and dignified composure of manner inspired us with no slight degree of respect for our aged relative. To me she was at once an object of love and envy. How I longed for the time when, permitted by greater intimacy, I might indulge my curiosity by questioning her respecting the nature and pursuits of the present inhabitants of Scotland! Possessed of great natural shrewdness and quick perceptive powers, Lady Macdonald soon discovered that there were hidden depths in my mind in which some secret grief lay buried. Her efforts to win my confidence were crowned with success. Beyond measure delighted in having found a sympathising friend, I speedily made her acquainted with the real state of my feelings towards Robert Seymour, of whose attachment she had been made aware; and, laying bare the inmost recesses of my soul, revealed my irrepressible longings after the great and beautiful—doomed; I feared, never to be realised.

"My dear child," said Lady Macdonald, on the conclusion of my recital, "you are very young, and the youthful are prone to indulge in dreams and reveries such as you

have described; but do not fear they will cling to you when once the real battle of life commences. Ah! no. If cares and anxieties will soon banish these bright illusions. The longer you live the more you will realise the truth of my arguments. It is one of the sweetest privileges pertaining to the youthful, that they are able to invest the most commonplace occurrences with a halo of brightness; but, when once life's struggles commence, sober reason usurps fancy's brilliant sceptre, and the dreaming youth becomes the active man. Thus it is with the opposite sex; with us it is pretty much the same. A romantic girl given to novel reading, pictures to herself the man she should like to have for a husband. He is the idol of her imagination; celebrated on account of his chivalrous nature and splendid appearance; of noble descent, and with princely manners—in short, a paragon of perfection not likely to be met with in this lower world. A few years glide swiftly away; the girl becomes a woman, and is introduced to society. In the natural course of events, she meets with a gentleman the very opposite of her ideal lover, who, becoming enamoured of her, makes an offer of marriage. The poor girl, still fondly dreaming of other and more captivating suitors, wishes to refuse him but her parents interfere. 'He is rich, owner of a fine property, and must not be rejected.' So argues the matter-of-fact mother; and the daughter, after a few tears she over the memory of her sweet but delusive hopes, finally consents to become Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Tomkins. But a short time suffices to cure her effectually of all such nonsense; she becomes an attached wife—an exemplary mother; and, were any youthful friends to remind her of former sentiments in respect to marriage, ten to one but she would be the first to laugh at her own foolishness. With regard to Robert Seymour, my dear," continued my aunt, "do not give way to silly fancies regarding him. From all accounts, he must be a very amiable young man and a good heart is far before a brilliant appearance or dazzling qualities. These possessions soon lose their value in the eyes even of the youthful; and then one looks to the disposition of one's wife or husband, as the case may be, for continued happiness. Now, what I should wish you to do is this—come with me to Scotland; there you will find plenty to gratify your love of the beautiful in the way of scenery. More than a year must elapse before Mr. Seymour returns to England; and why should you not spend some portion of that time in viewing the picturesque beauties of the Highlands of Scotland? You have as yet seen nothing beyond the confines of Fenton Abbey. Such strict seclusion is by no means beneficial to the young. They require variety, else the mind becomes morbid—thereby rendering the possessor unhappy, and unfit for the social duties of life. In your case, a morbid imagination and craving after excitement are the causes of your giving way to despondency, which, if long indulged in, will work serious mischief both mentally and bodily. Thorough change of scene will be necessary to impart a healthy tone to the spirits; and, when once you have slaked your thirst for the novel and romantic, you will calm down into a useful member of society. While resident in my Highland home, your mind will become engrossed in contemplation of the sublime; new features will be impressed upon it; the old will gradually assume a softer tone; things will appear in a light totally different from their present aspect; your ideas will necessarily become enlarged, and your heart more expansive. While viewing our Highland scenery—combining, as it does, the sweetest and most striking in nature—thought, feeling,

and undeterred as the winds of heaven, will soar from the glorious works of nature to nature's God; and imaginary evils and morbid feelings become lost amid the grandeur of immensity. Such are my sensations while wandering over the heath-clad mountains of my native land. The foaming cataract, the tinkling rill, the glorious rainbow—spanning the heavens like an arch, and kissing the summits of the towering monarchs of the north—all combine to fill my soul with ecstasy; and a voiceless hymn of praise ascends from my grateful heart to their Creator. In my Highland home you will find much to delight—possessing, as you do, a mind capable of appreciating the great and beautiful. Say, then, if your parents consent, will you return with me to Glenvoirnen?"

"Dearest aunt!" I exclaimed, throwing my arms around her neck, "words cannot convey the intense longing I have experienced to visit your lovely land; and, should my parents acquiesce, oh! with what pleasure shall I accompany you thither!"

"I then informed her of the delight I experienced when reading the history of Scotland;—how the noble deeds of Bruce and Wallace so fired my imagination that I could think of nothing else.

"Lady Macdonald laughed, and replied, "Well, I do not owe you the less for having so much idealism in your composition. In spite of my seventy-and-eight years, I am not without some of it myself; at least few have more enjoyment in hearing an old Scottish legend; and as for a Jacobite song, the first line of the first verse causes my heart to swell with unwonted emotion."

"The word Jacobite again! I wondered much what Lady Macdonald meant by the term, but thought it better to defer asking an explanation until we were at Glenvoirnen.

"My parents not only consented to my returning with my aunt to Scotland, but warmly expressed their gratitude for her kindness in making the proposal. During the few remaining days of her visit, I obtained much information respecting Scotland. Glenvoirnen she would not describe—I must judge of that for myself. But endless were her stories concerning brownies, fairies, and other singular beings supposed to infest the Highlands. In the existence of mermaids she was a firm believer; and told me of one seen by a kinsman of her own, while bathing at early morn in the waters of Loch-Oioh—the lake on which Glenvoirnen was situated. To all her wild legends and stories treating of supernatural agency—for, like the gentleness of Highlanders, her mind was stored with tales of omens, warnings, and second-sight—I listened with delight, not unmixed with fear. But possessed of far greater interest for me were my aunt's descriptions of the scenery of the clans. For hours I would listen, entranced, while she portrayed, in glowing colours, the attachment entertained by the lower class of Highlanders for the person of their chief; how it was accounted the greatest honour to die for him; and with what devoted affection the chief's younger brother would risk his own life to save that of the head of his clan. The very idea that such heroism existed in a country I was about to visit filled my bosom with rapture; and as my aunt, who perceived my enthusiasm with delight, described the fine old castles, lofty mountains, and savage glens owned by these warlike men, I imagined myself the sport of some too-enchanting dream, and feared every moment to awake and find the vision gone.

"It was now the night preceding the morning of our departure. I retired soon to rest, having to rise at an

early hour. In sleep I was visited by the following dream:—

"Methought I was borne aloft by some invisible power, and conveyed to a strange country—which, from my aunt's descriptions, I knew to be Scotland. On recovering from the feeling of giddiness incident to my aerial flight, I found myself standing in midst of a scene whose loveliness I can never forget. Before me, frowning darkly from amidst the shadow of a forest of pine trees, stood a venerable castle, gray with age, and of singular architecture. In the background were mountains grander than any previously formed conception; while in front of the castle lay a lovely sheet of water, interspersed with little islands smiling in verdant beauty. As I gazed, enraptured, the moon rose from behind a lofty mountain, and, pouring her bright rays on tower and lake, completed the witchery of the scene. In an ecstasy of delight, I extended my arms towards the old castle. "Oh, tell me," I cried, addressing my invisible guide, "the name of this spot so fair?" Then a voice whispered, "You will soon learn all. Here shall your imaginative longings be realised!" Upon this I awoke, and found the morning sun shining in at my window.

"I shall pass briefly over the tender farewells I exchanged with each beloved member of my family, and the different incidents occurring on our journey; suffice to say, the former cost me many tears, and the latter no small enjoyment. It was on a lovely night—the 16th of June, if I remember aright—that we reached the end of our journey; and my surprise may be conceived when, uncovering my eyes—which, in obedience to Lady Macdonald's wishes, I had veiled with my handkerchief on approaching the house—I recognised in Glenvoirnen the castle of my dream! There it stood, dark and frowning. In the background a forest of sombre pines; beyond that, again, a magnificent chain of mountains; while in the foreground lay a lovely lake, interspersed with islands, and all bathed in moonlight. I started on beholding the similarity existing between the two scenes, and could not suppress an exclamation of surprise.

"What, child!" said Lady Macdonald, laughing. "Are you struck with the singular appearance of my Highland home?"

"Oh, it is not that, dear aunt," was my reply. "I was startled to behold in Glenvoirnen the fac-simile of a castle beheld by me in a dream the night before leaving Fenton Abbey."

"In accordance with my aunt's desire, I related it. She expressed her astonishment; and said, while bidding me welcome to the Highlands, that, as the first part of my dream had been fulfilled, she hoped the latter part would also be accomplished. I laughingly re-echoed the kind wish, while following her up a narrow spiral stair.

"There was no fine old entrance hall, as at Fenton Abbey—the principal rooms being approached by the staircase leading up from the door by which we entered. Still, there was something noble in the aspect of the apartment into which we were ushered; and the fact of my being in the interior of a Highland chieftain's castle was more than sufficient to compensate for any apparent want of comfort in Glenvoirnen. The dining-room's splendid proportions astonished me not a little—the outward appearance of the castle entirely precluding the idea that it contained such a lofty apartment. There were three windows in the room; above each hung a deer's head and antlers, while the carpet was in some places covered with skins of the same animal. The walls were adorned with some fine old portraits of unmistakable

cavaliers; and between each picture were suspended helmets, swords, battle-axes, and other warlike weapons. "Who is that, aunt?" I inquired, pointing to the portrait of a noble-looking man attired in the Highland garb.

"My late husband," Lady Macdonald sighed.

"And the one on his right hand?"

"Bonnie Dundee. But, my dear child," observed my aunt, "you must be tired after your fatiguing journey. So please restrain your curiosity until to-morrow; when, please God we are spared, I shall have much pleasure in giving you the history of each portrait."

"After partaking of a plentiful supper, served up in true Highland fashion, Lady Macdonald took a rushlight from the servant's hand, and preceded me to my sleeping apartment. Another tortuous stair conducted us thither. It was a comfortable, old-fashioned room; the furniture solid and entirely plain, with not the slightest pretence to elegance visible throughout. (Lady Macdonald prided herself on her contempt for everything luxurious in the way of furnishing.)

"Now, my dear child," said my aunt, accompanying her words with a tender embrace, "I told you before leaving Fenton Abbey that you must not expect to find in Glenvoirnen the comforts and refinements of your English home; but, should I not be mistaken, fine scenery and freedom of action will have greater attractions in your eyes than costly furniture and tempting food."

"You are right, dearest aunt," I replied. "Rather would I possess Glenvoirnen than the finest hall in England. There is a spirit of proud independence visible in the arrangements of your lovely home which harmonises well with my love of unrestraint and national freedom."

"Lady Macdonald's eyes sparkled with delight, while I thus expressed my sentiments in favour of Glenvoirnen. "Ah, my dear child," she said sadly, "had you only been in Scotland in the year sixteen, when our true and rightful King, James the Third—God bless him!—came to claim his own! How I wept to see him ride through Dundee—his noble charger seeming to know by its curvettings and prancings the rank of its rider; while hundreds flocked around to kiss his hand and testify their joy at seeing one of the old Stuarts back again! He was much affected on being introduced to me at Grandtully, whither he went after leaving Dundee. Full well he knew that my husband, being foremost to declare in his favour, was likely to suffer for his loyalty. In the most courteous manner he expressed his gratitude for Sir Donald's services.

"O, your Royal Highness," I replied with emotion, "my husband's sole ambition was to see you seated on the Stuarts' throne."

"We thank you," he replied; "and when once we obtain possession of the crown, which by right pertaineth unto us, we will not forget such true loyalty as you have this day expressed for our person."

"Precious words! doomed, I fear, never to be realised. The old spirit of devotion to the Stuarts is fast dying out in Scotland; still, there are many who detest, and with justice, the Hanoverian dynasty."

"Why, aunt," I said smiling, "you are speaking high treason!"

"No, my dear," she replied, with flashing eyes and heightened colour. "The Elector of Hanover has no right whatever to the British throne. He is neither more nor less than a base usurper; and all those who recognise him as their lawful sovereign are perjured traitors, unworthy

the privilege of being styled true-hearted Britons. For my own part—and there are many who hold similar opinions—I will never take the oath of fealty to that German intruder. Morning and evening this fervent prayer rises at the Throne of Grace, 'Lord, if it pleaseth Thee, may my aged eyes be permitted to behold my lawful King seated on the throne Thow gavest to his ancestors!'

"My aunt ceased speaking, and raised her handkerchief to wipe away the falling tears. I remained silent, lost in perplexity.

"Good night, my child," at length she said. "How foolish in me to have kept you from your needful repose! But when once on the subject of the Stuarts, I am forgetful of aught else. How I wish you were a Jacobite!"

"Stay, aunt," I cried, as she was shutting the door. "Do tell me the meaning of the term Jacobite?"

"Lady Macdonald seemed amazed. "Why, Rachel, you don't pretend to say—but I forgot," she went on, "you were not in the way of hearing about such things. Your father would carefully avoid the subject, knowing your enthusiasm for everything savouring of the heroic. I shall therefore inform you that I am a Jacobite—in common with all who are steadfast in their allegiance to James. Jacobus, you must know, is the Latin for James. Do you understand the proper meaning of the term now?"

"I smiled an affirmative.

"You shall be one before leaving Glenvoirnen." Repeating her good night, my aunt withdrew

CHAPTER IV.

"I was awakened on the following morning," said aunt Rachel, "by the sun's bright rays streaming through the openings of the shutters. Anxious to have another glimpse of the lake, I ran to the window; but, much to my disappointment, perceived my look-out was to the east, facing the pines, while the loch lay in front of the castle. Desirous to obtain the wished-for peep, I opened my chamber door and proceeded along a passage, which, fortunately for the gratification of my curiosity, conducted me to a room whose window commanded a view of Loch-Oich. And never was fairer scene presented to mortal eye. At my feet lay the lake, reflecting in its pellucid depths the variegated colours of the sky, and glittering beneath the rays of the morning sun, as it rose from behind the sombre pines—tinging the landscape with crimson hues. Some of the mountains seemed bathed in the deepest purple; others, again, were violet-coloured; those in the far distance, blue as the waters of the lake; while the mist, as it rolled away from their towering peaks, blushed a farewell to the morning sun. Transported with delight, I gazed long on the lovely prospect. As my aunt truly said, there is something at once noble and elevating in lofty mountains; and I could well understand that a spirit of proud independence would be engendered in the breasts of those who daily strode o'er their heath-clad summits. From the magic scene beneath, my thoughts wandered away to those mighty heroes who fought and died in defence of their country's rights. "No wonder," I exclaimed aloud, "that such deeds were performed by Scottish knights, when their arms were nerved for conquest by remembrance of the lovely land for which they bled!"

"Here I was startled by the pressure of a hand on my shoulder. Turning hastily round, to my great astonishment I perceived Lady Macdonald already dressed, and apparently quite recovered from her fatigue.

"Forgive me, dear aunt. I really am quite ashamed."

"And wherefore?" she broke in. "I did the same thing myself on the first morning after coming hither. My husband discovered me as I have you—I dare say when giving utterance to similar expressions of admiration. Is it not a lovely scene, dear Rachel? For my own part, I never grow weary of viewing the ever-changing aspect Nature presents in the Highlands. In your champaign countries, where corn fields and lofty trees predominate, it seldom or never varies; while with us a constant variety of light and shade sweeps across the scene. Observe yon mountain range! A few seconds ago they were shrouded in mist, and now behold the exquisite tints with which that great master-painter, Nature, has embellished their naked fronts."

"Aunt," I said, while gazing with pleasure on her noble features lit up with admiring enthusiasm, "never tell me that poetry vanishes with girlhood. Who can look in your face and credit such an assertion? There is more idealism in your composition than in that of many a maiden of sixteen summers."

"I will not say nay," replied my aunt, smiling. "And now, my dear, make haste and dress yourself. Early hours are an established rule in Glenvoirne." So saying, Lady Macdonald swept majestically down stairs.

After our morning repast, I begged she would again show me the portraits adorning the dining-room. Nothing but, my aunt led the way thither; and I was speedily lost in their contemplation. "That," said Lady Macdonald, pointing to the portrait of a tall, thin cavalier, with a fair face and very brilliant eyes, "is the likeness of His most Gracious Majesty King James the Third, at present the Chevalier de St. George—he whose triumphant reception in Dundee I related to you last evening."

There was something at once pleasing and melancholy in his aspect; and I gazed with deep interest on the portrait of one who was born heir to the British throne.

"Is there not true nobility stamped on every feature?" said my aunt, sighing.

"Yes," I replied. "But what a pensive look he has!"

"Ay; every Stuart has that, more or less. You can trace the same expression in all their portraits; and father and son were equally unfortunate. Fated to be unsuccessful in love and war, they have never been a prosperous race. Yet what would I not give to see Scotland once more under the sway of a Stuart!"

Lady Macdonald then passed on to her husband's picture. "Sir Donald," she said, "as I informed you, was foremost to espouse the Stuarts' cause; and, being found guilty of abetting the Earl of Mar—that is his portrait in the corner—in the rebellion of 1715 he was attainted, and died shortly afterwards. Fortunately, this likeness was taken during his residence in France, as was also that of the Chevalier."

"The portrait to which I now direct your attention represents my son, also named Donald; who only survived his father two years. He was a handsome fellow, and his good qualities exceeded his looks."

"How well he becomes his Highland dress!" I said.

"Ay, that he does. Poor Donald! The white cockade on the side of his bonnet betokens his adherence to the Stuarts. How devoted he was to their cause! Never shall I forget his excitement when informed that the Chevalier had returned to France—regarding his case as hopeless."

"Mother," he cried, "our King has abandoned us!" and in his rage he tore the badge from his bonnet and trampled it under foot.

"However, the poor Chevalier was not to blame. He

did not wish to leave Scotland; but his counsellors advising his departure; he yielded to their wishes."

"And has there been no attempt in favour of the Stuarts since the '15?" I inquired.

"My aunt replied, "Only last year we Jacobites were aroused by the intelligence that Charles Edward, the Chevalier's eldest son, was preparing to set sail for Scotland at the head of a large fleet. To add to our happiness, the courier—privately despatched from the French Court to circulate this intelligence amongst the loyal Highlanders—depicted the young Chevalier in such glowing colours that we were all eager to obtain a glimpse of him. Agreeably to his intentions, Prince Charles Edward set sail from France at the head of seven thousand men. This was in the month of February; and so skilfully had the gallant young hero carried out his plans, that the English Government remained in entire ignorance of the expedition until the eve of its execution. Unfortunately, the elements proved hostile to his cause. On the evening of the day on which the fleet set sail, it blew a fearful hurricane, several ships were wrecked, many men perished, and the remainder of the transports suffered such damage from the wind that they were obliged to return to harbour. Such was the disastrous termination to this well-organised plan of invasion. Greatly to his distress, Prince Charles was forced to abandon his enterprise and retire to Gravelines; where he is now residing."

"But do you not think he will again make the attempt?" I inquired, with a beating heart. "The elements cannot always prove adverse."

"My aunt shook her head. "I fear," she said, "we will never see him here—not that he himself is at all discouraged by his late failure; far otherwise. But the French Mareschal is doubtful of the success of another such expedition; more especially as England, roused to a sense of her imminent danger, is now fully prepared in case of a similar attempt. Without a French army to support him, it would be madness for Charles Edward to come hither. True and loyal Highlanders—were he to throw himself on their protection—would die a thousand deaths rather than see him taken by his enemies; but there are others whose cowardly natures and lukewarm loyalty would prompt them to take advantage of his coming without troops to decline interfering in his behalf."

"Perish such cold-blooded calculators!" cried I warmly. "The very fact of their rightful king coming a suppliant to their shores should incite them to testify their zeal in his cause, by fighting to the death under the Stuart banner."

"Spoken like a true Sackville!" said Lady Macdonald, embracing me. "Rachel, you are a worthy descendant of the gallant Sir Hubert. No lukewarm loyalty dwelt in his breast; but the noblest principles and enthusiastic devotion to his sovereign. Had our young Prince a few generals like our ancestor and Bonnie Dundee, many months would not elapse ere his father should be seated on the throne."

"Were you but in life," she exclaimed, apostrophizing the portrait of the magnificent-looking cavalier whose name I had inquired of her on the preceding evening, "you would not pause to consider whether it were prudent to espouse the cause of a friendless king—and he a Stuart. No! The first to draw a sword in his behalf, you would not sheathe it while work remained for it to accomplish. Bravely you fought—nobly you died; and that is the worst which can be said of you, my gallant Dundee! When stern death cut short your career in Killiecrankie, the knell of the Stuart race was rung by the iron hand of Destiny."

"And pray, aunt, who was Bonnie Dundee?" I inquired, gazing with admiration on the noble bearing and almost feminine countenance of the gallant Royalist.

"What, my dear! Have you, who are so fond of everything referring to doughty deeds, never read of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee—the terror of the Whigs and the idol of the Cavaliers?"

"Oh, yes. I have frequently heard of Claverhouse."

"Well, then, that is his portrait; and proud I am to have it hanging on my walls. Ah, Rachel! had you ever encountered the gallant Graham, what wild work he would have made with your heart! I am not ashamed to confess he would have done so with mine. Poor dear Sir Donald was wont to say Claverhouse was the only man of whom he felt jealous. And no wonder. Many an hour I have cried over Dundee's address to his Highlanders before the fatal battle of Killiecrankie. Never have these words, almost the last he uttered on earth, been forgotten by me. When I repeat them, you will be able to appreciate the brave, loyal nature of him who perished on that hapless field. 'You have come hither,' he said, 'to fight in the best of causes; for it is the battle of your King, your religion, and your country, against the foulest usurpation and rebellion. And having, therefore, so good a cause in your hands, I doubt not but it will inspire you with an equal courage to maintain it. There is no proportion betwixt loyalty and treason, nor should there be any betwixt the valour of true subjects and traitors. Remember that to-day begins the fate of your King, your religion, and your country. Behave yourselves, therefore, like true Scotchmen, and let us by this action redeem the credit of our countrymen; in making which request, I ask nothing of you that I am not ready to do myself. And if any of us fall upon this occasion, we shall have the honour of dying in our duty, and as becomes true men of valour and conscience; and such of us as shall live and win the battle, shall have the reward of a gracious King and the praise of all good men. In God's name, then, let us on; and let this be your word, 'King James and the Church of Scotland!—which God long preserve!'"

"Brave, brave Dundee!" sobbed my aunt.

"And he himself was killed?"

"Yes, my dear. He fell, mortally wounded, while riding up a hill to bring down my husband's regiment. The fatal bullet pierced his side, and he expired on the morning of the day after the battle. The superstitious remarked he wore a green scarf during the engagement. On account of its being esteemed a fatal colour for the Grahams, they attributed his death to that circumstance; and ever since Killiecrankie, it has been peculiarly disliked by all bearing the name. I myself, being distantly connected with the Grahams, cannot endure anything green in the way of dress.

"Thus perished the brave Dundee, in the arms of victory. Fatal success! since Scotland lost her noblest cavalier—the Stuarts their most devoted adherent. Yet he died as only heroes should die—fighting for his King and his country.

"Of the Earl of Mar," said my aunt, proceeding to the next portrait, "I cannot say much that is favourable. It was not altogether attachment for the Stuarts which caused him to raise the standard of revolt at Braemar. The unworthy passion of revenge, entertained against the Elector for depriving him of his government office, mingled with and corroded his purer feelings; while of generalship he had little or no knowledge, and sustained defeat at Sherriffmuir, where he was opposed by Argyll.

"Now, my dear, I have given you a slight sketch of the most interesting pictures in my gallery—the others being merely the portraits of deceased friends, to which no historical reminiscences are attached."

"Once more pausing opposite the Chevalier de St. George, I inquired whether the young Prince was thought to resemble his father.

"Without reply, Lady Macdonald walked towards a side table, on which lay a small casket. Beckoning me to approach, she touched a secret spring. The lid flew open, and disclosed two miniatures lying side by side. My aunt opened one.

"This," she said, while placing it in my hand, "is the likeness of Duke Henry, the Chevalier's youngest son; the other, that of Prince Charles Edward."

"Both were eminently handsome, in totally different styles—Duke Henry being very dark, and his expression that of the deepest melancholy; while Prince Charles was delicately fair, and although a tinge of sadness rested on his brow, yet his blue eyes were bright with hope, and his lips wreathed with smiles of joyous expectancy. So captivating was his appearance, that I felt I never could grow weary of contemplating the miniature lying before me. And this was the representative of the ancient Stuarts!—the rightful heir to the throne of Britain! What a bright field of romance was now revealed! At that instant I felt that, were the Prince to make his appearance in the Highlands, my heart, my life would be devoted to his cause.

"Are they not handsome youths?" sighed Lady Macdonald.

"He is every inch a king!" I replied enthusiastically. "Were he to cross the seas, my wildest dreams would be realised."

"They should indeed. Then you would behold the clans arming, to the strains of the bagpipes—Camerons, Stuarts, Macgregors, and Macdonalds, assembling round the standard of their King. O Rachel!" pursued my aunt, clasping her hands, and raising her tearful eyes to Heaven, "even you cannot comprehend my love for the Stuarts. The intense longing I have to see the young Prince would alone suffice to sustain me in life until my desire were gratified. Aged as I am, my blood bounds in my veins with the freedom of youth when I gaze on that noble countenance, and remember that its possessor inherits the brilliant qualities of his race. You will in some degree realise the extent of my devotion when I tell you that, in order to procure these miniatures and obtain information respecting the Prince's intentions, I undertook my last journey to England. The gentleman to whose care these priceless gems were intrusted being unwilling to visit Scotland, I preferred encountering the fatigue of travelling to London rather than allow any third person to have them in his possession."

"And did your friend afford you any hope of Prince Charles making another attempt to land in the Highlands?" I inquired.

"Alas! no. So far from that, he told me there was not the slightest chance of his doing so. We must, I fear, for ever abandon all thoughts of seeing him in Scotland."

"Once more taking up his miniature, my heart whispered—*He will come*, and I shall see him. Here a servant entered, and informed my aunt her presence was requested in the drawing-room. Lady Macdonald carefully replaced the likenesses in the casket ere quitting the apartment.

"Left to my own reflections, I opened a door leading out upon the terrace, and bent my steps to an eminence

overhanging the loch. Sinking down on a fragrant bank composed of heather and bog-myrtle, I abandoned myself to a delicious reverie; from which I was aroused at times by the hum of the bee, as it flew swiftly past laden with honey rifled from the sweet-scented orchis and flowering thyme, and the chirruping song of the grasshopper, lying concealed among the luxuriant heath. More than once my thoughts reverted to that singular dream in connection with Glenvoirnen. Then they dwell on my aunt; on her enthusiasm and devotion for the exiled Stuarts, and the tears she shed over the miniature of Prince Charles Edward. My thoughts were then arrested by remembrance of the kindly countenance of the Young Chevalier. What melting softness lay in those eyes! What expression on the proudly-arched eyebrows! What dignity sat on his finely-developed forehead! The portrait which fancy thus conjured up proved too fascinating for my ardent imagination to dwell upon unmoved; and I sighed to think he was a Prince who thus caused my bosom to experience sensations hitherto unknown.

'As if to mock me by the contrast, the image of Robert Seymour—pale and sorrowful as on the morning of his departure—rose up before me. His parting words rang in my ears with terrible earnestness, recalling me from the sweet world of imagination to the yet more startling one of reality.

'Vainly I endeavoured to shut out the vision. It returned again and again; until at length, unable to endure any longer the remembrance of such culpable weakness, I abruptly returned to the house.

'On entering the parlour, I found aunt at work, with a ponderous volume lying on her knee.

"Come hither, Rachel," she said, laying her hand on the book. "Since you appear not to have read much in connection with the Stuarts, I have looked out this 'History of the Kings and Queens of Scotland,' in order that you may derive some instruction from its pages. Their perusal will render you conversant with many things of which you are at present entirely ignorant." In compliance with her wishes, I read until luncheon-time; after partaking of which, we entered a neat little carriage, drawn by two Highland ponies, and drove away to visit a celebrated pass in the neighbourhood of Glenvoirnen. Truly, even yet remembrance of that lovely drive haunts me. Words fail to describe the magnificent scenery through which we passed. We traversed glens wilder than the most fertile imagination ever pictured to the enthusiast. On both sides stupendous rocks frowned darkly above our heads, wholly obscuring the sun's bright rays, so that perpetual gloom held reign in those mountain passes; while occasionally we were startled by the wild scream of the eagle, as it darted through the air or kept solitary watch on the summit of some beetling crag. Then, emerging from these sombre shades, we would find ourselves on the banks of unknown lakes robed in sunlight. Fairy-like in their hidden beauty, far from the busy haunts of men, these exquisite lochs seemed created solely to reflect the glories of the sky; while the silvery sound of distant cascades, and the murmuring of tiny rivulets, filled the air with delicious harmony. Truly, Nature is a wonderful study, and nowhere can she be contemplated to greater advantage than in a mountainous country, where the constant variety of light and shadow afford ample scope for wonder and delight. It is not my intention to weary you with minute details of our daily life; suffice it to say, so enchanting was my new existence, that I sighed to think a time must come for me to return to England.'

(To be continued.)

FURNITURE SALES.

BY THE EDITOR.

'In this wild world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress'd.'—Crabbe.

THE revolutions which scatter families are often as surprising and instructive as those which overwhelm States. Who does not remember Felicia Hemans' 'Graves of a Household'—one, midst the forests of the West, where the cedar casts its massive and sombre shade; another, where the pearls lay deep in the blue, lone sea; a third, on the blood-red fields of Spain, where the peaceful vines were dressed; and a fourth, 'midst Italian flowers, underneath the dropping leaves of the myrtle? A single cradle, and many and wide-separate graves! Such is the touching contrast—the familiar human story—which one of the sweetest of our modern lyrics has moulded into pathetic verse.

At a certain period of the year, when the annual term for which domiciles are rented is about to expire, the advertisements of 'Sales of Household Furniture' occupy a large space in the newspapers. They cut short the debates of Senates, forestall accidents and murders, give brevity to wit, and extinguish *émutes* and fires. Readers whose mahogany is polished and paid for, whose kitchen utensils are complete, and who possess a superfluity of bed and table linen, may perceive nothing in these announcements calculated to engage attention. What occasion, for example, has a man for great bargain of gridiron, whose beef-steak is daily tortured into the melting mood on an heirloom, handed down to him, it may be, from his grandmother? Or what concern has he in morocco easy-chair for disposal who dozes nightly, in zig-zag posture of apparent discomfort, on its identical and somniferous fellow? We confess, however, that to us these business intimations are replete with peculiar significance. They tell of misfortune, dispersion, or death—of the overthrow of hopes, the laceration of friendships, and the scattering of household gods.

If the spectacle of one of these sales of household furniture is regarded without interest, save by bargain-hunters, it is simply because it is an everyday occurrence. The house which was the proud man's castle, or the retiring maiden's sanctuary, is open to the promiscuous throng. No corner is sacred. Pride, seclusion, reverence—all are dead. Everything may be handled, pried into, pulled about, and poked, without resistance or resentment. Curtains have nothing to conceal, drawers nothing to contain, keys nothing to protect. The allowable disguises of prudential housewifery submit, without remonstrance, to be turned the seamy side out, by the curious, the idle, or the calculating. Irreverent antiquarian hucksters bore with gimlet eyes into the moth-holes, cracks, and rents; foolish, gossiping neighbours wander from room to room, criticising little luxuries, and slandering defenceless names; exemplary gentlemen 'furnishing' scan the prostrate wreck of domesticity for ar-

ticles which may adorn the blissful home which they themselves have in prospect. To the one class the scene has no romance; to the other, no melancholy; to the third, no moral. The old nursery rhyme of

Here we go up, up, up;
And here we go down, down, down,

expresses, in too many cases, the whole theory and practice of our varied social existence.

But come with us for a brief space into the dwelling about to be dismantled. Hast thou intelligence, fancy, and wit, and yet dost thou discern no pathos in pictures looking at each other perhaps for the last time? Canst thou not 'sing' that sofa, without aid from Cowper, on which a love, since grown old, may have lavished its earliest endearments, and now about to pass into the hands of strangers? Talkest thou to the empty punch-bowl, and hearest thou not thy voice hollow, and thy jokes lugubrious? Is the child's chair, in such cases, a piece of voiceless timber? Can no *Æsop* in thy brain make the hobby-horse in the lobby speak? In the midst of fleeting substantialities like these, we desiderate a new *Hervey* to meditate. The clod who can look at old furniture with a pawnbroker's eye—who can scan the dilapidated table, or chair, or sideboard, as the bearded Israelite at the street corner might scan your seediest and most serviceable garment—such a clod, we say, might visit the plain of Bannockburn, and see in it nothing but a turnip field! Was it from profound knowledge of the dulness of human nature in such matters that *Thomas Hope*—he whose eloquent pen painted the woes of *Euphrosyne* and the death of *Alexis*—produced a folio to dignify upholstery, and make chairs, footstools, fire-screens, and candlesticks eloquent of the mythologic gods? Why, not an item in the doomed abode but needs only a tongue to tell of respectable or touching memories that should awe the gaze of the idle, and repel the touch of the officious. Waste straws though they are, and about to be scattered by some implacable blast of fortune, they were yet the straws with which affection built its nest in that hopeful spring-time of life when not a blade was stricken or a leaf scar. The table, the sofa, the sideboard, the bookcase, the piano-forte on which brokers' wives, with their stiff, bejewelled fingers, strike dissonant notes—all were wound about the heart of the indweller like the shell about the tenant snail. If that placid homilist in gown and bands over the mantel-piece, or those loyal or heroic effigies adorning the surrounding walls, could but look out like *Parker's 'Smuggler'* from their frames, they might tell profounder secrets than ever *Asmodeus* disclosed. What blandishments! what hopes! what trials! what merry-makings! what quarrellings, it may be, within heart-links which no quarrellings could break! And has it come to this? Are the home-fires extinguished, and for ever? Must the very marble slabs follow the prognosticated fate of *Prospero's 'cloud-capp'd towers'*? Must the air-castles of the unfortunate be 'knocked down' to the highest bidder; and not even an umbrella be left to the next comer—or a lock of hair, from

ventilated mattress or half-bald kitchen-brush—as a sorry token of friendship or memento of associations that were?

These annual 'Sales of Household Furniture' are analogous to the transformations which take place, season after season, in the vegetable world. Out of the deaths of plants, new plants arise to flourish, wither, decompose, and be succeeded by new growths in their turn. In like manner, old households are broken up, and new ones formed from the wreck. The toddy-spoon which its owner knew like his own thumb, falls into other hands, and elicits new sets of old stories; the gregarious chairs cling well together, but support a different group of sitters; the pictures stare out from unknown walls with brightened faces; and the hobby-horse in the lobby rocks on unfamiliar oil-cloth, under fresh glee-bursts of other and strange-voiced childishness. But, amidst all the 'Sales of Household Furniture' which every year take place, where are they who composed the households? Are they, too, scattered, like the books with which they beguiled their leisure, the vessels out of which they drank, the instruments on which they played, or the beds in which they slept? Have they realised the picture drawn by the poetess; and are their graves where foreign fruitage mellowed under warmer suns, and birds of holiday plumage turn their languid hearts to song? Some have fallen a prey to disease. Some are away to other localities, on new devices of happiness or new schemes of ambition. Some are mourning in secret over the discomfiture of projects which promised them ease and fortune. Others are toiling over the turbulent Atlantic, or doubling the mystic Cape, with their hearts all homeward, and their purposes all at sea! If sermons are found in stones, with what eloquence should not old furniture preach! 'Britons! attend!' as *Pope* heroically exclaims, and make purchase of whatsoever articles may suit your purpose or your purse; but let your minds with your households be enriched. 'Sales of Household Furniture' are a species of social obsequies; and foreshadow, to our thinking, the doom even of the very households which they contribute to build up or replenish.

MY RIDING LESSONS.

FROM my infancy upward, I have considered an awkward horseman to be a fair and legitimate source of fun, and have indulged in merriment over some such unhappy figure without suspicion that I should ever exhibit myself in a similar light. It is so pleasant, to be sure, to sit and enjoy *Mr. Leech's* pictures of *Tomkins* on horseback, that one is seldom led to ask what are *Tomkins's* private feelings on the subject. It is such good fun to behold a barber on a broken-winded mare, with half-a-dozen little mudlarks shouting one to the other, 'Hi, Bill! here's a go! Let's frighten this gent's horse!' that one seldom analyses the sensation of having one's feet out of the stirrups, one's hands nervously grasping the mane, one's seat being somewhere on the brute's neck, while the saddle waits placidly behind. It's all very well to laugh; but a person so situated cannot feel happy. In short, it is with riding as it is with many other things—people must expose their ignorance, and be ridiculed some time or other; and those who have the moral hardihood to do so at an early period of their life, fare better in the end.

The means whereby I was forced to become a riding-master's pupil were simply these:—I had gone to pass a month with an uncle of mine who stayed near Callander—a little village lying to the north of Stirling, immediately on this side of the chain of mountains which at that place separates the Highlands from the Lowlands. About a mile from the village, a path cuts through the mountains, well-known as the Pass of Leny—a dark and narrow gorge, twisting round the rocky foot of Ben-Ledi, and leading out to a sheet of silver water known as Loch-Labnaig. Every morning as I rose, were it fair or foul, I could see the soft, white mist slowly leaving the eastern side of the mountains, and gliding slowly down through the dark firs into the darker shadows of the pass; whence I came to infer that the torrent, whose rushing sound I could hear during the night, was not unassisted by other sources than its parent lake. Tom, the son of my uncle Hamilton, was necessarily my cousin. Tom Hamilton was learned in dogs and horses, knew a little of salmon-spear- ing, and was marvellously ignorant of everything else. But one day—having in our rambles emerged from the purple gloom of the Leny Pass into the whiter light of Loch-Labnaig—Tom suddenly recollected that we could dine at a friend's house near by. We went. The man had a daughter, blue-eyed and beautiful. Ere evening came I was hopelessly in love with Christina Stewart. What a rare and delicate prize to be found in such a wilderness!—she with her full blue eye, her rosy lip, her hair that lay in wildest curls of richest auburn, and her pleasant English half-Highland accent, which seemed to have picked up the prettiest modulations in both tongues! I was in for it, I knew.

Then old Stewart invited us to spend the next day with him—which we did; and, as my holiday-time was nearly expired, I made the most of the few remaining days, by inventing a thousand excuses for haunting the shores of Loch-Labnaig, or exploring the Leny Pass, or wandering about near Glen-Sickleigh Lodge. Nor was I long in discovering how much my attention to Miss Stewart annoyed my unfortunate cousin—unfortunate, in that he could not bear piano music, had not patience to look at water-colour drawings, and was wofully ill at ease in a drawing-room. He did not like this sort of thing, and determined to show it.

'Well, my hero!' he said to me the second day before my departure, 'have you seen Miss Stewart on horseback?'

'No.'

'She is the most perfect horsewoman of these parts; and looks charming, I can tell you, on her little brown mare.'

'I have no doubt of it,' I said very sincerely.

'Well, then, I am going to ask her to ride out with you to-morrow. I'll give you old Fencer for the day; and mind you don't touch him with the switch, or speak to him, or annoy his mouth, or he'll throw you as sure's you live.' Whereupon Tom looked as though he had said something brilliant.

I did not sleep soundly that night. People have slept soundly the night before their execution; but they were enabled to do so, I presume, because their affairs were definitely and distinctly settled. In my case, there certainly was a chance that I might live through the day, though the odds were long against it. The morning broke beautifully, of course; and Ben-Ledi was gray and green in sunlight. After a somewhat silent breakfast, a little phaeton drove up to the door; then a rustle of silk came up stairs, and Miss Stewart entered.

'You have driven over, Miss Stewart?' said Tom.

'Yes. Papa has gone to St. Fillan's, leaving me quite alone.'

'Then I shall get you Thomson's little chestnut, if you still wish to go out.'

'Oh, dear! no. I thought your friend might accompany me to the Bridge-of-Allan, as I wished to go there to-day; and if he will, I shall promise to drive him safely myself.'

Thus was Tom sold; and thus was I saved merely by a hair's-breadth. But should I run that risk again? The same evening I bade an affecting farewell to Miss Stewart, returning the following day to Glasgow; and, in the expectation of renewing my visit in autumn, went straight to a riding-master's stables.

Mr. Gunn would give me lessons at the rate of ten for every two guineas. I deposited that amount in Mr. Gunn's hands, and declared myself ready. I was ushered into the 'ring'—a large, circular court, surrounded by a high wooden paling, and paved with what seemed to me coal-dust. The steed was brought. He was a large brown stallion, with full nostril, and wicked black eye. I did not at all like the look of him. Mr. Gunn bade me approach. Why don't they put blinders on riding-horses? I think the omission of this precaution highly reprehensible. What safeguard have you that the horse won't kick? And how, I ask, can any man feel comfortable when watched by a pair of ugly, brutal, big, black eyes, that have a dangerous ring of red round them each time they are turned about? Then, after I had been inordinately puzzled in getting the snaffle and curb reins together—a simple enough process to find by one's self—I was told to catch a lock of the horse's mane, and turn it round the middle finger of the left hand. Was it at all to be expected that any ordinarily-spirited horse would fail to resent this liberty? Nevertheless, I yielded blindly to my fate—thinking of Christina Stewart; and when I had nearly cramped my every sinew in getting my left foot into the 'irons,' I somehow managed to leap or scramble into the saddle. I was on a horse's back! I did not feel happy. I repeat it, I did NOT feel happy. I thought of Mazeppa; but it was all very well for him to ride a wild horse when he was tied on. I thought of Dick Turpin, and his ride to York; but I knew that a man in danger of being hanged would run any risk to escape. Dick Turpin was no consolation to me.

Then Mr. Gunn, with his little wiry legs, began to walk; and the big brown horse, with his great eyes still glaring back, did also begin to walk. We walked, and again walked, that annular course, until the little man made some disagreeable noises with his mouth, and cracked his whip in a very offensive manner. Presently I was bobbing up and down on the saddle, my feet out of the stirrups, the reins out of my fingers, and my hat among the coal-dust. Mr. Gunn stopped the horse, and in my gratitude I forgave him for what he had done. He tendered me a large quantity of advice, which only increased my confusion. However, I held on somewhat better next trial, to the palpable discomfort of my knees; and although the bobbing was eminently unpleasant, I persevered for the sake of Christina. Had she only known what I was suffering on her account!

Suddenly the horse stopped, threw his head to one side, twisting the reins out of my hand; and the next second the brute was on his hind legs performing a *pas seul*, while I was sitting high on his neck, frantically embracing the same. By some means—to me unknown—I managed

to get re-seated; and Mr. Gunn came forward, smiling complacently, to observe—

'Yes, sir; now you've stuck on, he'll go as quiet as a lamb with you, sir; he will. He's an artful old 'oss, sir, he is; but he seldom try on that trick, sir. You stuck on wonderful, sir.'

I was glad to hear of it. The fact was, I should prefer to have tumbled off, and escaped 'wonderful, sir.' But as it was, I gathered myself up again into the galvanised posture taught me by Mr. Gunn; and again the bobbing was commenced—my thumb being bent nervously over the four reins, in a line with the horse's crest; my feet 'well forrard, sir,' with the toes turned up; my right arm hanging straight by my side; my back hollow; and my feelings indescribable. I hope I looked well. I ought to have done so, merely to make up for the horrible torture of being bumped in such a position.

I went the next day; and the next again; until Mr. Gunn, in a burst of confidence, inspired by a tumbler of Bass, informed me that I had 'a fine natural seat, sir—an excellent natural seat. Bless you, there's some people as comes here, sir; they can't be taught noways, for love or money. Some of 'em, sir, as has had twenty lessons couldn't ha' stuck on as you did, sir, with the old 'oss kickin' or breakin' into a gallop.'

Shortly after this, I was promoted to the back of a little white mare—an active little animal, with a peculiar constitutional tendency to *skoot*. That is to say, when by any means you so much as suggested the advisability of her moving a shade more quickly, she sprang forward with a 'spang,' and then subsided into the required pace. This habit of shooting—hazardous enough to a beginner—was, however, scarcely so perilous as her other habit of shying each time Mr. Gunn raised his whip, and running up the bank which surrounded the 'ring,' whence she descended very unwillingly and unsteadily, with her ears erect and her neck twisted. Nevertheless, it was on her back that I was first indoctrinated into the great mystery of 'posting.' I dare say every man who has learned to ride remembers with what a gush of joy the consciousness of being able to post came over his mind. I had been striving and striving for two long and weary lessons to no effect, when suddenly, by some unknown intuition, I happened to time my rise to the falling of the horse's foot; and the saddle, which hitherto had been a species of pillory to me, immediately became pleasant as an easy-chair. I was indeed so overjoyed, that I ventured to try if one could ride with the weight of the body always in the stirrups, not touching the saddle at all; with what result the reader may readily conceive. Indeed, my superabundant delight at the acquirement of this accomplishment, was duly tempered by the fact that it was now much more difficult to tell when the mare was about to break into a canter; and this happening not unfrequently, was very nigh bringing me irremediably to grief.

But ere my August holidays came round, the thing was done. I had learned to ride; and I resolved that Tom Hamilton should know it. I doubted not that during these hygone months he had been surreptitiously persecuting poor Miss Stewart with his unwarranted and unwished-for attentions; and I resolved, likewise, that she, being willing, should be freed. With this heroic determination, I found myself in Callander; found my uncle as rosy as ever; found Tom as demonstratively good-natured and stupid. He had not forgotten his joke. Miss Stewart happened—was it altogether a casual visit?—to call that evening; and Tom thereupon engaged himself

and me to ride out with her next morning. I did not reproach him when she had gone, though he evidently looked for something of the sort. I cut him dead, chatted gaily to his father, and helped the old man to enjoy his claret (it was very sour), by telling him six months' scandal about the Glasgow Town Council.

Next morning we had to ride over to Glen-Skleigh Lodge. Tom, of course, rode Fencer. I was accommodated with a horrible old cob generally used to drag about a spring cart; nor did I deceive Tom with an exhibition of my riding prowess. I jogged and bobbed on that old beast all the way over—still thinking of Christina Stewart; and when we reached the Lodge, I at least was thankful that such a thing existed as Highland whisky and-water. Miss Stewart was not ready—who ever expected she should be? So we loitered about the grounds with old Stewart, and examined his vineries, and told I don't know how many lies about the appearance of his cucumbers. But at length she came, riding up the lawn on her little brown mare; and a more beautiful pair you could not have found between Ben-Nevis and the Isle of Wight.

'Oh,' says Tom to me, as we were starting, 'perhaps you'd take a turn on old Fencer? He'll go easier than that old brute.'

I thanked him for his ingenuous offer, and accepted it. I mounted Fencer. We kept by the shores of the loch, riding eastward in the direction of Loch-Earnhead, and for a time went pretty much together. By-and-by, Fencer grew somewhat restive; and, at Miss Stewart's suggestion, I broke him into a canter. Miss Stewart's little mare kept courageously up with us; and further deception being quite useless, away we went without one word to poor Tom. I didn't even look back; but Christina—I have now a right to call her so—turned; and, seeing him ever so far behind, looked at me, and laughed a merry, clear, ringing laugh that I shall remember to the end of my life. Did she suspect how matters stood? Surely she did; for, on reaching Loch-Earn, we turned down to the right by the lake's side, though each of us knew perfectly that Tom would infallibly go to the left, towards the village. The horses were blown—should we walk them? Certainly we should. She saw such a beautiful stalk of crimson catch-fly—would I assist her to alight? I was enraptured. Should I have the pleasure of fastening the flower in her hat?—in which case she had better rest for a few minutes by the side of the wood. Yes, please. Ah me! when I think of that clear, fresh morning, with the blue and white glory above us, and the blue and white lake at our feet running away into a narrowing point between the hills; when I think of her as she sat there, with her brown hair untied, and her little, white hands, ungloved, adjusting the flower which I had put in her hat—nay, what use is there in talking of it? She had promised to be my wife, and we were happy enough, I can tell you. What mattered Tom's crossness when we found him at the Lodge on our return? What mattered even his sulkiness to me during the rest of my stay? I went often over to Glen-Skleigh Lodge, heeding him very little. And when, some months after—I being at the time in Glasgow—he wrote me a note, partly of virtuous forgiveness and partly of reprimand, offering to pardon me the little trick—quarry, who had played the little trick?—and to forget it all; why, I merely answered him by asking his assistance at a certain ceremony to be performed about Christmas, whereupon Tom kindly and generously consented to take upon himself the responsible office of bridegroom's-man!

W. BLACK.

THE LAST SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENT.

MR GLAISHER'S LETTER AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY ALLAN PARK PATON.

UP to this time, I had taken the observations with comfort. I had experienced no difficulty in breathing; while Mr. Coxwell, in consequence of the necessary exertion he had to make, had breathed with difficulty for some time. At 1h. 51m. the barometer read 11.05 inches, but which requires a subtractive correction of 0.25 inch—as found by comparison with Lord Wrottesley's standard barometer just before starting, both by his lordship and myself—which would reduce it to 10.8 inches, or a height of about 5½ miles. I read the dry bulb as minus 5 deg. In endeavouring to read the wet bulb, I could not see the column of mercury. I rubbed my eyes, then took a lens, and also failed. I then tried to read the other instruments, and found I could not do so, nor could I see the hands of the watch. I asked Mr. Coxwell to help me, and he said he must go into the ring, and he would when he came down. I endeavoured to reach some brandy which was lying on the table, at about the distance of a foot from my hand, and found myself unable to do so. My sight became more dim. I looked at the barometer, and saw it between 10 and 11 inches, and tried to record it, but I was unable to write. I then saw it at 10 inches, still decreasing fast, and just noted it in my book; its true reading, therefore, was at this time about 9½ inches, implying a height of about 5½ miles—as a change of an inch in the reading of the barometer at this elevation takes place on a change of height of about 2,500 feet. I felt I was losing all power, and endeavoured to rouse myself by struggling and shaking. I attempted to speak, and found I had lost the power. I attempted to look at the barometer again; my head fell on one side. I struggled and got it right, and it fell on the other, and finally fell backwards. My arm, which had been resting on the table, fell down by my side. I saw Mr. Coxwell dimly in the ring. It became more misty, and finally dark, and I sank unconsciously as in sleep; this must have been about 1h. 51m. I then heard Mr. Coxwell say, 'It is piercing cold; there is hoar-frost all round the neck of the balloon; I have lost the use of my hands; they are nearly black. I am going to try to catch the string with my teeth, and open the valve. *It is our last chance.*' Here I heard the sound as if of Coxwell's springing up, and then falling beside me; and I fell into entire unconsciousness, with these words murmuring in my ear, 'Couldn't do it. No power. Five miles high, and ascending rapidly! Glaisher, my boy, it's all up with us!' How long after this we may have remained unconscious I cannot tell, but Coxwell's first words on recovering being 'Let us take an observation,' we did so of each other; and, judging from the circumstance of each having a magnificent beard, we concluded that a very long period must have elapsed. Indeed, so altered were we, that we sat for a while looking curiously at each other, and without exchanging a word. It was not the mere fact of my friend's chest being covered by a beard that would have excited the envy of good Haroun Alraschid that struck me, but there was otherwise a wonderful change upon him. His features had become perfect, his complexion was of unearthly beauty, his eyes were like Koh-i-noors, and his figure was positively majestic. I was yet silently marvelling at the improvement in his appearance, when, regarding me with an inexpressible smile, Coxwell said—and I thought at first

it was an Æolian harp, — 'Glaisher! you are beautiful. I've been sitting admiring you. You're a perfect picture. I've seen something in the National Gallery like you. But where are we?' And here he rose, every movement grace itself; and, standing up, gazed out from the car. 'There she goes!' he instantly shouted. 'Oh, Glaisher! come quick and take an observation!' 'What goes, Coxwell?' I asked, hastening to join him, and reminded by my own tones of the musical glasses, or something of that kind. 'The old Earth!' he answered. 'There she goes! What a sight! Three cheers for the old Earth!' And certainly it was a sight. The Earth at a great distance, a richly-variegated sphere, was, dolphin-like, majestically revolving in the ocean of blue air, rapidly rolling away from us, and already so far off as to be only recognisable by its general features. 'There are the Americas!' exclaimed my friend; and I immediately tried to take a view with the camera, but the earth was revolving too rapidly for me to succeed. The spectacle certainly was grand, and we long sat silently watching it; but there was sadness in the sight—for our native planet was continually growing less; and gradually, as we sat straining our eyes after it, we became dejected. How long we may have continued gazing on our departing friend, we cannot tell; for the light was unchanged, or was even becoming brighter; and, strangely enough, our watches had begun to go backward—a circumstance the result of which we were unable to imagine. The stillness was at last broken by Coxwell muttering, 'There's Asia coming round! We'll soon have Europe;' and again we became lost, and long remained in speechless contemplation of the wonderful object. 'There's Europe!' cried Coxwell, by-and-by, starting up and waving his cap. 'Three cheers for old Europe!' which we gave, and with such effect that we startled our only fellow-voyagers, of whose existence we had become entirely oblivious: these were the remaining two of six pigeons taken up by us. One we had thrown out at the height of three miles; it extended its wings, and dropped like a piece of paper. A second, at four miles, flew vigorously round and round, apparently taking a great dip each time. A third and fourth were thrown out between four and five miles, and they fell downwards. On hearing the rustling in their basket, I immediately hastened to look at them; and my surprise may be conceived when I found their feathers turned to gold, their eyes like diamonds, their bills and legs like the finest scarlet coral, and the creatures so tame that they instantly flew and perched one on each of Coxwell's shoulders, who, as he stood up with these lustrous, living epaulets, looked like some 'high admiral.' Cheered somewhat by their companionship, we resumed our watch of the diminishing Earth, until we at last saw it entirely disappear; whereupon, heaving deep chordlike sighs, Coxwell and I embraced each other, and turned our attention to that quarter toward which the balloon was floating rapidly, upon what seemed the gulf stream of the air. It now for the first time struck us how singularly pure and bright the light was, and how exquisitely delicious was the temperature. Being reminded by Coxwell to make personal observations under the circumstances, the first thing I discovered was that neither of us felt the slightest sensation of hunger or thirst; and that a feeling inspired both of us of actual shame in connection with the gross food and drink we had still in the car. Under which feeling Coxwell proceeded ere long to drop over our prosaic sandwiches one by one; while I, with my pen, which I now found had changed from a common steel pen to one of

gold, carefully noted and minuted the particular manner in which each of them descended. At last he lifted and was about to drop the brandy bottle; and I will never forget the singularly mixed expression of my friend's countenance during the moments (if any moments existed) that he held this before abandoning it. It seemed to say, 'How much changed we must be, Glaisner, when we have come to this!' With which words he dropped it; and I continued, with the most intense anxiety, to follow it in its downward course, determining one circumstance—viz. that though it had been in our hands a common quart bottle, it gradually, as long as it was in sight, kept changing its shape—being at one time of the form of those long-necked, broad, round-bottomed bottles which I think are called demijohns. What might ultimately become of that bottle and its contents was frequently a subject of speculation with Coxwell and myself. It was, indeed, from a reverie principally connected with it that we were awakened by music; and music so mysterious, so sweet, so sinking and swelling and all-pervading, that we were charmed. We felt the balloon distinctly vibrating with it; and Coxwell whispered that it reminded him of something in the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Charles Kean. After filling our ears for awhile with harmony of the most inconceivable richness and variety, it suddenly sank into a sweet strain that ere long took the tones of a voice; and, to our wonder, we heard these words sung:—

'Welcome, Coxwell! welcome, Glaisner!
Ye who through the seas of azure
Have so boldly voyaged far,
Welcome unto Shakspeare's Star.'

The voice being evidently above us, we looked up, and saw clinging to the netting of the balloon a small creature of astonishing grace, transparent like a Medusa, and, like it, glancing with rainbow hues. Its hair, like the finest silver wire, floated before it; its girdle seemed a knotted sunbeam, and its robe was of a colour of which we yet know nothing, and which would open the eyes of Monsieur Chevreul. One arm passed under the cord, the other pointed out and downward; and, as it moved, the balloon followed. In exultation, the regulation of the horizontal movement has ever been the problem; but here the process was a simple one. After a bewildered pause, Coxwell, whom I have found equal to any emergency, addressed our visitor with the words, 'Who are you?' and of their brusque sound I confess that I felt somewhat ashamed; but he afterwards explained that he had a natural difficulty as to saying ma'am or sir. 'I am Ariel,' it replied, with such a smile; 'still in Prospero's service; but never moody now, and as happy as possible. I'm often with Puck, and he's such a merry fellow! My master buried his rod, you remember; but he got another, and a much superior article; and he's always carrying on his old, strange studies. There's nobody in all the star, except Shakspeare himself, knows half so much about the air, and the winds, and all that. Indeed, he's quite our Admiral Fitzroy. In making his observations lately, he found out what he calls "a disturbing influence;" then, with his telescope, he saw a bottle falling, and he was sure some human beings were in the neighbourhood; then he ascertained where about you were, and sent me to guide you. He thought you would like to see the place, so that you might tell Charles Knight, and Payne Collier, and Halliwell, and these fellows, about it; but you can't land, as there are none but Shakspeare's characters

allowed to live there. So I'm just to pilot you over it, and point out the different localities; and then I'm to take you off again to where you will catch the earth stream, so that you may reach home safely. You'll very soon see our Star now, for we're flying quickly. By George! how well she goes!' This strange news took us both completely by surprise; and it was some time before we were able again to address our Elysian cicerone; who, in the meantime, had by singularly fascinating calls coaxed the shining pigeons up to it, and was amusing itself playing with them. At last we recovered articulation, and I said, 'You mentioned Shakspeare, and that none save his own characters lived there?' 'Oh, yes!' it said; 'you must know that this is Shakspeare's "bright particular Star," and where he's over us all, and very happy; but, at the same time, he has much to vex him. However, that's always getting less, and he'll be quite glad some time. You know his characters only come and join him when they get quit of their imperfections. For instance, I was merely guilty of a little grudging and grumbling, and came almost at once; but Othello has only now arrived, for that jealousy was a great defect in his noble nature, and it took long to make up for it. If you had seen him and Desdemona meeting! They were so rejoiced! And, on their account, there's a picnic just about starting (my master's supplying the invincible musicians), to which all the Italians are going:—Romeo and Juliet, Portia and Bassanio, the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Katherine and Petruchio (such nice quiet people), my young master and mistress, Ferdinand and Miranda, and a lot of others; and I do hope we'll be down in time, for I'm so anxious to see the dresses. Then we can see from our Star another—so far off, and just like a hailstone—where Cassio was, but only for a little, for he was tipsy just once; and it must be an awful place, for he told us it was all of ice, and that yet there's not a drop of flowing water on it; and Sir John Falstaff and his men (he said Bardolph's nose was getting quite white), Sir Toby Belch, and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, Christopher Sly, Stephano and Trinculo, and a number, are there; and Shakspeare fears they won't be here for ages. But look down now! There's our Star, and isn't it a pretty place to live at?' Coxwell and I here looked over the rim of the car, and were astonished; but, ever impressed with a sense of my peculiar province, my companion muttered, 'By Jove! now's the time for observations!' We were steadily descending on what seemed a richly-wooded island, lying, calm and glowing, in a blue sea, which was the air; and there were many other islands—some like it and others of different tones of colour, but all more distant than it, and at varying depths. We had read of the Islands of the Blest, and surely here they were! 'You are next ours, but lower down,' said our guide, 'is Milton's Star (his garden is quite a Paradise), and the one beside it is Dante's.' As we got nearer that to which our course was directed, I observed that all round it were palaces, and castles, and halls of distinct classes; and that it rose toward the centre with magnificent meadows and forests, and was crowned by a great range of building like Kenilworth Castle, but immensely larger. 'That's where Shakspeare himself lives,' said Ariel; 'and although he is always either receiving or paying visits—(yesterday, he went down to tell Hamlet and Ophelia and the grand old King about your Albert Edward marrying a Danish Princess, with which they're all quite delighted)—he often has every one upon the Star invited up; and you've no idea what a beautiful masquerade it makes—there's such a lot of different people,

and all differently dressed. But we're close enough now; I think you can see everything quite distinct, and I'll keep on this level, and begin to go round, and tell you about some of the places as we pass. What were we over at this minute is our own part. You're the ducal castle; and there's my noble master just before it, watching us. See! he's waving to you!—which he was doing; and while I unscaped and respectfully returned the greeting, Coxwell got out and waved what he thought his usual flag, but which, as it unrolled, became a glorious banner, inscribed 'Excelsior!' 'Oh, we are in time!' cried Ariel, letting go the netting for a moment, to clap hands. 'Yonder is the picnic upon the terraces, and see all the beautiful boats ready to sail!' 'But where do they sail?' I asked. 'Oh, they push off into the blue air, and float so deliciously in it! And they're going a long way to-day, to see a Star that's getting ready for your Alfred Tennyson. Ah, isn't that a sight?' and here our delicate attendant, absorbed by the robes and jewels, passed into utter silence. Coxwell and I, accustomed as we were to look down on crowds—

— 'all faces turned to where
Glow, ruby-like, the far up crimson globe,
Filled with a finer air'—

were delighted. Upon noble terraces, festooned with the vine, set with vases, and glowing with flowers, the members of a large party were promenading; while pages and gendoliers were busy at the landing-place—which was thronged with barges and gondolas of the most graceful shape, draped with rich glistening stuffs, and garlanded with flowers of the most vivid hues. Othello and Desdemona were yet lost in each other, and paced apart from their friends—she leaning on his arm, with both hands clasped over it; and he gazing down upon her innocent face with perfect joy. The rest of the company were mingled in a pleasant manner—Romeo and Portia together, Juliet and Petruchio, Miranda and Bassanio, Katherine and Ferdinand; and so on. Beings so graceful and so happy we had never dreamed of; and we were almost overpowered when, discovered by one of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, all the bright eyes were turned up to us, and a cheer rose like the opening of a choir. 'That handkerchief which Desdemona took out of her bosom to wave, murmured Ariel, 'was Othello's first present to her; won by a Sibil, and given to his mother by an Egyptian charmer.' We were still dazzled by the rich picture—how poor had become even Turner's most idealised landscapes and Titian's fairest men and women!—when we found that we had left it, and were immediately over a great castle with many quaint towers and spires, set behind cliffs that beetled o'er their base into the blue sea. Within its battlements, which were clothed with ivy—rich urn of fruits and blossoms glowing at each of the embrasures—stretched a spacious platform, upon which we observed several groups. 'That's the Royal Dane and Ophelia—they're so fond of each other,' said Ariel; and we distinguished the grand-looking King with the sweet girl hanging on his arm. 'There's Hamlet, and Horatio, and Laertes, and their friends,' were the next words; and we soon made them out—the Prince's intellectual countenance lit up with happy thoughts. He was loitering along, with his arm round Horatio; and they were evidently engaged in some amusing argument or speculation. 'Oh, they see us!' cried our guide, 'and Hamlet's beckoning. We must descend a little,' which we did; and by-and-by heard the Prince's voice. 'You are welcome to Elsinore, gentlemen! The brave, o'erhanging canopy, the majestical roof fretted

with golden fire, you have boldly travelled. Do me a favour. When you return to the earth, find means to tell the Prince of Wales you saw us, and that my father and I approve and wish them every joy. Say we have determined to drain a flagon of nectar on the day he weds our Alexandra; and that Ophelia's knitting some dreams to send her.' He thereon waved us a most courteous adieu; and we sailed by, to pass over other strange and lovely scenes, and have pointed out noble men and fair women too numerous to be described here. At last, when we had floated over a British palace—beside which King Lear and King Cymbeline walked together, followed by Imogen and Cordelia, and Posthumus and the King of France—our guide said, 'Now we have put, as that mischief Puck would call it, a girdle round the Star, and must ascend again to the place where I am to leave you. But we shall pass up and over the highest part, and perhaps you may get a glimpse of SHAKSPEARE himself!' 'Oh, Glaiasher!' sighed Coxwell, 'do try and get an observation of him!' Thereupon, following Ariel's lifted arm, the balloon began to rise, and sailed toward the centre. On our way we looked down upon the glorious and varied scenery—with here and there a hamlet, or manor-house, or white, oak-ribbed cottage—and perceived many figures sitting at quaint porches, walking the bright fields, or gathering fruit in orchards. As to all these, Coxwell and I felt curious; but the fact of our approaching Shakspeare, seemed to have awed our guide, for the only words it whispered, as we sailed over a luxuriant forest—in the glades of which, brodered with every wild-flower, we caught glimpses of snowy deer—were these, 'Oberon and Titania's kingdom, thronged with fairies!' Ere long we were very near the central palace, which seemed set in what might be England's richest part but richer a thousand times, and calm and bright beyond all words; and were over a curiously-knotted garden, with a great mulberry tree within its walls, when we caught sight of the Poet himself. He was bareheaded; and, although he was turned away from us, we could see what a dome-like brow there was, fringed with auburn hair. He wore, over a scarlet doublet, a loose black gown or tabard, without sleeves, and a large, white collar lay down from his neck. He held a boy by the hand, and they were both intent upon one of a series of bee-hives. Coxwell and I held our breath, and the balloon moved soundless. Ere we reached them, they turned away; and, with a few paces, passed into a thickly-pleached alley, hung with the lime's sweet flowers and the chestnut's white blossoms, and disappeared. But, as we glided silently over that rich avenue, we heard these words, 'Yes, Hamnet. I, when on the earth, thought they were governed by kings. It will take us ages even to understand the bee. Wonderful, my dear child, are all His works, but less wonderful than His love.' Spelled by that brief vision, and these kind, grave tones, it was a while ere my companion and I noticed that the balloon was mounting with incredible velocity; indeed, every second the Star was visibly becoming less, and soon it disappeared. Then our flight became gradually slower and slower, until we were motionless; when Ariel, leaving the netting, floated close beside us, and intimated that its spiriting was ended. We had been so kindly treated by the beautiful creature, that we almost in one breath inquired if we could do any service or favour in return? 'None,' it replied, 'unless, by-the-by, you will give me these doves, for we have grown quite friends!' We were too delighted to be able to grant its desire; and ere long—having, in the same sweet strain as its first, sung these words to us,—

'Farewell, Glaiasher! farewell, Coxwell!
Airy compass ye can box well;
And of pluck ye have no dearth.
Soon and safely reach your earth!'

this being succeeded by the mysterious and ravishing music which had heralded its arrival—our fair guide was speeding from us like a meteor, the two golden pigeons playing with it on the way. We remained silent, watching its diminishing brightness, and deeply impressed with the marvels we had seen. How long we may have so remained we know not; but on waking from my reverie, it struck me that the light was grown thicker and the temperature much colder. Intending to ask him if he too noticed this, I glanced at my friend, to find him gazing intently at me, and to be surprised with his appearance. The magnificent beard had shrunk, his eyes were dull, his features irregular, and his stature puny. Before I could speak he said, and his voice grated on my ear, 'Glaisher! you are very ugly. I've been sitting shocked. You're quite a plain man. You're like one of these hideous pre-Raphaelite productions.' In reply to which I remarked, and my tones were those of a bull-frog, 'Well, Coxwell, you're nothing to boast of! I never saw a man so fallen off in my life. A little while ago you were like an angel, now—' Our mutual unpleasant survey was fortunately interrupted here by Coxwell's springing up like a madman, and shouting, 'Here she comes again! O Glaisher! come quick, and take an observation!' 'What comes again?' I inquired. 'The old Earth!' he replied. 'There she comes again! There are the Americas! Hurrah for the old Earth! Isn't that a sight?' And certainly it was. Here was our native planet coming bowling along in the blue ocean, and plainly recognisable. We long sat, gazing with delighted hearts. 'There's Asia!' Coxwell murmured. By-and-by, and ere long, it was my privilege to exclaim, 'And there's old Europe! Three cheers for old Europe!'—which we gave with a will; and, on its ceasing, we both started to hear a rustling in the pigeon-basket, on looking into which, imagine what I felt on seeing the two creatures exactly what they were when received by us before ascending! In our consequent amazement, there was such a complete silence that we both heard our watches loudly ticking, and, on consulting them, were bewildered to find that we had only been an hour or two away. 'By George!' were Coxwell's first words, 'I'm immensely hungry!' adding, with a kind of hysterical laugh, 'hand over the sandwiches'—which I did, for they were *there*! 'You'd better take an observation,' said my friend, 'in the place the bottle was;' and acting on the suggestion, I lifted it out and uncorked it! Strengthened by an application to these, we both now resumed our various labours—I with my instruments, and my companion with his balloon; and, as our descent was rapid, we, in a very short time, and without much difficulty, landed safely at Wolverhampton, where none of the pigeons we had despatched had returned when I left on the afternoon of the 6th. It would seem, from this ascent, that five miles from the earth is very nearly the limit of human existence. But the height to which fancy may carry us remains to be ascertained by future observations.

RIVERS.

By MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

"Thou did'st cleave the earth with rivers,"—*Ezekiel*, c. iii. v. 2.

He cleaves the Earth with Rivers!—bright, bounding, fresh, and free;

Or creeping, dark and sluggish, to meet the restless sea.

And ever still they are the types of Life that onward pours.

And cleaves its little path between the two eternal shores.

The mountains strong, the patriarch hills—that silent seem to stand,

With caps of cloud, and hoary locks, and mien of dumb command—

Hide tarns that never see the sun, and persevering rills,

And silvery waterfalls, that wake the music of the hills.

And these begot the rivers vast, which ever onward glide—

How'er they wander by the way—to meet the ampler tide.

He cleaves the earth with rivers! Beside the limpid brook
The field flowers lean, Narcissus-like, to in their mirror look.

The shy wildfowl, in silence bold, athwart the streamlet skims;
And graceful willows droop to lave their taper, slender limbs.
Amid the stream is sought by man; and water-carriers trail
Their shining burthen, clear and cool, in many a brimming pail.
The village joys to be so near, though learning, perhaps, its worth,

By frost, that, in the shorten'd days, the brooklet chains to earth!

But once a-week the water-wheel grows dry the stream above,
And cattle loosed from heavy yoke with lax footsteps move;
The ferryboat lies at its ease beneath the alder's shade,
And Nature's self almost appears in Sabbath dress array'd.
On Sabbath-days the bells peal out as if surcharged with song,
Till, on the soft conducting wave, the rapture glides along;
And when no more poor human ears can catch the Sabbath note,

A mystic music, lingering, seems beside the stream to float—
To calm 'mid toil, and whisper hope, and give the spirit rest,
When haply still the thews must strain, and life's hard current
breast.

He cleaves the earth with rivers! and on their margins rise
Fair cities, crown'd with pinnacles outlined against the skies—
Fair cities! yea, great heart-shaped beads the generations mould,
To hang upon God's river threads of silver or of gold:
Heart-shaped be sure, could we but see the plan that should
prevail,

Though aims fall short, and men despair, and means are mix'd
and frail;

So that the traffic marts jut out in some unsightly way,
And lordly domes take ample sweep and school-rooms overlay;
And churches oft are crush'd and cramp'd, and have their
doors too small,

While monuments to Mammon raised are somewhat overtall!
Still, from the serried mass to which a mighty city grows,
With palpitating thought and deed, a nation's life-blood flows:
Though good and ill so mingled are, they often seem to be—
Like wrestlers, face to face, limb-twined, in strife for mastery—
So mingled, that the very coin with reverent hand we lay
Beside the widow's sacred mite, on Sacramental-day,
May still be foul'd by evil use, how'er the piece look bright,
And still seem warm from heathen palm that clutch'd it over-
night.

He cleaves the earth with rivers! but, near the haunts of man,
The shores are wed by bridges, which parting waters span;
Each arch a ring completed when sunshine makes a shade,
And memory keeps the symbol when clouds the image fade.
But 'tis beyond the bridges the fleets of nations ride,
And merchants' wealth is floated upon the swelling tide.
O ships, of bird-like fleetness, that make the ocean path!
O ships, the hundred-throated, that bellow nations' wrath!
O ships that part the loving, and dear ones reunite;
That thread the glittering icebergs, or dart 'neath tropic night!
O ships that know the rivers! doth never message flow
From sister streams, for you to give, in mystic accents low,
When home at last you rest your strength upon some limpid
stream

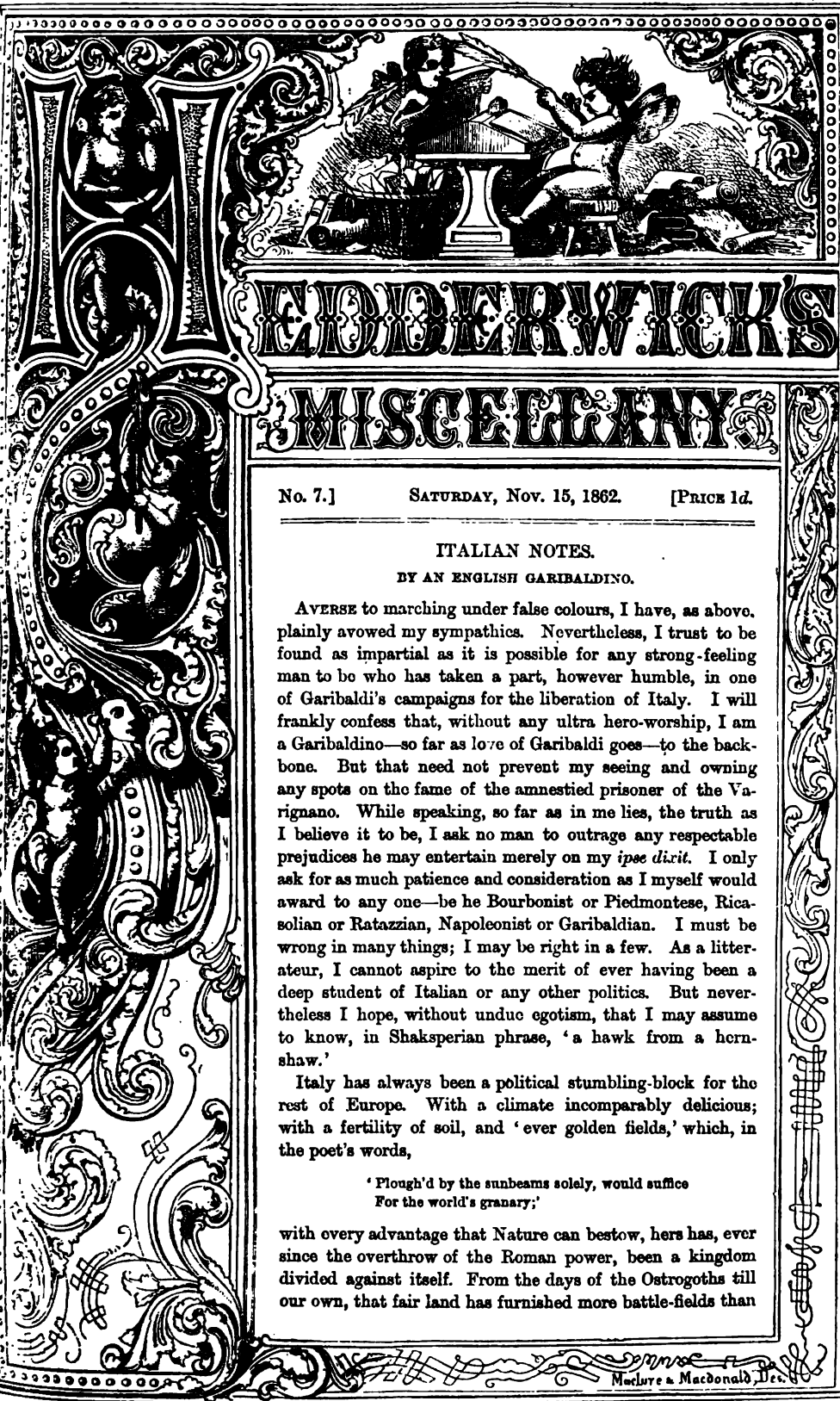
Which leaps to kiss your burly sides, that bask in sunny gleam?
No message! but, as rivers fall, obeying One Behest—
With wealth of waters lost and found, on ocean's shining
breast—

There rises oft, in Fancy's realm, the thought that yet they bear
Some memories of human life—its mingled joy and care;
And that, when inarticulate, the ocean seems to pant
For power of speech, like some dumb thing which has a human
want—

The Great Sea grasps the Rivers' love, with all its own combined,
And so can symbol something true to every human mind!

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Con-
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LIVERWICK'S

MISCELLANY

No. 7.]

SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1862.

[PRICE 1d.

ITALIAN NOTES.

BY AN ENGLISH GARIBALDINO.

AVERSE to marching under false colours, I have, as above, plainly avowed my sympathies. Nevertheless, I trust to be found as impartial as it is possible for any strong-feeling man to be who has taken a part, however humble, in one of Garibaldi's campaigns for the liberation of Italy. I will frankly confess that, without any ultra hero-worship, I am a Garibaldino—so far as love of Garibaldi goes—to the backbone. But that need not prevent my seeing and owning any spots on the fame of the amnestied prisoner of the Varginano. While speaking, so far as in me lies, the truth as I believe it to be, I ask no man to outrage any respectable prejudices he may entertain merely on my *ipse dixit*. I only ask for as much patience and consideration as I myself would award to any one—be he Bourbonist or Piedmontese, Ricasolian or Ratazzian, Napoleonist or Garibaldian. I must be wrong in many things; I may be right in a few. As a litterateur, I cannot aspire to the merit of ever having been a deep student of Italian or any other politics. But nevertheless I hope, without undue egotism, that I may assume to know, in Shaksperian phrase, 'a hawk from a heronshaw.'

Italy has always been a political stumbling-block for the rest of Europe. With a climate incomparably delicious; with a fertility of soil, and 'ever golden fields,' which, in the poet's words,

'Plough'd by the sunbeams solely, would suffice
For the world's granary;'

with every advantage that Nature can bestow, hers has, ever since the overthrow of the Roman power, been a kingdom divided against itself. From the days of the Ostrogoths till our own, that fair land has furnished more battle-fields than

any other country in Europe. Trodden to the dust by the tyrannies of her many domestic and foreign oppressors, the character of her people deteriorated in due ratio. True, ever and anon fitful gleams of earnestness, free outlookings, and noble deeds, would tell that the heart of Italy was throbbing still. But beyond these spasmodic signs of life—reminding one of the movements of a galvanised corpse rather than of the awakened vigour of a long-dormant nation—Italy, till of late years, gave the world little reason to hope that a time would come when once more she would assert her right to a place in the free councils of Europe.

With the Austrians in Venice; an effete if well-meaning Pope, ruined by his evil adviser Antonelli, in Rome; and a Bourbon on the throne of Naples, Italy's prospects in 1860 were not reassuring. When, on the 10th of May of that year, Garibaldi and his thousand leaped on the shore of Marsala, there were not wanting hundreds of quidnuncs—sensible people, too, in their way—to vaticinate from that expedition the direct results possible to the cause of Italian liberty. 'Garibaldi,' said they, 'is a wild adventurer; a few thousand, more or less, of ragged volunteers will melt away like snow in sunshine before the organised forces of an established Government; and even if for a while the insurgents make head at all, their efforts will only further the objects of anarchists, and set an evil example to the rest of Italy, by inciting men to attempt that which cannot be accomplished in our time;'—and so on. Thus people prattled. *L'homme propose et Dieu dispose!* We all know what happened.

In May, Garibaldi landed at Marsala. At the beginning of September, he entered Naples;—for men were by this time weary of a tyranny which neither God nor man could longer abide. There was a brave sight outside the Palazzo Angri, in the fair city of Naples, at the beginning of September 1860. A joyful mob were there to be seen, swaying to and fro like the waves of the Mediterranean under the influence of a 'stiff Levanter.' From the fashionable marchesa, in her white dress trimmed with pink and white, to the yelling fruit-sellers—almost every one in Naples seemed to be there to do honour to the hero of Marsala. For a change had come;—the Bourbon dynasty, accursed of God and man, was over; and Giuseppe Garibaldi, gentleman farmer of Caprera and Dictator of the Two Sicilies, reigned in its stead.

It was a great day for the Redshirts, who seemed just then to leaven by their presence every group of noisy shouters of 'vivas!' as, standing under the palazzo windows, they discoursed, in their soft, liquid dialects, of freedom hardly won; of hard knocks freely given and taken; and, most of all, of him who had led them in one track of glory on from Marsala to fair, fickle Naples. There might have been seen the sturdy little Zouave volunteers, in their fez caps, fraternising with the grim, gaunt Hungarian hussars, with their proud, stern faces, and thorough soldiers' set-up. Then you would catch the half-intelligible, lisping *patois* of the Picciotti—the boy-volunteers—some of whom Dunne had actually to urge on with

the flat of his sword at Melazzo; but who now, after many hardships, were as brave a band of reckless little heroes as any who marched under Garibaldi's orders. Calmly patronising these ragged soldiers of the Liberator, you might have seen here and there a few of the spruce Sardinian Bersaglieri—with their oil-skin hats, cocks' feathers, and bold, free faces—the best men in Victor Emmanuel's service; and then, next to these—among them, but not of them—you would have seen the lowering brows and serpent-like glances of sundry scoundrels, ex-spies and ex-*sbirri*, who for years had wrought out the evil will of old King Bomba, Francis II.'s father; and who now, for all that, were cringing to the new power, and seeking to ingratiate themselves with the honest Garibaldini. It was sickening to hear these panders of tyranny yelling out 'vivas!' in honour of a liberty they feared but could not appreciate, and drinking toasts to *Italia Una* in every *café* and *liquorista's* shop in Naples! There were rich Neapolitan 'gentlemen,' too—Heaven save the mark!—there that day swelling the plaudits of free men—'gentlemen' who had made merchandise of their corruption under the sway of the Bourbons; gentlemen who had played the spy on their own fathers and brothers, and who wore decorations as badges of their infamy. They would have yelled *Morte à Garibaldi!* the next day, if they could have obtained a sixpence by it, and have saved a skinful of broken bones—so debased, so venal, so utterly without conscience, are many of this Neapolitan race, too long demoralised by dark despotism and priestly thrall; and this in the land most gifted by Nature of all the bright spots on God's goodly earth. Every now and then, barefooted vendors of copper medals would solicit your purchase of one lately manufactured, and sold for two or three *baioocchi*, with a bad likeness of Garibaldi on one side, inscribed—*G. Garibaldi, Dictatore*; and, on the other, his simple words, which will ring like a knell through men's ears when the gallant heart and restless brain of that devoted patriot are mouldering in the grave. These are the words—(the medal is lying on my desk now, and Garibaldi is lying, such are life's chances and changes—a cripple at Varignano):—*Italiani, io voglio l'indipendenza e l'unità della nostra patria*.

What followed is matter of history:—The battle on the Volturno, when the Neapolitans were driven back into their stronghold of Capua; the arrival of that unhappily-officered, insubordinate, but thoroughly 'plucky' English legion; the bombardment of Capua by the Sardinian artillery, and its surrender after a few hours' inglorious defence. Everybody knows these things. Everybody does not know the terrible hardships which the raw soldiery of Garibaldi, delicately-nurtured gentlemen though many of them were—I refer especially to the Italian Garibaldians rather than to those of any other nation—underwent, without a murmur, for the cause of *Italia Una*, and that unanointed king of men, Giuseppe Garibaldi; nor is it any part of my purpose to dwell on that at present. Neither does everybody know

that, with all the 'rivas' and all the mad enthusiasm in favour of Garibaldi and freedom in Naples, there was then, as there is now, a strong Bourbon party—hating the Piedmontese to the death; ay, tenfold stronger than newspaper readers wot of—ready to take advantage of the least opportunity for reaction in Naples. Everybody does not know, either, the many petty jealousies (any of which might just then have been fraught with the most serious consequences to the cause) existing between the officers of the Garibaldian army, which nothing but Gen. Türr's *savoir faire* and Garibaldi's sweetness of disposition could possibly have allayed. This was one dark side of the campaign of 1860. See another.

On the 8th of November 1860, after Capua had surrendered; after the Sardinians had taken possession thereof, and installed themselves in the city of Naples also; after Garibaldian volunteers had been studiously snubbed, as far as was safely practicable, by the Piedmontese incoming heroes; after Victor Emmanuel as a king, and Garibaldi as a subject in an old red shirt, had entered the Church of San Gennaro, of blood-liquefying notoriety, together; after all manner of back-stair dirty work, and tortuous political 'double shuffle,' the ex-Dictator of the Two Sicilies, the day following the said visit to the shrine of San Gennaro, left Naples. Those who saw him pass that dull morning on board the 'Washington,' will not easily forget the scene, nor the feeling engendered in the minds of many men who would have shed their blood like water at one gesture of Garibaldi's hand. As the 'Washington' steamed out to sea, deep and hearty were the muttered curses on the new dynasty. Victor Emmanuel had received, at the hands of the farmer of Caprera, nine millions of new subjects. Yet Garibaldi was allowed to leave the bay of Naples without one gun firing a parting salute in his honour. As he left, the booming of the morning guns was heard saluting the rising sun and Victor Emmanuel! These things are remembered yet in Naples, and the memory of them stifles many a 'viva' for *Il Re Galantuomo*.

Come we now to Aspromonte, and the doings of that ill-starred day, in September 1862, when Garibaldi—ill-advised in his efforts to free Rome from the incubus of an effete Papal Government—was shot down by the bullets of the Piedmontese free men opposed to him, acting under the orders of Signor Urban Ratazzi, with the hearty approval of Napoleon III.—ex-Carbonaro of years gone by, ex-President of the French Republic 'one and indivisible,' originator of the *coup d'état*, victor of Magenta and Solferino, concocter of the peace of Villafranca, and annexer of Savoy. Perhaps, after all, it was as well that the Bersaglieri bullets flew like hail that day, till Garibaldi was bleeding and a prisoner. Had Garibaldi been allowed to go on, he might perhaps have failed; or, what in Ratazzian ideas was more awful still, have embroiled the Sardinian and French Governments. God only knows. But one fact remains, and Italy's heart feels it—Victor Emmanuel had no right to take upon himself the reins of government, if he

were not prepared to merit the title of 'King Honest Man,' given him by Italy. That 'Rome or Death!'—Garibaldi's cry—received the King of Italy's moral support, all who know the real character of Victor Emmanuel know well. Ere Marsala, in 1860, Victor Emmanuel apparently threw cold water on Garibaldi's plans, and then backed and prodded by them. Had not Garibaldi grounds for expecting the like again in 1862?

The 'amnesty'—too tardily granted, and naturally enough refused by Garibaldi—has made Victor Emmanuel more unpopular than ever. The lickspittle, Napoleonic toadying of Ratazzi have set against him not only the Garibaldian and Mazzinian factions—and, remember, the two parties are quite distinct—but have alienated from him the love of all the truest and most earnest hearts in Italy beside. From Pola to Capri, there is not one true Italian who would not rather be in Garibaldi's place—a wounded cripple—than on the thorny seat of King Victor Emmanuel.

Look at the state of Naples now. What is there? Brigandage, as the Piedmontese call a fact which is something far more deadly than mere unorganised plunderings; internecine hatreds; jealousies innumerable; fifty split-up political parties, ready to fly at each other's throats. There is the Muratist faction, ripe for revolt and French intrigue; the old Absolutist party, crouching, cowardly, but ready any moment for whatever butchery and rascality may be put in hand. There is militating against Victor Emmanuel's ever holding Naples in peace this fact—that the two races, Piedmontese and Neapolitan, are probably more opposed to each other in every thought, feeling, and interest, than any other two races in such close relations on earth. The Neapolitan—debased as he is—detests and despises the stern northern Piedmontese, whom he calls in his everyday talk—spitting on the floor meanwhile—a savage and a goitred idiot. The Piedmontese looks upon the Neapolitan in much the same way as the late East India Company's officers regarded the natives of India; with quite as good reasons. Neapolitan trade, too, has greatly suffered under Piedmontese sway. The influx of brisk, bustling Genoese traders into Naples of late has put the lounging, idle Neapolitan quite out of his stride; and the latter suffers by such competition. The cruelties—and these have been very many—of the Piedmontese régime, in nowise improve the case.

Turn to Venice. The Venetians hate Victor Emmanuel as they love Garibaldi. *Il Re Galantuomo*, say they, has deceived them. Is Venice forgotten? they are ever asking bitterly. The iron heels of Austria's soldiers still clatter on the pavement of St. Mark's. Are all promises of emancipation but idle breath? Is Victor Emmanuel merely a vassal of Napoleon III?

In Piedmont, popular as is the bluff son of Charles Albert, there is nevertheless a strong ultra-national party, who hate him for ceding, two years ago, the heritage of his ancestors—beautiful Savoy—to a Bonaparte. I heard the two cursed together; my interlocutor spoke a *patois* in which French predominated.

That Garibaldi is no statesman, is obvious. Perhaps God does not make statesmen out of such honest clay as his. *Que sais-je?* as said old Montaigne. That the patriot's dream touching the independence and unity of Italy will never be realised in our day, if ever, I sadly believe. Victor Emmanuel is not the man for the situation, now that the Titan brain of Cavour is at rest. Italy will never forgive the Piedmontese for Aspromonte—foolish as Garibaldi may have been there to tempt fate. Louis Napoleon will never suffer all Italy to become one united kingdom. If Victor Emmanuel secured Rome on the withdrawal of French bayonets, some other French annexation scheme would inevitably dog the heels of such a possession. Lately it was Savoy and Nice; then it would be the island of Sardinia, or perhaps the kingdom of Naples, or more probably such a tract of territory as would put the French within an hour and a-half of the gates of Turin. The public has lately learned, on the authority of a writer in *Blackwood* doubtless well 'posted-up,' that, 'On Tuesday the 15th of May—we can state—Lord Cowley was sent for to the Tuileries, where he found the Emperor attended by his Minister for Foreign Affairs—M. de Thouvenel. The Emperor said "It was necessary there should be no misunderstanding on the part of Her Majesty's Government as to the change which Garibaldi's expedition (to Naples) might effect in the policy of France. He had frankly warned the Sardinian Government of the consequences. The principle which he had recently laid down (in the case of Savoy and Nice) must again be applied, in the event of further annexations being made to Sardinia. The balance of power again disturbed, must, in the case of France at least, again be redressed by the territorial extension of the Empire. The warning which he had given to the Sardinian Government he would now give to Her Majesty's. He was anxious that there should be no misapprehension as to his policy and intentions." ' Cassandra-like croakings are generally unpopular, and seldom believed. But it needs no Cassandra to foretell that a breach between France and Sardinia, a probable *imbroglio* between England and France consequent thereon, and a general European war, are any day on the cards—should the French march out of Rome, the Piedmontese march in; and should Louis Napoleon thereon demand the island of Sardinia, or Naples, Sicily, or a tract of country extending from the last acre of French ground in Savoy up to or beyond Susa.*

In the meantime, like Duriarte in the cave of Montesinos, all we can say is, 'Patience; and shuffle the cards.' That the knave for some time will always turn uppermost, is certain. That, so long as Rattazzi continues in power, Italian freedom is but a hollow phantom, is equally so. That, so soon as Garibaldi shall have recovered the use of his limb and his health (that is, in the event of Rome's being then held by the French, which is perhaps improbable), we shall hear his cry, 'Rome or Death!' with or without Victor Emmanuel—taken up this time by

* The pass of Susa, about thirty miles from Turin, opening its defile at the foot of the Cottian Alps, in bygone years obtained the name of '*La Chiave d'Italia*,' or '*The Key of Italy*.'

millions of Italians—is as certain as that fire burns or gunpowder explodes at a lighted torch. Then we may have a chance of seeing the Austrians driven out of Venice; and the Papal temporal power—that 'ghost of old Rome, sitting crowned on the grave thereof,' to borrow Hobbes' striking figure—as a thing of nought. But, alas! Europe ere now has seen a Pope driven out of Rome by French bayonets, only to be brought back once more at the tail of them. French plunderers ere now have robbed Venice of her five brazen gates—the pride of the city—and stuck them up in Paris. We may see the like again ere we die; and an exchange of French for Austrian oppressors would be but cold comfort to the Venetians.

The greatest hope of Italian unity lies not in powder and shot, strong arms, and stout hearts; but in the spread of education and the force of knowledge. Centuries of spiritual darkness and political pocranteism—if I may coin the word for the nonce—have done despots' work too well. 'Light! more light!' is now Italy's cry. Let but the pen help the sword of freemen. Then may Italian unity be something more than a chimera—a political Moloch demanding the sacrifice of the best young blood in the country. Then may Cavour's dreams be realised in some part; and Italy, if not united in one great monarchy, be at least, with her several federal republics, free from the Alps to the Adriatic. But blood must flow, hearts must ache, and political Tartuffes live, lie, and pass away ere that shall be. God is hastening that hour in his own good time, though men's error-blinded eyes, and impatient hearts burning hot within them, warp their judgments, and make many of Italy's wisest men but sorry political atheists. How can this article be better closed than in Milton's noble words in the 'Aroopagtica,' addressed to the Parliament of England in 1644, and none the less applicable to Italy now?—'Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means.'

W. B. B. S.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

BRIGHT summer is going to leave us—
Dark winter is coming to grieve us;
For cold wind and snow
Will steal o'er us like woe,
And of the gay sunshine bereave us.

The flowers bend their knees and are sighing,
Consumptive, like fond maidens dying;
The birds that rejoice
With a musical voice
No more 'mong the groves shall be flying.

The streamlets shall cease to meander
That now o'er their bright channels wander;
All things that were fair
Will look barren and bare,
And Nature be rest of its grandeur.

But darker by far is that sorrow
That cannot from hope's treasure borrow
One ray of delight,
Either noonday or night,
But wakes to its troubles each morrow.

A. P.

OF CHILDREN.

PART FIRST.

SINCE ever I was myself a little child I have been dearly fond of little children—passionately and, as I have sometimes been inclined to think, almost foolishly and ridiculously fond of them, beyond even my tender admitted privilege as a woman, and more lately a mother. I suppose it must be *constitutional*. I must, I think, have been *born so*, as some people are born *poets*; for I can very distinctly remember that about the age of four or five I had begun to develop a quite scientific interest in babies. Certain of my immature, childish speculations about them I can recall, and might here set down, did they seem to me, at this date, at all profound and important enough to deserve a formal philosophic statement. Some people, it is said, are born poets; and I confess if there is *one* gift which I could wish had been dispensed to me at my birth, it is this divine one of poetry; including, as it needs must, I think, when given in any really rare and noble measure, the essential sum of all other human nobilities. But the planets, when I came into the world, did not please to be thus propitious; and, instead of making me a Sappho or a Mrs. Browning, they merely made me fond of babies at five; and gave me, during all my life after, a genuine, inexhaustible delight in the joy and the innocence of childhood; so that almost by sympathy with it I can share it, and every now and then, dismissing the arid present, can run back to live for a while again in that first strange brightness of the world. Let me say that I think the *amende* was not amiss; and that if we could conceive of Shakspeare himself as a monster who did *not* love little children (how tenderly he *did* *we feel*—do we not?—whenever a child is introduced in his dramas), I don't know that I should greatly care to change lots with him, if I could. The temptation would, I admit, be something. The mere *fame* would not indeed much tempt me. I at once dismiss the consideration of it as important only to very silly or very young people. For the possession of a majestic and unrivalled intellect, unique in the history of the world, and the grand consciousness which must needs more or less have attended it; the almost *ferce* sensations of *power*, tyrannous and triumphant, nearly of necessity, I should say, involved in all *very* and habitual exercise of faculties so splendid and so vast! Surely *these* are mighty and tempting things; yet somehow, I scarce know why, I feel as if they would frighten me even more than they allured; and in any case, when sharply looked into, they are seen to be merely a form of self glorification—in some sort indeed most magnificent, and yet in its essence most pitiful, as every form of selfishness *must* be. On the whole, I think I should be disposed to cry out, on considering the entire matter—Keep, O mightiest Poet of the earth! that large intelligence without love (for the person who does not love children cannot, I believe, truly love anything else whatever); that eye which looks into the secret of the world, yet is needs blind to the best joy of it;—keep them, and much good may you do! you have got of them in the long run! For me, I will go tumble on the grass, through half a happy summer's day, with my little Tom and Kitty and Mary here, and commiserate you very much indeed, most mighty, yet most hapless Shakspeare! This little game of romps I am engaged in is infinitely more to my mind than all your great Hamlets and Othellos, produced on these most sad and heartless terms. Your monopoly of your Hamlets and Othellos seems poor to me and even frightful, ex-

cluding you from only this *one* of the small yet priceless felicities which are showered like *manna* on the paths of all the sons and the daughters of men. I envy not your form of greatness, which would instantly make me, if I had it, too lonely and too wretched to live. I must needs still admire you much—having dipped in you, now and then, a little—but I pity even more than I admire. Wherefore, O Poet! depart, and disturb us at our romps no more; and O ye small and teasing chivalry!—who can never or scarcely ever tease—charge me desperately home; and let me, from this grassy mound here, as I may, repel these frightful attacks! Will the kind reader be kind enough to exert his imagination a little here. I am understood to be a French square; and a thousand bold British dragoons, in the shape of this one very small boy and these two smaller girls, are rushing devotedly against me—resolute to *break* me or to die. But here I must pause to explain somewhat. My Tommy, for a creature of his years (scarcely quite seven), is a boy of most bloodthirsty dispositions—his martial precocity is surprising, and his great delight is in “playing at battles.” The grandfather of the child (not yet many months gone from us in his mild and venerable age) was a soldier in his fiery youth, and fought bravely at Waterloo and in three other famous fights. The good old man—in his earlier time, I have heard, rather given to be reticent on such topics—was latterly not indisposed to recount to any good listener the story of his early campaigns; and Tommy, who was in listening indefatigable, would frequently suffice him for an audience. The old veteran and his little grandchild, whom he loved beyond anything in the world, would often go about in the garden together; and at such times—watching them at once touched and amused—we could know, by an occasional quick, energetic movement of the staff in the aged hand, when Waterloo was the theme of discourse between them. In this way, little Tom early picked up a stock of military knowledge quite unusual at his years; and he practically turns it to account by compelling little Kitty and Mary and me to play fiercely “at battles” with him. Kitty and Mary, I can see, with their small, feminine instincts, do not quite approve or understand the pastime; and at times they will plead pathetically for “housekeeping” or the like, instead. But the will of our martial hero is strong; and commonly it carries the day. Conceive of me therefore now, as a doomed French square, exposed to the terrific attacks of these murderous British dragoons. Like a gallant French square as I am, for a time I resist and stoutly hurl back my assailants. I am not going just yet to be *broken*. Presently, however (such is the scheme of battle laid out and sternly insisted on by my dear little Wellington in embryo), my resistance grows feebler and feebler; till at length I am fairly finished, and, lying quite quiet on the grass, am ridden over and over by the enemy. I am now conclusively *broken*, and, as Tommy says, “sabred to a man” (a phrase of his poor, dear, dead grandfather's); and a great yellow lily which I wear, and which is supposed to be a French eagle, is carried off in triumph by the victor, to be deposited in Chelsea Hospital with the other trophies of the fight. Of course this is all very silly and stupid; yet Tommy extremely delights in it; and Kitty and Mary, too, delight, though with preference expressed for “housekeeping,” and ordering of dinners, &c. as sometimes they hear their mamma do; and for me, I enjoy it, I verily believe, more than any of my little children, and, while the pleasant, foolish romp proceeds, have no care about anything else in the world. All vain desires and dreams are dead in me; and particularly, I do

not the least want to be the author of "Hamlet" and "Othello;" or even—which might be more in my woman's way—a poetess like poor, dead, great Mrs. Browning. It is quite enough *for me* to find myself the happy mother of these three famous little children. For, of course, these children in their way are famous; and I know that in the families about they enjoy a much wider popularity than their poor foolish mother, as I greatly fear, is like to acquire by writing of them. *How* precisely this terrible, bloody play originated, I never could quite get to know. The dear old grandfather (whom I suspected) always assured us, "on the honour of an old soldier," that except indirectly by means of "his stupid old stories," as he called them, he was quite innocent in the business. Be this as it may, it is certain if the little sport had been the clever and darling invention of his own aged military brain, he would not have been more curiously proud of it. Smiling placidly, he would sit in his garden-chair in the sun, and, with a really keen soldier's interest, would superintend the operations. Occasionally, even, he would in person organise the assault; would marshal the British dragoons in front of him; and, after a brief address, *shout* to them—in tones strangely decayed from those which of old rang out upon the roar of battle—to "charge" these rascally French. Once I remember he essayed, as he phrased it, to "sound a recall"—blowing it on his two great gaunt hands as a bugle. It was a poor, helpless, quavering, decrepit attempt; and, I am sorry to say, we all most irreverently laughed at it. The old man joined heartily in the mirth, and admitted his music a failure. It was all the fault of the bugle, he said; which was got terribly stupid, and cracked, and worthless, and quite old. Throughout the whole business, the exultation of the old man in the prowess displayed by that frightful, fiery dragoon, favourite little Tommy, his grandson (the other two troops were always, by comparison, ineffective and slightly deficient in *claw*), was, I think, as dear and absurd a sight as one need ever wish to see on a happy summer's day. What especially amused me in the boy—shall I sillyly say, *delighted* me?—and positively *transported* grandpapa, was the fierceness of his protest, if ever it was proposed, to arrange that I, *the square*, should be *British*, and the three small dragoons Frenchmen, and, in fact, *cuirassiers*. Rather than consent to such an ignominy, Tom would have been content to forego the "battles" altogether, and take up with some other game despised in his heart as effeminate. In vain did I urge that on the famous day of Waterloo this was really the manner of it. The point seemed of no weight whatever with him. Again, on my once inquiring of my young patriot hero, in a serious and *quasi*-vexed manner, why it was constantly I, the poor square, that was to suffer this terrible doom of being *French*, and never he, the dragoon, the creature had the insolence to reply that, as I was "only a woman," it could not much matter to *me*; but for *him*, (Heaven bless my dear, brave, obstinate little Englishman, of full six years old!) the disgrace would be quite too dreadful! For this sad impertinence to his mother, I regret to say he received from his wicked grandpapa a whole half-crown on the spot; and the old gentleman, for days after, told the story with infinite glee to every one who came about the house. When our dear old grandfather died—passing out of life quite softly—and was laid away in the earth from us for ever, there was an end as you may guess, for a time, of our "playing at battles." But soon, with the strange touching heartlessness of a child—is it, indeed, heartlessness in children; or only, alas! that in these matters, as in

all else, they are so much more artless and honest than we!—the boy began to bethink him of his old sport, and was eager to commence it anew. It has seemed to me that in such cases of loss we are sometimes too apt, in what is really a sort of wilful pride of grief, to prolong artificially the regrets to which, in the mere mercy of God and of Nature—accepted as it seems to be intended—a narrower limit is assigned. By process natural and tender as that by which presently the grass grows green over the first unsightliness of the grave, comfort is appointed to steal on every stricken human heart. I venture to say it is not good in anything to put it determinedly away from us. I sorrowed truly for the old man whom we had all so loved, with such gentle sorrow as we use for those who have dropped thus utterly ripe from the tree; but I did not see, after a day or two, why I might not play with my children. And in doing so, I did not very long resist the importunities of little Tommy that his favourite "battles" should be resumed. It occurred to me that—in relation to the dear old man who had been taken from us—it was better for me and for my children to choose the one sport of all in which he could not fail to be remembered, than, as it were, to hide him away from us in some other, wherein the memory of him could have no part. It also occurred to me (will the reader excuse the remark, which is made in no spirit of levity, but with a full sense of the awfulness of the mysteries with which it brings us in contact?) that if the old man could still in the spirit, by some strange possibility, be looking at us, undoubtedly it would best please him to find us going on just as before. Still, the first time I found myself again on my little mound of grass figuring as the old French square, it was with a strange feeling of sad reluctance, and a little pang of something like self-reproach, which my reason told me was idle. The empty garden-chair still standing there, whence the quaint old "word of command" was not now to issue any more for ever, brought the tears thronging to my eyes. That one poor, helpless performance on the mimic bugle; and the glad laughing we had all had over it together, struck back upon and touched me strangely. The French square, in a word, was on this day scarcely in a condition to resist, and quite unworthy of its ancient reputation. I broke up the little game, with which I could not proceed; and, gathering my three little creatures round me, told them that in all this eager play of "battles" they must *try* never to *quite* forget the dear old grandpapa who had loved them all so tenderly, and used many a time to play it along with them; and that even when they grew, as I hoped they might, to be old, old people, like myself, it would be very *unkind* and *ungrateful* if they did not *sometimes* remember him. We have done a good many battles since then, and fought them with various degrees of spirit. Still, I seem to have remarked that, since the day on which the poor, feeble French square *broke* suddenly thus of its own accord, and proceeded, with tears in its eyes, to deliver such a sweet, sad, serious, and solemn lecture as the occasion seemed to suggest, the fighting has been on the whole less fierce; and Tommy, in his "charge," has only at fiery intervals exhibited the full recklessness of his former valour.

I *purposed*, in beginning this little paper, to discourse easily concerning children in general, and their pure perfection and delightfulness; their strange, quaint wisdom and shrewdness; and the irresistible little winning ways by which they find their entrance into every heart. What I have *done*, I find, is to discourse wholly concerning myself and *my own children*—very stupidly, as many will

think. And the oddity of the thing is this, that at starting I positively did not intend to write *one word* about these three precious, particular children. So far as I remember, it was really part of my scheme to *avoid* doing so; and to be quite general and impersonal in my modes of philosophising. It seems, then, I am merely a mother; and no wiser than the rest of the tribe when these three little persons are concerned, and their importance to the world at large. I would not have it supposed, however, that, loving my own children as I do, and must and ought to do, more dearly than all others, I allow them an utter monopoly of my regard. As before I had any children of my own, or dreamed of having, the love of children was quick and urgent within me, so that my chiefest joy was found in the society of the small people; so now my love of them, though no doubt fondest, as it should be, at home, by no means severely restricts itself there, but is thence diffused as from a centre. Preferring the company of my own children, I can yet, on occasion, make myself very, very happy with the dear little children of others. Wherever there is a little child, there is for me an object of interest. Dirty, ragged urchins in the gutter—sedulous and happy in their ingenious manufactures of mud—I do not often look at as I pass without some little touch of tenderness in my heart. Poor little wretched scrawlings, entreating a copper of me wherewith to purchase “a soone,” are not at all unlikely to get one, and along with it a mother’s unspoken blessing. It has always seemed to me a dreadfully *deep* thing in mendicants to do their begging by means of these small deputies. Who that has a heart and a halfpenny can avoid the surrender of the latter to the little pitiful appeal? Political economists assure us, I know, that the effects upon society of alms so bestowed are frightful. As to this, I really do not know or much care to inquire. As a woman, I have two privileges, neither of which shall I easily be induced to forego. The one is, to love little children as dearly as ever I please; the other, to be utterly ignorant of the principles of Political Economy. A science which severely prohibits me from giving succour to a starving child, just about the size and age of my darling little Tommy at home, is perhaps a very deep and good science; but, as a Christian woman and mother, I do not find that it much concerns me. The “soone” beseeched for by the child is perhaps, as you say, if interpreted with due rigour, merely whisky for the wretched parent. It may be so; but am I, as dear Charles Lamb says, in his delightful essay on “Chimney Sweeps,” to “dig into the bowels of unwelcome truth in order to save a halfpenny?” The “saving of the halfpenny,” I suspect, is a considerable part of the philosophy of this great question. Political Economy at this point defines itself to my mind pretty strictly as a severe economy of coppers. Loving children thus dearly as I do—and have always done, and shall never, I trust, cease doing—it occurred to me the other day that out of my mere love of them I would try to write them a little story, with a view to their amusement and instruction. If I really *could* do anything to amuse and perhaps instruct them, do I not surely owe it to the little people who all my life long have been amusing and instructing me? Certainly I think I shall try. And, adopting the old approved form of fable—than which there is none yet invented more delicate in its adaptation to the needs of the childish intellect—I shall call my little tale for little people ‘The Trials of Little Kitty Blackbird: A Story of Wedded Life.’

MARIA.

THE BRITISH COLONIES.

A CONTROVERSY has recently sprung up in this country as to the propriety of emancipating, from home control at least, those parts of our Colonial Empire which have manifested sufficient capacity for self-government. Philosophers who advance the enfranchisement theory maintain, that while emancipation would be nothing more than a simple act of justice to the peoples involved, it would at the same time benefit the mother country to the extent of her yearly expenditure in support of these Colonies. The conclusion therefore is, that as emancipation would be an act of common justice as well as a proper act of economy, the great dependencies ought to be freed from the leading-strings of the old country.

There is some cunning displayed in the manner in which these propositions are combined. The sentence appears to be constructed for the purpose of acting upon the highest and the lowest tribes of motives which impel men to action, or those which address their sense of honour and their sense of interest. It is easy to do justice when the act is an immediate benefit. There is little merit, however, in such a low-bred virtue. It is the virtue which worships the gods for a twopenny loaf. But we should have no objection to the junction of these propositions, if the inferences which they naturally suggest were true. From the assertion that emancipation would be an act of justice, one might very naturally imagine that the Colonies had demanded to be released from the control of the mother country and been refused. This is not the case. We are not aware that a single British dependency in any part of the world has expressed a desire to be emancipated from parental authority. So far as can be ascertained, from the voice of the colonists themselves, we should think that the very contrary was the fact. They are perfectly content—as well they might be—with their present rational and profitable bondage. Under these circumstances, to free them—or, more properly, to cast them off—would be an entirely gratuitous proceeding, and a very questionable piece of political wisdom. Until any Colony clearly and unanimously expresses a wish to commence the game of empire on its own account, we hold it to be the true and only defensible policy of Great Britain, to maintain the present healthy relationship with her vast Colonial brood. The wing which she extends over them is a shield rather than a shadow; for, while it is a guarantee of safety, it does not intercept a single ray of light or degree of heat necessary to their vital development.

It is assumed, in addition, that to emancipate particular Colonies, would be an economical proceeding on the part of the mother country. This involves the further assumption that Britain derives from her foreign possessions no adequate return—if any at all—for the aid and protection which she extends to them. For argument’s sake, it might be admitted that to drop the Colonial protectorate would save a few immediate millions of money; but this saving would be wretched economy if ultimately our lack

of authority over the liberated Colonies lost us sixty million pounds' worth of commercial advantages. Yet such losses might result under two possible conditions. In the event of our former dependencies falling a prey to some of those political sharks which exhibit so insatiable an appetite for territorial empire; or in the event of the Colonies themselves becoming narrow and protective in their commercial policy;—for, to fling the reins entirely into any Colony's somewhat unpractised hands, would certainly expose it prematurely to the vagaries of an unballasted imagination—it might start on the proverbial ride to the fiend, or allow itself to be gobbled up by some unscrupulous pirate. In either case, in addition to the bitter grief which this country would feel at such catastrophes, our material loss might be incalculable; while to the Colony itself it would probably amount to total ruin; or at least to a fatal retardation, and very likely to an emasculation of its social, commercial, and political growth. But such a result would act inimically in another important direction. It would seriously interfere with, if not entirely shut up, the stream of immigration from the mother country—that stream which acts like a healthy drain, as it flows from a densely-peopled land; and like a blessed current of irrigation, as it rolls its living waves into the unpeopled desert.

In the controversy to which we have thus referred, the leading representatives of the pro and the anti-emanicipation policy are, or were, Goldwin Smith, professor of modern history at Oxford, and Mr. Hermann Merivale, C.B. A paper by the latter gentleman, on the 'Utility of Colonization,' was read at the recent meeting of the British Association at Cambridge. In this brief but comprehensive production, the potential arguments in favour of maintaining our Colonial Empire—so long as the interests of the mother country and her different dependencies are one and the same—are set forth with much calmness and force. Population, in nearly all countries, doubles in 25 years—a rate which outstrips considerably the increase in the means of subsistence. Nature demands that the disproportion between subsistence and population should be diminished to the proper level, in order that life may be rendered bearable. This is achieved in a variety of ways; such as by increase of deaths, or by a diminution in the amount of subsistence enjoyed by each individual—which is just a falling off in the general well-being; or by diminution of births through the 'prudential' check—which is, generally speaking, by fewer and later marriages; or, lastly, by emigration. Throughout Western Europe, since the commencement of the potato disease in 1845, population has increased at a greatly diminished rate. In Germany and France, the increase of population has been quite insignificant; while in the United Kingdom of Great Britain the increase since 1841 has been also small. Population in Ireland has greatly diminished; and in Scotland there has been very little advance. Any increase has been in England and Wales. During the last decennium, the natural increase in the population of this country has been under ten per cent.; that of France something under four per cent. Yet during that period, England and Wales have sent out

immense numbers of emigrants; and France none at all—that is, her trifling loss of population by emigration is fully balanced by accessions from without. One would be apt to imagine, since there is no emigration in France, and only four per cent. of increase in population during a whole decennium, that there must be a variety of adverse causes preventing that increase. Yet, curiously enough, the material comfort of the French people is equal to that of our own; the mortality in France exhibits a tendency to diminish; while the number of marriages appears to be unaffected either way—they remain singularly stationary. To account for the scarcely perceptible rate of advance in the French population, we are shut up to the conclusion that it must spring from the decreased fertility of marriages. It follows that, while the well-being of the people in England and France is nearly equal, and does not diminish if it does not increase—it results from strikingly different causes. To secure general comfort, by contracting later marriages and having fewer children, is not a beautiful, and cannot be a healthy, mode of life. 'The English,' says Mr. Merivale, 'can enjoy the same result without putting the same restraint on nature; and may marry almost as early as their forefathers did, although they live much longer. This they owe in great measure, though not wholly, to an established emigration, which has become part of the institutions of the country, and which makes provision for nearly one child in six.' Opinions will, of course, differ regarding the French method of maintaining the rational well-being, by sacrificing a portion of the reproductive powers of their people. Few, however, will hesitate to yield the palm to that nation which can escape so unnatural a sacrifice without losing a particle of happiness. Britain undoubtedly occupies that remarkable position; and it is principally due to the 'enormous advantage of continuous and therefore reliable emigration as an outlet.'

The full value of our splendid Colonies—Canada, Australia, New-Zealand, and the rest—will appear in the light of these facts. It is maintained, we are aware, that it is not necessary we should retain large dependencies, at great expense, simply that they may remain open fields for our surplus population. Under certain conditions, it would certainly not be necessary. For many years, the United States of America were the land of promise to the vast European overflow of population. But 'the great receptacle of the emigrants of the world, the great refuge of the poor, the great home of the homeless, the great field for the adventurous, is closed;' and when it may be opened again is beyond the ken of mortal prophet. At present, neither Federal nor Confederate America is likely to attract the emigrant. The superb natural advantages of the country remain the same, but there is no security. It has assumed an unfriendly attitude to the whole world, and is a standing example of how soon a country, once the Paradise of Paddies as of other wanderers, may become the most unprofitable field for emigrants and colonists.

We should not at any time advise the severance of our political relationship with any of our Colonies; but at the present moment we should especially refrain from such unwise advocacy. More than ever are they necessary to us; and perhaps more than ever are we necessary to them. If America is at present shut to the great European surplusses, Canada, Australia, and New-Zealand are quite qualified to take the whole of them. Doubtless, copious streams will flow to those regions; and we regard it as a supreme advantage that the mother country of all these magnificent lands is one from whose protectorate nothing can emerge but the blessings of freedom, know-

ledge, and the model of a stable government. The whole discussion may be summed up in the following words:—“Under a system of free trade, it would be immaterial how soon a colony shook off the dominion of the mother country (or, rather, the mother country would gain through a reduction of expenditure), if the emancipated colony remained equally prosperous and equally friendly. But if it did not; if its advance was checked by internal insecurity; if it became actuated by feelings of hostility; if it fell under the dominion of, or into connection with, foreign States; if it adopted hostile tariffs or opposed the admission of our emigrants, then we should find that the loss of the colony was the loss of an economical advantage.”

To these words we can add nothing but the solemn hope that Britain and her Colonies may remain bound to each other by ties both of interest and gratitude; and that they may never sever themselves from each other, except for the imperial and sacred purposes of freedom.

M. D.

AUNT RACHEL'S STORY (Continued).

BY ELLEN EMMA GUTHRIE.

CHAPTER V.

“Shortly after my arrival at Glenvoirne, I received a letter from home, enclosing one from Robert Seymour. He was then in Rome. Instead of responding to his wish, that I were with him to enjoy the magnificent works of art by which he was surrounded, my gaze turned from his letter to the surrounding scene, whose painter was Nature; and I envied not Robert Seymour amidst the ruinous grandeur of Rome. The conclusion of his epistle interested me more than the beginning. In it he mentioned his having frequently encountered the two sons of the Chevalier de St. George during their stay in Rome. How my heart beat while reading of Prince Charles Edward!

“The eldest of the Stuarts,” he wrote, “is a noble-looking youth—tall and fair; has a splendid carriage; and seems possessed of all the attributes requisite to endear a sovereign to his people. Often have I thought, while gazing on his striking countenance, how much you would have admired him; and felt almost glad you were not here. He makes so many Roman ladies captive with his fascinating manners, that you might have proved faithless to one who is counting the hours until he can break his chains, and set sail for England.”

“Poor Robert! Lady Macdonald was enchanted to hear such accounts of her darling hero; and made me read his description until she had it indelibly imprinted on her memory.

“On the same day, after dinner, my aunt called for a bumper of claret. Raising the glass in her hand, she gave forth, with suitable solemnity, the loyal toast, “His Majesty the King!” and then passed it over a decanter of water standing near her. “Rachel,” she said, smiling at my bewildered look; “do you the same.”

“I obeyed mechanically.

“Are you aware of what you have done?”

“No.”

“You have drank the health of the king who is —” here she again passed her glass over the decanter. “Do you understand now?”

“O yes!” I replied, laughing. “We have been toasting King James, who is at present over the water.”

“Quite right, my dear. That is the way in which we Jacobites toast our absent sovereign. But let us not forget Highland honours.”

“So saying, my aunt threw her glass into the fire. I followed her example with such alacrity as fully testified my loyalty to the exiled Stuarts. Lady Macdonald seemed delighted with my demonstration in favour of King James; and expressed the delight she should have in introducing me to him should he return to Scotland.

“Ah, my dear!” she went on, “had you only stayed with me in the year ‘16—that is, supposing you had been alive—how enchanted you would have been with our sovereign’s affability! I mentioned to you having met with him at Grandtully. Well, a fine ball was given there in his honour. According to the express desire of Sir James Stuart, the gentlemen came attired in Highland costume; while the ladies were arrayed in white—each wearing a tartan scarf over her left shoulder, and a white rose in her hair, out of compliment to the royal guest. It was a lovely sight to behold so many of the young and beautiful collected round their monarch. The King was deeply affected when informed by Sir James that even the ladies were ready to die in his cause.”

“Would we were on the throne!” he replied, with emotion. “Not that we wish to possess it by the shedding of such noble blood as flows in the veins of those here assembled, but that we might have it in our power to recompense those loyal subjects who have declared themselves so attached to our person. And, should that happy day arrive when James may with truth style himself the father of his people; then shall the old halls of Holyrood resound with gay festivity, and a grateful King confess how much he owes to the faithful few who remained firm and true in his darkest hours of adversity.”

“We knelt and kissed his hands as he finished speaking; and all present felt that to die for such a monarch would be an enviable fate. Ah! these were the days, Rachel!”

“Now aunt,” I said, “it is too provoking to tell me of such things, when you know how I long to see a similar scene, and the little probability that exists of my desire being gratified.”

“Well, well, my dear; I shall not dwell longer on so exciting a theme. But how well you yourself would look in a white dress and tartan scarf! Now, Rachel, do gratify me in one thing. Go to Macgregor, and tell her to bring me the dress I wore at Grandtully in the year ‘16—thirty years ago. Just think of that!”

“In compliance with my aunt’s wishes, I left the room; and shortly returned, followed by Macgregor bearing an amplitude of lace, white feathers, &c. Lady Macdonald’s eyes beamed with delight. Taking me by the hand, she said, “Now, you must don the dress I wore in my gay days; and we shall see whether Nature intended you for an English or Scotch girl. No one save a genuine Scotch-woman knows how to wear a tartan scarf: it must fall off the shoulder with an easy grace never likely to be acquired by a foreigner.”

“In no small degree amused with my aunt’s whim of transforming me into a fashionable lady of thirty years back, I placed myself in Macgregor’s hands. In the lapse of a few minutes, Lady Macdonald declared my dress perfect; and protested I was in every respect worthy of being considered a daughter of Caledonia.

“Is she not, Macgregor?”—this to her maid, who stood a little apart, surveying me approvingly.

“Deed, ma’am, she is. I have all along been wondering who it was Miss Sackville reminded me of; and now that I see her dressed, I remember it is the portrait of Lady Lovat which hangs in the hall at Castle Frazer.”

“She certainly is not unlike her,” observed my aunt

in reply. "Rachel," she said, laughing, "you must esteem that a great compliment. Lady Lovat was counted one of the most beautiful women of her time. Walk towards the foot of the room, in order that we may have a full view of your dress. Now, return."

"As I once more approached my aunt's chair, she took me by the hand, and said, solemnly, "You are undoubtedly very handsome, my child; but be not vain. Loveliness, like our other possessions, is the gift of God; therefore we should only value it as such." After a moment's silence, she observed, "What would Robert Seymour say could he see you thus?"

"I turned pale, and bit my lips.

"Lady Macdonald eyed me keenly. "I am sure he would admire you extremely," she said.

"Perhaps he might," I replied, coldly. "In the meanwhile, aunt, allow me to have another look at the miniatures."

"She opened the casket. I took up the likeness of Prince Charles Edward. Long I gazed on his bewitching countenance.

"Ah, Rachel!" said my aunt, sighing, "had you been a princess, you might have been our future queen."

"Not being a princess, I shut the miniature hastily, and turned pettishly away. While doing so, my eyes encountered my own figure in a full-length mirror which graced the opposite wall. Then I, too, sighed, and murmured inly, "Had I been a princess!"

"After denuding me of my borrowed plumes, Macgregor withdrew; and my aunt, excited by remembrances of the brilliant past, launched forth into a lengthened history of the Macdonalds, and their claim to be descended from royalty. Then her subject embraced a wider range. How her eyes flashed as she described the daring exploits of her ancestors, and glistened with tears while relating some touching incident of Highland devotion! The shades of night lent a yet deeper gloom to the apartment in which we were seated; and, as the face of each cavalier waxed dim and shadowy, and the distant corners of the room became lost in obscurity, I abandoned myself to a dreamy reverie, in which the different distinguished personages my aunt brought forward in her stories played an active part. Gradually, a pleasing languor stole over my senses; the gloom deepened and deepened; the voice of the narrator became more vague and indistinct, until at length it seemed but the echo of my own thoughts.

"I was speedily aroused by the entrance of a servant, who came to apprise Lady Macdonald it was long past her usual time for retiring. Surprised at the intelligence, my aunt—who was regularly itself in her domestic arrangements—bade me a hasty good-night; and withdrew to her sleeping apartment. I also retired to mine. Not feeling inclined, however, to slumber, I took out my diary, to make my daily entries ere abandoning myself to repose.

"How time flies when one is happy! I fancied barely three weeks had elapsed since my arrival in Scotland; and, behold, rather more than four had glided away! Unwilling to indulge in melancholy reflections, I laid the diary aside, and withdrew to my couch. But I was too excited to sleep. The wildest fancies coursed through my brain. Now I was at Grandtully in company with my aunt, who introduced me to the Chevalier de St. George; anon a princess, receiving an offer of marriage from Charles Edward. At length I slept; and, strange to say, was again visited by the singular dream I had formerly in connection with Glenvoirn. Once more

I was on the terrace; the old house frowned darkly before me; lofty pines swayed to and fro in the breeze. Again I extended my hands in ecstasy, and implored to know the name of a spot so fair; but this time, in answer to my inquiry, a young man came forth from amidst the pine trees, and advanced towards me. I recognised him at a glance. It was Prince Charles who stood before me. He was arrayed in the Highland costume; his blue bonnet surmounted by a white cockade. Gazing in my face long and sadly, he said, "Then Miss Sackville is not an enemy to the Stuart cause?" Methought I replied, "No, your Royal Highness. Willingly would I die could my death restore you to the throne of your ancestors." He smiled a melancholy smile. "Then we enlist you on our side." So saying, he detached the white cockade from his bonnet, and fastened it on my dress. "Oh!" cried I, in a burst of enthusiasm, "do not abandon all thoughts of regaining your crown. Come to the Highlands; throw yourself on the loyalty of your faithful Jacobites in the north; and the white rose shall soon be the victorious emblem of a king." Smiling, he waved his hand towards the lake; which instantly changed into a stormy sea, whereon I beheld a ship tossed to and fro by the billows; while a number of young men, likewise arrayed in tartan, stood on the shore, watching with eager eyes the movements of the vessel as it strove to make head against the wind. I turned towards the Prince. His eyes were fastened on a magnificent eagle which followed in the track of the ship. Once more he smiled, and pointed towards the royal bird, "Here I awoke. So real appeared the scene, that I could scarcely bring myself to believe that it had been merely the creation of my over excited fancy.

CHAPTER VI.

"This repetition of my dream perplexed me not a little; and I grew feverish while endeavouring to arrive at its meaning. Vain were my efforts to court repose. At length, wearied out by my incessant tossings and vivid imaginings, I quitted my couch, and took a few turns up and down the room, in order to cool the fever of my blood.

"While promenading through the chamber, the clock in the adjoining apartment struck one. I opened my door. The moonbeams were streaming through a window into the passage, rendering it almost as light as though the sun were shining. Seized with an irresistible desire to have a glimpse of Loch-Oich, I stole noiselessly along the gallery, and entered the unoccupied chamber. Wrapping a warm cloak around my shoulders, I gently opened the casement and gazed forth, enraptured with the almost unearthly beauty of the scene. The heavenly host begemmed the sky—each glittering star seeming a guardian spirit appointed to keep watch over the silent earth; while the queen of night threw her silver mantle over mountain, lake, and terrace. Such stillness prevailed, it seemed as if Nature were reposing in peaceful security beneath the protecting care of that Almighty Power who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

"Suddenly a sound broke in upon the silence of early morn. It was the plashing of oars. Looking towards the lake, to my amazement I beheld a skiff shooting swiftly through the water. As it touched the shore, the sole occupant—a young man arrayed in the national costume—leaped lightly out, and dragged the boat a little way up on the beach. He then crossed the field which separated Glenvoirn from the lake, opened a little gate, and ad-

paced along the terrace, until he stood directly beneath a window. My heart throbbed wildly with apprehension. Who could the intruder be? He had not the appearance of a robber. Yet, to my astonishment, the stranger commenced singing, in a low tone, the following song. The melody was wild and plaintive; but the words—O Emily! I could weep when I recall them to remembrance. They ran as follows:—

"Over the sea! over the sea!
 Wat ye wha's coming now over the sea?
 Oh, wha should it be but all Scotland's hair?
 The lad wi' the blue een and lang yellow hair—
 The pride o' the Highlands. Yes, yes; it is he.
 Our Charlie is speeding now over the sea!"

Just at the foot o' the mighty Ben-Nevis;
 High, high o'er my head sang a bonnie sweet mavis;
 In like blithe note there was aye the same strain;
 When I list to the lark, I but heard it again:—
 Over the sea! over the sea!
 Our Charlie is speeding now over the sea!"

The singer paused, as the window below mine was drawn open; and a voice, which I recognised to be that of my aunt, exclaimed, "Is that you, Donald?"

The young man held up his finger by way of caution; and a long conversation in Gaelic ensued. Of course I did not understand what was said, but the song sufficed to enlighten me as to the cause of this untimely visit. My aunt had been prophetic. Prince Charles was now on the coast. In the course of a few days he would be in the Highlands—perhaps in Glenvoirnen! How my heart throbbed at the idea of seeing him who had so long been the subject of my waking dreams! What excitement would ensue in Scotland! Then I should indeed behold a prince, if it did not surpass, the wildest dream I ever dared to conceive—when nobles and chiefs assembled to welcome a Stuart in the land of his forefathers. In the meantime, the conversation between my aunt and the stranger had been brought to a close; and her boat was already rowing in the silver track of the seabeam. For more than an hour I remained at the window, reflecting on what had occurred, and the singular circumstance of my dream being so speedily fulfilled. Now it was explained. The ship I had seen was the one even now bearing the Prince to the Scottish shores; while the boat was emblematical of the royal passenger. Much I wondered how my aunt would act towards me on this occasion. Would she at once inform me of the visit she had received; or preserve it a secret until the young Chevalier landed in the Highlands? One thing I resolved upon, and that was to conceal my knowledge of what was going on until my aunt herself introduced the subject.

Having adopted this resolution, I returned to my chamber. For a considerable length of time I lay awake, dwelling in my mind the singular events likely to occur during my residence in the Highlands, and the influence of the unseen Prince already exercised over my ardent imagination. Worn out by excitement, I at length fell asleep, while murmuring the words,—

"Over the sea! over the sea!
 Our Charlie is speeding now over the sea!"

On entering the sitting-room on the following morning, I found my aunt pacing up and down with disordered steps. Her greeting was even kinder than usual; but she made not the slightest allusion to her early visitor. Agreeably to my resolution, I also refrained from entering upon this topic. Our breakfast was discussed in almost total silence. The secret each harboured in her

breast, produced an unnatural degree of constraint, and rendered it a difficult matter for either to support anything like conversation. Scarcely had we finished our repast, ere my aunt's little carriage drove up to the door. I looked surprised, but did not speak. Lady Macdonald silently quitted the room.

On her return, she kissed me affectionately; and said, hurriedly, "The receipt of some unexpected intelligence rendered a visit to Mrs. Munro necessary," but that she would soon be back.

Aunt having previously informed me that Mrs. Munro was, like herself, a staunch Jacobite, I instantly conjectured that this visit to her was in consequence of the intelligence communicated by the stranger. In the course of a few hours she returned, in high spirits—her colour was brilliant, and her eyes shone like diamonds. She informed me that her friend had an exceedingly handsome son, who was very desirous of making my acquaintance; and also, that his mother had kindly invited me to Glendunin. Saying which, she patted me on the head—remarking that I was a good girl, and that she hoped my duller days in the Highlands were past. Then looking at me earnestly, she sighed.

Still, not one word in connection with the subject I knew to be engrossing her thoughts. This apparent want of confidence did not wound my feelings. I felt assured she had some hidden reason for her reserve.

Things continued pretty much as usual at Glenvoirnen. Nothing indicated that momentous events were at hand. Still, I observed a decided change in my aunt's manner. At times she seemed excited and irritable; at other times, hopeful and joyous. Strange to say, since that eventful morning she ceased mentioning the Stuarts; but I frequently found her either stationed before the portrait of the Chevalier de St. George, or contemplating the miniature of Prince Charles Edward. When thus detected, she would start like some guilty thing, and bustle out of the room without allowing me time to obtain another look of the hidden treasure.

Curious to learn whether the young Highlander would repeat his visit nightly, I stationed myself at the window overlooking the lake. But he came not. And I wondered exceedingly how my aunt managed to procure information regarding the Prince's movements. That she did derive intelligence of his proceedings, I was fully aware; and at length concluded she had some messenger who apprised her of what was taking place.

It was now the evening of the 25th of July. Throughout the day, Lady Macdonald appeared more than usually disturbed in her thoughts. She seldom addressed me; and frequently walked up and down the room as though motion were necessary to tranquillise her mind. On the approach of night, she became more restless; and often paused in her walk to gaze forth from the window. Feeling somewhat dejected—in consequence of having that day received another long letter from Robert Seymour, in which he expressed strong hopes of prevailing with his father to permit his speedy return—I withdrew to my chamber, and sought to drown anxiety regarding the future in the perusal of my favourite history.

I had not been seated long, when rapid footsteps ascended the stair. Soon my room door flew open, and my aunt burst in. "Rachel! Rachel!" she cried; "follow me."

I stared in amazement. The intense excitement under which she laboured seemed to have taken twelve years from her age. Her figure was erect, her eyes flashed with

joy—not anger, and a look of proud triumph pervaded her aspect.

"Come! come!" she repeated, impatiently.

"Recovering from my astonishment, I followed her into the room I so frequently visited unknown to her. On reaching the window, she seized my hand—every nerve of hers was quivering—and, pointing to a spiral flame which at that instant shot up into the air from the summit of a distant mountain, exclaimed, in a voice broken with agitation, "Rachel! *he* is come!" and sank, weeping on my shoulder.

"Oh, what wild tumult these simple words occasioned in my breast! Again the signal-fire shot through the air. Lady Macdonald fell on her knees. I knelt beside her; and together we prayed that the Almighty would bless and prosper King James the Third.

"O Rachel!" sobbed forth my aunt, "my prayer has been heard. God has graciously permitted me to remain on earth to welcome the son of my King to his dominions; and when once my aged eyes have beheld him, then I can indeed depart in peace."

"The sound of oars upon the lake attracted our attention.

"Ha! This will be Donald Munro," said my aunt, smiling through her tears. "He it was who first informed me that the Prince was on his way to Scotland. Although advised of his intention some weeks ago, I preferred keeping you in ignorance, Rachel, lest something should occur to prevent his landing."

"But I was not ignorant, dear aunt. I chanced to be an unseen witness of your interview with Mr. Munro; and his song enlightened me as to the cause of his early visit."

"And pray, miss, what brought you from your chamber at that untimely hour? O fie! Rachel! To what will your love of the beautiful lead you? And you never told me you had learned my secret! Well, well; another time I shall hear what you have to say in your defence. In the meantime, here comes Donald."

"The young Highlander came quickly along the terrace. When arrived opposite our window, he gave utterance to a low whistle, and commenced singing the following song:—

"THE BONNIE WHITE ROSE.

Oh! dear are our Highlands, our mountains, and glens,
Wi' their beauty that Nature bestows;
And dear is the thistle that proudly there waves;
But dearer 'The bonnie white rose!'

There cam' to the Highlands a winsome young lad,
Wha'ae garb was the plaid, kilt, and hose;
And he wore at the side o' his bonnet o' blue,
For emblem, 'The bonnie white rose!'

The clans round him gather'd in battle array,
And swore to regard all as foes
Wha' wadna adhere to their rightfu' young king,
Wha'ae emblem's 'The bonnie white rose!'

Oh! wha' wadna wish a' success to his cause?
And wha' wad his rights e'er oppose?
Here's a health to our brave and gallant young king,
Wha'ae emblem's 'The bonnie white rose!'

"Aunt could no longer restrain her enthusiasm. Waving her handkerchief out of the window, she exclaimed, "God bless King James! and stir up the hearts of his faithful subjects to fight and die in his cause!" She then invited Mr. Munro to enter. He hesitated, on account of the unseasonable hour; but my aunt would take no refusal. And, at her command, the gate flew open to admit the welcome visitor.

(To be continued.)

HANGERS-ON.

ON PUBLIC-HOUSE HANGERS-ON.

AS I take down my hat, and sally out this bright July morning, I have a very indefinite notion of where my pilgrimage may lead to; and this feeling, I confess, in part a delightful sense of independence to my whol being. I am rather inclined to feel grateful to despot States in general for the control they exercise over their subjects; for occasionally pulling up and snubbing editor of papers, who are inclined, in a very faint way, to imitate the glorious independence of journalism in my favourite country; and for clapping in irons, starving, dungeon moating, and torturing daring subjects who may state their conviction that in general things are not as the should be—that the iron heel of the despot is on the neck of themselves and their countrymen—that it is eating into the flesh—and that it is an insult on common sense to suppose they can stand it much longer.

I confess that time was, three or four years ago, when I myself began to look with a jealous eye on my Government; and edged gradually to the opinion that there was a screw loose somewhere; that the aristocracy were in the way, and inclined to try the iron heel on myself and contemporaries—notably in the case of the game law. I could not see what right they had to prevent me taking down my double-barrelled gun, and firing away at the birds of the air and a few of the beasts of the field, if I felt disposed to amuse myself in that way. They were given by God for man in general, not for pampered scions of ancient feudal lords, who had had their day. (I gloat on this—"had their day.") I also felt grieved that I should have to give part of my hard-won money for the support of offices and sinecures which were of no use to me, or to my country. I felt deeply grieved at this; so grieved that I became a prominent member of various seedy exchanges, which were held in the parks, on debatable ground—where no police authority could touch us—which the system of republican government was vehemently and truculently discussed. I confess I was goaded on to this by my cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. I was continually being badgered and baited by the cousins about the miserable benefits which I enjoyed, at the glorious institutions which it was the privilege of the Atlantic. I looked with contempt at a few of the public buildings here; and felt convinced that American cities must have a very imposing appearance, from the multitudinous institutions which are planted thick in that country. I contrasted their freedom from taxes their boundless prairies, where any one who could hand a gun could shoot at and kill the game to their heart content—with my own stinted liberty. I felt that the crown of England was a very great many removes from my head; but that I had a chance, if I crossed the water of one day ruling a much larger, finer, and more milk-and-honey flowing country than ten times ten Great Britain and Ireland. Recent events in the glorious country had altered my opinion, however. I recant all I said about my country; and, as I walk forth this morning, the glorious old refrain rolls clearly from my throat,

'Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!'

Like every Englishman, I am proud of my country, but, like some Englishmen, I am ashamed of a few of the types of my countrymen. For instance, I am not proud of that artisan countryman of mine who, after he has

done an hour's repairing at my town or country house—for which he is paid by his master, and for which I pay my master liberally—stands fawning and touching his cap in the lobby, while the maid-servant taps at the parlour door, and informs her mistress that the man (?) has finished the job, and is waiting for his beer-money allowance. I am not stingy, and I am not one of those who would rob a poor man of his beer; but this is not a poor man—he is a well-dressed, industrious, and, I have no doubt, well-paid artisan. Why should he demean himself before my wife, servant, and visitors, by asking 'beer-money?' I don't respect that man. I do not say that this is a universal custom among my artisan countrymen; but it is pretty general.

If there is one class of people above any other whom I am inclined to dislike, that class is the great world of hangers-on. So much so, that in an amateur way I welcome, this bright sunshiny day, a hanger-on. (This I do in order that, as far as in my power, I may faithfully depict the character—in the manner of actors throwing off their own personality and identifying themselves with the parts they are to play.) I don't refer to those hangers-on of fashionable society—of the 'upper ten thousand'—because they more properly come under the great class of 'nobles,' and as such I disclaim them.

As I lounge against the brass-ribbed door of my favourite 'public' (not the swinging part of the door), my hands deep in my pockets, my cap far over my eyes, and the stifling July sun incrusting the dirt on my skin, imparting a delicious sense of warmth to my whole body, I am lost in amazement. If it were not too much to expect, I would turn round and regard everything about the 'Duke of Dishwater Arms,' against which I am leaning, with profound awe. What a fearful amount of work there must have been expended in its erection! First, in laying the foundation. What a destiny to have to shovel dirt; then drag and tug at refractory horses; and, merciful Fates! even shove behind or assist by occasionally pulling the team! It makes me sick to think of all the various degrees of labour which have been necessary in the erection of this building against which I am leaning, and to which I am attached in the capacity of hanger-on.

I am dirty—I know it. My attire is shameful; I seldom change my clothes—it costs trouble. I hate trouble. The 'Duke of Dishwater Arms' is at the corner of two great west-end thoroughfares. As I lean against the door, I am sensible that thousands of well-dressed, industrious people pass my way, and regard me with looks of disgust. Half-dreamily, I sometimes hear the remarks about me made by the washed and well-dressed portion of the community. I am, in their opinion, a 'hulking, lazy dog, who ought to be whipped;' a 'shameful blot on the great stretch of human industry;' 'a lazarone;' 'a living standing out in black relief against the white page of general progress.' Very neat figures of speech, truly! And all because of that which is my own prerogative as an Englishman—*independence of action*. Never mind, it offends them and don't hurt me; and even if it did, I have my revenge. They must work—sweat. I don't. I won't be bothered by the sweat of my brow. They have a saying that it is prudent to make hay while the sun shines. I sleep and lounge when the sun shines; and when the sun, who is my only friend, ceases to shine, I commence to 'hang-on.' From the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, I am a compound of mouldiness, pockets—or rather receptacles for articles—and glaze. So prominent is the latter feature in my dress, and even in my appearance, that I

cannot flatter myself I have said rather a neat thing (for a hanger-on) when I compare my general appearance to a snail. The analogy is palpably obvious. A smile is also part of my make-up in my character of hanger-on. This I share in common with haberdashers and ballet-girls. We have all a stereotyped smile on our countenances. But although all three denominations—viz. hangers-on, haberdashers, and ballet-girls—find a bland smile necessary to success in life, still I claim for my smile a more prominent character with regard to sycophancy. Mark my smile! The sun has disappeared. The chill of the evening has begun to set in. I begin to feel cold. I will crawl into the bar of the 'Duke of Dishwater Arms,' for it is warm there; and the red-cheeked, black-ringed barmaid has lit the gas, and is now showing off her artificial charms to more advantage than in the garish light of day. My motion into the bar is snail-like. I first look timidly in, then withdraw, and look in again. The barmaid, Peggy, has caught my timid look; our eyes meet; I smile, and if ever a smile expressed humble admiration of the appearance, position, and importance of the person to whom the smile is directed, it is the smile which I have just made to Peggy the barmaid. If ever there was a smile which plainly said, with reference to the smiler, 'I have dared to smile in your august presence; but your own acute perception will tell you plainer than words that, in smiling, I have only intimated my transcendent admiration of yourself in all your various parts and qualities, and of my own debased unworthiness to stand in your presence.' In fact, my smile is the smile which the fawning vizier of the Great Mogul would make to his gracious master, were that potentate in good enough humour to warrant the familiarity.

Mark the effect of my smile! It is blandly reciprocated by Peggy the barmaid; which encourages me to enter. I fumble about my receptacle for articles. In which of them did I put my pipe? I smile in bewilderment. I remember—in the lining of my cap. I produce a diminutive, dirty, highly-coloured clay pipe, and commence to smoke—fixing my eyes modestly on vacancy; and trying to look as if I had been all day after a job, which I was unsuccessful in obtaining, and was now patiently resigned to fate, and the chances of a situation to assist in demolishing a range of old buildings, which I am hopefully inclined to think will turn up to-morrow. Of course, Peggy the head barmaid knows better than this, as do all the barmaids and pot-boys; but I have so smiled and fawned into their good graces, that they could not live without my daily worship and homage. There is a party of 'young bloods' at the bar, who are drinking brandy and sherry, at the expense of one particular 'young blood,' who is great in oaths, jewellery, and compliments to Peggy. I attempt to catch his eye, by edging closer and in front of him; and appear to be in transports of respectful delight at his brilliant conversational powers. My face beams with admiration; and the expression is, that although I have wanted food for three days, still, I would cheerfully prefer the feast of reason which I am now enjoying to the certainty of victuals for a fortnight—with pudding and cheese after dinner secured. I do not succeed in catching his eye; and therefore occasionally put in, accompanied with a timid clapping of the hands, 'Ah! good again!' 'Had him there!' 'True; true;' 'Can't be denied;' 'Ave remarked it myself.' In consequence of this, I am not long in catching his ear and eye; and now I flatter myself that my whole expression, as regards beaming admiration and sycophancy, is inimitable; and leaves

Mr. Toole as *Abinadab Sleek* alight in the shade. He has seen me, and swallowed the bait. I affect, after a moment, to be awed into blank silence at the dignity of his appearance; but gradually allow my feelings of admiration at his wit to overpower me. He observes this—(I may note here that a modified edition of the same is gone through before his face by one or two of his well-dressed companions, who also affect to be in ecstasies at his brilliant repartee)—and, just before he gives an order for more drink, he patronisingly addresses me, 'Hullo, Meal-and-Water! you look cold; what'll you have to drink?'

I modestly give him to understand that, having tasted nothing in the shape of food or drink for the last three days, I am humbly of opinion that 'two penn'orth of gin, 'ot, with a morsel of Cayenne pepper,' would, in conjunction with a small piece of 'baccy which I am fortunate enough to possess (showing quarter of an inch of mouldy tobacco), assist to support exhausted nature for other three days; by which time I expect to obtain employment in a brick-field—definite hopes having been held out to me by the manager, whom I saved from a watery grave about fifteen years ago.

'Two penn'orth of gin and water, be blow'd! my patron exclaims. 'Wanted food for three days! Here, Peggy, bring six penn'orth of rum, hot, for this skeleton. Here, Meal-and-Water! what'll you have to eat? Come, put a name to it, man!'

I again humbly suggest that, if he would purchase for me two sea-biscuits, I should eat one at present; and keep the other for my sustenance till the job I expected from the party whose life I saved from a watery grave fifteen years ago would turn up.

'Nonsense, man! don't be a fool! Biscuits! Here, Peggy, frizzle a steak also; and serve it quickly. Here's your rum, Mealy! drink it up—it'll do you good. Don't be frightened, man!'

I am overawed by the sight of rum; and in drinking mention, as showing the healthy state of the British constitution in the year of grace sixty-two, the cheering fact of which I am a witness—that the proudest aristocracy in the land do not disdain to enter hosteleries, seek out and relieve distress personally, in preference to leaving the task to pampered menials.

This speech is intended for the whole company—two or three of the members of which having been inclined to look at me incredulously, and on their friend in the light of a party artfully taken in. They now look at each other, whisper, 'Aristocrats, by Jove! 'Pon honour, this is really a deserving fellow.'

In taking a second sip, I humbly hope they will pardon my ignorance of their proper titles; and mention as a fact, the recollection of which overpowers my feelings, and may not be unacceptable to their lordships as a piece of general intelligence, that 'I have seen better days.' The effect of this information is heightened by four tears, which fall into my glass; and which I imbibe with the third drain. The information is highly successful; and before the party has left the bar, a small subscription is collected, and I am richer by ten shillings. The party whose life I saved from a watery grave fifteen years ago is voted an 'ungrateful hound,' 'a beast,' 'one who ought to be kicked;' and I tremble in case his address is asked by any of the company for that purpose.

It is now nine o'clock. Will the kind reader follow me into the bar-parlour? We shall see Mr. Bibson—no unimportant person, when I inform the kind reader that on an average he represents at least three shillings and six-

pence a-week and suppers in my favour. Mr. Bibson is head-waiter of the Duke of Dishwater Arms.

When I enter the parlour, I find Mr. Bibson combing his whiskers at the mirror above the mantelpiece, and running his hand through his fine black curly hair. Mr. Bibson is 'a fine figure of a man.' There is no company in the room—the company generally arrives at about 10 o'clock. Mr. Bibson sees me timidly entering. I take off my cap when I approach Mr. Bibson, and touch my brow with my forefinger. Mr. Bibson runs his hand through his fine head of hair, and moves gracefully round on his heel like a pivot. Mr. Bibson slips his white napkin under his waistcoat, endangering the breast of his shirt, leans rather more on the left leg, forming a bow with the right, takes his coat-tails in his arms, elevates his head, and gives me a gracious half-nod.

'Ha, Greasy!' says Bibson, 'is that you? How are you Greasy?' Mr. Bibson looks as if he were the Duke of Dishwater himself, or at the very least the owner of extensive property in the neighbourhood, and had just looked in to have a slight refreshment before proceeding home to dress for dinner.

I touch my brow with my forefinger again, then suddenly start back, and assuming a look of mingled admiration and entreaty, implore him to excuse the great liberty. 'But would Mr. Bibson keep that attitude for a few minutes longer?'

Mr. Bibson smiles, as if he were humouring the liberty of an attached and faithful dependant; and, running his finger through his hair once more, half nods again.

This almost affects me to tears. I gaze with awe and beaming admiration in my face.

'Mr. Bibson,' I say, dashing away a tear, 'you didn't ought to do it. You may have been wronged by those who professed to be friends; or, I will say, blighted affection—a seared heart. But what will your aristocratical titled mother, and true friends say? Oh! I implore you return to your proper station, your true spear. You will never deceive me, my lord. I can't, and I will not as you Mr. Bibson. This is a terrible revenge on your friends for whatever crosses you may have suffered at their hand. Renouncing them; your own station; and condescending to take orders—from those a thousand miles beneath you in rank—for 'arf and 'arf, brandy 'ot, and screws;—makes my heart bleed; it does indeed!' I dash away another tear.

Mr. Bibson sighs, looks pensively for a moment, as he were sadly reviewing his former career of fashion and aristocratical pleasure; but immediately closes his lips firmly, as if no power in heaven or earth would prevent him from carrying out his great revenge, by keeping, for a considerable time at least, his assumed position of head-waiter.

'Here, Greasy!' he says pathetically, and, in the absence of the moment, pulling out his napkin and wiping his eyes, 'Here, Greasy! is 'arf-a-crown; but swear not to reveal to a living person your suspicions of my rank. I have reasons, Greasy. Take it, Greasy. You are a faithful fellow—take it. Come to-night, Greasy, my bed-room, and 'ave a bit of supper. I am not pretentious, Greasy. I will have revenge. God bless you Greasy!'

Mr. Bibson bolts out, unable to stand it any longer. Mr. Bibson's mother is a respectable washerwoman, as the sole support of his father, who is always in a chronic state of *delirium tremens*, and unable to work. Mr. Bibson's hobby is the 'be-mond,' and a distinguished

genito. I put the latter in his head long ago by hints like the present. It pays me.

Occasionally, in the course of the evening, I adjourn to the 'tap'; and generally manage, by a different process, to get a few coppers from the Irish labourers, and other poor people who take their half-pint of porter, and look at the *Star* or *Telegraph* by the fire. I have also a small allowance from the pot-boy, for listening to his stories about his master's imbecility and tyranny; and his own intention of 'being blow'd if he stand it any longer!' This drama of the master, and determination of the pot-boy not to 'stand it any longer,' keeps me in screws of tobacco and occasional pots of four ale and porter.

Like all good things, this 'hanging-on' is sadly cut up. There are hangers-on who 'do' perhaps a dozen publications in a day; and sometimes I am made to look sad in earnest when, after having smiled and lied to just within the effective point, some rival in trade lounges in, and, through some more artful feature in his 'dodges,' takes the custom out of my hand, and gulls the silly young fellows at the bar, who can't appreciate true genius when they see it.

In my next paper, I shall have something to say on either class of Hangers-on; till which time, I am glad to resume my own personality. R. L. GENTLES.

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE DRAMA.

DRAMATIC compositions, though not now so popular on the stage as heretofore, still form a very important element of literature. Some of the most transcendent efforts of human genius have been put forth in this form; and it is beyond doubt that, whether read or acted, the drama will ever exercise great influence on society. It is therefore highly desirable that the true principles of dramatic art should be clearly understood. They have long been well settled and familiar to critics and students; but little to general readers, much less to mere play-goers. They have, however, been most admirably expounded in a volume which issued from the press a few years ago, entitled, 'The Divine Drama of History and Civilization.'* The author, the late Rev. James Smith, M.A., first editor of the *Family Herald*, was a man of great original powers and very considerable attainments. Many of the opinions advanced in this and other productions are startlingly new—some of them perhaps quite visionary—but almost all philosophical and ingenious. His ideas in the work referred to, on the essential principles of the drama, are admirably just and well expressed, as the following extracts from his book will show:—

'A true drama is an artistic model of a Providence within a limited sphere of action. So inseparably connected is this idea of superhuman arrangement with the principle of the drama, that even an atheistic poet instinctively weaves the divine and the human together in the action of his poem, as the weaver complicates the web of the woof. An unseen power is ever supposed to control and adapt, restrain and regulate, the events as well as the actions, the words and thoughts, of the parties engaged; and though the co-operation of human art and passion is deeply involved, and a perfect freedom of thought and conduct is apparent throughout, yet the spectator of the play never fails to expect some unforeseen and surprising result as the providential denouement of the complicated series of interesting events. This inevitable peculiarity of every acting drama of any value whatsoever, consecrates dramatic art by investing it with a sacred character, and cannot fail to remind the intelligent reader of its religious origin and the exalted spirit of its earliest efforts, as they came forth fledged and winged for heavenward flight from the rapt imaginations of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*.'

'Every drama must have its scenery—scenery, too, in a dramatic agreement with the passionate and personal performance. The Comic Muse delights in incongruities.

She introduces a love scene in an eel-pie shop, and makes a traveller sing a musical burlesque to the great Sphinx of Egypt, or the Statues of Memnon on the Plain of Goorna; her parson reads the burial service at a wedding, and her jester bandies quips and cranks with a flash of lightning. Discord, or contrast at least, is her element, and she not unfrequently produces her effects by deliberate violation of the laws of propriety. Not so the Tragic Muse; her scene is all in harmony with the spirit of the performers. With a deed of terror she makes the elements mourn: the thunder roars, the waves rage, the wind sighs, and the owl screeches in the dark night. Majesty walks in palaces or forests, amid the grandeur and magnificence of nature or art; love nestles in gardens amid fragrant perfumes, brilliant flowers, and vigorous evergreens, with bindweed or mistletoe twining the sturdy trunks, and trellices laden with the riches of the vine; melancholy pines under weeping willows; and rapine elaborates its heartless machinations amid ruinous heaps of dismantled towers, unroofed cottages, rugged precipices, and deserted gardens.'

'Now, what is the natural development of either of these two forms? Nature teaches us that all development of any value to man is from worse to better; to reward or retribution. The hero may die, but he dies gloriously; the villain must suffer, and be execrated also. Retribution to the criminal is demanded by the moral sense, and that is the moral to which tragedy tends, even when the destiny of the good is deplorable. A dark fate impends over virtue in the doleful accessories of the tragic drama; but even when hope refuses to lend a sunbeam of comfort from the social world, it gleams from heaven in the faith of the sufferer. The development is upwards and onwards, either socially and domestically or morally and religiously; or the artist has forgotten his mission, and his effort is a failure.'

'What, then, is this development? In the first place, a position is described that presents a difficulty; for without the difficulty there is no interest to be excited. In the second place, an effort is to be made to get out of this difficulty. The effort is accompanied with new difficulties. In the third place, a hopeful scheme is devised on purpose to complete the effort. In the fourth place, the scheme fails, and the difficulties increase, and the plot thickens. In the fifth place, a great and almost unexpected deliverance or catastrophe occurs. This is the general character of a drama, more or less. And there is a natural reason for all these five peculiarities. The first is self-evident; the second seems equally so; but it is not so evident that the hopeful scheme of the third should be a failure. Why should it be a failure? Why not a gradual continuation of the effort in the second act to effect a deliverance? There is an admirable reason why this ought not to be, in the fact that the disappointment arising from a hopeful scheme of deliverance is one of the most universal, and at the same time distressing, features of that severe ordeal of moral discipline which characterises the providential government of the world. And it is an indispensable character of all moral teaching, and especially of dramatic teaching, that it should reveal the agency of a higher power, that watches over us and brings us deliverance when hope is lost after our utmost efforts, and that leads the guilty by a path of fancied security into the very catastrophe which he intended for others. The failure of the middle scheme is the preparation for man's extremity and God's opportunity; and the *denouement* is invariably an unexpected result, in which Divine justice or mercy is revealed by a quick, a smart, and a marvellous combination of simultaneous accidents, which Heaven alone could overrule and fit so admirably in time and space.

'It is by no means necessary that these leading ideas should be slavishly followed in any drama; and perhaps in many they may not even be perceived. But it must be very evident to every one, that, if a drama is divided into five parts, like a deal board or sheet of paper, without any regard to special characteristics, it will not be a drama of five acts, but a drama of one act divided into five parts. Each act of a drama has its distinctive character, like the five fingers—the thumb being the first or fifth, and equal in power and interest to all the rest. The first, the third, and the fifth acts like alternate notes in

* London: Chapman & Hall. 1854.

music, are naturally akin; so also are the second and the fourth. The first is the statement of the problem; the third is a false or defective attempt at solution; the fifth is the true solution.'

'A great failure or disappointment in a drama is indispensable to the interest of it. There may be many failures, it may be full of disappointments; but a prominent and a hopeless defeat, in the zealous or the desperate efforts that are made for deliverance, is the central pivot upon which the drama divides itself into its two hemispheres. It is the bridge over which the feelings pass from a lower to a higher degree of excitement, and the natural position for this bridge or pivot is the third or middle act. A solution of the difficulty in this middle act would be premature, for then the two succeeding acts would be useless. The revelation in this act of the scheme by which the problem is to be finally solved would anticipate the conclusion, and destroy the interest; and no surprise or satisfaction would be experienced with a sudden and unexpected termination in the fifth. And if no attempt at solution were made in any of the acts that preceded the fifth, it would be impossible to produce a greater depth of misery, or intricacy of confusion and hopelessness, than was represented in the first; and as we have already seen that the third is the natural position for this abortive effort at deliverance, the law becomes plain and intelligible, and the reason for the five-act model becomes apparent to the understanding, independent altogether of the mystic inspiration by which dramatic genius was led to its adoption.'

DAY-BREAK.

AFAR, on the horizon's distant rim,
Slowly in beauty breaks
A gleam—faintly discernible—so dim
It dawns in palely streaks.
Broader and grayer now it grows, then dun;
Anon adorns with gold
The eastern hemisphere; it is the sun
Appears; whilst back have roll'd,
From fair creation's face, the shades of night,
Till earth grows into beauty, life, and light
Within the heaven's illuminated arch
The morning star expires;
Whilst higher on his broad, blue, regal march
The sun all nature fires;
The clouds—that erst, like draperies of death,
Curtain'd the solemn sky,
And shrouded in deep gloom the world beneath—
Now gleam with purple dye,
And silvery whiteness, wavering fold on fold,
In piles of grandeur round his track uproll'd.
The crimson heath that wreathes the mountain's brow
Hath caught the golden glow,
And fanpalm branch, and fruitful oaken bough—
That far outstretch below—
Grow radiant in the flood of tender light,
Shed o'er the verdant earth;
And in the life-awaking beams so bright,
Unnumber'd flowers have birth;
From out thick woven leaves bright living things
Disport in joy their tiny, glittering wings.
Slowly, from leafy hollows, re-ascends
Morning's transparent mist,
And through the arch of azure silent blends—
Whilst brightly stretch and twist,
Like silver serpents, rivulet and brook,
Through mountain gorge and mead;
And from the dark green woods ringdove and rook
On downward pinions lead
To dewy levels, where, amid the grass,
A myriad insects hum and lightly pass.
The moon grows pale upon her azure throne—
Like some imprison'd soul
Looking farewell to earth, all purer grown
As time doth onward roll.

Forth from the tulip's chalice steals the moth
On airy, golden wing;
And waveless sea and voiceless lake are both
In beauty mirroring
The brilliant blue of the still heavens afar,
Lovely with sunrise—fading moon and star.
The owl, within her ivied, lone retreat,
Hides from the morning rays;
The lawn starts from his lair of herbage sweet,
Within the greenwood mass;
The globard's pale, nocturnal torch is out,
Beneath the honey'd leaves;
The hum of bees is rising round about;
And forth from matted eaves
The hungry, chirping sparrows wing their way
To orchard boughs, and stack-yard, for the day.
Now soars the light-wing'd lark, from daisied sod,
Towards His temple high—
The earliest, sweet worshipper of God—
Now lost within the sky;
And from the groves, and dells, and grand old woods—
Whose stately, towering trees
Sublimely arch the sylvan solitudes—
Ring out sweet harmonies,
A matin—"Gloria in Excelsis"—grand,
Pealing across the morn serene and bland.
The cliffs, lit up in splendour, nearer grow;
And all the brightening sea
Slumbers upon the circling shores below
In tranquil majesty:—
The purple and the crimson sea-flowers spread
In beauty 'neath the tide,
And silver star-fish, carp, and concha red,
Among the corals glide;
And, 'tween the ocean and the heaven's keen blue,
Like a white foam-speck, floats the wild curlew.
The light-wing'd, spotless sea-fowl congregate
Like foam-wreaths on the sands;
And, gliding like some parent bird elate,
The little boat expands
Her sun-gilt sails to catch the passing breeze
That softly skims the deep,
Sings in the shells, then stirs the distant trocs
From out their quiet sleep—
Awaking, 'mong their many-colour'd sprays,
Their ever-tuneful, ancient roundelays.
The dew-besprinkled iris—like bright Mars—
Irradiates the earth;
And golden calyxes, like lesser stars,
Sparkle all brightly forth,
From verdant crevice and from dewy nook,
And glistening emerald lawn,
From lings and mosses, by the talking brook,
Rejoicing in the dawn—
Arraying Nature's bosom passing fair,
And breathing balm into the morning air.
Like little stars, within an emerald sky,
Quiver the dew-drops bright;
Amid the asphodels the dragon fly
Flits carelessly and light.
All Nature is awake: the shepherd leads
His gladsome, bleating flocks
Forth to the succulent, sweet-smelling meads;
And round the towering rocks,
The eagle, from his eyry, wings his way,
To drink the sunshine of the new-born day! C. K.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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MISCELLANY.

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LORD BYRON, 1812.—LORD WENTWORTH, 1802.

CHAPTER I.

My early dreams of life glowed in the lurid haze of Byron's poetry. Life, when it was no dream, brought me into contact with some of his nearest connexions, and with his descendant, who sank the other day, unhonoured, to the grave. In the meantime, I have visited Newstead Abbey more than once; and at this moment one of my October rambles, through it and around it, comes back to my remembrance with some soft and tender touches which scarcely rested on it at the time. And why did they not? Because I had just before been riding through Robin Hood's country—through parts of Sherwood Forest; and my mind was full of the brave, generous, free man of olden times, whose spirit can never die. In comparison with him, the modern man—poet though he was—could not interest so deeply as usual. Never had I been so charmed by any scenery in any country as by the glades of the famous outlaw's forest, in the varied glories of October. Not even Spenser's fancy could have pictured them more exquisitely; the ideal could not have been finer than the real. The slender silver stems of the birches, bearing their light golden floating foliage—there mingling with the brown masses of the oaks and the sombre green of the firs—give grace and cheerfulness to the noble woodland view. As I abandoned myself to the enjoyment of it, Hardwick, Bolsover, Clumber, Thoresby, Rufford, Newstead, Annesley, and all the other aristocratic mansions that I had seen, were forgotten by me; or, if recalled, were dismissed instantly from the mind, as bringing what was factitious—nay, even painful—into the happy presence of Great Mother Nature, and into the ancient domain of one of her true sons.

With all that, the old pile of the Byrons must be revisited then. It was certainly an advantageous time to see it, when the trees had put on their autumn wardrobe of many-tinted warm hues. Yet even that could not change its peculiar aspect. Monkish, ruinous, and lonely it looks; and, independently of its connection with the Poet's name, it makes a very different impression on any one seeing it for the first time, from that made by the other old castles in the neighbourhood. Its interior was filled with reminiscences of Byron—sufficiently complimentary to his fame; but not, perhaps, all in the best taste. On the whole, I had rather have seen the Abbey untouched, in a state of decay—sacred to the memory of the robbed monks, of the ruined Byrons, and of the unfinished career of the Poet—than as it is. But the nation will not purchase it, to keep as a memorial ruin; and, passing from hand to hand of one wealthy commoner after another, each owner must try to find in it what comfort he can, in his own fashion. He will not know—or, if he know, he will not care to recall—how great a page in the history of England's aristocracy Newstead embodies. Byron himself did more than any man towards revealing the condition of his order in his day. His revelations were not favourable; yet no man was prouder of belonging to that order than he.

And, if Newstead be a page in the history of England's aristocracy, Annesley—the adjoining property—is also one in the history of its gentry. Strangely, poetically, are they united in our thoughts, by Byron's youthful passion for the heiress of Annesley, Mary Chaworth. The day was damp and chilly on which I visited the abode of the Poet's first love. It suited well the aspect of the dismal, deserted house—speaking all too plainly of her unhappy fate. It was just in such a state as one would imagine it after its having been for some years the residence of a debauched, fox-hunting, claret-drinking, tenant-grinding squire. Alas, for the choice made by the object of the Poet's admiration! To the lame, sickly, poor, passionate young lord, she preferred the athletic, rich, handsome country gentleman; and her fate was sadder even than the fate of Byron's wife. I looked in vain for 'The hill crowned with a certain diadem of trees,' which the Poet described in 'The Dream.' He who became master of Annesley by marriage with its heiress, caused the trees to be felled—in a fit of jealous spite, it is said. In one of the large rooms of the house there hung a portrait of Mary Chaworth. It was lovely; yet it seemed to look with an expression of girlish gloom on the desolation around.

With a deeper cast of thought on her brow might the great heiress of the Milbankes and the Noels now look, in some youthful likeness of herself, on her father's noble estate of Seaham—where he kept court as Lord-Lieutenant of Durham—transferred, as it is, to other aristocratic owners. Lady Byron lived long enough to have known something of the fate of her 'whose face had made the starlight of the Poet's boyhood,' as he phrased it, and to have compared her own fate with it. But I am sure she never did so.

She was too proud to make comparison of her fate with that of any other wife; yet too good to think that she alone was, of all women, most wretched. She has been heard to say (not with reference to herself, but rather as giving an anecdote of her youth) that she knew seven young ladies, heiresses—brought out at the same time that she was—who all married noblemen, who were all unhappy, and eventually all separated from their lords. For her, then, the volumes of twaddle that have been written about genius being destined to make the home of a virtuous woman unhappy, were merely twaddle. She knew that not genius but vice was the cause of domestic unhappiness—from Regents of the realm down through every rank of the nobility, and through every grade of society, to the shoe-black on our streets.

Let us, then, leave for ever that form of excuse for Byron's life which has been uselessly adopted. Let us no more extenuate the vices of the Poet than we would those of the shoe-black—giving them up to the retribution which attends on all vice. While this world lasts, men, it is to be feared, will be vicious; but how much of ill in manners, temper, and habits a wife should endure from a husband, is a question which each individual wife must settle for herself, and then she must allow the law to do the rest. Lady Byron acted firmly and honourably on this conviction; and her firmness did not pass unblamed by many of the male members of the aristocracy. The interest of the general public in her, as Byron's wife, ceased on her separation from him; but a new interest arose, from her being the mother of his child—the guardian and instructor of 'Ada, sole daughter of his house and heart.' That link with the fame of the Poet was broken by a death as early as his own had been. The widowed, childless mother lived on some years; sank to rest at last; and in a few months the rush of events carried her out of the world's remembrance, until it was reminded of her by the premature death of Byron's grandson. At twenty-seven, his immature life ended.

A French philosopher says that 'there is an inexorable logic in events.' The great German poet declares, that 'what we earnestly desire shall come to pass, perhaps even in our own time; but never exactly as we wish it.' For me, only an observer of men's acts and their sequence, I see frequently a grim irony in the way in which the inexorable logic shows itself, and in the manner of the fulfilment of our wishes. Nemesis sometimes laughs at us; sometimes says, 'My dear fellow! I know you have been long sighing for this. Here it is for you!' And thrust it in our face when we are sick of life; or gives it a different in its reality from what our hopes had made it, that it sickens us of existence. An acknowledgment of this kind of treatment at the hands of Destiny might have been communicated to us in *ottava rima*, had Byron lived through the last ten years until now. And let it be remembered that, although old as a poet, and taking rank on our shelves with me who died centuries ago, he would, if living, not be so old as our energetic Premier. He was enraged when his daughter was born, and flung soda-water bottle about in his passion. He wanted a son. A son would have been, as he supposed, Lord Wentworth from the day of his birth, and would have brought him thousands per annum so much needed just therefore his rage and his breaking of bottles on the birth of a daughter.

'Patience, my lord!' Fate might have whispered. 'Live quietly, soberly, and godly, and you may see Lord Wentworth of your race; and if you do not like him, it will be your own fault. He will embody some of your expressed ideas, which you never chose to embody in your own person. He will hold a *man* to be better than a *lord*; and he will show the world that he is in earnest.'

In the year 1812, Lord Byron was twenty-four. At that age, his grandson inherits the title of Wentworth—concerning which and its belongings, the Poet had some ungentelemanly cravings. Before marriage, Byron writes to his friend,—'All Miss Milbanke's father can give or leave her he will; and from her childless uncle, Lord Wentworth—whose barony, it is supposed, will devolve on her mother—she has expectations. But these will depend on his own disposition, which seems very partial towards her. She is an only child; and Sir Ralph Milbanke's estates—though dipped by electioneering—are considerable. Part of them are settled on her.'

Of this father, who will give Lady Byron all he can, her lord writes,—'Address your next to Seaham, where we are going (a bore, by the way) to see father-in-law Sir Ralph, and my lady's lady mother.' And when there, at Seaham, 'My papa, Sir Ralph, who recently made a speech at a Durham tax-meeting; and not only at Durham, but here, several times since, after dinner. He is now, I believe, speaking to himself (I left him in the middle), over various matters, which can neither interrupt him nor fall sleep—as might possibly have been the case with one of his audience.' Again, 'I have been very variable here, listening to that d—d monologue of elderly gentlemen call conversation; and in which my pious father-in-law repeats himself every evening except one—when he played upon the fiddle.'

The great genius could only despise the kind, good Sir Ralph. You shall mark how 'the whirligig of time will bring in its revenges' for that.

CHAPTER II.

A few months after Byron's marriage, we find in a letter to his friend this passage:—'To your question, I can only answer that there are favourable symptoms; but it is a subject about which I am not particularly anxious (the birth of a child) except that I think it would please her uncle, Lord Wentworth, and her father and mother. The former, Lord W., is now in town, and in very indifferent health. You perhaps know that his property, amounting to seven or eight thousand a-year, will eventually devolve upon my wife. But the old gentleman has been so very kind to her and me, that I hardly know how to wish him in heaven if he can be comfortable on earth.' The month later:—'Lord Wentworth died last week. The bulk of his property (from seven to eight thousand per annum) is entailed on Lady Milbanke and Lady Byron. The first is gone to take possession in Wiltshire, and to attend the funeral, &c. this day. I have mentioned the facts of the settlement of Lord W.'s property, because the newspapers have been making all kinds of blunders in their statements. His will is just as expected—the principal part settled on Lady Milbanke (now Noel) and on Lady Byron; and a separate estate left for sale to pay debts (which are not great) and legacies to his natural son and daughter.'

In a few months, he begins a letter thus:—'I have not been able to ascertain precisely the time of duration of the stock market; but I believe this is a good time for selling out, and I hope so: First, because I

shall see you; and next, because I shall receive certain moneys on behalf of Lady Byron, the which will materially conduce to my comfort—I wanting (as the duns say) "to make up a sum." Then he proceeds to describe a large, fashionable, drunken dinner-party, and ends with this *P.S.*—'Lady B. is in full progress; and next month will bring to light (with the aid of Juno Lucina, *fer opem*, or rather *opes*, for the last are most wanted) the tenth wonder of the world—Gil Blas being the eighth, and he (my son's father) the ninth.'

The harping on my wife's uncle and his ducats, in the noble Poet's letters, is not very noble. But when a man's door is almost daily beset with duns during his first year of marriage, and his house nine times during that year in possession of bailiffs, it is enough to make him a little ignoble in his thoughts. True; but not enough to make him forget his title, and the rights appertaining to it. We find this in his journal respecting that year:—'When the bailiff came upon me to seize my chattels—being a peer of Parliament, my person was beyond him—being curious (as is my habit), I asked him' so and so—'our own business was then dismissed, which was none of the easiest for me at that time. But the man was civil, and, what I valued more, communicative. I had met many of his brethren years before, in affairs of my friends (commoners, that is), but this was the first, or second, on my own account—a civil man, fee'd accordingly; probably he anticipated as much.'

Deficiency of cash, however, and pride of title, cannot succeed in extorting from Fate what they want at the right time. The tenth wonder of the world, the son which Byron seemed to have decided was to come, did not come. Two months afterwards he writes, 'The little girl was born on the 10th of December last. Her name is Augusta Ada (the second a very antique family name—I believe not used since the reign of King John). She was, and is, very flourishing and fat, and reckoned very large for her days. Her mother is doing very well, and up again. I have now been married a year. Heigh-ho!' Before the end of that month in which he wrote, his wife and he had separated, never to meet again; and he never more beheld his daughter. So ended his speculations on the Wentworth lordship for a son of his. He did not renew them for a grandson; yet, in two of his grandsons were his wishes to be accomplished. First, in the eldest, bearing the name of 'Byron'; secondly, in the younger, bearing that of 'Ralph'—he, by his grandmother's will, had to take the name of Milbanke, and to him has passed the title of Wentworth. Thus has Time brought in a part of its revenges.

Only a part of them. The rest are more important, and of a different kind. At twenty-four, Byron, the heir of an old baronial title, a peer of the realm, was taking his place in the House of Lords. At twenty-four, his grandson inherits a title of the same kind, but more than a century older in its date, becomes a peer of the realm, and rejects every proposal to take his place anywhere but among the hard-handed workers in iron of Mr. Scott Russell; and, on the Saturday night, he will receive his weekly wages as they do. And this is he who has become the lawful owner of that seven or eight thousand a-year so much longed for by Byron in the time of the nine executions in his house! Hear it, ye sons of neediness and greediness throughout the length and breadth of the land! Whether ye be the offspring of peers, with 'honourable' before your names, who are forced to many dishonourable means of raising a hundred pounds; or of manufacturing and commercial men, gone to ruin in the effort to live like squires—hear it! Behold the power of purchasing a Mohammedan paradise, and

many another paradise of fools, actually disregarded!—thrown away! Toil and independence are chosen instead of all that the grandfather bought at the expense of nine executions in the year—all which could have been had without the executions. It is a singular case. The civilised world of these later times offers many examples of sons of princes, nobles, and men of wealth, loving barbarism, seeking out degradation in various ways—eating, drinking, and so forth; cursing, swearing, and rowdying; boxing, cock-fighting, and gambling. But what titled and rich youth ever before this took to labour and honest pay? It is more curious than Czar Peter's working in the Dutch dock-yards. There was a purpose—a selfish though a great purpose—to accomplish in that. But this young nobleman seems to have had no other object than that of getting free from the trammels of an artificial life—trammels which all others who can in any way obtain wealth are eager to impose on themselves and on their children!

It is to be regretted that the experiment which he was making terminated so sadly and so speedily. He had, however, persevered in it determinedly enough to convince us that he would never have adopted again the life which he had rejected—that of a *mere* nobleman—of a man whose title is his sole claim to our notice. Our regret, also, with regard to the *experiment*, as it may be named, arises from regarding it—in a psychological point of view—as deeply interesting to the mental and moral philosopher. And here one cannot but recall that, by family descent, his name of 'King' was connected with a name dear to every Englishman to whom the liberties of his country are dear—a name to which honour belongs higher than aught appertaining to the titles of Wentworth or Byron. In the family mansion of Lord King, at Ockham, hangs the likeness of a man with whom the Kings should be proud to count kindred. On the face are thought, refinement, decision, and perfect probity. It is the face of John Locke. How would he, who left us such excellent lessons on education, have looked on the strange determination of the young lord? With gentle pity, no doubt; with something of respect for the mind that could reject what thousands clamour for. Lovingly could he have sought to show him that he had in his power a means of doing good not lightly to be cast aside, and not to be found on the path which he had chosen.

CHAPTER III.

The period of Lord Byron's life which corresponds to his late grandson's years of manhood, offers us contrasts in many ways. The Poet took his seat in the House of Peers at twenty-four; and made his first speech in favour of starving and riotous operatives. The fifty years passed since then have taught our operatives to starve and not be riotous. He writes to Lord Holland—'Surely, my lord, however we may rejoice at any improvement in the arts which may be beneficial to mankind, we must not allow mankind to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. The maintenance and well-being of the industrious poor is an object of greater consequence to the community, than the enrichment of a few capitalists by any improvement in the implements of trade which deprives the workman of his bread, and renders the labourer unworthy of his hire.' We have persevered since then in improvements in mechanism, until we believe we have made 'the well-being of the industrious poor, and the enrichment of a few capitalists,' one and the same thing. The truth of this conviction of ours, Nature and Nature's laws are testing, and have yet

to test. Byron, had he lived, might have continued still to sympathise with rude handicraftsmen who break machines.

Now, the desire of his grandson was to be one of the skilled workmen who make them. Not, it would appear, impelled ambitiously to this by the wish to rival, though a nobleman, the great men who have by their works as engineers raised themselves to a higher than aristocratic rank, and been interred with the most honoured of the land. If the course of events, however, had made the views of the grandson so different from those of the grandfather, a certain similarity of character may have driven them on their opposite paths.

Of Lord Byron we are told that, 'whilst all other youths of talent in his high station are heralded into life by the applauses and anticipations of a host of friends, young Byron stood forth alone—unannounced by either praise or promise—the representative of an ancient house, whose name (long lost in the gloom, solitudes of Newstead) seemed to have awakened from the sleep of half-a-century in his person.' But he enters society heralded by his poetry; and he comes at once 'the centre of a circle of star-gazers. Soon, we are told, 'that sort of vanity showed itself which is inseparable from genius—a certain sensitiveness on the subject of self; and never was there a career,' says his biographer, 'in which this sensibility to the opinions of others was exposed to more constant and varied excitement than that on which he had entered at twenty-four. There can be no doubt, however, that the cheerless isolation—unguided and unfriended—to which, at an earlier period, he had found himself abandoned, was one of the sources of that resentful disdain of mankind, which even the subsequent worship of him came too late to remove. That there was much of the affected and the false in his disdain of mankind, is proved by many pages of his journals and his letters. Other pages of them prove, as certainly, that lonely independence has charms for him.

To his grandson we may apply, with some alterations, what has just been quoted. He was unheralded into life by the applauses and anticipations of a host of friends. But this new representative of the ancient house, whose name had been long lost in the gloom, solitudes of Newstead, had the misfortune to come into the world when that name was, on the contrary, 'too much in the sun.' The bearer of it and of a title could not escape a kind of observation that might have staggered older and wiser heads than his. But it would seem that he was early disposed to regard as ludicrous any notice of himself as one to be distinguished from the rest of mankind. At twelve years old, he found an inexhaustible source of laughter in commencing stories with 'Once upon a time there was a very great lord,' and he did so-and-so; and added some absurd trifle about himself, evidently in ridicule of his having been too much 'my-lorded' by some one or another. The elements of the funkey as the snob were wanting in his nature, if those of the gentleman were also.

Byron burst into tears when his young companions turned their eyes on him when he was for the first time named 'lord' in the calling over of the school roll or bill. But his proud and imaginative nature was too quickly reconciled to the artificial distinction of a title. The less fanciful, more childlike, and simple mind of the grandson looked on this distinction as a mere absurdity, among beings of the same flesh and blood, the same thews and sinews. He had been at a private school, and some of his companions excited his laughter in a great degree—they were those whom he designated 'pious and holy fellows

That, again, is a trait of the Poet's mind given out in a different way—not in distorted reasonings in verse, but as an artless, natural distaste for hypocrisy. The Poet's sensitiveness on the subject of self comes out also in the grandson in another form. Byron felt it, but it did not give him strength to break away from the great world, which he was conscious of prizing too highly. His grandson felt it, and would not be bound in the chains of that great world. When talked to about some points of aristocratic manners, he exclaimed, 'What is a man worth if he cannot be himself a man—valued for himself and not for such things? I will go and be a man on my own account!' He would not be a thing stamped with a mark, and shaped into a certain form, for passing current among the stupid, who look only at externals. He would live for himself, and by himself. And he kept his word—to the death! And if we have tears for the Poet's old last days in Greece, shall we have none for the sadder, lonelier last days of his grandson in his native land? This question I asked myself when the lines of October brought back Newstead to my remembrance, in connection with the death of Lord Wentworth, announced in the journals. I turned to these exquisite lines of Byron on his last birth-day, and then I re-read them to myself with a melancholy sensation, which I shall give here.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.'

—Lord Byron.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic tale;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love I cannot share;
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus, and 'tis not here,
Such thoughts should shake my soul; nor now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free!

Awake!—not Greece: she *is* awake—
Awake, my spirit! Think through whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! Unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why* live?
The land of honourable death
Is here. Up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave: for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.'

'THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR.'

—Lord Wentworth.

This youthful heart has ne'er been moved,
And others it could never move;
Then, since I cannot be beloved,
I will not love!

My days are in their spring of leaf—
No flowers, no fruits of love they bear;
Not mine the canker and the grief,
The fond despair.

Yet in my bosom preys a fire—
Lone, as of some volcanic tale;
Perchance 'twill be a death-lit pyre—
A funeral pile!

The hope and fear, the jealous care,
Of toilers seizing bread with pain
Are manifold; these I must not share,
But wear a chain.

To servile acts 'twould bind in vain—
My tongue would force to servile words.
A lord must cringe, where manners reign,
To other lords.

The forge and anvil, and the glow
Of manly toil, are everywhere.
My country marks her greatness so;
I'll win my share!

Awake!—not England: she's awake—
Awake, my spirit! Think through whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Strike on the anvil! Strike with force!
Be—what the lordling's not—a man!
Help nations in their onward course—
Steam in the van!

Vapid has been thy youth. Why live?
The tollworn here find daily death.
Up! then—with England's labourers give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—unsought 'tis often found—
A workman's grave: for thee the best.
Worthy thy hire. Choose thou thy ground,
And take thy rest.

A melancholy alteration of the noble lines indeed! But the simple facts of the case have true poetry in them, and are more sad than the spoiling of the heroic verses. Grandsire and grandson are gone. Peace to their ashes! To their own Master they must stand or fall—not to us. When Byron's daughter was laid in the vault with him, there was in it one vacant space more. Lady Byron, consistent unto death, did not choose that it should be occupied by her remains. Let us hope that the young Lord Wentworth has been laid in the vault of Hucknall Church, with his mother and with the Poet. And again, when October embrowns the Nottinghamshire woods, and the pilgrim to Newstead has worshipped at the shrine of genius, he will turn from it to the little country church; and, as he reflects on the three who sleep there—the Poet, his daughter, and her son—he will forget all but the strange contraries of life with our wishes and our purposes, as exemplified in those three existences of such short duration, but so richly endowed by fortune and by Nature. A. M.

BEFORE the battle, it is neither cowardice nor folly to remember the possibility of failure; but in the heat of the strife it is true wisdom to act as if there were only one possibility—that of complete success. W.

A BRACE OF DREAMS.

THE evening before I left Cambridge, after taking my degree, was spent by me in a manner perfectly innocent and laudable; for, next to a man's paying his debts, the most creditable thing he can do is to discover how much he owes. Your tailor may ask in vain for his money; but still there must be some comfort in his discovery of your particular knowledge of the debt. It is your careless payers who spoil the ecstasies of trade—men who fling down their money in a hurry, and never look at the bill. There is no professional glory in being paid by such men as these. But to procure, with subtlety and ingenious craft, a settlement of your account from the man who knows every item, and insists upon every grace of time and discount; this, I opine, must be the true charm of business to a business man—a keen, delicious, piquant enjoyment, delaying on the road and tantalizing, but, therefore, all the sweeter when it does arrive.

On the night in question, I was busily employed in preparing this kind of gratification for my tradesmen. Yet I should be doing myself injustice if I asserted that my conscience was altogether at ease. For some weeks previously, certain thunder-clouds of anxiety had darkened my mind; and this process of bottling their electricity—I mean making out a list of my debts—did not fail of deepening the gloom. Yet I had not been extravagant. As, with my pencil in hand, item upon item of my liabilities deployed in column before me, I could not help contrasting the smallness of their sum total with the thousands which I have known young men to leave behind them unpaid for years. But here was the rub:—My father, either distrusting me in particular or acting from a general theory, insisted upon having all my bills transmitted to him at London; where, with or without oburgatory comments, he settled them. I had no money but pocket-money—a meagre stream, for ever on the ebb: at times sinking rapidly into absolute drought and desert. What was a young man to do amidst so many rosebuds of pleasure waiting to be gathered? Was I always to purse my lips, look prim, and, with fearful step, hurry past this dragon of parental restriction, guarding sweet Hesperidean fruit of smarter coats, dandier vests, and neater boots? I protest, mine were very sober-suited enjoyments. They did not cost me much. Yet, from natural—sometimes not to be resisted—inclination; from shame at not doing and appearing as others; from a feeling of inward revolt at what I considered an unworthy, childish restriction, I became entangled in certain complications of debt. From some of my more pressing embarrassments I managed to extricate myself by difficult, bitter, self-denial of ordinary gratifications. Nevertheless, I could not, unaided, deliver myself from all; and on this particular evening my mind had just arrived, sorrowfully enough, at this conclusion, when I was called away; and did not return to my rooms till late. Finding the miserable schedule still lying on my table, I seized a pen, and hastily wrote under the pencil items the addition of the whole; which done, I thrust the paper into my writing-case, and went to bed.

When I arrived in London next day, the many congratulations on my honourable degree, the smiles of home beaming on all faces—from Paterfamilias to mere knife-boy—puffed away my anxieties in a general wind of welcome. Though I solemnly affirm it, no son was less a canker in his parents' peace—no young man of quieter, more moderate, door-latch-key habits than myself; yet, by some cruel, malicious contrariety of fortune, my

family used to consider me somewhat of a scapegrace, a pillow-troubler, a perpetual cheque upon the bank of our domestic peace. On this very day of my return, a laurelled victor, I could not help sniffing, in the wondrous prodigality of smiles bestowed upon me, a latent odour as of fatted calf. Nevertheless, surprised and infinitely pleased with my welcome, my spirits cast off the slough of their troubles, and emerged into life new and hopeful. I laughed, joked, jumped about the house; polked with my sister; caught up our old fat cook in a rapid, instantaneous waltz round the kitchen; and, till my father's return at six, effectually dissipated the solemn, puritanical gloom which pervaded the entire establishment.

After a friendly, festive evening, I retired to my bedroom; and there, for the first time for some hours, thought with dismay of the morrow—the morrow of revelations untoward and unwelcome; a corrugating, brow-bending, parental-mind-upsetting morrow. With a sigh, I threw off my coat; undressed in deliberate discomfort; and, involving myself in misery as with a garment, got into bed.

I had not long been there when I heard a knock at the door, and a gentle voice asking—'Tom, are you asleep?' On my replying in the negative, the door opened, and in walked my lady mother. She placed her lighted candle on the table, and sat down by my bedside. Her first question—'Tom, don't you owe some money at Cambridge?'—so directly bore upon the agitated state of my mind, that for some time, in reply, I could only stare at her, speechless.

At last, 'To be sure I did. I was very sorry; but it could not be helped. Other fellows had thought me queer in not doing this, or not buying that. I did not owe much.' 'I know how much you owe,' answered my mother, naming the exact amount, to the odd half-penny.

'How did you discover that?' I almost shrieked in amazement, looking in the meantime towards the corner of my room, where I had placed my writing-desk. There, however, it stood; with its leather cover on, safely strapped and padlocked.

'It's rather a strange story,' answered my mother; 'but how you shall know. I dreamed last night that I saw you in your rooms at Cambridge. You were sitting at your writing-desk, with coat off—having, I presume, just come—and preparing for bed. In fact, your bed-room door was open, and a lighted candle was burning near the looking-glass. Though I have never seen your apartments, yet the appearance of them in my dream agreed remarkably with what you had told us of them. I distinctly recognised the position of your bookcase at the end of the room, the great table covered with a red cloth under the oriel window. There was your coat hanging behind the door, your hat placed on a chiffonier, standing against the wall, opposite the fireplace. I missed your engravings. There was only one—"The Last Supper"—still remaining over the chimney-piece.'

'How very odd!' I cried. 'I had taken down all my prints, with the exception of the one you have mentioned. This I was intending to give to a King's College man, a old friend, who had just come up.'

My mother resumed her tale. She described even minutely the various objects in my room, thereby illustrating the known fact, that our memories absorb into their tissue the faintest hues and forms of words and facts. I had at times during my vacations spoken of my College abode; of the strange, mysterious traditions connect-

with it; of the equally strange, inexplicable noises heard in it. Not altogether surprising, then, was this maternal, vivid dream-seeing. But strangely surprising was her declaration that in her dream she had bent over me while I was writing; had seen so clearly the paper before me, that she described its appearance accurately—the algebraic notation running down one side, its ragged edges, and general smears and blots. Confused, blurred, half rubbed out lines appeared before her. These she could by no means make out. Only, doubtless, by some mental rapport with my thoughts did she vaguely suppose these marks to be particulars of my debts. There was, however, one thing plainly, unmistakably legible, and that the rapid pen-and-ink total scored at the bottom of the paper. This was the main point and interest of her recollections. On this, as on a pivot, all other memories of her dream revolved.

It occasioned her no surprise when I extracted from the loose papers in my writing-case the identical, real, yet visionary paper of my debts. She took it away with her to my father. Happily, this mystery effectually befriended me. My father proved himself willing to pay handsomely for this new fact in psychology. Next morning a cheque for the amount was put into my hands, without a word; and I was a free man.

Now I, the writer, vouch for the above anecdote as essentially, incontestably true. The main facts are known to dozens of my friends; but no one has ever yet explained the wonder of my mother's finding out the exact sum which I owed. Nothing is more natural than her merely dreaming of me. Let us suppose this to have proceeded from a mother's anxiety about her doubtful first-born. I can't commend that supposition; but let it stand. Nothing was more natural than that her thoughts, and probably her conversation with my father, turned, the evening before I returned home, on the possibility of my being in debt. But her extremely vivid recollection of my room and its belongings, her knowledge of the peculiar position in which I was sitting, of the description of paper on which I was writing, the figures which I had previously set down in pencil and which she could not make out, the sum total which I had written with ink in her visionary presence and which she *did* make out;—what are these but corroboratory proofs of the fact that, by other means than by our bodily senses does the mind acquire a knowledge of outward events, and that the soul employs these means not unfrequently during the repose of the body? It is beyond cavil that my mother's dream—if you choose so to term it—was a true, decided, mental consciousness of things that actually took place. Even the time at which we may suppose this vision to have occurred agrees with the hour at which I returned to my rooms. My parents kept very early hours—generally retiring at ten. On the night in question, I am convinced that it was past midnight before I finally closed my bedroom door.

In the anecdote which I am about to relate, the same extraordinary consciousness by the mind, of circumstances lying far from our usual sources of information, was manifested. In this case, too, as in the former, my informant was a lady of advanced years—having long outlived the period when the shaping spirit of the imagination, after being exercised upon the day's occupations, may be expected sometimes also to influence the troubled visions of the night. The sober material of which the stuff of this dream was made, proves the days of the lady's poetry to be well high ended, since her inquisitive soul, delivered from the

thralldom of the waking senses, fastened on no nobler object of imagination than an old, square, mahogany table.

This dear, good friend of mine, possessing, like many other old ladies, a rare nose for a bargain, had bought the article at an auction, which by chance she dropped into as she was taking her walks abroad. It was nothing, as I have said, but an old, dim, yet highly respectable, library table—worn, and with an unmistakable air of having seen better days; moth eaten, and frayed in its green baize top; fly-bitten about its legs and claws. Nevertheless, with rubbing and deep searching into its defects, with carpenter's scalpel and medicatory glue-pot, it quickly assumed a bright, and, comparatively speaking, radiant aspect. As such, it was established in an old room of the house traditionally known as the study; but where nobody read and nobody studied, except, indeed, those learned spiders whose curious webs, woven outside the massive volumes on the bookshelves, appear in their dust and obscurity no inept emblems of the intricate and forgotten speculations within. But to return. Why my friend should have bought this table would have puzzled her to say. I suppose the mere fact of its going as a bargain overcame her prudence. She held her peace concerning the purchase. Few noticed it or knew about it beyond her own family. In a long-established household, it must be something very new or very striking which claims attention. But as for this particular piece of furniture, in a day or two it looked as old-fashioned, as newly-old, as did every chair, cabinet, and table in the establishment of an ancient, venerable gentlewoman. One of my friend's first acts after her purchase came home was to open the drawers, of which there were two on each side—long, narrow, close fitting. However, she discovered nothing except some old, yellow bills and receipts, utterly prosaic and unromantic—grocers, butchers, washerwomen's accounts;—items of candles long since burned out, the very persons whom they had lighted buried for years in deep-grave darkness; of joints eaten up long ago by them who, in their turn, were now pasturing the dust; of socks meant for feet at present travelling we know not what remote and melancholy paths in Hades. No papers like these would not set an old lady dreaming who, as wife, mother, and mistress, knew something of the hard prose of life involved in their composition. She simply looked to see what they were—and burned them.

But in the quiet watches of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, how came it that the mind of my venerable friend, instead of remaining calmly in the silent chambers of the brain, chose to walk discontentedly from room to room in her house; till at last, ending its wanderings, it or she (for in dreams it is curious how the mind always discerns in and through the shadow of the body) stood by the lately bought library-table, and began pulling out drawer after drawer, in a new and spiritual pursuit of knowledge? Why was it not satisfied with its noon-day information on the subject of their contents? Why should it feel convinced that there was another drawer—a secret, far-hidden, cunningly-concealed recess—get-at-able only by a spring lying *perdu* in the corner underneath the table, near the leg, left hand side, close to the fire-place?

We may ask such questions till doomsday, but who is to answer them? Suffice it, that the spring was found, the little drawer flew open, and disclosed its secrets. These lay wrapped up in a roll of thin, dusty-looking papers. With deft, dream fingers, my old friend unfolded the parcel, and counted a series, varying in value, of bank-notes. I think she computed their total sum to amount to exactly one hundred pounds. Of that I won't be sure. At all

events, it was an even number. Let us say it *was* a hundred. When she had finished her calculations, she carefully replaced the notes in the drawer, and returned to her room. Whereupon she lost all further consciousness, and enjoyed a dreamless sleep till the morning.

Of course, when she told the night's adventure to her children, they, wise with nineteenth-century scepticism, talked learnedly of suggestion and association of ideas. There was nothing but an old table, dropped from the limbo of some queer odds and ends of unfortunate furniture—beds taken in distress; tables that had become involved in difficulties; chairs, looking-glasses, warming-pans, &c. dependent and bankrupt, yet seeking to set up themselves once more in society through the knock-down blow of an auctioneer's hammer. What was the article before them but the merest poor relation of a study-table—the outcast of some former highly respectable family of furniture, whose pedigree had been long forgotten, and whose members were scattered irretrievably to the four winds of obscurity! As for your dream, my dear mamma, the numberless tales of wills, exculpatory letters, deeds of sale, thousand-pound bank-notes, &c. which all turn up at the right moment into the right hands—such things as these well accounted for that. If you are not satisfied, behold the article of furniture before you, turned upside down, disembowelled so to speak, drawerless; with bare, base, reversed anatomy. It discovers nothing; it has nothing to discover. Silently, however, it protests against any tricks of the imagination being played off upon it. For, certainly, no unlikelier subject of a romance ever testified to the slow genius of a cabinet-maker.

A little afraid, as many mothers are, of her better-educated children, my good friend found very little to say in support of her convictions. As the day wore on, she thought less and less about the matter; and, when she retired to her room at night, was only moderately anxious to know if her dream would be repeated.

To make a long tale short:—Thrice—the mystical number of times—was the vision renewed. Thrice her wandering spirit, while the body slumbered, opened that secret drawer, and counted those dim bank-notes. The third morning, my friend arose with mind convinced, lips compressed, brow set, eyes resolute. Being a woman of decision, she sent, promptly and energetically, for a carpenter. With much solemnity, yet not without nervous agitation, with indefinite feminine trembling, she beheld the cause of her restless visions dissected, analysed, reduced from the synthesis of a table to its component parts of top, drawers, and legs. Now, if ever, of dreams the *experimentum crucis*! Yes, there was a secret drawer—deftly concealed, hidden in the very centre, beneath the top. The spring by which its existence should have been known was found to have been fractured through rust. But there was the drawer—long, narrow, mysterious; and there, too, was the very roll of discoloured, mildewy, ancient notes! These, with agitated fingers, did my old friend count. Meantime, the astonished carpenter beheld, wondered, possibly envied. Wait awhile, thou foolish carpenter!

Does the sum-total agree with the calculation of her dreams? Sufficiently near; there is, however, a difference of a five-pound note less in the actual than in the visionary computation. But what of that? one must not look a gift horse of *this* colour too curiously in the month. Ninety-five pounds! Her daughter Mary shall have her new piano. She will buy her grandson John that pretty pony he is longing for.

Alas, my dear, good, credulous soul! thou hast all this time been fooled by thy—only, after all—half-knowing spirit! Of a truth, here are the drawer, the notes. But put your work together again, Master Carpenter; quickly, from these scattered data of legs, screws, tops, and pins, build up again your irrefutable syllogism of a good mahogany table. For, if the mystery of the dream still remains; if the consciousness that such notes existed be considered, as it must be, wonderful, inexplicable, by usual experience of the means by which we gain our knowledge; yet is the monetary profit of this dream a mere mirage, an apple of Sodom, a monstrous delusion and snare. Submitted to banker eyes, to friendly, cautious investigation, these notes were pronounced to be bank-notes indeed—once real and vitalised by known existence of the specie which they represented. But, alas! now they are but the shadows of their former selves—things without worth or substance—representatives of that which no longer exists;—nothing but the spurious issue of a bank that had stopped some twenty years before!

HIGH-WATER MARK.

Who can stroll along the margin
Of the rippling sea,
And not feel his soul responding
To its melody?

In the sandy creek or inlet,
Or the lonely beach,
Hoards are piled young eyes to gladden,
Minds mature to teach.

Cast upon the shelf of sea-board
By a restless arm;
In this unarranged museum
How the treasures swarm!

Splinter'd armour from the battles
Of the spiny race;
Bristly coats, outgrown, yet keeping
All their former grace;

Weedy strings—long, green, and silky—
Torn, by tempest-shocks,
From the reefs of storm-swept Ushant,
Or the Scilly rocks;

Fragments of the vegetation
Of some Indian strand;
Pliant stalks of circled bamboo;
Staves with chisell'd brand;

Spar and rack from vessel founder'd;
Bear they not, impress'd,
Prints of death-cold, grasping fingers,
'Neath the wave at rest?

There it stretches—that dim region
Where the lost are laid—
Hills and crags of glimmering azure,
Table-lands of shade!

Verily, 'tis little marvel
Why, with Truth at odds,
Sages placed the Trident-bearer
High among the gods!

Deem not ye the ocean changefull
Still it heaves the same
As when Eden's rivers sought it,
Ere the Deluge came.

Widest province of that Ruler
Whom its tribes adore!
Well may outward nature perish
When it rolls no more.

'OUR VOYAGE.'

BY THE EDITOR.

SCARCELY had this 'Miscellany' been ushered into existence, when we were waited upon by an odd genus, whose hobby it was to purchase and preserve the first numbers of all new periodicals. He was a collector of first numbers, just as some men are collectors of rare pictures, of cracked china, or of 'breeches' Bibles. For him a magazine of goodly age, established character, or world-wide celebrity, had no fascinations. He cared for nothing, and hunted after nothing, save the fresh, abortive starts of literary enterprise. We know not in what the precise charm of such things consisted, and can only draw a vague analogical reason from the circumstance that infancy is more interesting than manhood—that sunrise is sweeter than noonday—that a rosebud is sweeter than a rose—that the snowdrops and crocuses of spring are dearer than the rank luxuriance of midsummer.

Perhaps, however, our connoisseur in first numbers was not moved by any such fine sentiment. He may simply have been the victim of a grim, incomprehensible cynicism. We can even form some conception of his diabolical delight in contrasting the ample promise with the deficient fulfilment—the high-flushing and radiant hope, with the miserable realisation and failure. His collection of first numbers amounted, he assured us, to many hundreds. It doubtless compared 'Mirrors' long since shattered, 'Worlds' that had ceased to revolve, 'Stars' and even 'Suns' that were for ever extinguished. Our 'Miscellany' he was, of course, anxious to secure for his repository of perished periodicals—in the hope that the 'blind Furies,' in a fatal conspiracy with an unappreciating public, might do something to render it speedily precious in his eyes.

It was no business of ours to interrogate our candid and very peculiar customer. For example, we did not ascertain whether—in addition to his collection of first numbers—he had a museum of dead infants preserved in bottles. Neither did we satisfy our curiosity as to whether his taste extended to the first green peas and the first lamb of the season; or whether he rushed to the moors in August to carry off the first grouse that were shot; or plunged into the street in September to devour the first oysters that were cried. Was he a gourmand in first numbers and in nothing else that was first? In any accidental death of these, was his reading confined to prefaces, to dedications, to introductory chapters? In architecture, did he limit his admiration to edifices stuck at the first storey for lack of funds? Cherished he a liking for all sorts of unfortunate beginnings besides the beginnings of unfortunate periodicals? Had the beginnings to which he was attached no end?

We should be decently sorry—if we could afford it—were the longevity of our 'serial' to disappoint the fair calculations of so early and prompt a patron. Thanks, however, to his penny, and to the pennies of a goodly number of thousands besides, we are enabled to decline the implied invitation—namely, that we should become editorially defunct to oblige

his eccentric fancy. The Highlander might dutifully submit to be hanged in order to please the laird; but, for our own part, we confess that we own no obligation of a like self-sacrificing kind towards that mysterious first-number collector. Possibly our anonymous friend was the veritable man who patronised the lion-tamer, Van Amburgh, in the nightly expectation of seeing him devoured. Now we think on it—was there not something murderous in his grin? Yes! The eyes of our literary ogre told us, as plainly as eyes could tell, that to them periodicals were only valuable when they were discontinued, just as certain engravings are only valuable when the plates are authentically destroyed.

But let not our first-number virtuoso despair of adding to his rare and curious list. He has but to look in the right direction. We have now on our table a paper entitled 'Our Voyage.' It is duly labelled 'No. I.'—a *first* number, therefore, with the rare merit, as regards the purposes of the gentleman whom we have introduced to our readers, of being likewise the very *last*. What a prize for him!—a periodical without periodical issue—a number with no successor—a firstling with no follower—an only bantling without companion or rival. It is wholly unique. The 'No. I.' is merely significant of its oneness. Abruptly broken off, it is yet finished, like a broken monumental column—not a ruin but a device. Its very imperfection constitutes its completeness. All its purposes were fulfilled at its birth. It has run its entire course, like a human first-born graciously coveted of the gods.

The title of the periodical thus originated and conducted, but not carried on, affords a clue to its story. 'Our Voyage!' It is literal. Not the 'voyage of life,' nor any other metaphorical voyage, is intended to be shadowed forth. Simply this:—On the 15th of June 1862, some six hundred individuals embarked at Liverpool on board the steam-ship *Great Britain*, Captain Gray, bound for Australia. What a strange and memorable passage in the life of an ordinary landsman is a *sea-passage*! How completely is the old life broken off!—the voyager carrying nothing with him but a trail of sad or happy recollections. What an ample interval does it furnish for reflection as to the old world left behind, or for hope as to the new world about to be reached! But a two months' voyage is much too long for the indulgence either of tearful memories or of glowing expectations. Besides, even in the solitudes of mid ocean, six hundred men and women cannot be wholly solitary. It is natural that they should draw to each other—combine for their mutual entertainment—fortify themselves, by the delights of social intercourse, against the daily intrusion, or awful pressure, under the keen starlight or in the vast darkness, of the infinite, overpowering eternities. So was it on board the *Great Britain* during the voyage in question. There were flirtations on the spar-deck; concerts and private theatricals in the saloon; religious services on all the Sundays. We have said that they were leaving the old world behind them; but they were, in fact, carrying it along with them. They were a fragment of British life. In saloon, second cabin, and steerage, various classes were represented. There were social meetings, and anniversary celebrations, and complimentary addresses to the captain, and speeches, and plaudits, and songs, and recitations. Some of these last were by professional people, among whom was Miss Aitken, a popular Scotch tragedienne and reader, *en route* to draw forth some colonial tears—together, we hope, with sundry more substantial tributes. All these things, and many more of a kindred character, are duly and cleverly recorded in 'Our Voyage.' In addition to her ordinary freight of goods

and passengers, there were, on board the Great Britain, collections of British plants and singing-birds, intended to enrich the Australian fields and woods with the perfumes and the melodies of home.

Not the least interesting part of 'Our Voyage' is 'The Log.' It consists of a regular diary of each day's doings and events; and the days, ere reaching Melbourne, were 59 in number. Thus, close upon two months sailed 'the six hundred' in that identical Great Britain which, in the earlier and less fortunate part of her career, lay a helpless hulk in Dundrum Bay, on the north coast of Ireland, for the period of nineteen months; but which, in her recent Australian voyages, has been realising the promise of her first vigorous youth. That long yet swift voyage she performed partly by sail, partly by steam, and partly by both combined, amidst weather varying from excessively hot and becalmed, to heavy squalls, strong gales, and showers of hail and snow! Some of the entries are curious. One day the pitching of the vessel threw a boiled leg of mutton into a lady's lap; whereupon the chronicler says:—'The lady's nerves received a severe shock; the lady's dress received an unextinguishable stain; further particulars will appear in a future edition.' On another occasion a pig fell overboard, and the case was pronounced one of 'fello de sea!' In the Bay of Biscay, 'Braham's song was heard between decks; and, indeed, throughout the voyage we seem to hear the sound of human voices, breathing human feelings and passions, joining fitfully in the low murmurous chorus of wind and wave. 'No. 1.' says, under date 20th June—'Some delightful music in the evening. The question frequently asked "What are the wild waves saying?" The sea does not condescend to reply, but a porpoise wags his tail in a contemptuous manner.' Mixed up of course with all this frivolity are many grave and interesting realities—the occasional meeting with other voyagers in the wide and lonely waste—the days or nights of black and howling hurricane—the bright and beautiful weather-changes—the appearance of the Southern Cross—together with all the other incidents and wonders of the great antipodean voyage. At length came the concluding day, which is thus entered:—

'Thursday, August 14th.

Great excitement amongst the passengers. Pilot boarded us at 6 a.m. A gentleman came on board, and made inquiries about the health of the passengers. Dropped anchor at noon—the passage from land to land having been made in 59 days 4 hours—the quickest run but one ever made by this favourite ship. Hurrah!

The voyage was a prosperous, a happy, and even a merry one. It was meet that so great a community as were assembled on board the Great Britain should have their periodical, and hence the appearance of No. I. of 'Our Voyage.' But the moment they touched Australian soil, the said community dispersed and melted away—some to fortune; many, we fear, to failure; and one at least into the clutches of the law, from which he had been vainly seeking to escape. The publication could no longer be supported. Its subscribers were nowhere. They were in the embraces of their friends or *fiancées*; they were hurrying to the 'diggings'; they were finding, as the result of their half-world's wandering, that 'all was not gold that glittered.' There was nothing, in short, left for 'Our Voyage' but quietly to give up the ghost, leaving its first and only number to supply a theme for this casual paper, and possibly to find its way, through the present gratuitous advertisement, into the archives of that laborious first-number collector whose acquaintance we made, or rather who politely made our acquaintance, when our 'Miscellany' was new to the world.

AUNT RACHEL'S STORY (Continued).

BY ELLEN EMMA GUTHRIE.

CHAPTER VII.

'AFTER the usual ceremonies of introduction had been gone through, I found leisure to examine the features of the enthusiastic young Jacobite. The result was highly favourable. He was very dark, even swarthy in complexion; with a fine aquiline nose, and an eye like a hawk. Careless good-humour was his habitual expression, save when speaking of Charles Edward, or any other animating subject; then his eyes would kindle, his cheeks burn, and his whole frame quiver with excitement; while he played with the handle of his dirk in a manner that boded no good to the individual who ventured to cross his path in battle. We drank success to the young Prince; and the Highlander's eyes flashed and sparkled with delight on hearing me wish him success in his undertaking. My aunt smiled approvingly.

"And who are the noble fellows who have hastened to welcome their Prince to his native shores?" she said.

'Mr. Munro looked somewhat grave, and replied that, "As yet, but few had declared themselves in his favour—the circumstance of his coming unattended by any French troops having considerably damped the ardour of several powerful chiefs who would otherwise have joined his standard."

"And who are the cold-blooded traitors who have thus deserted their leader in his hour of need? Name them, Donald, that we may consign them to well-merited ignominy."

'Mr. Munro coloured, and looked down as he replied, "The Laird of Macleod and Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat are among the number of those who refuse to join the Prince."

'My aunt started to her feet in a transport of indignation. "What!" she cried; "do I hear aright? And have I lived to see the day when a Macdonald, one of my own house, too, should display a craven spirit, and swerve from his allegiance to the Stuarts? Oh that I were a man!" and Lady Macdonald paced to and fro with disordered steps. "To think," she went on, "that the nephew of this noble, loyal-hearted chief (she pointed to her husband's portrait), should have so far forgotten the race from which he sprung as to refuse when the son of his King deigned to supplicate assistance! I think you said Donald, that Charles Edward despatched the brave young Clanranald to solicit his aid?"

"Yes, your ladyship; Clanranald and Allan Macdonald brother to Kinlochmoidart, started on the 22d, hoping to persuade your nephew and the Laird of Macleod to join the Prince."

"And what said the chiefs?"

"When told that the young Chevalier came without French troops, they at once declared their intention to keep aloof from so rash an enterprise; and gave it as their opinion that the sooner he returned to France the better."

'Lady Macdonald resumed her walk through the room "Sir Alexander shall rue this," she passionately exclaimed "Not one farthing of mine shall ever go to a mean-spirited poltroon who deserts his sovereign in his adversity. No never! Rather would I see Glenvoirmen level with the ground than that it should pass into the possession of one who, although a Macdonald, has caused himself to be despised by all true men."

"Dear aunt," I said, "compose yourself. The very circumstance of the Prince landing on the shores of Scotland unsupported, save by the justice of his cause; unattended, save by the propitious wind which wafted him over the sea, will excite the deepest enthusiasm in the breasts of his faithful Highlanders. The instant he unfurls his standard, thousands of the descendants of those heroes who fought at Kilsyth and Killiecrankie will hasten to support the noble young hero who thus testifies the confidence he reposes in their honour and devotion to his person."

"Miss Sackville is right," said young Munro, his black eyes flashing approval of my sentiments. "There are sufficient true hearts and willing hands to place King James on the throne without the assistance of those cautious chiefs, whose worldly wisdom and cold calculating policy would only hamper the efforts of the more chivalrous portion of the Prince's adherents. So long as there are Camerons and Munros, Mackintoshes and Macleans, to fight in behalf of the Stuarts, they need never fear defeat. Do not give way to useless sorrow. Perchance your nephew, when informed that other chiefs of the north are determined to evince their dislike of the Hanoverian dynasty, may atone for his seeming coldness by joining our ranks."

"Donald Munro!"—my aunt paused in her walk, and drew herself up to her full height—"should Alexander Macdonald join the Prince to-morrow, at the head of a thousand men, he could never redeem himself in my eyes. The disgrace would be the same. Charles Edward requested his aid; he refused, and that in terms almost insulting to the royal applicant. What will the Prince say when writing to his father? 'You told me true loyalty would dwell in the descendant of Sir Donald Macdonald; but when I despatched two friends to express my hope that the nephew would imitate the uncle's example, they were treated with coldness, and my request denied.' Oh, James! shame!" Lady Macdonald buried her face in her hands. "But I will prove my loyalty," she cried, raising her head proudly. "The Prince will soon learn that if the nephew of the brave Sir Donald declined risking his life and estates, his widow has not forgotten her husband's attachment to the Stuart cause. There are more than a hundred men on Glenvoirne estate; and, should the Prince honour my home with his presence, on my bended knees I will beg his acceptance of the only gift I have to bestow—namely, a hundred loyal Macdonalds, who refused not, when the widow of their chief commanded them, to draw their swords in favour of a Stuart!"

"Nobly spoken," said young Munro, rising to depart. "But let us not grieve, on so joyful an occasion as the present, over the unworthy conduct of those who should have been foremost on the field. The worst is past. Our Prince has landed; and let us trust that the Almighty Power, which rescued him from the perils of the deep, may in like manner protect and prosper him in the hour of battle!"

"Amen!" responded Lady Macdonald.

"While bidding my aunt adieu, Donald Munro informed her that he proceeded on the morrow to Borodale, the house in which the Prince was then residing; and requested to know whether she had any message to transmit.

"Tell him," said my aunt, in a tremulous voice, "my heart hath rejoiced to think that my aged eyes may behold one of his beloved race; and that, in the dining-room of Glenvoirne, there hangs the portrait of one who would rather have died than have suffered disgrace to fall on the name of Macdonald."

"Your wishes shall be obeyed," said young Munro; "and I fondly hope, ere we meet again, Charles Edward may be surrounded by an array of faithful Highlanders."

"God grant it!" exclaimed Lady Macdonald, enthusiastically. "Do you, Donald, raise a powerful party of Munroes; send the fiery cross through the country; summon the clan to Glendunin; bid your retainers fight to the death; lead them forth to battle like a true Munro; and, on your return from Borodale, my niece shall present you with a white cockade, to grace your bonnet o' blue."

"And will Miss Sackville deign to honour me thus far?"

I blushed, and smilingly expressed the pleasure I should have in decorating the bonnet of so enthusiastic a Jacobite.

He bowed his thanks, took my hand in his, gazed on my face a moment in silence, slowly resigned his grasp, and departed.

"Now, my dear," said Lady Macdonald, as the outer gate closed upon Mr. Munro, "we must retire instantly to rest. The excitement of this evening has almost proved too much for me; and yet I would willingly go through it once more, out of admiration for the gallant young Prince, who has set us all such a bright example of perseverance and contempt of danger. Now, don't keep awake for hours, thinking about Donald. Ha, ha! He cast many a stolen glance in the direction of a young lady who shall be nameless. My word, had Robert Seymour seen him, he would have been in a pretty way. Well, well! If the young fall in love, they must make up their minds to abide the consequences. If you choose to lose your heart with a handsome lad—Donald Munro by name—in the absence of your betrothed, why—"

"Dear aunt," I said, laughing, "do not be afraid. There is not the slightest chance of your friend falling in love with me, or I with him."

"I am glad to hear you so positive regarding yourself, my child. Constancy to the absent is a thing greatly to be admired. As regards Donald, however, I am not quite so certain. He seemed, judging from the frequency of his looks, pretty much inclined to fall in love with my fair niece. What nonsense I am talking! Really, Prince Charles' arrival has quite bewildered me. O Rachel, my dear, how you will admire our young Chevalier! Fortunately, your heart is safe in the keeping of a gentleman at present in Rome; otherwise—"

"Aunt! aunt!" I exclaimed imploringly.

"Well, well, dearest; I shall not distress you by even hinting at such a thing. Good night. God bless you! Constancy is much to be admired."

"Oh, had she but known!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"A month glided away on the wings of expectation—each day bringing us important news of Prince Charles' success. His standard had been unfurled in the wilds of Glenfinnan; and he quitted the glen at the head of nearly twelve hundred men. Donald Munro made us acquainted with the joyful intelligence, and received from my hands the promised cockade; which he gallantly pressed to his lips ere placing it on his bonnet. He informed my aunt that the Prince fully intended halting at Glenvoirne on his way south, in order that he might make the acquaintance of one whom he was proud to rank among his friends. Lady Macdonald's tears fell fast. Unable to speak, she clasped her hands, and raised her eyes towards Heaven.

For myself, I felt overcome with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow—joy at the thought of seeing the hero whose portrait had so excited my imagination; sorrow, when I reflected on the disparity existing between us. Meantime, I had secured a new lover in the person of Donald Munro. The morning sun shone on his barque as it flew across the lake to Glenvoirnen, while the moon's soft rays illumined the earth ere he returned to Glendunin. My aunt at first viewed his growing partiality with indifference. At length, becoming seriously alarmed, she ventured to drop a few hints relative to my prior engagement; but they fell upon inattentive ears. Donald either could not or would not comprehend the meaning she wished him to attach to her words; but kept close by me the entire day, and consulted me on all things relative to his joining the Prince—which he intended doing when Charles Edward visited Glenvoirnen. He was a noble, manly-hearted young Highlander; and I listened, entranced, while he described his retainers' devotion to the cause they were so shortly to defend with their lives. Endless were the inquiries I made respecting him who thus aroused such tempestuous feelings in the breasts of those warlike mountaineers; and as my colour came and went while listening to his praises, poor Donald fondly imagined I had discovered, and was not displeased with, the passion I had excited in his breast; when, in reality, my thoughts were entirely engrossed by the captivating hero whose praises he had so enthusiastically sounded.

'While seated at breakfast on the morning of the twenty-third of August—never-to-be-forgotten day!—we were startled by a hasty summons at the outer gate. Almost immediately afterwards, a letter was placed in my aunt's hands. It was from Donald Munro, and contained this brief but agitating notice:—"The Prince marches southward to-day; he will be at Glenvoirnen about two o'clock."

'All was instantly bustle and confusion within and around Glenvoirnen. A young gentleman, one of the clan, was despatched to assemble the Macdonalds preparatory to the Prince's arrival; while the dining-room was converted into a banquetting-hall, and festooned with Stuart tartan, intermingled with white roses and heather, out of compliment to the royal visitor. A long table ran down the centre of the room, on which was laid out an elegant repast, lest the Prince or any of his suite felt inclined to partake of refreshment. So magnificent was the old plate adorning it, that I could not refrain from expressing my admiration. My aunt smiled with pardonable vanity; and said, taking a small plain cup in her hand, "This little thing is dearer to me than aught else. Out of it Sir Donald drank during his campaigns with Dundee and the Earl of Mar. Ay; well do I remember his giving me a description of their bivouac on the field of Sheriffmuir, and his drinking success to their cause out of this very cup. Precious relic!"

'It being time to think of dressing, my aunt proceeded to her chamber; requesting me to accompany her. On entering the room, Macgregor advanced, bearing an elegant white dress, adorned with bows of Stuart tartan ribbon, which Lady Macdonald informed me was intended for the adornment of my person. After thanking my dear, generous aunt, I unrobed; and Macgregor, smiling and smirking the while, passed over my head the costly muslin.

'The scarf and white rose completed my toilet. Both aunt and maid agreed in declaring that I was the very image of Lady Lovat. I obeyed my aunt's injunction, to look in the mirror; and certainly was not displeased with

the result. I had entirely lost the pallor which characterised my complexion at Fenton Abbey. My cheeks had become ruddy with health, and my eyes sparkled with unwonted vivacity. My expression was no longer one of sentimental dejection—sweet anticipation rendered it bright and animated. In short, my whole aspect was changed, and, I felt, changed for the better.

"Rachel," observed Lady Macdonald, eyeing me approvingly, "Nature certainly intended you to be the wife of a Highland chieftain. And, should Robert Seymour prove faithless, you will be the lady of Glendunin; and proud will young Donald be to have you."

"Indeed, ma'am," said Macgregor, "a better than Mr. Munro would be glad to see so handsome a young lady as Miss Sackville presiding at his table. The Prince himself —"

"Hush! hush!" replied my aunt, gravely. "Don't fill the girl's head with nonsense. The Prince will have other things to attend to than remarking whether a maiden's eyes be blue or black." Lady Macdonald then bade her maid fetch the brocade dress she wore on the occasion of Sir Donald's return to Glenvoirnen, after the battle of Sheriffmuir. While Macgregor proceeded to array her mistress, I made my escape to my chamber; and with a beating heart and listening ear awaited tidings of the Prince's arrival. More than an hour elapsed; still no sign of his approach. At length, wearied out of all patience, I proceeded down stairs to the dining-room, to have another look at my aunt's preparations.

'On entering, I was surprised to see a tall young man attired in the Highland costume, standing opposite the picture of the Chevalier de St. George. His back was towards me; and so attentively was he regarding the portrait, that my entrance passed unheeded. At length the rustle of my dress attracted his attention. He looked round—the original of the miniature stood before me! The blood rushed in floods to my heart. I turned pale as death and stood irresolute—not knowing whether to advance or retire. The Prince did not give me much time to consider which course to adopt. He instantly came towards me, and, with the most winning smile in the world, said, "The Miss Sackville is not an enemy to the Stuart cause?"

"No, your Royal Highness," I exclaimed, sinking my knees before him. "Willingly would I die could death restore to you the throne of your ancestors."

'He smiled a melancholy smile as he raised me from my kneeling posture. "Then we enlist you on our side. So saying, he removed his bonnet; and, detaching its white cockade, fastened it on my dress.

'A tremor passed through my frame as I recalled a dream, so strangely fulfilled. I remained motionless, unable to speak. Observing my emotion, the Prince thoughtfully withdrew a little aside, that I might the sooner recover my presence of mind. At this embarrassing moment, my aunt entered. On beholding the Prince she started back amazed. Instantly recovering herself, however, she advanced, and, sinking at his feet, took his hand in hers, and pressed it to her lips.

"Kneel not to us," said Charles Edward, raising me gently from the ground. "The widow of Sir Donald Macdonald needs not thus testify her loyalty; and we are too happy to have this opportunity of thanking Lady Macdonald for the kind interest she has expressed in our behalf; and hope that, when in possession of Holyrood Palace, our receptions may be graced by her presence; that of her niece, who has also deigned to express her sympathy in favour of the Stuarts."

"Oh! your Royal Highness!" my aunt's lips quivered. Unable to proceed, she pointed to his father's portrait.

The Prince, quite affected by this mute demonstration of devotion, turned aside his head to conceal his emotion.

Lady Macdonald recovered herself by a mighty effort.

"Did your Royal Highness come unattended to Glenvoirnan?" she inquired.

"No; we came hither escorted by our faithful Highlanders. Desirous, however, of a private interview with so loyal a subject as Lady Macdonald, we outstripped our followers, and attained the Castle unperceived. It is thus," continued the Prince, dropping the royal *we*, "that Charles Edward loves to thank his friends for their support. Frequently has he heard in France of the noble, disinterested disposition of Sir Donald Macdonald; and bitterly does he regret the decease of so distinguished a chief."

My aunt's eyes overflowed with tears of proud satisfaction, in being thus addressed by her Prince. Pointing towards her husband's picture, she exclaimed, with marked emphasis, "Yes, your Royal Highness; his sole ambition was to see the Stuarts reinstated on the throne of Britain; and amply would he have deemed himself repaid for all his sufferings could he have seen the son of his sovereign within the walls of Glenvoirnan, and heard him proffer utterance to the gracious words which have sounded so pleasantly in my aged ears."

Lady Macdonald was interrupted by the sound of bagpipes. The Prince's eyes sparkled with pleasure. "Here are our brave followers," he exclaimed; and, giving my aunt his hand, led her forth on the terrace, from whence we could plainly distinguish a large body of men descending the mountain side.

"How would such music be relished in England, Miss Anville?" inquired the Prince—a joyous smile lighting up his fine countenance.

"By many it would be hailed with delight," I replied, enthusiastically.

He smiled his thanks; and, turning towards Lady Macdonald, entered into an animated explanation regarding his future plans. The music sounded nearer and nearer, until at length the dense column of men was within a few yards of the Castle.

The Prince was about to speak, when the strains of rural bagpipes arrested his attention. He paused a moment to make sure his ears had not deceived him; and then turned an inquiring eye on Lady Macdonald, evidently desiring an explanation. Soon was he answered. The music sounded fiercer and more near; and, in less than five minutes from the time we first heard the soul-stirring strains, a band of Highlanders, to the number of a hundred and fifty, arrayed in the Macdonald tartan, marched into the field fronting the terrace; and, forming into a square, stood, sword in hand, awaiting further orders.

With heightened colour and flashing eyes my aunt exclaimed, pointing to the Prince as she spoke, "Men! behold your leader! Henceforth you belong to him. Fight for him; and, if necessary, die for him; but never disgrace the clan to which you belong!" Then, kneeling on one knee, she said, "Your Royal Highness! words cannot paint the shame and sorrow that overwhelmed me, when informed of the dastardly conduct of one who should have been foremost in taking the field on this joyful occasion. It would have broken my husband's heart, could he have foreseen that the representative of his house would refuse to arm his clan when the son of his King required their services. But, God be praised! there are many brave men in whose bosoms the pure flame of loyalty is unex-

tinguishable. Led on by you, they will fight to the death; and, believe me, among all the heroic Highlanders who flock around your standard, none will be found more fearless in danger, more devoted to your person, than these who, I am proud to say, are called by my name. Honour me, then, by accepting them; and may the loyalty of the aunt in some measure atone for the disloyalty of the nephew."

Thus spoke the noble-minded woman; and the air was instantly rent with cheers and cries of "Long live King James! Down with the Elector of Hanover!"

The Prince was overwhelmed by emotion. He strove to express his gratitude; but the words died away on his lips. Unable to speak, he warmly pressed my aunt's hand, and smiled the thanks he could not utter. The Macdonalds, after lowering their swords and saluting the Prince, joined his other adherents, who had now approached as near to the Castle as their numbers would permit, and stood awaiting marching orders. Their chiefs came forward to exchange salutations with Lady Macdonald. Scarcely had they reached the terrace, when the pibroch resounded in the distance. All stood expectant.

"Ah, this is Donald!" cried my aunt joyfully. "I recognise the gathering of the Munroes."

The sun at this moment burst from behind a cloud, and its rays shone full on a body of men advancing along the banks of the loch. At sight of this reinforcement, the assembled Highlanders gave forth a series of huzzas, which awoke the echoes around; nor did they cease until the new-comers—to the number of two hundred men, headed by Donald Munro and his younger brother—wheeled into the park, already tenanted by so splendid an array of adherents. Then the different pipers struck up "The Gathering of the Clans." My aunt waved her handkerchief in the air; and, with tears coursing down her cheeks, cried aloud, in the fervour of her enthusiasm, "God bless and prosper King James the Third, and his Royal Highness Prince Charles Edward!"

"O Emily! that was a scene to be remembered. My day-dreams of chivalry and renown were more than realised when my gaze rested on the gallant young Prince, for whom so many brave mountaineers were ready to sacrifice their lives."

Our party was now joined by the two Munroes. The Prince received them with marked satisfaction; and complimented them on the fine martial appearance of their men. All the chiefs and gentlemen of distinction being now assembled on the terrace, my aunt ventured to suggest that some refreshment would not prove unacceptable, after so much excitement and fatigue. Charles Edward bowed his thanks, and conducted her into the dining-room. I followed, leaning on the arm of the gallant Lochiel. The others came after. Although frequently at Court when the *élite* of both countries were assembled, yet never have I seen such a cluster of splendid-looking men as were present that day in the old Castle of Glenvoirnan. Cameron of Lochiel, young Macdonald of Clanranald, the two Munroes, the Chief of Glengarry, and he of Kinlochmoidart—all were equally handsome and distinguished looking; but who would ever have regarded them in presence of their leader? Ah, Emily! he was the personification of all that was noble and chivalrous. Much as I expected from the miniature, the reality far exceeded my expectations. The beauty of his countenance, the winning softness of his smile and manner, endeared him to all who entered his presence; while his gaiety and sanguine disposition instilled hope in the breasts of those least certain

of success. Donald Munro managed to seat himself at my left hand, and endeavoured to engage my attention; but I had leisure for none save the Prince. When he spoke, I listened with breathless attention; and when he addressed himself to me, or turned his eyes in my direction, I blushed painfully, and displayed such agitation as attracted the notice of the assembled chiefs. Being the only young lady present, I received great attention from every one; each strove to render himself agreeable, and expressed the pleasure it afforded him to see an English lady adopt the Highland scarf and Stuarts' badge.

"Ay, but Rachel is one of us!" said my aunt, over-hearing their remarks. "She is an enthusiastic Jacobite; and would not rest satisfied until she had constructed dozens of cockades for my men."

"I was overpowered with confusion while my aunt spoke thus. The Prince smiled graciously; and thanked me in the most courteous language for my flattering sympathy. "Who would ever despair of success," he said, addressing Lochiel, "when the ladies are our staunch supporters? With their bright eyes to encourage us, and their fair hands to weave us badges of distinction, we will carry all before us;—then, let us onward!"

"So saying, the Prince rose from the table; the others imitating his example. "Accept," he said, taking Lady Macdonald by the hand, "our best thanks for the love thou bearest our person and cause. Never can we forget Glenivoirnen and its noble owner. While remembrance lasts, this day will stand conspicuous above all others, because of the encouragement we have received to pursue our enterprise; and, when once in possession of our royal Palace of Holyrood, Lady Macdonald and Miss Sackville will be foremost among the number of those invited to witness their sovereign's triumph."

"God bless and prosper your Royal Highness!" replied my aunt, kneeling to kiss his hand. "The sceptre and crown are before you. God recover what is lawfully yours! and long may your noble father live to be a blessing and protection to those loyal subjects who risked their all to place him on the throne."

"God grant we may never forget the gratitude due to our faithful Highlanders, who have thus come forward to aid their Prince in his extremity," he exclaimed, visibly affected. "All who survive the horrors of war will be honoured and recompensed by us when crowned with success; and the names of those who bravely fought and fell shall be held in hallowed remembrance while memory survives, to remind us that they died—as only the true and brave would wish to die—fighting in behalf of their lawful King. Farewell! we shall, we trust, soon meet in the Scottish capital. Miss Sackville—adieu!"

"Our hands touched; our eyes met, lingered a moment, and were withdrawn. That speaking glance sealed my destiny. It haunted me in long after years; it haunts me now; it will haunt me to my grave."

"Dear Miss Sackville!" A shade of sorrow clouded the usually joyous face of Donald Munro, as, taking my hand in his, he pressed it to his lips. "I am leaving the sweet solitude of Glendunin," he said, "to follow the fortunes of my Prince, wherever they may lead me. Your aunt visits Edinburgh when once it is in our possession. You will be with her. Until then—adieu!"

"Adieu!" I said, mechanically. My eyes were following the retreating figure of the Prince, as he hastened to rejoin his men. He placed himself at their head; and, drawing his sword from its scabbard, pointed onward. The assembled Highlanders cheered to the echo; the bagpipes struck up a favourite Jacobite air; and, from the terrace, we gazed after the departing warriors until they disappeared among the mountains.

"Rachel!"

"Dearest aunt!"

A convulsive pressure of her hand alone betrayed the fervour of my feelings.

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR THE PLAYERS.

Polonius—"I mean the matter that you read, my lord."
Hamlet—"Slanders, sir."

THE curtain had descended. The 'fair benefactor,' as the newspapers say, had achieved a great success in the new piece—the bringing out of which had been postponed till her benefit night. A unanimous call was made for her; and she appeared, led on by the hero of the piece. A shower of bouquets descended on the stage; and she retired, blushing almost as red as the roses which were sprinkled among the bouquets.

The applause subsided; part of the audience went out for ten minutes' recess, the rest chatted and consulted the bill; the orange and lemonade boys in the pit and galleries stalked about, retailing their wares, and looking, as they picked their steps over the heads of the audience, like so many Gullivers among the Lilliputians.

The whole performance had been a real intellectual treat, and had been enjoyed amazingly by the audience—a fashionable provincial audience, in one of the first provincial cities in England. I was sitting in the middle of the dress circle—alone as regards companionship, but surrounded by the very quintessence of the gentility of the town. Rich merchants, with their wives, daughters, sons; young merchants and men about town, with their sweet-hearts. By-the-way, sweetheart seems to me to be a sort of patronising word, only to be used when referring to clerks and shopkeepers with their little milliners, and 'people in that walk of life.' I confess that, in using it with reference to wealthy merchants' sons and daughters, I experience a twinge of conscience. Would *scawels* do?

I was, I repeat, surrounded by wealth, and, of course, fashion. The young ladies and their mammams had been highly amused; and the gentlemen, although they did their best to look bored and *blasé*, could not help occasionally being betrayed into expressions of delight and approbation, which they made up for at the end of each act by cold criticism of the *poems*. Now that the piece was over (a sparkling comedy, which had met with great success in London), the mammams and young ladies began graciously to speak of the clever actress who had contributed so much to their instruction and delectation.

'Miss—Miss what? eh?' said an old, dowager-looking lady, the middle of a coterie of bombazine, Brussels lace, red and blue opera-cloaks, black dress-coats, lavender gloves, and eye-glasses.

'Miss Kate Atherton,' said an insipid-looking Dundreary party, with his hair parted down the middle, and an eye-glass dangling from his button-hole; and which persistently refused to stick in its place, thereby saving him a frightful distortion of features and injury to his eyesight.

'These creatures seem all to be misses,' continued the dowager-looking lady, regarding the bill through her gold spectacles. 'Do they ever marry? What is this Miss Atherton?'

'An actress, mamma; and a clever, charming girl,' said the youngest, most amiable, and best-looking of the company. 'Oh, how I should like to know her!'

'How foolish you talk, Georgina, to be sure. Know an actress!' said another lady, evidently a married sister.

'Why not?' continued Georgina. 'She seems an intelligent, well-bred, and accomplished lady.'

The company laughed, and the fond mamma smiled indulgently. 'Foolish Georgy!' she said, 'those theatrical people have always some inherent badness. Probably she supports a drunken father and mother, who make a living

of the girl; and are not afraid to see her do anything bad, as long as it leads to their own profit.'

'Oh, mamma!' said the young lady, 'don't be so harsh.' 'Not harsh at all, child. Alfred there knows all about actors and their belongings. I dare say he will corroborate what I say.'

'Oh, Alfred!' said the whole bevy of young ladies, 'do you know her? Tell us about her;—do.'

Alfred smiled meaningly, as if he were 'rather inclined to think he did know her,' as he would have expressed it himself.

'Oh, you wicked wretch, Alfred! What delightful scandal do you know about her? Come, tell us,' said a young lady with blonde curls—almost a beauty.

Alfred smiled again, once more attempted to screw the glass in front of his eye, made a signal failure, and looked at the bill again, as if he wished to evade the question.

'Now, my dear young ladies,' said the bland Alfred, 'don't ask me. I don't wish to shock you.'

'Shock? Nonsense!' was the chorus. 'Now, Alfred, don't tantalise us. Oh, you naughty fellow! you seem to know all those delightful, dangerous creatures.'

'Well, she is a nice young lady,' said Alfred; 'but I am afraid that she would not make a proper companion for you, Georgy, although you seem to desire it so much.'

'Why?'

'Because she is not married.'

'Well, she don't pretend to be. Her name is "Miss" as the bill,' said Georgy.

'But, my dear, she has a score of lovers.'

'Well, what of that? So have I.'

'Now, you little inquisitive, you have forced me to it. She lives with one who is—'

'What? oh?' cried all in a breath.

'Not her husband.'

There was a little cry of delighted horror; and Alfred turned round to speak to an acquaintance who had just entered, almost as insipid-looking as himself.

'Well, Alf,' the acquaintance whispered, after shaking hands with the ladies, 'how does she look to-night?'

'Splendid! lovelier than ever. But she is not worth my attention.'

'How! What about the present?'

'I sent it.'

'Lady's watch, set in diamonds, was it not?'

'Exactly. Cost me thirty pounds. But, thank God! I have it back.'

'How's that? I am impatient to hear.'

'Well, the fact is, I sent the watch, accompanied with a note, begging her to accept it—stating that I would feel extremely gratified at the honour of her acquaintance; asking her to acknowledge the safe receipt of the present; and begging her to inform me, at the same time, when I should have the pleasure of waiting upon her at her house, to pay my respects. Well, the result was that next day I received the watch back, accompanied with a very lady-like epistle, as I have no doubt she thought, in which she thanked me for my kindness; begged to return the present, which she could not think of accepting, especially as she felt it her duty to decline the honour of the acquaintance of a total stranger, who deemed that a note and a trinket were sufficient to justify him in asking to pay his respects to one who wished them not, and to whom he had never been introduced.'

'Ah! I see,' said Alfred's friend. 'It's a case of the virtuous peasant girl—in chints gown, short petticoats, slipper boots, and straw hat—refusing the proffered

gold of the proud lord of the manor. 'Egad! the girl lives perpetually, in the stage atmosphere; but courage, Alf, my boy. Try her with a necklace; slip that under her observation, as Mephistophiles says.'

'No good, my boy! When that class of persons make up their mind, Mephistophiles himself won't alter it. Besides, I have made inquiries, and find she is respectable.'

'Well, what of that? They must be so at one portion of their career—the commencement. Very likely she is only pretending, however—nibbling at a better bait. What's the next piece? Oh! the burlesque. We shall see Miss Featherlot. Sweet little creature!'

'Heaven help the girl!' I said, when I had involuntarily overheard the conversation; 'and help all of her maligned profession!' I felt inclined to turn round and call the gilded coward, slanderer and liar to his face; but it would require a general crusade, greater than that instituted by Peter the Hermit, to put down the class who deem actors and actresses fair subjects for abuse and false witness.

When the burlesque is finished, and the theatre empty, I sally forth to have some supper at one of the contiguous taverns. I enter one frequented by the fast clerks and tradesmen's sons of the city. Drinking, smoking, eating, boasting, and scandal are going on bravely. I call for a chop and half-a-pint of stout, and sit down. There is a small coterie of very fast-looking, bejewelled, and bewhiskered youths at the next table, who are talking very loud. As I eat my chop and drink my stout, I can't help overhearing their conversation.

'Ha!' says one, 'she's artful.'

'Aint she!' echoes another.

'I believe you!' another sighs out, as he finishes a pull at the quart pot.

'Why, what do you mean?' asks a light-haired, mild-looking, whiskerless youth. 'Nothing wrong against the girl, I hope.'

'Oh, no. Not at all!' continues the first speaker, leeringly winking at his companions. 'She aint up to snuff; she doesn't know what's what; does she? All but the light-haired young man chorus deeply, 'Ah, I suppose not!'

'What's wrong about her? She seems to be a very clever and entertaining girl. What do you know about her, Barclay?'

Barclay, the first speaker, looks fiercely up, as if to defy contradiction. 'Mean to tell me,' he says, 'that her name is Miss Featherlot? Teach grandmother to suck eggs!'

'Well, what if her name is not Featherlot? Many actors and actresses assume names. She plays, sings, and dances remarkably well; and is, without doubt, a valuable acquisition to the stock company.'

'Ah?' continues Barclay, looking very profound, 'I know something about her!'

'Well, perhaps you do,' says Light Hair; 'but not to her disadvantage, I hope.'

'Cut away from her husband, low comedian—lived with a captain in the army for six months—husband won't have anything to do with her now.'

'How do you know all this?' asks Light Hair.

'Heard it.'

'From whom?'

'Well, in general conversation in this room. But hang your impertinence, Harvey; what do you mean by cross-questioning me in that manner? Are you nuts on the girl?'

'I don't wish to cross-question you; but doesn't it strike

you, Barclay, in the light of mean and cowardly, to retail tap-room scandal in the manner you have done. It does me. I think you are libelling the girl grossly; and you are all the more to blame, because she is not present to defend herself. I happen to know her intimately, and can testify that what you have said is foul scandal. She is as pure and respectable as her best friends could wish her to be.'

'Ha! pure and respectable! That is a good - un! Gammon, Harvey! Idea - actress respectable!'

'Why do you encourage them, Barclay, in that case. You laughed, and seemed to enjoy yourself, both in the play and the burlesque, as much as any one present.'

'Don't at all deny it. Paid my money; and have a right to enjoy myself.'

'Why, what nonsense you talk, to be sure!' continued the firm Light Hair. 'Who ever heard of you paying? You sneaked about till you got an order; and in return, you vilify the very people who had consideration for your empty pockets, and gave you a night's enjoyment for nothing.'

'Is this intended for an insult?' said the truculent-looking Barclay, starting up, and glaring wildly at Light Hair.

'Just as you please,' said Light Hair. 'It's truth.'

All slanderers and backbiters are cowards. So Barclay glared another moment; uttered something about not wishing to 'kick up a row,' 'knock head off,' &c.; sat down, and moodily filled his pipe.

'There's Dukkinfield, the heavy man!' he recommenced, in a sneering tone, as a gentlemanly-looking, portly man passed through the lobby and exited by the door. 'Thrashed his wife last night. Blacken her eyes to-night, dessey. Poor creature!'

'It's an untruth again,' said Light Hair. 'He is unmarried; keeps his mother and sister, to whom he is a kind and good son and brother. How did you hear that he thrashed his wife?'

'Rumour, of course. Everybody knows it.'

'Then rumour lies again.'

Barclay was caught again, and so wailed out, sneeringly, 'Who the deuce would be an actor? Bad lot, generally.'

'True; who indeed?' echoed the company, all except Light Hair.

'You wouldn't, Barclay,' said the undaunted champion of truth; 'you haven't brains to become one. And although you affect to despise Dukkinfield, still I have no doubt you would be glad if your total year's income reached a third of his six months' salary.'

But, stootera, stootera, to that conversation. Would to Heaven that it and the former were all that the writer ever heard damaging to the fair fame of actors and actresses! O much-maligned race! when will this end? When will people, high and low, cease to sneer away the reputation of as hard-working, amiable, and intelligent a class of people as there is to be found in any profession? Far be it from the writer to fulminate any cant sympathy, or try to invest the profession with any maudlin sentimentality; for in that case he would be worse than slandering them. But it is too true an evil that, with regard to actors and actresses, there is a growing tendency on the part of great numbers of the public at large, of all grades, to slander and vilify them; whilst, at the same time, they are not ashamed to enjoy and instruct themselves, by contemplation of their talents and accomplishments. 'Well,' but some will say, 'it is nonsense to deny that they commit a great many indiscretions, and through their private conduct give rise to a great deal of talk and scandal.'

Be charitable, and look at home! Far less indiscretion than what takes place in ordinary life. Where, in any other profession, do you see so much kindness among themselves, and so much sympathy for charitable institutions? How often does the actor cheerfully submit to the loss of a night's salary, in order that some benevolent fund may benefit by a gratuitous performance? This takes place repeatedly in a single year, and represents serious item in his income - far more than many private and wealthy people, who affect to sneer at himself in his calling, would ever think of giving. How frequently do actresses volunteer their services to assist at amateur performances; and often, in consequence, have to submit to a great deal of laughter and derision, through the clownish attempts of some egotistical 'stage-struck,' who discovers that it is one thing to mumble through the part at a rehearsal, and another to identify himself with the character before an audience!

I cannot close this paper without lingering fondly on scene which took place not long ago at Woking, in Surrey - viz. the installation of the first inmates of the Royal Dramatic College. Regard the quiet, unostentatious, delicate manner with which the proceedings were conducted. Surely this touching proof of their unanimity and kindness should silence all slander. But, alas! it may be said truly to those entering on the histrionic profession 'Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not scape calumny.'

R. L. GENTLES.

LITTLE WILLIE.

THE wind is blowing roughly
Against my window pane;
And, like a knell's sad tolling,
Drop, drop the drops of rain.
A dark and dreary evening,
Meet for a heart alone—
A heart which once had treasure
To clasp, and call its own!

I know they took him from me,
And bore him far away;
I cannot but remember
That dark and bitter day.
Dead as he was I nursed him,
And held him to my breast;
Until, with words of comfort,
They laid my boy to rest.

And yet, somehow, I call him
As though he still would come
Back to his vacant corner—
Back from his narrow home.
'Willie!' I cry; 'my Willie!'
But oh! I cry in vain;
Echoes fly back and mock me,
But he comes not again.

And then I see good angels
Shine forth from out the dark—
Like lights upon the ocean
Lost men should miss their mark.
And low, mysterious murmurs
Swell in the twilight dim,
'He shall not come for ever,
But thou shalt go to him!'

W. C. D.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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EDDERWICK'S MISCELLANY.

No. 9.]

SATURDAY, NOV. 29, 1862.

[PRICE 1d.]

'CHRISTOPHER NORTH.*

THERE are few Scotchmen the record of whose lives can be said materially to interest Englishmen. Whether this arises from the peculiar reticence of Scotch character, which is in direct antagonism to the qualities of a really delightful biography; or whether it arises simply from the circumstance that there are few Scotchmen whose lives are worth reading—it is a fact that Scotland possesses few or none of those pleasant and graceful memoirs, the reading of which is like chatting to an old friend by a winter fire. But the delay in bringing forward the present memoir can be attributed to neither cause. John Wilson was not a reticent man; neither was he a man to be overlooked. Had he possessed more of the patient, undemonstrative, determined nature of his fellow-countrymen, his works would have had a fairer chance of living for ever in English literature. Carlyle says of Cromwell that, 'With Oliver born Scotch, one sees not but the whole world might have become Puritan.' The subject of these memoirs had little of this concentrated energy and resolve. The first power of genius—the power to abstract from a work of art the personality of its creator—was not given to him; in its stead we must look for the next highest power—that in which the very exuberance of personal emotion bursts into a clearer region than is enjoyed by other men. If, in Professor Wilson's works, we cannot gaze into the highest heaven of invention, we may at least stand and admire the snow-white clouds which float nearer our own earth.

In 1785, John Wilson was born in the town of Paisley; whence he was transferred, while very young, to a bleak and moorland parish, lying about a dozen miles south of

* 'A Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Compiled, from Family Papers and other Sources, by his Daughter, Mrs. Gordon.'—Edin.: Edmonston & Douglas.

Glasgow. Paisley has, therefore, the honour of being his birthplace; but the genius of that 'Christopher North,' whose name and deeds were to be indissolubly connected with the Manse of Mearns, may be said to have been cradled amongst the moors. The stranger walking or riding through 'Our Parish,' will not be struck by any particular beauty which it possesses. A wild, desolate country-side it is, with a few low-lying hills, a few lochs or ponds, a few clumps of trees; holding but this one recommendation, that from it—as from a vantage-ground—one may look down upon some of the finest scenery in Scotland. Ascending the highest of its eminences, you will see, lying afar in the west, the Frith of Clyde—its silver studded with innumerable islands; towards the east, the rivulet-glens and undulations of Lanarkshire—darkened by sycamore, and birch, and fir; while away in the north rise the dim, blue peaks of the Highland mountains, which the young Christopher learned to love while yet a boy. With the minister of this parish John Wilson dwelt, until he was removed, in his twelfth year, to Glasgow College; and the record of his life during this period reads like the record of a golden dream, until the reader almost fancies that he, too, was born in the Mearns.

In 1797, the yellow-haired youth came to Glasgow—there to attend the usual University classes. Tall beyond his years, and possessed of a frank and pleasant disposition, he won himself many friends; and we are not surprised to find from his diary that his studies were lightened both by the amusements of his fellow-striplings and by companionship of a gentler kind. Like all other boys of his age, he wrote a vast deal of nonsense at this time; and it is on this point alone that we are disposed to find fault with Mrs. Gordon's very excellent memoir. There is somewhat too much given of this foolish vapouring; and there are likewise many quotations from his diary that could have been well dispensed with. Further on in life, it is really amusing to see an aspiration to Heaven joined to a chronicle of a pet-hen's eggs. But surely the precise amount of coppers which the young collegian was wont to expend on barley-sugar might have been discreetly withheld. One cannot but think of a conversation of Burns, wherein the then dying poet expressed to Mrs. Riddell his fear 'that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him, to the injury of his future reputation; that letters and verses, written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence when no dread of his resentment would restrain them.' Poor Burns' forebodings were but too prophetic. Over the grave of no other poet has such a mass of rubbish been raked up for the self-glorification of certain literary rag-pickers. Indeed, in those days when everybody has his or her life written, it were well that a habit of circumspection with regard to letter-writing were more widely inculcated upon our young people. John Wilson, meantime, only suffers through some silly stories, which are as false as they are foolish. Spare him, ye autograph hunters!

Until he was seventeen years of age, Wilson remained at Glasgow College, signalising himself as much by gymnastic exploits as by intimate acquaintance with Æschylus and Sophocles. During this time too, our young poet managed to fall in love with a fair Lanarkshire girl, known in these memoirs by the name of Margaret. She was young and beautiful; he was young and hopeful—why should they not together go down through life? It was not to be. Meanwhile, Wilson in 1803 removed to Oxford University, whither he took with him a strong attachment for this Margaret of Dychmont. And now his college life began—a long period of alternate fitful hard work and vagrant idleness. At one time we have him thrashing a man who, after being licked, declares that his unknown opponent must be either John Wilson or the Devil; and, at another, we have him passing sleepless nights of feverish anxiety about a forthcoming examination. A strange, restless, exuberant spirit—either in rapturous ecstasy or black despair; but Margaret of Dychmont was at the bottom of it all. In his letters at this time, however, there is just a touch of exaggeration, as though he were saying, 'Look now, how I, through being a poet, am in love!' Yet his affection for this girl seems to have been real and genuine; and to it we owe many of the most beautiful passages in his writings. To marry her, he writes, would kill his mother—filial duty prevails, and poor Margaret is heard of no more.

This splendid fellow, who was the wonder and admiration of all the different sets of college men, passed as had been expected, a most brilliant examination. The college dons, who generally are shy of such boisterous youths, united in lauding his attainments. His companions, admiring as much the general kindness of his disposition as the vigour of his mental powers, were equally enthusiastic; and Wilson left Oxford in 1807, having earned golden opinions from every one.

A new section of his life commences. He reached manhood; has bought a piece of land and a house for himself; and, at the beautiful and well-known Ellersay, has settled down as one of the Lake Poets. But his method of settling down was somewhat peculiar. Out at all seasons of the year, in weathers, by night or by day, on the lake or among the hills;—there was nothing too erratic about John Wilson for the inhabitants of the lake district credit. Had it been reported that Wilson of Ellersay had thrashed the Fiend in a hand-to-hand fight on the summit of Helvellyn, the simple people of Winandmere would have wondered and believed. He was in the full bloom and vigour of his manhood. He was not remarkable for his height—any recruiting tailor could have produced his superior; he was not remarkable for his strength—many a prize-fighter could have beaten him; he was not remarkable for his beauty—any tea-party could have produced sweeter-favoured young men; he was not remarkable for his genius—there were many greater poets than he alive;—but he was remarkable and altogether unique in that he had a large proportion of all those qualities, united in

perfect harmony rarely to be seen among men. Altogether, a man of equal development physically and mentally. Yet rather than think of him at this time, with his over-florid complexion and 'enormous whiskers,' we would think of him as the lithe and supple young man who could beat any lad in Glasgow College at leap-step-and-leap; or as the keen-eyed old man, sitting in judgment over the sins of a literary world in the imaginary harbour of the imaginary Buchanan Lodge. It is to this later period, we presume, that Mrs Gordon's description of him pertains:—'The old man and mighty, whose eyes were "as the burnings of fiery flame," and his voice like an organ who laid about him, when the fit was on, like a hammer breaking small men's bones; who was loose and careless in his apparel, even as in all things he seemed too strong and primitive to heed much the rules of custom.' This is a good passage; but the latter which it is fashioned is better, and the next will note the fine spondaic movement with which the latter closes:—'Scott drew his first breath in Edinburgh; here he was living, a fair-haired youth of fifteen, when black Burns passed through; and when he grew up to be the man that the world was proud of . . . Wilson, the magnificent, had his dwelling here; here he chanted his prose-poetry, and he was so savage, his yellow mane.'*

In his beautiful estate on Windermere, Wilson lived for some time a happy young bachelor, writing poetry, boating on the lake, walking at midnight through the mountains; becoming acquainted with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, De Quincey, and a host of others; becoming acquainted, too, with a certain lady, by name Miss Jane Penny,—which gentle lady who was destined to lead through life in silk. As this yellow-maned lion, he soon thereafter married; setting out upon a long life of happiness with bright prospects as ever flushed the dream of a young poet. When he did settle down to work, it was to finish the 'Isle of Palms,' a graceful, beautiful poem, but very unlike the work of John Wilson. From this trance of love, and youth, and poetry, he awoke to the fact that, in pecuniary matters, he had been ruined by the deceit of a near relative; and from 'manure-sheltered Elleryay' he, forced by circumstances, went to Edinburgh. There, in 1815, he was seated to the bar, though we do not read that his affairs were so urgent as to make him much of a lawyer. He and young Lockhart seem to have amused themselves considerably in those days; and several jokes are given of their madcap pranks. Wilson, of course, was off to the Highlands, or away on a fishing excursion, on every possible opportunity; and one day, which he and his gentle wife made into the high country, struck the conventionalities of Edinburgh with amusement. Together they walked on that one pedestrian tour 250 miles—he carrying the arms of both; and very amusing is the account of the receptions given to the 'gangrel bodies' at their various halting-places. Edinburgh thought him mad, and laughed.

Now commences that connection with *Blackwood's Magazine* which was to make the name of John Wilson known to the world. His poetry had been successful to a certain extent; but his fame as a poet came with but a secondary light beside such luminaries as Wordsworth, Walter Scott, and Byron. But

in this magazine he was destined to discover a new continent for himself, which he was to people with creations unique and hitherto undreamed of. Prose-poetry, out of the Scriptures, was unknown in English literature—at least such prose-poetry as he continued to pour into *Blackwood* for many long years. The poetry of his nature, by itself, burned with but a very gentle flame; blown upon by all the fervour and passion of his being, it kindled up and burst forth like a prairie on fire. Into those papers of *Blackwood* he first threw that intense personality which was the true power of his genius—a flood of mad and boisterous self-assertion, bearing away before it all friendly remonstrance, contemporary criticism, and such frail obstructions—until, month after month, as *Blackwood* grew more brilliant by Wilson growing more defiantly personal, people, forgetting to be shocked, were amazed and then delighted; for a man is sure some day to find wherein his strength lies. Let the hen educate her adopted duckling carefully as she may, the young one will surely take to the water. Many of our literary men have begun life as painters, until they found that *that* method of expression was not *their* method; and whether they would ever have attained success may be seen by Mr. Thackeray's illustrations of 'Pendennis.' It is useless to lament that Wilson did not discover the secret sooner; yet we may point to one short poem in which he seems to have done so—the 'Address to the Wild-Deer.' Is this a description of a wild-deer? Certainly not. It is John Wilson describing himself as John Wilson would be were transmigration of souls a possible thing.

In 1820, he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Despite the 'success' with which he laboured, one can hardly think that it was a proper sphere for him. He did his work conscientiously, and most certainly benefited his students more than any other man then living could have done; but perhaps it was not altogether by means of his subject. He gave them knowledge they probably could have got nowhere else; but it did not all pertain to the Moral Philosophy Class. In an especial degree, he had the gift of awakening the enthusiasm of his pupils, which is three-fourths of a lecturer's power. Their admiration of him as a man added to their respect for him as a teacher; and to have been a pupil of Professor Wilson was to have been one of a family, the members of which were knit together by a bond of brotherhood rarely found in a public class. Not unfrequently one or two of their number were invited to the Professor's house in Gloucester-place—a fact which shows how much, in the relations between Wilson and his students, the character of the father superseded that of the dominie.

It is with a feeling of relief that we turn from his pent-up University life, to see him once more returning to his beloved Elleryay, whither he often went in the long holiday times. What a pleasant family-party it must have been; and with what a quiet, patriarchal sense of enjoyment must the matured Professor have returned—now with a family—to the home of his youth! Here it was he first learned the steadfast beauty of life; and with her who had taught him, the place was evermore associated. Dreams of its loveliness came to him during the dull winter nights, sitting in his Edinburgh home, by the dim light of the fire; and he who would know how the memory of Elleryay dwelt in Wilson's mind must read 'A Day at Windermere.' Oftentimes, too, in these summer months, the sporting-jacket was donned; and then we find him salmon-fishing in Loch-Awe, trout-fishing in the Ettrick, or star-gazing by night in Glen-Etive;

* Mason's 'British Novelists,' page 162.

'Recreations of Christopher North.' Vol. I, p. 242.

while, wherever he went, materials were accumulating for the further perfecting of that most wonderful creation, the Shepherd,—whose imaginary conversations in these ‘Noctes’ are the nearest approach to a perennial work of genius which Wilson ever made. In them, he made use of the Scotch language as it had never been used before—finding in it a wealth of expression and a melody of sound of which Walter Scott himself had scarcely dreamed. Fain would we quote some choice bits of description that in these pages gleam like the sparkles in the depths of a wine-cup; but he who would quaff the nectar of the gods must not approach it with a tea-spoon. A cold winter’s night, a seat by a blazing fire, a volume of the ‘Noctes’—and who could refuse to be happy?

Stories are yet told of the outcry raised in certain quarters when the ‘Noctes’ appeared, concerning the gluttony and wine-bibbing of the Scotch, and more particularly of the contributors to *Blackwood*; and of the shamefacedness which came to the protestors on discovering that these *bon-rivant* papers were written by a solitary man, shut up in a small room, who would see no company until his article were finished, and whose *gourmand* dinners ‘consisted invariably of a boiled fowl, potatoes, and a glass of water—he allowing himself no wine!’ Could it have been otherwise? There is much nonsense talked of the inspiration required by men of genius—inspiration to be derived from very ignoble sources; as if the mind were a convenient machine, formed to lie dormant until set in motion by some convivial meeting or other. The notion is extremely silly. Your artist may paint the golden yellow of a sunset, but he admits into his studio only the pale, true light of the north.

Many of the little ways and habits of the Professor are thus illustrated in the book before us, adding considerably to its interest—though we must hope they will lead to no other and less agreeable consequences; for the youth of Britain are a gregarious fraternity, and are very much given to dress in the cast-off feathers of any particularly brilliant eagle or peacock which may fly or strut before them. We all remember the Byronic period of dress, and more recently the Disraelitish; nor would it be wonderful if, on this present book being more widely read, we should have our young men going about with broad-brimmed hats, large turned-down collars, a carelessly-tied neckcloth, and long, unkempt hair. It is so much easier to be a Dr. Johnson in manners than a Dr. Johnson in genius.

In 1837, Professor Wilson’s wife died. Then we have his family growing up, and one by one getting married, until the old man lives almost a solitary life in his house in Gloucester-place. The record of these closing years of his life is very sad. His misery on finding his mental powers failing; his melancholy on thinking of the strong, glad days which could never come again; his wretchedness on knowing that he could never more revisit his beloved Mearns, where—in his genius at least—

‘One was born

To make the nations less forlorn!’

might almost make one fear to grow old. But this mental depression sometimes passes away; and we have him merry and humorous as was his wont, superintending the romps and games of his grandchildren, or conversing pleasantly and cheerfully with their seniors. But the long day was at last to fall softly into twilight—then into night. On the 3d of April 1854, John Wilson, the lion-hearted and gentle, breathed his last; and we end this paper, as Mr. Gordon ends her memoir, with one word—*Resurgitur!*

WILLIAM BLACK.

AUNT RACHEL’S STORY (Concluded).

BY ELLEN EMMA GUTHRIE.

CHAPTER IX.

‘When once more ensconced in her accustomed seat my aunt informed me she would proceed shortly to Edinburgh; also, that she intended despatching a trustworthy messenger to Fenton Abbey, in order to assure my parents of my safety, and her intention to detain me prisoner Glenvoiran until such time as order was restored. “Thine to say,” she went on, “provided you are willing to remain?”’

‘I threw my arms round her neck, and expressed my desire to spend my life with her. “Dear aunt,” I said, “never can I forget your kindness when informed of my private griefs and secret longings. Your treatment has been attended with complete success. No longer do I pine after unattainable things. Knowing that God has something for us all to do, into His hands I commit my destiny. Be it joy or be it sorrow, I am willing to accept what comes from Him.”’

“Good girl! good girl!” said Lady Macdonald, patting me on the shoulder. “And Robert Seymour—what of him?”

“O aunt! there I was foolish—guilty in the extreme. Never can I be the wife of Robert Seymour.”

‘Lady Macdonald looked grave.

“Do not be angry with me,” I said, imploringly.

“When acquainted with the nature of my feelings towards him, you bade me hope that change of scene would dissipate my fancies. I came hither, and what has been the result? In midst of scenery lovely as a poet’s dream, have met with one who combines in his person all I ever dare picture to myself in my wildest dreams.”

“Ha! Donald Munro!”

“No, no, aunt!” and I hid my blushing face on her shoulder.

“Why, Rachel! Surely you do not mean me to understand you have fallen in love with Charles Edward?”

“And wherefore not?”

“Because he is the son of your King!”

“O aunt! his rank entered not into my thoughts. I felt but the hero and the man. Could you for one moment imagine that I, so full of enthusiasm, could come in contact with the Prince, and not recognise in him the long worshipped in secret? It is only in the histories vanished ages that we read of such dauntless bravery and chivalrous ideas as he possesses. While gazing on his speaking countenance, and reflecting on the perils besetting his path, no wonder I experienced sensations hitherto unknown.”

“Rachel! And I have led you into this temptation.”

“Dear aunt, do not upbraid yourself for bringing me hither, or mistake the nature of my sentiments in regard to the Prince. Should he succeed in regaining the crown, I will revere him as my sovereign; if otherwise, womanlike, I shall cling to the remembrance of one whom fortune refuses to smile. Do you now understand the devotion I bear towards the Prince?”

‘Lady Macdonald clasped me in silence to her heart, and I felt I was understood.

‘You have read in history of Charles Edward’s campaign; therefore, I need only mention that within a month from the day he visited Glenvoiran he was in possession of Edinburgh, and had proclaimed his father King at

(Cross. In a letter to my aunt, Donald Munro described the ceremony thus:—

"Congratulate us on our success! Everywhere the Prince has been received with acclamation; and numbers are daily flocking to his standard. The gloomy old Palace of Holyrood appears quite a different place now that the tarts are back again. Yesterday, the Chevalier was proclaimed King at the market-place. It was a splendid sight. How Miss Sackville would have enjoyed seeing it! The Prince resembled a young Apollo, so splendidly handsome he looked in his Highland dress. The streets were thronged by an enthusiastic multitude, who were warm in their praises of our gallant leader, comparing him to King Robert Bruce, and crying 'Down wi' Geordie!' The surrounding windows were crowded with ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs, and showered bouquets on our heads; while Mrs. Murray of Broughton—a lady remarkable for her beauty; and, as the Prince himself says, not unlike Miss Sackville—stood near the Cross, with a white cockade under her breast and a drawn sword in her hand."

"After spending a few days at Glendunin, my aunt, Mrs. Munro, and myself, went to Edinburgh. We reached the capital on the evening of the day on which Charles Edward returned from Prestonpans, where he had defeated the Government's forces, commanded by Sir John Cope. The city was in an uproar of excitement. Bands of Highlanders, preceded by pipers, paraded up and down the streets with the dignity of conquering heroes; anxious citizens stood in groups, conversing in whispers, and eyeing askance the white mountaineers; while the Stuart banner, surmounted by a white rose, floated gracefully from the Market-cross."

"During the six weeks Prince Charles spent in Edinburgh, a large concourse of chiefs and lowland gentlemen arrived from the north to take part in the insurrection."

"The victory of Prestonpans created an immense sensation throughout the country; so much so, that several influential gentlemen assured the Prince he had only to march upon London to take it. Possessed of an ardent, impetuous temperament, their brave young leader—elated by his late victory and the prospect held out to him of reinforcements being immediately sent over from France—resolved, in an evil hour, to march into England. The evening prior to his departure, he gave a farewell party to those ladies who had shown themselves zealous supporters. O Emily! never did the old walls of Holyrood witness such a scene. Never can they behold such another."

"The life and beauty of Scotland were assembled there. The spacious hall was brilliantly illuminated; and the soft light of the wax tapers seemed to enhance the charms of the Prince's lovely daughters—present out of compliment to their Prince, and to bid farewell to husbands, lovers, and friends, who were to accompany him on his expedition. Charles Edward opened the ball, by dancing a strathspey with the Countess of Wemyss. Never was there such a display. My eyes followed him through the mazes of the dance; him only I saw amid the vast crowd; his was the only voice I sighed to hear; his was the only countenance I loved to watch. My aunt, observing the steadiness of my regards, gave me an admonitory shake of the head."

"He is my sovereign," I whispered, reassuringly. She pressed my hand.

"In the course of the evening, the Prince did me the honour to request my hand for a minuet. As I stood by, listening enraptured to his exquisite voice, whose tones lingered in my ear long after the words were spoken,

my eyes encountering his as he turned to address me during the pauses in the dance—my heart throbbed wildly, under the consciousness of too exquisite happiness. And yet to me an air of sadness overshadowed the brilliant scene—too brilliant for earth; and I vainly endeavoured to conceal my emotion when I reflected that many a noble form which then shone in the dance would be cold and stiff ere many weeks had passed away. Happily for us, an all-wise Providence has shrouded the future from our gaze. Horror-stricken would have been that gay assembly! How suddenly sweet strains of music would have given place to the stillness of death, and the cheeks of the dancers waxed pale, had the curtain of futurity been rent in twain by some invisible hand, and the dark field of Culloden displayed to their affrighted gaze! But it was not so. No hooded friar appeared to warn the Prince against proceeding to the hostile shores of England. No voice was heard, proclaiming the names of those destined to perish on that hapless field. Delicious music floated on the perfumed air; lovers, beneath the festive lights, breathed vows of constancy; and all seemed forgotten save past success and present enjoyment. The glowing hours flew swiftly past. Soon the first red streaks of dawn gave warning it was time to depart. Donald Munro, who had been sedulously attentive since our arrival in Edinburgh, stole gently to my side as we rose to leave the hall. His face was pale; his manner hurried and nervous.

"Dear Rachel," he whispered, "to-morrow we leave for England, and God alone knows what may be my fate! Should I live to return, dare I hope —"

"O Donald!" I said, "do not distress me by talking thus. You will return to Glendunin; and live, I trust, long and happily with a fair and amiable bride —"

"Rachel!"

"Donald! I am betrothed to another. Forgive me if I have deceived you into the belief that I encouraged your addresses."

"His lips quivered, 'Then, welcome Death!'"

"Say not so," I exclaimed, taking his passive hand in mine. "A strong and enduring tie unites us—namely, the love we bear our Prince. Let us forget our private griefs and crosses when we remember his fate. His life even hangs trembling in the balance. And oh, if you would wish Rachel Sackville to regard you with sisterly affection—the best, the purest of all love—watch over the safety of Scotland's heir! Fight for him; and, if need be, die for him! God grant that may not be necessary. Nightly will I entreat the great Father of all to preserve you in the midst of danger."

"Donald's sole reply was a fervent pressure of the hand. His heart being too full for utterance, he turned sorrowfully away as the Prince approached to bid us adieu."

"What! leaving us so soon?"

"His cheeks were flushed; his eyes radiant with triumph. Taking Lady Macdonald affectionately by the hand, he again thanked her for the fine body of men who had joined his party by her command; and hoped, when in possession of London, he would be honoured by our presence at St. James's."

"My aunt shook her head sorrowfully. 'I am now verging on eighty years,' she said. 'My time on earth, therefore, must necessarily be short; but blessed be God who has permitted me to see the son of my King in possession of the ancient capital of Scotland! I can now depart in peace, since I have lived to bless him who, I trust, will be the future sovereign of Britain.'"

"The Prince was deeply affected, and bowed his head

reverently; while my aunt, laying on him her trembling hand, committed him to the protection of God.

"I became icy cold, as, taking my hand in his, he thanked me with his winning smile for having graced the ball with my presence. A presentiment of coming evil took possession of my breast; and the few words I strove to utter died away in broken murmurs. We parted "to meet again," he smilingly assured me. And what a meeting!

CHAPTER X.

"Immediately after the departure of the Highland army, we returned to Glenvoirnan, where we received weekly accounts of the Prince's proceedings. At first, Donald's letters were cheering in the extreme. He described their march southward as being that of conquerors; and gave us glowing descriptions of their enthusiastic reception in various places. Gradually, however, a desponding tone became apparent. He hinted there were traitors in the camp; and censured severely the conduct of several of the Prince's advisers, which caused dissension and mistrust where only peace and harmony should prevail. My aunt became fearfully excited on reading those gloomy accounts. Frequently I surprised her in tears—occasioned, she informed me, by sad misgivings respecting the ultimate success of the expedition. Mrs. Munro likewise participated in her fears.

"Several weeks passed away without our receiving any further intelligence from Donald. In an agony of suspense, Lady Macdonald despatched a man to Edinburgh, to ascertain if anything was known of the Prince's movements. The messenger returned, bringing disastrous tidings. Rumours were everywhere afloat that the Highlanders were retreating towards Scotland. A letter from Donald Munro confirmed the sad news. "All is lost," he said, at the commencement of his despatch. "A council of war was held at Derby to debate whether we ought to march upon London. Charles insisted, with tears in his eyes, that they should do so. 'My cause is just; therefore it must prevail!' he said; but Lord George Murray, in company with the other chiefs, declared in favour of a retreat. In vain the Prince protested against their decision. Vainly I joined my voice to his; they were inexorable. Farewell to all hopes of recovering the crown! For my part, I now consider our cause as hopeless."

"Each fresh account served but to increase our fears; and hourly we prayed for the safe return of the Prince and those brave men who shared his danger. Lady Macdonald became almost broken-hearted at this sad change in the aspect of affairs. Her energy seemed suddenly to desert her. She no longer loved to dwell on her reminiscences of the past, but sat, silent and dejected, in her wonted seat; while the heavy sighs which burst from her bosom told of bitter thoughts within.

"Once her nephew, Sir Alexander Macdonald, came to see her. What a reception she gave him! On his approach, she quitted her chair; and, drawing herself up to her full height, while her eyes blazed with preternatural lustre, she poured forth a torrent of indignant reproaches which amazed and appalled the calculating chief. He endeavoured to exculpate his conduct; but in vain. She motioned him back with her hand, and bade him begone.

"Go!" she said. "Pollute not the halls of Glenvoirnan with your presence! Never, with my consent, shall this floor be sullied by the foot of a traitor—never shall it be owned by one! You shall no longer remain in my presence!" she exclaimed, in towering anger, seeing he

was about to seat himself. "My husband would frown on me from the walls were I to suffer you to break bread at my table. Go, degenerate chief! and think not to possess Glenvoirnan. Hitherto it has been the abode of loyalty and I shall take good care that, after my death, its rent does not pass into the coffers of the cold-blooded, cautious Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat! Begone!" She pointed towards the door. Her nephew withdrew, crestfallen and indignant.

"Soon the whole of Scotland was thrown into confusion by the intelligence that General Hawley, at the head of a large army, had arrived in Edinburgh to suppress the rebellion. The Prince, who was then in Glasgow, determined to march upon Stirling, to gain possession of the castle. A letter at this time received from Donald put my aunt into the highest possible spirits. He said—"I will not be cast down, dear lady; the Prince is sanguine as ever. He has not abandoned intentions of marching upon London; but will again proceed south whenever his army sufficiently recruited to admit of his doing so with a prospect of success. A right gallant leader is our young Prince; and well beloved by his Highlanders. They will willingly submit to any privation for his sake. With the last few weeks his army has increased wonderfully. It is now nine thousand strong. We expect soon to engage with General Hawley, who is marching hitherward at the head of nine thousand men. Do not be nervous regarding the result, as we are determined to show the English what Scottish claymores can do. The town of Stirling has this morning surrendered, and are now preparing to besiege the castle. We have this moment learned that General Hawley has reached Falkirk. The Prince intends giving him battle."

"The decisive victory gained at Falkirk caused the hopes of the Jacobites to bloom afresh; but soon the news reached Scotland that the Government, highly dissatisfied with General Hawley's conduct, had despatched the Duke of Cumberland to supersede him in the command of the troops. This report was verified by the Duke's arrival in Edinburgh on the 30th of January. Prince Charles, being made acquainted with the Duke's expected arrival in the capital, informed Lord George Murray that intended attacking the royal army whenever it reached Falkirk; but Lord George, with many of the chiefs, protested such a measure, and strongly advised a retreat into the north. The Prince, as Donald Munro wrote me, was frantic with grief and anger, and vainly endeavoured to dissuade them from their resolution. They remained firm in their determination to withdraw their army—maintaining that so many had returned to their homes after the battle of Falkirk, while numbers were so few and disabled from fighting, that it would be worse than madness to meet the enemy with their thinned ranks. Accordingly, Charles Edward, sorely against his inclination, commenced a retreat north. At Crieff, where he halted for some little time, he reviewed his troops; and found that, contrary to Lord George Murray's statement, instead of having lost the third part of his army, not more than a thousand men were missing. He was deeply affected on making this discovery; and believed that his chiefs had voluntarily deceived him, in order that they might sooner return to their homes. Notwithstanding this, the leaders still persisted in their determination not to counter the Duke. Their march northward was resumed amid loud murmurs and altercations among the dissatisfied portion of the Highlanders, who were eager to wage war for the sake of plunder.

'Meantime, the Duke of Cumberland, eager to fulfil the mission on which he had been sent, set out in pursuit of the Highland army. After a few weeks spent at Aberdeen, he arrived at Nairn. But why linger on facts already known to you? The Prince left Inverness with his troops, and encountered the foe on Culloden Moor.

'Let me hasten to the sequel. Glenvoirnen being situated in Inverness-shire, Donald Munro was enabled to send us daily despatches from the camp. His letter, dated the 15th of April, ran thus:—"We are on the eve of battle. To-morrow sees us conquerors, or—I tremble to think on the consequences that must ensue should fortune prove adverse. But let us not indulge in gloomy forebodings. The Prince is calm, even cheerful, in manner; and endeavours to rouse the somewhat drooping spirits of his soldiers. I do my best to aid him. God grant all may be well with us, and the white rose rise unwithered from the fight! Should I survive the encounter, you shall hear from my lips, in the course of the evening, a full description of the battle; but if doomed to fall, then let Miss Sackville feel assured I died, as she would wish me to die, defending my King."

'While the deep thunder of cannon and volleys of musketry resounded along Culloden's dreary waste, in the dining-room of Glenvoirnen we awaited, with beating hearts, the issue of the fight. Frequently my aunt, fancying she heard the distant sound of horses' feet, would hasten to the window to descry the first approach of the expected messenger. Surrounding pine trees waved to and fro in the breeze; birds sang sweetly from amidst their branches; Loch-lich's tiny waves broke murmuring on the beach; but other sounds there were none. With a sigh of disappointment she would resume her seat; and, leaning her head on her hand, abandon herself to despair.

'The shadows of evening were falling on the distant hills, when the sound of footsteps on the terrace arrested my attention. I listened eagerly. They were ascending the stair. I looked towards my aunt. Worn out by incessant watching and mental anxiety, she had fallen into a gentle slumber. I crossed the room, and touched her arm. "Dear aunt," I cried, "Donald has come!"

'She heard me—started to her feet as the door flew open; and not Donald, but the Prince staggered into the room!

'How changed was that lovely countenance! Gone was the light of hope from those frenzied eyes! Vanished serenity from that noble forehead—all was madness, sorrow, and despair! It needed not words to reveal the catastrophe which had befallen him—his looks sufficed to tell the dismal tale. Death and defeat were behind him; ruin and captivity frowned in the future. He threw himself into the nearest chair, and covered his face with his hands. It was no longer a triumphant Prince whom I beheld; but a haggard, unfortunate man seeking safety—in need of consolation.

'With faltering steps and tear-stained eyes Lady Macdonald knelt by his side, and kissed his hand, with as much reverent devotion as though he had been surrounded by the paraphernalia of royalty; while she said, in broken accents, "Oh, your Royal Highness! sorrow not thus. Remember the kingly Bruce! Seven times was he defeated in victory crowned him with success. Although conquered this once, you may chance to be victorious at your next encounter with the Duke."

'"Never!—never!" he sobbed forth. "All is lost now! My faithful Highlanders are dead, or scattered to the four winds of heaven; and I, no longer your Prince, am a heart-broken man—a fugitive on the face of the earth!"

'With pale cheeks and dishevelled hair I threw myself at his feet, and besought him to be comforted. "Do not abandon hopes of recovering the crown," I exclaimed, with vehemence. "Let not the Duke exult in the belief that he has rendered you for ever incapable of continuing the struggle for the recovery of your rights. The Almighty, who brought you in safety to the house of a loyal subject, can, with one word of His mouth, scatter your enemies like the leaves of the forest. There are many brave men left to rally round your standard. Arouse yourself, therefore, from this despondency. Be a Prince once more, and fortune will yet crown your arms with victory!"

"Generous girl!" he cried, seizing my hand, and pressing it to his lips. "My faithful Donald acquainted me with the charge you gave him, to watch over my safety; and nobly he did his duty. He died—killed by a bullet intended for me. With his last breath he blessed me; and whispered, 'Should you see Miss Sackville, tell her I fell as she wished me to perish—while defending my sovereign.'"

'Donald was dead. I bowed my head over my hands, and shed bitter tears at the thought. Lady Macdonald wept aloud.

"What will his poor mother say?" she faltered forth.

'The Prince started to his feet. "I must go," he cried, hurriedly. "Even now the Duke's bloodhounds may be on my track."

"Stay! oh stay!" said my aunt, beseechingly. "Whither would you go?"

"To join the few chiefs who fled with me from the fatal field. They are awaiting my return on the banks of the loch. I would not bring them hither—knowing that I should give way to weakness; and that might cause them to despise me. Farewell! O God! what a difference between our first and last meeting!"

'My aunt sank into his arms, overcame with sorrow. She could not speak, so choked was her utterance. I felt as if the chill of death were upon me. The pulses in my hand throbbed painfully; and my heart seemed breaking beneath the load of agony which crushed it like an iron weight. The Prince observed my agitated countenance. He gave me a look of mingled gratitude and despair; and, detaching a miniature from off his neck, thrust it into my hand; then placing Lady Macdonald gently on the sofa, staggered from the room.

'Again I went forth on the terrace to view Prince Charles' departure from Glenvoirnen. How different the scene! With a heart overflowing with anguish, I recalled the brilliant procession which, eight months before, had swept proudly along the banks of the lake. Then, a noble young hero was marching onwards to victory; and now, a wretched, despairing man was seeking safety in flight. I opened the miniature. It contained the likenesses of the Prince and his brother. The following inscription, in beautiful Roman characters, was engraved within:—"Given me by my dearest brother Henry, on the eve of our departure from Rome." With a cry of agony I pressed it again and again to my lips. He was no longer my sovereign; I could, therefore, love him without fear. Misfortune had rendered us equal. He needed sympathy and assistance; and I might yet be able to befriend him. In the hour of adversity, woman's love shines brightest. There is no alloy in her affection. When frowned on and neglected by an unfeeling world, unfortunate man turns for consolation to her whose gentle bosom throbs with pitying love. Oh, what a priceless treasure was that miniature! Night and morning I be-

dewed it with tears, while praying for the safety of him who was dearer to me than life.

'During the space of twelve days, my aunt remained shut up in her chamber, to which no one was admitted save Macgregor. When she again made her appearance in the dining-room, I was dreadfully shocked and alarmed at the alteration which had taken place in her since that too-exciting interview. Her eyes were sunk, quenched their wonted fire; while the step, once so firm and stately, was feeble and tottering as that of an infant. I withdrew to the window, in order to conceal my emotion. It was too apparent. My aunt was sinking fast. Her existence was bound up in the Stuarts. Their hopes had been blighted, and she would not long survive. Only once I saw her inspired with a portion of her ancient enthusiasm, and that was when visited by Robert Munro, poor Donald's younger brother, who came to apprise us of the Prince's safe arrival in Skye. It was a most affecting meeting. We shed floods of tears as he described his brother's death and Charles Edward's noble conduct throughout the battle. But when he related the heroic manner in which the Prince bore up under the hardships and dangers he was hourly exposed to in the course of his wanderings, a flush mantled on my aunt's cheek, a tear glistened in her eye; and she sorrowfully exclaimed, "Oh, my beloved Prince!"

"And he intends leaving Scotland?" I said, in a choking voice.

"Yes," replied Robert Munro. "He is waiting the arrival of a vessel to bear him to France. I go to rejoin him; nor shall I leave him until he is beyond the reach of his enemies."

'Lady Macdonald wrung his hand. "Tell him you have seen us," she said; "and that he has no hearts more loving and true than those which hourly grieve over his misfortunes in the solitude of Glenvoirnen. And bear him this from me." From the drawer of a cabinet she abstracted an antique gold cross, studded with precious stones, which she reverently kissed, and placed in the hands of Robert Munro. "It belonged," she said, "to his ancestress, the hapless Mary. It was her solace when confined in Lochleven Castle. May it be to our Prince a source of true comfort; and in all his heavy trials may it direct his thoughts to that great Fellow-Sufferer now enthroned on high!"

'Robert Munro bade us adieu; promising he would return to acquaint us with the Prince's safety.

'Summer passed away; brown autumn tinged the trees with its golden hues; and Charles Edward was still a wanderer amid the wilds of Skye. The enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds was placed upon his head; and yet—to the everlasting honour of the Highlanders be it told—none could be found base enough to betray him. His sorrows and patient endurance excited much sympathy, and moved the gentle heart of a woman to befriend him in his loneliness. Noble Flora Macdonald! thy name is imperishable. Never shall thy memory be consigned to oblivion while history is extant, and poets exist to sing thy praises! A lofty mission was thine; and nobly didst thou accomplish the task God assigned thee! Deep it grieved me to think I was not with that incomparable woman, to share her danger and watch over the safety of the unfortunate Prince.

'At this period of my visit, I received a letter from home, desiring my return. On account of my aunt's rapidly-failing health, I hesitated to comply with my parents' request. When informed of the summons I had received, Lady Macdonald burst into tears, and implored me not

to leave her. "I will not trouble you long," she said. "My strength is fast failing me. Death beckons me away to join my beloved husband. Rachel, say you will not go?"

'I wept while promising not to leave her—knowing that her days upon earth were numbered.

'It was the twentieth of September. Throughout the day my aunt appeared more than usually feverish and disturbed. The medical man who was in attendance gave it as his opinion that she was sinking fast.

"Can you give her nothing to support her strength?" I said, through my tears.

'The doctor shook his head. "When once the decree has gone forth, science must withdraw from the field," he replied. "Lady Macdonald has lived to a good old age, and the sands of her life are well nigh exhausted."

'As night threw its sable shades over the landscape, my aunt desired her chair to be wheeled to the window, that she might see the moon rise over the distant hills. Stationed by her side, I gazed forth in sorrowful silence. Soon the fair queen of night rose, calm and serene—her soft light quivering on the smooth surface of the lake. "Rachel," said my aunt—her voice loud and clear as when first I heard it—"does not this night remind you of the one on which Prince Charles landed in the Highlands?"

'I could not reply. My tears were falling fast. I stooped and kissed her forehead. She was about to speak once more, when a step was heard on the terrace. Grasping me by the arm, she said, "There is some one below." Fearing I knew not what, I pressed her hand, and listened in breathless suspense.

'The footsteps ceased, and soon the following words, sung to a plaintive air, struck upon our startled senses:—

"September's moon is shining bright,
And Nature's deck'd in robes as fair;
But ah! I turn me frae the sight
O' charms that make my heart fu' sair.
The breeze which blows frae Hieland hills
Brings but the sad tear to my e'e;
For oh! the vessel's sails it fills,
And speeds Prince Charlie o'er the sea!"

We parted sadly on the shore,
O'ercome wi' grief that wadna hide;
'Farewell, I'll never see you more!
He said, and gain'd the vessel's side.

Though far frae Scotia's shore, yet still
I'll gaze across the stormy main;
And think on him that's far awa',
Though he should ne'er return again."

'The singer ceased. "O aunt! he is gone!" There was no reply. "Aunt, dear aunt!" Still no answer. Robert Munro entered. I beckoned him forward. Overcome with a nameless horror, I gazed into her face. No warm breath fanned my cheek. Her forehead was icy cold, and her hand fell lifeless from my touch. I looked imploringly on Robert. He placed his fingers on her pulse, and shook his head. It was as I feared; her spirit had passed away. The sad news of Prince Charles' departure broke her heart—that heart so full of love towards the exiled Stuarts.

'I shall not linger over the mournful events of the last few days I spent at Glenvoirnen. Sir Alexander Macdonald arrived shortly after receiving news of his aunt's death. In his presence her will was opened. It was found she had bequeathed Glenvoirnen to me, provided I resided in Scotland, and assumed the name and arms of

M MacDonald; failing these conditions, it was to revert to Robert Munro.

'These were conditions I could not fulfil. Scotland no longer possessed any charms for me. My dear old relative was gone, and Prince Charles had quitted its shores, never to return. Signifying my inability to comply with my aunt's wishes, Mr. Munro immediately entered upon possession. This done, I returned to Fenton Abbey.

'How different were my feelings when driving up the stately avenue to those with which I set out on my journey to Scotland! Two short years had wrought great changes in me. I quitted England a dreaming, enthusiastic girl; and returned a chastened, sorrowful woman. My ardent longings had been gratified. In the Highlands I had witnessed scenes bright and glowing as those narrated in the pages of history; and their remembrance was sufficient to haunt my imagination through life, and tinge my character with gentle sadness. On my entrance, I found the whole family plunged in the deepest affliction—my only brother having that morning been killed by a fall from his horse. All my love and sympathy were requisite to comfort the hearts of my sorrowing parents. I was now the heiress of Fenton Abbey. hateful title! Worlds would I have given to avoid filling the important position thus assigned me; but escape being impossible, I was obliged to fulfil the duties of my station. My mother noticed the careless air with which I received the homage of the heartless crowd, and chid me for my too apparent indifference to the doings of the gay world. But she knew not the spell that rendered me callous to all save the past.

'Robert Seymour was now on his way homewards—flying on the wings of love, he wrote, to receive his promised bride. No longer the timid, shrinking girl, but the determined woman, I resolved at once to make him acquainted with all that had occurred since his departure. Acting upon this resolution, I wrote him a long and painful letter, informing him of my unalterable determination never to marry; and throwing myself on his generosity to forgive the past. I then despatched the missive to London to await his arrival. In a few days I received his answer. Poor Robert! "I forgive you, and may God forgive you!" was all he could bring himself to say. Immediately on receipt of my letter he set sail again for Italy, where he remained for many years. I informed my parents of what I had done—concealing, however, my resolution never to marry. They were grieved at first; but finding I was resolute, they ceased importuning me—hoping, perchance, I might form a more brilliant alliance. Alas! ambition had now no place in my heart. In compliance with their wishes, I mingled in society; and was everywhere greeted with respectful homage, admiration, and, not unfrequently, love. But I was coldly indifferent. Often were my ears assailed by abuse of the young Pretender, as many of the English styled Prince Charles Edward. His conduct was reprobated; his pretensions ridiculed. On these occasions, my heightened colour and flashing eyes betrayed my agitation. When any of these empty-headed courtiers condescended to honour me with their notice, I treated them with a haughty coldness for which they were unprepared. Years passed away; and it being soon discovered I had refused several eligible parties, and did not seem desirous to encourage new suitors, I was abandoned in despair by those who formerly entertained hopes of winning my hand and fortune.

'Vain were my parents' arguments.' I would never marry.'

'And now,' said aunt Rachel, withdrawing from her

bosom a small miniature encased in gold, 'I must show you the likeness of one whose image has never been effaced from my heart. This is the portrait of Charles Edward, which he gave me on leaving Glenvoirnes.'

'How nobly handsome!' I said.

'And it is thus that I see him,' said aunt Rachel. 'Remembrance of the haggard, despairing man has faded away like a morning dream; while the image of a generous, high-souled youth stands forth, bright and beautiful, from amid the shadows of the past.'

CHILD'S RHYMES.

HOW THE LITTLE GIRLS WERE ANSWERED.

Go, get on your hats! and we're off for a walk.
To gather wild flowers, and to hear the birds talk;
And though what they tell us is not very plain,
We shall ask them some questions, and guess what they mean.

And first, Mr. Robin, pray what do you spy
When flying about in the air up so high?
'I see all the berries on bushes and trees,
And take for my dinner as much as I please;
Then pay with a song what I take without right,
And pick up the grubs that the harvest would blight.'

Come hither and tell us, you dear little Bee!
When here and there humming, what seek you or see?
'I seek for the honey in blossoms that lies,
And to nourish my children I seize on the prize;
And I gather the wax to make candles for you.
Now, pray, don't you think I have plenty to do?'

And you, Mr. Lark, when you soar out of sight—
Say, what do you find in your high airy flight?
'I mount so aloft, when I'm up on the wing,
That I think the sweet angels might list while I sing.

Now, you can't see at all, you poor, blinking Owl!
And we think you're a very disconsolate fowl.
'Oh, no! I'm quite happy. I see in the night,
Ay, almost as well as you do in daylight;
Then I grab rats and mice. Don't you think I am right?'

And now, from the birds to the fishes we go.
What is seen in the air we can easily know;
But whom shall we ask of the waters below?
Come up, Mr. Pike, and we'll thank you to tell
All the wonders you find in your crystalline wall!
'I find plenty of worms, and I gobble them up;
Then the water is pure that you drink from your cup.'

The quaint little Tadpole, oh, next let us hail!
Come out here! and tell what becomes of your tail.
'Oh, dear little girls! let me stay in my bog;
I cannot leap out till I turn to a frog.'

And now let us hear, if we can, what is found
By those sly little fellows who live underground.
And first, nimble Rabbit! who tunnels so deep,
Far into your burrow we gladly would peep.
'Oh! I feel very timid, for those I love best
Are carefully hid in my snug little nest.'

And you, little Worm! when you poke in and out,
We should like very much to know what you're about?
'I make tiny channels, that keep the land dry,
And drain off the water that falls from the sky.'

Thus, to each of His creatures, has God given the power
To provide for his wants and be happy his hour;
But to us, my dear children, alone He has given
To know, while on earth, what may fit us for heav'n!

THE TWINS.

AN APOLOGUE.

IN a beautiful palace in the village of Fountains, which stands on the sloping edge of a narrow, brawling stream, there were born, many years ago, twin princes, to whom their royal parents gave the singular names of Liberty and Necessity. In popular estimation, the infants were regarded as a freak of Nature, from the curious fact that, while each in himself was physically well proportioned, they were bound to each other, for life and death, by ligatures at the shoulder and at the ankle; so that, wherever you beheld the one, the other was certain to be at his side. Some called them the fatal twins, because the life of each was essential to the other; for, had the ties by which they were irrevocably and eternally united been severed, their lives would have become a burden to themselves and a nuisance to the world. Numbers of wise and learned men wrote of them in their great books, as the genii which preside at the birth of all human action. As to the truth of this statement, I could never conscientiously aver; but perhaps a few biographical facts regarding the twins may help to clear up the mystery. Be it known, then, that the parents of these singular children were Law and Will—both of them exceedingly strong-minded people; the father exhibiting the nicest precision and regularity in the performance of his daily duties; and the mother, true to the quality of her sex, showing an inherent proneness to think and act as became her feminine sovereignty. She was a great projector—erratic and impulsive; and, like others of that character, she often made fun of the rotatory monotony of her husband's mode of life. She was wont, playfully, to call him her Fixed Star, or Star with only One Motion, coldly revolving on his axis, eternally in the one speck of space. In reply to which, he dubbed her his Wilful and Lawless Comet, coursing creation in her wide wanderings; but apparently to little purpose, especially as she appeared glad to return to his sphere, in spite of its coldness and alleged want of variety. To speak truth, this ancient couple, like other people, had in their time many a domestic tiff, and not a few rather serious disagreements. They grew tolerant betimes, however, of each other's peculiarities; and lived a life of average happiness. One excellent feature in their character was the remarkable affection with which they cherished their famous twins, which was greatly deepened by the striking resemblance the latter bore to their parents. Nothing was omitted in the education of the inseparable boys which could qualify them for the rough ways of the world. As they grew up, they excited a great deal of attention among the curious and the learned. With one class of wise men—the Metaphysicians—they were, especially, mighty favourites. Indeed, to such a height did the admiration of these illuminati rise, that they split into distinct camps on the subject—the one section proclaiming the sovereignty of Liberty, and the other as determinedly upholding the imperial claims of Necessity. I question very much whether, upon

any other subject, there were ever such mountain-loads of ribbed logic and learning expended. Of course, there was also a goodly quantity of nonsense talked in the discussion. The very Philosophers got sometimes into a condition of intellectual insanity, and fired immense showers of red-hot shot into their opposing strongholds. Such foolish conduct on the part of wise men is greatly to be lamented. Being evil, it seldom comes to good; and never does come to good in cases in which, as in the present one, the dispute is founded on a basis of misapprehension. The controversy became fiercer as Liberty and Necessity grew older; and by the time they had reached their legal majority, the kingdom to which they were the rightful heirs was shaken to its foundation by the fury of the angry eloquence. Such shameful partisan warfare, among those who ought to have been the wise teachers of the youthful princes, was well nigh bearing its legitimate fruits in the complete dissolution of society. A slight reference to this conjuncture will exhibit the utter folly of the controversy, and how narrow a spirit it was which led to the false conception of the character of the royal twins. Princes, it will be readily admitted—however much favoured in other respects—have little advantage with regard to their intellectual endowments over the generality of their subjects. They love, hate, and act pretty much in the same manner. They are impelled by similar motives in their desires and aspirations; similar vices debase them; virtues of a like character exalt them; and they are borne onward upon the great stream of life by passions of the same fiery complexion. It may be imagined, therefore, what effect the controversies of the Philosophers had upon the inexperienced princes Liberty and Necessity. Under the foolish rhetoric and strong-sinewed logic of their respective partisans, each of the twins was puffed up with the vanity of imagining that he only was the legitimate successor to the whole empire. They began to regard each other with absolute aversion, and to thwart each other's natural and indispensable motions—a course of action which would ultimately have been destructive of their corporate happiness. Liberty flung up his head till his eye rested on the zenith, and refused contemptuously to listen to the cooler and generally wiser counsels of his thoughtful brother. Many a cruel wrench did the wilful scamp give to the fleshly chains which bound him to his royal relative and everlasting companion. On many a wild-goose chase did Liberty drag Necessity; usually, in the end, to the intense agony of both. So outrageously foolish and capricious did the wild prince become, that Necessity at length made a most deadly stand, and pulled the madman up in a manner which made him stare and gasp as if his throat had been clutched by the hand of a giant. The only effect which this resolute conduct had upon Liberty was to madden him a hundredfold, and make him more determined than ever to concentrate all power in his own revolutionary hand. In order to accomplish this, he began a series of petty annoyances—such as altering the times for eating, and encroaching upon the

hours of rest by a course of midnight dissipation. This was a most unnatural proceeding—such a reversal of the Divine laws, that it not only rendered miserable the nights and days of Necessity, but, as might have been expected, seriously affected even the inexhaustible energy of Liberty, and clearly revealed to him a truth which he ought to have known by instinct—that, even for divinities, there is no impunity for unjust and wrongful deeds. A fit of repentance now seized him, which continued for some time; but as there is little merit in a repentance which comes with the spur of physical suffering, he relapsed into his former evil habits—listening to the treacherous counsels of his flatterers, and resisting the gentle persuasions of his less passionate brother. But this course of conduct could not go on for ever without provoking the most signal interposition of the gods. A singular series of incidents brought the evil to a crisis. It was the custom, before any prince could ascend the throne, to make what was called a voyage of probation down the stream which had its source in the high lands above the village of Fountains. If I remember rightly, this river bore the curious name of Time. From the ice walls, down through the valley, it broadened and deepened until it became capable of floating a larger fleet than was ever yet built by human hands. After many windings, it poured the vast volume of its waters into a great sea, which was believed to be endless, and whose waves at least rolled and moaned in a circle of insoluble mystery. Down this river, towards the ocean, the princes of the blood were compelled to make a long voyage—not alone, but in full command of the leading ship. If they were skillful enough to take proper channels, avoid hidden rocks, and touch at points indicated in the chart, they were deemed sufficiently furnished to attempt the voyage down to the shoreless sea itself. But if they failed to show a requisite amount of skill, their command was withdrawn for awhile, during which they were placed under the management of experienced instructors. Naturally enough, the voyage of the present twin princes caused a deal of interest and excitement, accompanied as they were by a numerous fleet of ships, manned with the gayest, most gallant, and most heroic hearts in the land. As in all similar cases, the royal ship (the Inevitable) led the way—Liberty and Necessity commanding. So long as the vessels moved in the more familiar parts of the river, everything went smoothly and well. Those who followed in the track of the royal commanders began to imagine that the voyage would be a peaceful and prosperous one. These anticipations were premature. As the stream expanded, and the fleet got into less known and more intricate waters, the Princes commenced to issue different sets of orders—each imagining that he only possessed the skill to guide the ship in its safe and proper course. A strong current was visible on the left; and Necessity was of opinion that it would be wise to watch it, and take as much advantage of it as was consistent with the course of their voyage. Liberty regarded this advice as cowardly and exceedingly unseaman-like—accusing his brother of fear, and

of being deficient in that spirit of adventure by which their forefathers had been distinguished. In a voice of thunder, therefore, he issued a series of orders, which considerably altered the course of the vessel. Less than half-an-hour sufficed to test the value of this dashing style of navigation, by driving the Inevitable on a sandbank. Necessity only smiled at this mishap, as if it were the very thing which he had expected; while Liberty exhibited intense chagrin, and spat and fumed, mightily cut at the accident having occurred so immediately after his boasting assumption of command. Of course, the catastrophe could not be complete without another half-dozen ships following the Inevitable into the mud—a despicable proceeding, knowing, as their captains did very well, that they would certainly stick. But if the princes had sailed into a maelstrom, their obsequious followers would have been sure to tumble in after them. Having cleared the bank, Necessity at once took charge of the Inevitable, and brought her into the current which Liberty, in the vanity of his heroism, had so much despised. This latter prince became moody; and, clothing his face with the subtlety of a conspirator, he set himself to watch for an opportunity of taking vengeance on his patient, methodic associate. Nor was this long in presenting itself. The evil heart seems to create its own evil opportunities. Under the command of Necessity, the vessel seemed to feel as if she were in the hands of a master. So smooth and safely did her dark beak cut the lapsing river, that all on board were inspired with double security, and commenced talking in groups or dicing in quiet corners. The very helmsmen, infected by the general air of trustful idleness, dropped on the deck beside the wheel to chop tobacco into quids for future use. This was too tempting a chance for the fiends to forego; and therefore, when not a soul on board (excepting Liberty, and he disdained to give warning) was on the outlook, the Inevitable came suddenly into horrible collision with a coasting brig, cutting her in two halves, and drowning all her crew but one solitary soul. A large hole was knocked in the bows of the Inevitable just on the water-line, so that the pumps had to be set in operation to save her from going to the bottom. This sad accident produced a furious quarrel between the twin princes. They accused each other of cruelty, ignorance, and imbecility; and, in the blindness of their passion, were actually within a hair of shedding blood. So the voyage was clearly a failure. One truth, however, was brought into strong relief by the pitiful incidents of the trial—namely, that, separately, neither Liberty nor Necessity was fit for empire. They were twins in mind as well as in body; so that life and sovereignty were only possible to them in unity of action and in tolerant diversity of thought. The princes ultimately discovered these things—things hard to see through the mists of personal ambition; and still harder to practise amid a crowd of flattering courtiers, passionate partisans, and philosophers puffed up with the veriest chaff of knowledge. It may seem hard for a prince to be told that he cannot act in defiance of the

great laws without being subjected to such punishment as it may please the gods to inflict; yet Liberty came to acknowledge the inherent wisdom of the Divine method, and to be heartily ashamed of his former blind and headlong career. Even Necessity, who was wise beyond his years, penitently confessed that, although the unresting current of Time flows steadily onward without human aid, yet this does not supersede mortal responsibility. It is beyond his art safely to resist the eternal stream; but he has the power to take advantage of its rolling waves, to steer his ship down fair mid-channel, and to avoid collision by watchful and intelligent navigation. Terrible was the process; but the royal twins at length learned the true philosophy of their eternal union. They became reconciled to each other—Liberty submitting to the reasonable rule of Necessity, and Necessity not interfering with a single legitimate action of Liberty. Acting on the Divine but painfully discovered knowledge that each was essential to the other, and that they were overshadowed by Powers greater than themselves, they began their united reign peacefully and without ostentation; and so successful were they in the government of their empire, that it is now the strongest and happiest in the world. F.

HANGERS-ON.

ON LITERARY HANGERS-ON, OR BOHEMIANS.

No literary man can be a godly man.

Why?

Because cleanliness is next to godliness; and dirtiness is next to literary genius.

Prove it.

Easy; although not pleasant. Far be it from me to aspire to the character of a genius on these terms. But as, in my last paper on hangers-on, I threw off my individual identity, and went into my part of a Bar-parlour Hanger-on; so, also, in this paper do I throw off my individuality, and step forth on the stage a Literary Bohemian.

Why am I dirty? Why do I seem to have slept in my clothes for the last six months? Why does my matted, unkempt hair hang quarter of a yard over my back? Why is it carefully brushed from my temples and brow, bringing forth my long ears in very bold and dirty relief? Why am I 'loose in my gaiters, looser in my gait?' Why, when I walk abroad, do I button myself up in a very seedy, tight-fitting dress, like a night-policeman's frock-coat? Why do I carry a wretched-looking blackthorn, something between an Irishman's shillelah and a withered umbrella stick? Why do I walk the streets as if I were Campbell's 'Last Man'? Why are my cheeks pale and haggard; my hands nervous and trembling; my eyes rolling in their sockets? Why do I wildly stare at vacancy or the mud on the pavement, and mutter as I walk? The answer is—Brains, sir! brains! Excess of brains! Great thoughts are struggling for escape, and will escape—nailed, pinned, impaled on the back of this county court summons which I clutch in my hand! When, oh when? When I have reached the first public-house where they will accept one postage and one receipt stamp in payment of a glass of sweet ale.

Mark the early dawnings of that genius which will one day burst upon the world like the first morning of the Millennium! The true genius is always dull at learning, and, consequently, a dunce at school. At school, the first symptoms of his genius appear generally in the shape of

a chronic disinclination to learn, and a hardened obstinacy in coming late and unwashed. At this time, the true genius is not himself aware of the mighty impulse which is within him, and which will soon prompt him to take up the pen and write. With a wonderful degree of fortitude, he endures the floggings of the master and the gibes and jeers of his companions—crawling lazily home when school is over—eating voraciously—and generally preferring a warm seat on the hearth, where he can gaze comfortably into the fire, to joining his companions at play. When he is ignominiously turned out of his snug corner, and told by his indignant parent to go at once and learn his lessons, he slinks sullenly off, takes up a book for a short time, and commences to ruminate on his great wrongs. The fire has a magnetic attraction for him; and, accordingly, he soon finds an opportunity of regaining his seat, where the contemplation of the bright blaze serves as a valuable aid to reflection. The first distinct impression which dawns on his young mind is, that he is the victim of a general conspiracy on the part of his parents and schoolmaster. Even his mother must be classed among his oppressors. He can't see what difference it makes to her whether he washes his face every morning or not—his own opinion being that once a-week, in warm water, is quite sufficient for all sanitary purposes. The grievance which he has to submit to from his father is an occasional flogging, and graphic analogies made by the stern parent between himself (the genius) and his young brother, who is very smart at 'picking up things.'

All this I endured; and behold the great consummation! I am a contributor to the poet's corner of the *Wharfedale Weekly Warbler and Midland Counties Gazette*. I was at one time a clerk—a slave of the pen; working among a soulless, brainless herd of worshippers of pounds, shillings, and pence. What if I am seedy? I could be otherwise if I would; but I won't. I am an object of disgust and aversion to all my friends; but I have the true poetic soul. I have congenial society at the 'Shakespeare's Skull.' I meet there Wackerbath, Baggal, Squales, and other contemporary men of the age, who (like myself) will shortly remove the bushel which in the meantime covers their lights. I occasionally do the theatrical critique for the *Warbler*. You are in the stalls of the T. R. Mark my entrance! It is the middle of the second act, and the most pathetic part of the play. As I lounge leisurely along the lobby which leads to the stalls door, I call up to my features an expression of the most unmitigated contempt and scorn for everything and everybody in general. When I have reached the mirror, I survey my appearance. I season the unmitigated scorn with a slight expression of pity, and ruffle my hair slightly—dashing it back from my temples, and fixing it behind the ears. I now call up a frenzied glare into my eyes, and open the door with as much noise as I can conveniently make. If the audience are too much absorbed in the piece to notice my entrance, I drop my heavy blackthorn, which has generally the effect I desire. The attention of the audience being now directed to me, I favour them, especially the stalls portion, with the look of unmitigated contempt and scorn, unseasoned with the dash of pity. They regard me with amazed looks, and whisper accordingly, 'Who is he—that strange-looking individual?' 'Blatterton F. Dukks, the poet and critic for the *Warbler*,' is whispered. And those who know me by reputation forget the piece, and look at me wonderingly and submissively, as if to say, 'We are aware, to our confusion, that we are soulless clods, crawling between heaven and earth, with no spark of intellect whatever; never-

theless, Blatterton F. Dukke, poet and critic, author of "Lines on a Poet's Skull," turn away those eyes from us, and in mercy think not of our brainless, soulless condition! In mercy I infuse the pitying look, tone down the wildness of my eyes, look searchingly round the whole theatre—galleries, boxes, pit, dress circle—as if I were inclined to think somebody ought to be turned out; and let whoever he or she be look out, for Blatterton F. Dukke is in the stalls!

My general appearance, as I stand loungingly at the stalls entrance, is a sight. Critic is marked in every expression of my appearance. The performers are slightly nervous when they behold my profile. But I am careful; and if they have not had the misery to offend me in any way, I let them know by the expression that I can endure them—which from me is a great deal. Of course I have a favourite either among the ballet or the actresses; and when she appears, I lead the applause which greets her entrance. If she is particularly good in a burlesque dance or song, she is rendered delirious with delight to observe that I smile and relax my stern expression for amusement. If the audience presume to encore any actor who is not my favourite, they are terrified into silence by my scowl and look, which plainly signifies that I will have more of this—just the least bit more—and I will pull the curtain to descend, the lights to be put out, and the proceedings to terminate. Just try it again, my fine fellows! Do. Be careful what you are at. B. F. D. is in the stalls, my good people!

At the urgent request of numerous friends and admirers, I published a volume of poetry—gold-edged, green-covered, within; which was sold by subscription at half-a-crown. I was a loser by this, on account of the low state of intellect in Whackford, and the sluggish stupidity of my publishers, Messrs. Peezo, Meel, & Co., in not pushing the sale. The name of the volume was, 'Amelia Jane, or Female Devotion; and Other Poems.' The *Teignmouth Elder*, in a savage and personal onslaught, went the length of styling the book 'simply indecent.' The editor—a contemptible, crawling scycphant, unworthy of the name of man—could not distinguish poetical license from decency. Look at Shakspeare, Byron, Burns! *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

In private circles I am a lion. But it is a bore; I don't like it. Provincial society has no charms for me. I long to be the centre of a metropolitan circle; and, as I mentioned before, I have only to remove the bushel. But I bide my time. A day will come; and, when it has come, let those contemptible reviewers who have affected to sneer and snarl at myself and my works, beware! I bide my time, and I think I mentioned before. But stay! When I remove the bushel, it may be that the world will conspire to pretend unconsciousness of the brilliancy of my genius; but when I enter the silent land, lo! they will then humbly acknowledge that another star of English literature has been withdrawn from the firmament of letters, and strive to drown their miserable consciences by tearing their hair and howling requiems over the earth which covers my mortal remains. The remark made to me by a contemporary poet, at the 'Shakspeare's Skull,' is, alas! true:—'They starve us when living, and raise monuments to us when we die!'

Ho! here, call-boy! Carry to my dressing-room a basin, warm water, sponge, brush, comb, and ordinary walking apparel, that I may wash, brush, cleanse, and throw off this unbecoming part of a Literary Bohemian.

Kind reader! judge between me and the Blatterton F. Dukke of society. They call me a miserable, soulless aristocrat. Do you not recognise their class?

R. L. G.

A SOLITARY WALK IN PARIS.

THE weather was cold and gloomy when I arrived in Paris; very like what it had been on my first visit, exactly twenty years before. It soon improved, however, and tempted me to take a long walk. I saw with surprise the many changes for the better which have been made in some parts of the city, in spite of the tumults of those twenty years. Life, too, just as of old, was brilliant on the Boulevards, the Champs Elysées, and in the Quartier St. Honore. Splendid equipages and splendid toilettes were to be seen everywhere; and, to judge from appearances there, one would have said that no dancers have the grace and gaiety of slaves in chains. Ah! but where was *la jeune France* with which I talked of old—about 1830? Where was it? Being literary in its quality, it was not there where equipages and fine toilettes were exhibited. It does not show itself to dance. Perhaps we may yet know where it hides, when the iron heel is taken off its head and the gag out of its mouth. Until now, it has been silent and still as a stone.

And, asking myself this question about *la jeune France*, I began to ask myself other questions as I pursued my way. Where were those not young enough to dance? Where was that decorous Chamber of Peers into which I had been admitted, and which had proved so sorry a dyke against the popular flood? Where were its members? Where? Then I had to ask myself—What will the next uprising of that flood do? Almost was I disposed to answer, 'I do not care,' so entirely did I at first feel as if I had lost all hope of and for the French people. But I did not allow myself to utter the 'do not care;' though I could not help comparing my present feelings with my former ones, and saying—Light-minded nation! Ye have wronged me, personally, by robbing me of faith in the future—robbing me of the candid, loving heart which sympathised with the oppressed, and beat so truly with the hearts of all strugglers against oppression! When you told formerly, with honest pride, of what you had done in the cause of Freedom—how you had listened to the voice of Prudence, and stopped short of what *was* to be done, of what should *yet* be done—I heard and believed. Now, how shall I believe? How find again the generous warmth with which I entered into your feelings? How strange the coldness with which I regard those feelings to-day!

Then followed another questioning thought, and this one brought back some of the generous warmth which I had believed extinct—If I feel thus, what must many children of the soil, many of the French, feel, wounded in their patriotism as well as in their love of freedom? Madame C—, whom I knew twenty years ago, still lives. How hard must it be for her old Republican heart to keep still! And young R—, who told me his creed was 'hatred of kings,' how has he kept that ardent tongue of his silent? Perhaps, ere this, it is silent at Cayenne.

Pondering thus, my steps had brought me under the shade of the chestnut trees in the gardens of the Tuileries. From their verdurous light I passed into the open sunshine of the Place de la Concorde, and I recalled the emotions it had formerly excited in me. Then, I thought only of its having been the Place de la Guillotine, and I had to swallow down my tears. Now, no tears came to my eyes; and I fixed them on the obelisk of Luxor, looking at it almost with awe. That silent thing was eloquent with undecipherable histories before Egypt had fallen or Rome had arisen. Rome arose—conquered the world—

fell; and the silent thing remained, telling the old tale. Thebes crumbled away around it; men ceased to break their hearts with the low but strong passions of the citizen under its shadow; and a silence brooded there suited to it.

But now it stands where the guillotine once stood; and again under its shadow throbs the heart of the citizen—the tumultuous heart of the most civilised man of these days—the man of Paris; and it beats with all the passions of the man of Thebes. The ambitious soldier and the ambitious priest; the wary politician and the wary dealer in money; the daring aspirant after freedom and the daring aspirant after truth—all have already, since its erection here, contended to the death near it; as, thousands of years ago, such spirits must have contended amidst the worn-out civilization of Egypt.

I glanced but in passing at the other decorations of the great square—the fine fountains, the colossal statues representing the commercial cities of France, and the rostral columns; and paused again, only before another monument, which had the impressive charm of now speaking silently! I mean the former Chamber of Deputies; in which I had also been permitted to hear good words—very good words—as in the Chamber of Peers.

But I went on; and my thoughts took another direction. I said—In my early days when I was in Paris, after I had been out, I was always disposed on my return home to bring forward some of my thoughts on what I had seen. But now it is not as then. There is no lively, intelligent Madame C—in our company to listen to my fancies and respond to them. The ladies at our dinner-table would stare at me as one insane. The bearded men would shrug their shoulders; the pale Italian count, always mute beside me, would shrink still more into himself; the Russian noble opposite would say that the closing of the mouths of French deputies and peers was a matter of no moment to Europe, but that which might be so was that there was not a good understanding between Russia and France; and then that priest who visits the marquise, what a scowl I should have from him!

And here, my reflections taking another turn, I began to be aware of a feeling in me which had grown stronger than I suspected—a feeling of hostility to the religion of the Roman Catholic. At first I was angry with myself. I said—'Is all my candour to be taken from me? Am I to be robbed of those sentiments which I cherished as my safeguard against bigotry?' It was in vain. My indignation got the better of me, and I had to allow myself to be illiberal; as every now and then priests in twos and threes passed by me, eager and bustling, boldly swinging about in their long black garments; and, when their dark skirts wafted by me, I felt as if the noonday sun was being obscured by bats and owls—creatures of night—as if gross ignorance was about to descend on the world and wrap it in its folds.

No, I thought, I have seen no one since I have been here—I have heard of no one—like the dear old Curé at Madame M—'s. He had gone through all the terrors of the times from '89 to '99, and had come out of them pure gold. His gentleness and simplicity made one forget that errors of the understanding can be united with true Christian virtue—one could hardly help thinking that the intellect must be right where the heart was so right. But now, instead of him, I see in our house Madame P—'s confessor—a tall, hulking, dark-countenanced fellow, with no words of lively kindness for the stranger.

And then—thus I went on in my thoughts—the newspapers Monsieur P— gives me, what absurdities they con-

tain! Yesterday, the *touching trait* which filled a column was, after a most eloquent exordium, to this effect:—A captain conducting his regiment through a country town met a priest carrying the Host. Drawing his sword, he made it—the Host—a military salute. His pious example was followed by the soldiers; and the leader expressed his regret that his duties prevented him from staying to take a part in the religious procession.

But to-day's touching trait surpassed yesterday's, and the eloquence was greater:—In a garrison town, the zealous soldiery were employed in making, for a religious festival, an altar of *truly Christian materials*, in the great square. The base was of cannon; the side supports guns; the ornaments around and above, swords; the crucifix, bayonets! And at this altar mass was performed with the greatest pomp—the soldiers attending with holy fervour. Shade of Voltaire! I exclaimed, return! return! But no! Shade of Pascal! return to shame thy nation into truth and freedom!

Away, now, with thoughts of priests, soldiers, and newspapers! My walk has brought me into the Bois de Boulogne. It is gay with equipages, and riders, and promenaders—let me enjoy it. I will banish these foolish thoughts of mine. So, walking slowly along, and admiring all things, I observed that some carriages had come to a stand still, and that the heads of riders and walkers were all turned in one direction. 'It is *that* Emperor,' said I to myself; and I felt a sickening sensation. I had never seen him before. My heart beat thick and fast, oppressed and quickened at the same time. Such a feeling a woman might experience when, after many years, she meets the man who had betrayed her in her youth. But this man had not betrayed any hopes of mine. Even when I read of his solemn oath to maintain the liberties of France, I founded no hopes on him. Then, why sicken at the sight of him? Not because he had betrayed me, but because he had betrayed so many noble hearts in France and Italy—uprooting the trust of the good, outwitting the powers of the great—did I thus feel at his approach.

In a low, open carriage, slowly passed the *Imperial Jockey*—his wife by his side, handsome but *triste* in her fashionable bonnet. They passed, and not a cheer of any kind from any lip greeted them. So far I was contented.

It was but a sullen kind of contentment mine, however. At that moment it brought me no pleasure in the gay scene around, and I hurriedly left it. I determined to go and see, at least, the old house in which I had lived, since my living friends were not to be found. Its aspect surely would be friendly, I thought. I turned off from the Champs Elysées, and got into the long, narrow streets of the well-known quarter. I studied now and then the looks of the dwellers in it, as if I had some vague hope of finding some one whom I could recognise. No. There was no one. The people about the shop doors and *portecochères* appeared to me listless and discontented. It is true there were none of the gaieties of the Boulevards or of the Champs Elysées in these streets to enliven them; yet I thought that formerly they were very animated, although not much visited by fashion. I went on, then, wondering where all the old cheerfulness was gone, and wondering why there were so many more barracks in that quiet quarter than there used to be. At last I reached what seemed like my former abode. I could not be quite sure of it—its gate was so like that of many others now, and so unlike what it had been then. Heavy and solid, it offered no crevice through which I could have peeped. I hesitated—summoned courage, and rang;

starting when I had done so at the loud, empty clang of the ball. A woman came to the wicket. I asked if that were not a boarding-school? saying that I wished to have a prospectus of its terms. She consulted a man on the matter; but at length admitted me, closing the gate carefully behind me. I was now in the long straight avenue which I knew so well—a shady avenue; but its increased depth of shade surprised me—it was midnight overhead. We stopped about half-way up, at a little building used as a parlour for callers on business; and, in a couple of minutes, a lady came in. I said that I had paid a visit in that establishment twenty years ago, and that I wished for a prospectus of the present school.

'Ah then! you were here in the time of Madame M—,' she replied. 'There have been many changes since then. The school is a new one, and we have no prospectus; but if you will give me your address, I will write one out, and have the pleasure of waiting on you with it.'

I begged her not to give herself the trouble—her answers to a few questions would be sufficient. So, after a little conversation, she asked me if I should like to walk in the garden. How much I should have liked to sit an hour in my old room! I saw its windows in the house as I advanced down the avenue, but I could not intrude so far as to ask to be allowed to enter. She led the way to the arden—formerly a very pretty one; now grass-grown and all neglected, the branches of the trees straggling up to each other and making a dark wilderness.

The lady's talk was very agreeable, I suppose, as I walked by her side trying to listen to her, my thoughts full of old times. As we drew near the avenue again, and I had to propose to take leave, I found that she had not to public matters. She was speaking of 'the nation's being tried a liberty which led to slavery; of its being under the régime of the sabre. It was a little oppressive—*en prison mais que voulez vous!*—in any case, tranquillity is best.'

And so we parted. I walked back to my abode sadder than when I set out from it. That night I lay long awake; and, when I did alumber, started at every noise, thinking it to be the first booming of the cannon of another Revolution. 'Such tricks hath strong imagination;' yet it is no trick of imagination that another Revolution must come.

M. M. L.

SHAMS.

BY A MISANTHROPE.

'THERE is no such thing as hypocrisy,' says a great Scotch preacher. Well, Dr. Caird, I am quite of your opinion that, taking the word hypocrisy in its large and truest meaning, few people have sufficient ability, even if they had the desire, constantly to impose upon their acquaintance. But we live in an age of Shams. Almost every third person we know belongs to the class. For who, now-a-days, is so vulgar as honestly to appear what he really is? I wonder who introduced dissimulation? Was it a scoundrel, who had much to conceal; or some poor, silly, modest individual, who timidly dreaded to show his or her little mind? Latent discontent with ourselves, bodily or mentally, gives the foolish idea that we may, by artful contrivance, almost entirely hide from others those defects which we are so keenly aware of. But this is a clear case of self-delusion; for, after all the attempts made by a wretched being to play a part

which Nature never intended, the continual strain on mind and body shows that conscience revolts at the deceit. I think the business of a police-detective must be a most delightful and exciting one. But oh! how much more pleasant and interesting to be a detective in a moral sense!—to find out people's weak points, and mentally to dissect them!

Now, with regard to the different phases of the genus Sham, their name is legion; so I shall only touch upon a few. Never to appear ignorant of any subject under discussion is a fruitful source of sham. It is the fashion of the present day to know, or pretend to know, about everything. Therefore, if you have not sufficient moral courage to be looked upon as an ignoramus, and politely stared at by society, you must do like your neighbours—talk about everything, and trust that your luck may prevent you from making a terrific fool of yourself. Assumption, I have heard it said, is a great feature of our time. This is a fact which experience corroborates; hence we often find the most commonplace individuals criticising men of acknowledged genius, and giving their opinions about art, poetry, or music, in the most conceited and provoking manner. A favourite phrase of such people is, 'I was rather disappointed' with this or that—intending in an easy but somewhat indefinite way to show you that they possess great discrimination, and don't mean to be pleased with everything. Of course, you feel angry at their stolidity, and would fain give them a bit of your mind; but this is a privilege you can never enjoy.

But although there are aggravating cases of sham, yet there are many so petty and transparent that we would not like to dispense with them, because of the amusement they afford us. The robust young lady, afraid that her health and strength may make her appear plebeian and uninteresting, tries by word and deed to impress upon everybody that she is far from strong. She indulges in little scenes where fictitious faintings are enacted. She takes her female friends aside; in a confidential manner informs them of her symptoms; and expects by such conduct to give her acquaintance some slight idea of her delicate state of health. The would-be wit, or rather buffoon, is another diverting kind of sham. His *tout-ensemble* reminds you of a valentine. He is often red-haired, or at all events not very attractive personally; but, conscious of having 'that within which passeth show,' his appearance gives him little concern. The aim of this individual is always to please the ladies; and if they are silly or wicked enough to give him his full swing, he will crack miserable jokes, grinning and putting his features to an awful tension for the amusement of his hearers. He is delighted to sing, although he has seldom much voice; in fact, nothing staggers him, and it is impossible to destroy his good opinion of himself. A fine commanding presence (yet without corresponding greatness of mind) passes with many superficial observers as a certain index of strength of character. The colossal fool, on whom Nature has been so lavish of her gifts, is a very specious sham. He delivers his most trivial remarks with great pomposity and unction. His large dark eyes roll about in the most imposing manner; and the solemnity of his slightest action shows that he is always mindful of his own dignity and importance.

'As a general rule, Egotism lies deep at the foundation of most shams. To bring number one into notice seems with many the prevailing thought and desire; they could talk of themselves for hours together; they have a variety of anecdotes in which their sayings and

doings stand out conspicuous; they are never tired of laughing at their own wit; and even when they are silent you fancy that they are purring over and mentally congratulating themselves.

But just as there are aggravating and amusing cases of sham, so there are a few productive of much melancholy thought. Infant phenomena is one of these. Some foolish parents imagine that by encouraging or fostering premature tastes in their children, they are thus taking the best way to make them seem clever and interesting. Miniature men and women may be a curious study, but there is something extremely sad and touching about it. Who likes to see a careworn child, whose small mind has been tasked to the utmost to please papa or mamma? The play-hour, so much relished by its companions, finds this little creature so tired and jaded that it cannot enjoy their youthful sports; so it creeps away, fretful and discontented, perhaps to think over to-morrow's lesson.

Now, I am aware that many amiable little surface shams must go on to the end of time. We should not wish to do away with these. When good-natured Mrs. A. requests the pleasure of your company to attend her evening party, though you know from sad experience the flat and tiresome nature of her entertainments, still you must smile in a polite but sickly manner, and accept the invitation as graciously as you can. When Miss B. favours you with her last new song, which neither suits her voice nor style, you must be ready with a little compliment when she rises from the piano, or at least thank her civilly for the 'treat' she has given you.

All these and many more are allowable and trifling little bits of sham; for how dreadfully obnoxious would we often make ourselves if we just spoke out our mind! Modesty and perfect sincerity are rare and beautiful qualities; but they are sometimes to be met with. We find them for the most part among people whose lot in life has not been very fortunate. Bitter trials, it may be, have taught them the utter frailty and impotence of their own judgment; they see the folly and shallowness of affectation, and loathe deception of every kind; consequently they are natural and honest—their company is improving and refreshing as a sweet spring day. You feel conscious of a delightful reality about everything they say or do. Truth is their motto, and you can always depend upon them.

S. H.

WAYSIDE THOUGHTS.—No. I

BY THE LATE JAMES MACFARLAN.

WE should always be careful even of *single* acts. One step suffices to throw the traveller over a precipice.

A SINGLE line of genius will often conjure up a whole picture; as one star, seen through a rent in the clouds, will suggest the entire heavenly host.

THE origin of apparitions must be traced to the conscience. The demon of a bad deed, or the ghost of a strangled virtue, will never cease to haunt a man till driven away by the exorcism of repentance.

THE patriot is great, but the cosmopolitan is greater. Shakspeare the Englishman, or Goethe the German, do not appear half so grand as when we view them in the light of noble citizens of the world. They are not merely for you and me, but the property of all mankind.

WHEN a man has sown his wild oats, burned his cards and his dice-box, and begins to discover that the race-course is a round of folly, he flatters himself that the memory of his excesses will disappear with the colour of

his hair. Presently, however, there spring up cruel remembrancers in the wild doings of a son or nephew; and the old fellow, who believed his skeletons all snugly buried, is hunted to death by the resuscitated errors of his youth.

CALM and lovely is the morning of life, with a beauty born of green leaves, flowers, and the music of birds. Sacred, too, is its noontide, when there is work to be done and duties to be performed; and this, although the clouds may lower and the rains may fall. Still, hallowed is its sunset—the sober 'gloaming,' with its gray quiet and its lengthened shadows, peacefully and slowly wearing away into the deep and solemn night, crowned with the glory of the stars.

MAN has been sometimes careful in selecting sites where his great works appear to advantage. On the flat shores of the Nile, the Pyramids look sublime; they would have been dwarfed beside Ararat or Sinai. Had even that daring artist of old succeeded in hewing the mountain into a colossal statue of his hero, a glance at the stars overhead would have made us conscious only of a pigmy presence. It is well for the whole of us, great and small, that Nature thus keeps us to our level. The ocean rebukes alike Canute and his courtiers.

COMETS.—At uncertain times, the firmament of life is visited by strange erratic lights. The regularly moving planets grow panic-stricken, and fear that all things will go to chaos from their dangerous proximity. No one can tell their exact path, whence they come and whither they go, or can find out by what precise laws they are guided. Men fly up to the top of their watch-towers to observe the unwelcome visitor, and communicate their fears in whispers. One person trembles for his favourite views, and another for his darling author. Old forms and long-established habits have a strange presentiment of annihilation. The crazy old fabric of custom shakes to its rotten centre; all the sacredness of antiquity is insufficient to maintain the courage of certain institutions. Nothing, in fact, is considered safe while these wild luminaries continue to flash their burning manes. Has a novel inventor, a daring speculator, or original thinker suddenly come among us? If so, then has one of those comets appeared.

MEMORIES.

Young hopes like rainbows melt in tears;

Our joys like flowers decay;

As noontide shadows o'er the hills,

The loved ones pass away.

But there's a rapture never dies,

Howe'er our lot be cast—

The mellow moonlight of the mind—

Dear memories of the past!

As ivy robes the hoary oak

When all its blooms depart,

Sweet thoughts of home and happy day

Cling round the ruin'd heart.

When drifted o'er the waves of time,

Before affliction's blast,

We soothe the soul with songs that breathe

Dear memories of the past!

T. L.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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FRED HARPER'S LEGACY.

*'For tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock;
If such his heart, so shatter'd it the shock.'*—Byron.

CHAPTER I.

FRED HARPER was for some years our foreign correspondent. In his manners and habits he was somewhat peculiar. He was apparently of a light and joyous temperament; but beneath this there was an under-current of deep melancholy, which not unfrequently assumed the ascendancy. Sometimes he would keep us laughing for hours; sometimes he would scarcely speak to any one for days together. Some of the youngsters did not hesitate to affirm that he was positively crazed; but, in any conversations I ever had with him, I never could discover the smallest ground for entertaining such an opinion regarding him. Indeed, had he been so, he could not very well have fulfilled the duties of his situation. He was—I had occasion to believe—of a restless, roving disposition. He had been in almost every part of the world. Thus chiefly it was that he had acquired the extensive knowledge of languages which he possessed. The extent of his wanderings had afforded him opportunities of meeting with adventure. He used frequently to recount some of his experiences for our amusement. Often, between the mail days, when we had comparatively little to do; and after the 'oldsters'—as the partners and senior clerks were designated—had gone, would we gather round the fire in one of the private rooms, and join our solicitations to get Harper to spin us a yarn. Sceptics were not wanting who expressed their doubts as to the veracity of some of his narratives; but the manner in which he told them inclined me to believe that their suspicions were altogether unwarrantable. He certainly appeared to believe them himself; and it could

ends! The dashing sound of the sea told that it was making a clean breach over us. The shock of the squall had strained the timbers above, and the water came pouring into the cabin. We heard the captain—'Cut away the sheets!' The hurried tramp of the men overhead, and the wild howl of the wind, now risen to a gale, heightened the feeling of dread which our perilous position was calculated in itself to inspire.

'O Fred! do go on deck and see what it is!'

'She is on her beam-ends. They will perhaps have to cut away one or more of her masts; when, I trust, she will right. If not—but I will take a look out of the companion.'

On ascending the ladder, I found that during the short time I had been down a great change had taken place in the aspect of nature. The sky was wholly overcast, except on the western horizon, where shone a long streak of lurid light. The sea was white with foam, seething and boiling around us. Our mainsail and foretopsail had been blown out of the bolt-ropes, and torn into rags; which, with the sails whose sheets had been cut, flapped in the wind with a sound like the discharge of a battery of artillery. The carpenter stood by the weather-mizen shrouds—an axe gleamed in his hand. The captain stood on the quarter-deck, steadying himself by the weather rail. One look to windward—one look aloft; he waved his hand. The axe descended—one of the shrouds snapped; another stroke—the mast creaked and tottered.

'Harper! Harper! Down with you! Look where you're standing—just where the mast may fall! Down, down for your life!'

The companion where I stood was just under the mast. I had not before noticed my danger; but I jumped down at once. Another instant, and the mast fell crashing over the side. The ship slowly righted; and the wind took off a little almost immediately after.

But the lull did not long continue. Again it came on, with greater violence than ever; and gradually increased, till, in the course of half-an-hour, it blew a hurricane. I had not again gone on deck; but I knew from the motion of the ship that the crew had succeeded in laying her to.

'A terrible night, Harper!' said the captain, as he came below, and stood drying his clothes by the fire. 'If we get through it, it's more than ever I expect. She has strained her timbers; the water comes in swimmingly; and the pumps are next to useless. If she would keep to, we might manage it; but she is constantly for falling-off into the trough. Then, suppose we scud—if we don't get pooped and go down—to-morrow morning finds us among the breakers on the coast of Chili. Well, Cox! what new calamity?'

'The leak is getting worse,' said the mate. 'The pumps, however, are doing a little better. Davies says he thinks it's nothing very serious as yet. But about the ship—she won't keep to. If we had the mizen-mast still standing, she might do it with the help of the sparker; but as it is, she won't.'

'Then, I suppose there's nothing for it. We must take our chance of the breakers. It is one blessing that the wind has some nothing in it—it gives us a longer tether; and perhaps it may take off before morning, though I suppose there is no appearance of its doing so.'

'No; none,' said the mate. 'We must scud; and we can't do it too soon. There she goes!'

A heavy lurch of the ship sent him into a corner of the cabin. Telford rushed on deck. I followed him. A tremendous wave came rolling towards us. I caught by one of the davits. There was a man standing beside me. The wave broke over us. I felt

it sucking me away with all but irresistible force; but I held on for my life. When it passed I looked around—the man was gone! It was Ned Brown, the second mate; and already, far to leeward, I saw him darkly on the foaming crest of a wave, and, piercing loud above the blast, I heard his drowning cry.

Our situation was now truly perilous. Each wave as it came threatened to board us, and to carry some of us to a watery grave. The leak was gaining on us—there were already some feet of water in the hold. The rigging strained, and the timbers creaked violently; while the roaring wind, the flying clouds, and the foaming sea conspired to fill our hearts with awe.

The head of the foretopmast staysail was shown to the wind. Slowly she came round, and away she flew before it—the huge waves rushing after in her track. But even the single sail we had spread was too much—it bent the mast like a willow whip; and, despite the danger we were in of being overtaken by the waves, the captain ordered it to be lowered. But before this could be done it split, and blew in shreds in the gale.

We were now driving almost directly on the coast. In a few hours, at the rate at which we were going, we would be among the breakers. Telford stood, with lips compressed, looking fixedly to windward. I read our fate in his look. We were helpless; our destruction was all but inevitable.

I went below. The aged missionary had arisen from his bed. He was kneeling in a corner of the cabin, with Flora and little Alice. I knelt beside them, and joined in the prayer of the good old man; as, in such broken English as he possessed, he poured forth his heart to Him who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand, and rides on the wings of the wind.

When we rose, Flora put her hand in mine. 'Is there no hope?' she said. 'O Fred! is there no hope?'

'I cannot deceive you, Flora; indeed, I would not if I could. The situation of the ship is truly desperate. But all that can be done has been done. We must leave the rest to a higher Power.'

'And we may rest sure, my children,' said the old man, 'that, whatever may remain for us in this world, if our hope has hold of the Rock of Ages, we have nothing to fear for the next.'

'But oh!' exclaimed Flora, 'it is a terrible thing to die! I have never almost thought of it before—I have thought too little of it. But is there no hope? Is there no hope of our being saved by the boats?'

'I fear but little. Few boats could live to-night. Our only hope is that the wind may take off, or come round more to the northward. But, Flora, we will at least perish together; and even death to me with you is sweet!'

She looked up into my face—oh, with such a look!—never, never can I forget it! It comes back to me now, sending the blood throbbing to my heart, as it did when, with such a light of love in her eye, she leaned her head upon my shoulder, and burst into tears.

A long time we sat thus together. I scarcely heard the storm—I felt almost insensible to our impending fate. We spoke not a word—our hearts were too full for words; but we thought of and prayed for each other.

Some hours passed. The old man sat reading by the lamp which swung from the roof; little Alice lay fast asleep upon the floor; and Flora—she, too, had fallen asleep. The noise overhead had for some time ceased; but it was now resumed—there was a hurrying to and fro, and the frequent rattle of ropes on the deck. I softly disengaged myself from Flora; and,

spreading a cushion on the floor—that being the only place of safety with the rolling of the ship—I gently placed her on it, and hastened upon deck.

Day was beginning to dawn; and, by the glimmering light, I could descry the rugged outline of the coast; and far away, before the rising sun, the snow-capped peaks of the Cordilleras. But the wind had moderated; and although it still blew fresh, it had come round more to the northward—enabling us, as we went before it, to stand to the southward along the coast. The danger which had threatened us had all but passed. My heart filled with joy and gratitude, such as only those can know who have been rescued from what seemed to be almost certain death.

The crew succeeded in rigging a jury mizen-mast, and with its aid we were soon enabled to head again to the sea. The wind continued to go down. We stood more and more away from it; and gradually the distance between us and the land increased. There was a heavy sea; but the wind by degrees came round more of the shore. Sail after sail was bent, and away we stood to the westward.

(To be continued.)

POPULAR SONGS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

No. I.—DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE.

THE amount of popular lyric poetry current in the Highlands is, to this day, very great. The songs—of which we are still sung by old and young, within doors and without—come, for the most part, directly from the mint of Nature; and have, many of them, a freshness and simplicity about them—an artless confession of sentiments actually experienced—which seems to be the chief charm of such compositions at all times. They are in every sense popular poetry. They were composed by men and women who knew nothing of any other literature than that which happened to be contained in their own language. They formed the heart-treasure of men and women who were not better instructed generally than the authors of them. They speak the wild, deep feeling which their seclusion from the rest of the world and their peculiar institutions were so nicely calculated to inspire and nurse into strong growth, in the easily moved but not easily changed spirit of the Highland people.

A strongly affectionate race were they. It really quite surprises a stranger to mark the powerful expression their songs give to some all-absorbing attachment, either for place or person. I have frequently felt as if there were a perfect torrent of devotion struggling into light in many a simple and touching lyric I happened to be reading. And as well as women speak with entire surrender to emotion; or, at least, with so cordial an acquiescence in the sentiment of the moment, as if nothing else was worth dreaming in the world. The clansman who threw himself before Lochiel, receiving in his own bosom the arrow intended for his chief, was but a prototype of the Highland singer. The latter is equally self-forgetful; equally engrossed in his regard for another; ready to throw himself with equal abandonment between the stern world and his dear feeling—let the action slay him or give him life, he does not seem to care.

The Celtic heart is not, it may be, more tender than any other; but it has one striking advantage over most when it seeks to project its secret emotion into the outer light of the Gaelic language, without degenerating into silliness. It gives it an amazingly tender outlet. Hence the great difficulty of rendering the songs of the Highlands

into English. To be like their originals, the translations must be simple. They must be pretty much in the language of every-day life. They must be extremely soft and tender; but they must not be maudlin or doting. It is not sufficient to give a feeble echo of the Highland sentiment in English, or to dress it in some shabby and threadbare Lowland garb. There is something in the Gaelic song which is not in the English or Lowland lyric. The air and sun of the great mountains and tuneful sea-lochs have breathed and shone upon it, and given its every feature their own peculiar tan. The translator's difficulty is to preserve this; and it is no small one. I am well aware of that. But yet, I trust, the following Highland poems will be found to retain something of their own look. I cannot think they have lost all their old expression when presented with an English face.

The present paper will be devoted to specimens from the poetry of Duncan MacIntyre, better known among his countrymen as Donacha Bàn, or Fair-haired Duncan. This humble poet was born in Glenorchy, Argyleshire, on the 20th March 1724; and died in Edinburgh, about the 14th May 1812. He is the best known and most generally esteemed of all the Highland poets. Others are more highly appreciated in certain districts, or preferred according to individual taste. He belongs, above any of the rest, to the whole people.

If a representative poet of the modern Highlands be sought for, Duncan Ban MacIntyre is unquestionably the man. With this feeling, his countrymen lately erected a monument to his memory in a conspicuous situation in Glenorchy, not far from the place of his birth, and within a few miles of all the scenes which he has celebrated with such loving minuteness in his poems.

This mark of respect was truly well deserved. Not only did Duncan Ban lead a pure life and always bear a good character—he was a genuine son of Nature and a real poet—without doubt, the most remarkable of all Scotland's rustic and uneducated bards; for he, unlike all the others, to the day of his death, could neither read nor write. It may surprise those who do not know the Gaelic language to learn that he not only composed long poems, notwithstanding his utter want of the common elements of education, but that his style is distinguished for its elegance, its beauty, and correctness. I can myself vouch for the music of his numbers; and Gaelic scholars have assured me that he invariably uses the very choicest Gaelic. But here certain peculiarities connected with that ancient language must not be forgotten. From what reason it comes I cannot tell; but I know that old men, who never thought of grammar or dictionary, are still to be found who speak as pure and graceful a style as the best scholars. Some go so far as to say they speak even better! This is a well-known fact. Then, along with that, this other fact is to be remembered:—All Gaelic poems, of whatever nature, are meant to be sung; or, rather, are actually sung. Highland poetry is still what all poetry was originally—veritably song. The longest and most elaborate productions are composed and chanted to a tune. So much is this the case, that an uneducated Highlander finds it impossible frequently to repeat the verses he has got by heart. A collector of Highland songs once told me that he experienced the greatest difficulty in taking down a certain interesting poem; for, directly he stopped the singer to explain a word, or for any other reason, the man got perfectly bewildered, and was obliged to begin at the very beginning again before he could go on! The three parts of a Gaelic poem are, to this day, that

he be able to compose; that he be able to sing his compositions; and that he be able to write them. The last, however, is the least important. The other two only are essential. This habit of composing and chanting poetry to a tune will help to account for Duncan Ban MacIntyre's carrying such a quantity of verse as he must have done in his mind. The other fact will account for the purity and beauty of his language. The great excellence of his compositions consists in his having sung of what he was perfectly familiar with, what his taste led him to study, and what his mode of life gave him every opportunity of knowing. Finally, he had no inducements to make attempts too great for his strength—no chance of affecting feelings which he did not actually possess.

Thus, with his true feeling, his accurate knowledge, his cordial love of his subject, and the native-born music of that gifted though untutored soul of his with which he wedded his sentiments regarding it, Duncan Ban MacIntyre may be pronounced a genuine poet. What his place is among those who shine brighter or dimmer—stand nearer or farther—about the great star of Burns, it is not for me to determine. I consider him well entitled to a place among these—that is all.

COIRE CHEATHACH;

THE CORRI OF MIST, OR THE MISTY CORRI.

This poem is the most elaborate of Duncan Ban's compositions. It is thought the finest specimen of Gaelic versification in modern times. The following translation, in the rhythm of the original, and rendered verse for verse with it, may be safely called almost literal—by that is meant that a prose translation could hardly give the poet's meaning with closer accuracy.

CORRI CEATHACH.*

My misty Corri! where heifers wander;
My lovely Corri! my charming dell!
So grand, so grassy, so richly-scented,
And gemm'd with wild flowers of sweetest smell.
Thy knolls and hillocks, in dark-green clothing,
Rise o'er the gay sward with gentle swell;
Where waves the cannach and grows the darnel,
And troop the wild deer I love so well.

A strong, well-woven, and double mantle—
A lasting garment, and good for wear,
All rough with rich grass, whose verdant ringlets
In each small dew-drop a burden bear—
Is round my Corri, my green-knoll'd Corri,
Where reeds and rushes so thickly grow;
They'd yield a harvest, were reapers able
Among their quagmires and bogs to go.

'Tis a gay clothing, shows off the long plain,
With pastoral smooth grass from side to side;
A painted garment by rains well nurtured,
As fair as can be by man described.
On this side Paris, I do not fancy
A brighter raiment hath e'er been seen;
Oh may it fade not! and then what fortune
To haunt, at all hours, its varied green!

About Ruadh Aisridh long locks are hanging—
Close, crisp, and clustering, and crested high;
In every moist spot their tops are waving,
As this or that way the breeze goes by.
There the straight rye-grass, the twisted hemlock,
The sappy moor-grass that ne'er gets dry,
And the strong bent grow, and close set groundsel,
Beside the dark wood where heroes lie.

* C is always hard and th silent in Gaelic. Ceathach is therefore pronounced almost as if it were spelt 'Kayach.' The name Macknoch comes from it, and means 'Son of Mist.'

The mountain ruin, where lived MacBhaidi,
Is now a desert that howls alone;
Yet near its white stones is often nurtured
The brown ox, shapely and fully grown;
The cows with calves there that wander houseless,
Grand-group'd on hill-tops are often seen;
Their calves so peaceful, in light and darkness,
Frequent in numbers the smooth Clach Fionn.

The garlic chooses the nooks and bendings
Of steps that climb up the mountain-head;
While the kind sun-slopes are spotted rarely
With countless berries—round, ripe, or red.
The dandelion and penny-royal,
And cannach smooth-white, there wave or rest;
As from its deep roots they deck the mountain,
Unto its lofty and haughty crest.

The tallest crag there is richly coated
With softest mosses above—below;
Unmoulded, staidless, whene'er they're needed,
O'er things unsightly these sweetly grow.
While in the hollows, beneath the sharp peaks,
Where shaggy verdure is thickest spread,
Beside the primrose, right often peeping,
The feeble daisy lifts up its head.

A frowning eyebrow of verdant cresses
Round all the fountains and wells is seen;
And bunchy sorrel conceals the deep roots
Of those great rough stones the springs that screen.
With plunge and gurgle, and dancing motion,
In heatless boiling these quit the ground;
And each dear streamlet leaps, laughs, and lingers,
And runs and loiters in circles round.

The salmon, leaving the roaring ocean
Where they are singing, his white breast shows,
And darts rejoicing, and stops the small flies—
So truly steers he his crooked nose.
On whirling eddies his pompous leaping,
His splendid clothing, his back blue-gray,
His silver spangles, his fins, his speckles,
His white-tail'd smooth flank—how noble they!

The Corri Ceathach is sweet and joyous,
A royal site for the hunter's pride;
There the dark lead-shot his blazing powder
Sows thickly over the deer's dun side;
And there his needy and light-foot gamehound—
With bloody fierceness, without a fear—
Runs madly, leaping with hardy spirit,
Pursuing boldly his red career.

Within thy lone brakes there never fail'd yet
The fawn, the red stag, the hornless doe;
So, 'twas our glory in sunny morning
Through deer-trod dingles a-hunting go.
Nor would the wild heath e'er leave us lying
Before the rain-storm, exposed and bare.
Not in the forest were low-brow'd grottoes,
With well-fenced couches to stretch us there.

Then, when the morning's white calm would wake us,
Beneath the steep cliff 'twould charm my ear
To list the moorhen grow hoarse with croaking,
Or rich-voiced redcock come murmuring near.
The lively wren there his own small trump play'd,
And flung his steam off so brisk and beon;
While thrush and redbreast, with bustling motion,
Kept lifting gaily a warbling tune.

All the hill's songsters, in flocking numbers,
From leafy branches, soon pour'd their praise.
First came the gray lark, that noted lyricist,
And shrilly chanted its cheeriest lays;
The merle and cuckoo, on tall thin tree-tops,
Gave out their music with might and main,
When up this sound rose so light and lovely—
The glen was breathing a choral strain.

Then every corrie within the mountain
Sent forth the live things within its bound;
First, trading proudly, the antler'd red-deer
Stepp'd, snorting loudly and looking round;
Throughout the wild fen he dash'd in rapture,
Or near the brown hind more gently play'd—
His charming princess, so strong, so stately,
So spare, so active, so fine, so staid!

In shy recesses the yellow doe crept
Beneath the light twigs, and croupp'd them bare;
While o'er his proud couch the lordly buck stood,
And poked and stamp'd it with gloomy stare.
The little kidding of speckled, smooth side,
Of placid nostril and noble head,
Found sleeping snugly in some lone hollow,
Among the rushes, a cory bed.

How many a light foot, when autumn ripen'd,
Tripp'd gaily over that hill's brown side,
And gaily and shared all the store it offer'd
With manly kindness and gentle pride!
In a soft round nest they got the honey
Of the small spotted and brindled bee,
That labours, flying from flower to flower,
With lonely murmur and peaceful gloe.

There nuts well season'd—no scanty harvest
Of wither'd kernels—were growing seen
In great abundance, thin-skinn'd, smooth cluster'd,
That suck'd the life-juice from branches green,
Where pur'd the streamlet throughout the sweet strath,
And rowans ripen'd their berries red,
And many a sapling in graceful mantle
Lest waving gently its new-clad head.

How far, surrounding the lonely desert,
The moor and gray glen where small knolls stood,
With shaggy tufts and with warm soft shelter—
O'erleaves spots for wild birds to rear their brood.
Thence from soft couches in May's sweet morning
Rose up the dun doe and stag of ten;
While glanced the red light upon the tall sides
Of the rough Corrie—the Misty Glen!

The minuteness of Duncan Ban's descriptions will perhaps remind some readers of a passage in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' written by Mr. Morritt of Rokeby. When he was engaged on his poem of 'Rokeby,' Sir Walter paid a visit to his friend, Mr. Morritt. The latter made the following memorandum:—"I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil; and could not help saying that—as he was not upon such in his work—daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness; but I understood him when he replied, "That in Nature herself no two scenes were exactly alike; and whoever copied what was before his eyes would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of Nature, in the scenes he recorded. Whereas, whoever trusted to imagination would never find his own circumscribed and contracted to a few favourite images; and the repetition of these would, sooner or later, produce that very monotony and barrenness which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but the patient worshippers of truth."

Thus, men with a true genius for their work, in the most diverse circumstances, agree in their mode of operation. His own unlettered instinct taught Duncan Ban MacIntyre this very important truth, pointed out by the infallible sagacity of Scott. He was a 'patient worshipper of Nature's truth'—very likely without knowing how or why.

THOMAS FATTISON.

THE 'LIGHTHOUSE GHOST.'

OF the many ways that men have of earning a livelihood, few are easier and at the same time more irksome than that of keeping a lighthouse. This may seem strange to some; but so it is;—and the hardest-wrought tradesman, if he only thought it, is much better off in his mode of life than the lighthouse-keeper, who never needs to wipe a drop of sweat from his brow or strain a muscle. The tradesman, in following his avocation, exercises both mind and body to a certain extent; and when he has got his ten hours of labour past, he has always the miscellaneous events of the day to turn over for amusement in his own mind, or a mixed society within reach, by mingling in which his thoughts may be diverted. It is very different with the lighthouse-keeper. His duties are of the most routine description; and in themselves, so far as the exercise of either mind or body is concerned, most trivial. Most of those employed about lighthouses have been, at some time or other of their lives, connected with the sea—this circumstance or connection being supposed to make them more alive to the great responsibility of the situations they are hired to fill. Few of them have gone so far into the study of any branch of science as to be able to employ their minds with anything literary or scientific. The great amount of spare time they have on their hands is therefore passed mostly in reading works of fiction and amusement. Even this becomes, in course of time, tiresome; and then the rigging and fitting out of small model ships, or the darning of pictures on canvas with coloured threads, forms a source of recreation and pleasant pastime. The monotony of lighthouse life is, however, to seamen, almost unendurable; and many have given up good remunerative situations, in order that they might resume their wild, wandering sea-life. Sheer ennui drives them from land to sea. A very slight consideration of their case will show how this comes to be. The caged eagle is never to be compared to the same bird 'soaring o'er the abyss.' The gannet—sailing along on motionless pinion over the sunlit ocean; sportng now on the bellowy air, now on the billowy deep—would not be the same bird cooped, cabined, cribbed, confined; and it need not be wondered at, therefore, that Jack—after having bowled round the world two or three times, seen all the wonders of foreign lands, and felt the variety and excitement of a sailor's life—should not be able to shut himself up and live like a fly in a bottle. Our lighthouse-keepers are perhaps the most secluded class of men on our islands. On lonely rocks, miles away from habitable land—exposed to all the fury of the ocean tempests, and only a few feet above the surface of the never-motionless ocean—some of them have their abodes; and there they live, from day to day, for weeks at a time, without hearing the tones of a strange voice or catching the echo of a strange laugh. On barren islets, amid raging currents, where the winds and waters rave; on the crest of some bold promontory overlooking a wide expanse of ocean; and in light-ships, anchored over sandbanks and sunken reefs—gently

rocked by the summer ripples, or wildly dashed hither and thither, straining moorings and timbers, by the wintry storm—others have their anchorite homes. Now and again may the sameness of their lives be relieved by the booming of guns heard above the wild midnight storm, and the glimpse—through the flying wrack and drift—of the split sails and crippled rigging of some gallant ship being driven to destruction; and mayhap—when gray daylight succeeds an evening of tempest and terror—the sight of a sea-sodden corpse lying among the wrack and waifs at high-tide mark, or rising and falling in some rocky bay, where the still untamed waves chafe at the jagged flints. Good cause have sailors for becoming discontented with such a life. Add to this that their solitary lives lead to reflection—which such sights and sounds as we have mentioned increase rather than diminish; producing, furthermore, a sort of morbid hypochondriacal feeling—and the reason of the irksomeness of lighthouse life becomes more apparent.

In the life of a lighthouse-keeper, incidents that might occur fifty times to even the same individual, were he situated amid the bustle and stir of city life, without observation, are noted with curious minuteness. It may be because these events give variety to the monotony of existence that they are so taken hold of by the mind and imagination. How they do so it is the purpose of the short narrative I have now to relate to discover.

On the southernmost point of a little island, off the south-east corner of the island of Arran, on the Frith of Clyde, stands a lofty beacon-tower, which, from the name of the islet on which it is built, has been called Pladda Lighthouse. It is a columnar building, whitewashed outside and in, and surmounted by a cupola, composed chiefly of an orbicular window. At the base of the lighthouse are situated the lightkeepers' dwelling-houses, magazines for oil, coals, and other necessary stores. North of the isle of Pladda is the island of Arran—its lofty, rugged hills towering to the catching of the mist-clouds that come drifting in the North Channel from the Atlantic. To the east and south-east can be seen, in clear weather, the shores of Ayrshire and Galloway; Ailsa Craig and the coast of Ireland, in uncloudy days, relieve the ocean view to the south; while a few of the Western Isles and the promontory of Cantire rest upon the western horizon. In this lighthouse I was stationed as a watcher for about two years. An injury to one of my limbs, received from tumbling over a guano-cliff in the island of Ichaboe, while skylarking there with some comrades, had made it necessary for me to give up a seafaring life for a time at least. My mother had been at service in her young days; and it was an application made by her to one of her old nurslings—at the time a Northern Lighthouse Commissioner, residing in Edinburgh—that had secured for me the situation of second keeper in Pladda Lighthouse.

The novelty of my situation and new duties drove weariness from me for a time; but a yearning for a change began to creep upon me as the autumn sobered down. The novelty of my situation was then worn

off. My duties were becoming troublesome to me—not from their weight, but triviality. I had rigged a small schooner and brig; and was heartily tired of all reading, except the most exciting tales of the blood-and-murder sort. Magazines, furnished by the Commission Board, reached us monthly, and newspapers oftener; but, as I had no one with whom to discuss their contents, they very soon failed to entertain. My only companions on the island, I have omitted to mention, were the principal lightkeeper and his wife. The former was a morose, incommunicative, middle-aged man-o'-war's man. A jealous, querulous disposition was his, as I discovered soon after taking up my quarters with him; and, to give him no cause for disturbance, I had as little intercourse with him and his better-half as I could help. With the selfish, clannish, Gaelic-speaking islanders of Arran we had no comings or goings; and any little sociality I enjoyed was when a party of pleasure-seekers came—as they did at times—to picnic on the island, see the lighthouse, or amuse themselves with a dance on the level green, sward of our little kingdom. The flowery months had passed away well enough; but as the autumn tints began to supplant those of the summer on the hills, my spirits succumbed to the pensive influences. It was late in autumn. The Arran hills were stripped of their roseate, heathery garb; and the sea to the south of the lighthouse was seldom enlivened by the presence of any of the smart clippers of the Royal Northern Yacht Club—on which it had been my delight to gaze during the more genial season of the year. My dislike to my situation was so strong that I began to think—as I was not fit to go as an ordinary seaman in any of the line of vessels in which I had been employed—I would go and look for a situation as cool or steward on board some coasting trader or steamer rather than wait any longer. I felt that my body as well as my mind was beginning to suffer, and the change I must, when an incident took place that delayed me for a little.

In a most desponding mood did I enter upon my watch on the evening of a breezy day in October. The sun had set ere I went up stairs to the lamp-room and all I had to do was to sit by and see that the flame kept burning clear, bright, and steady. Though our lamp was lit, there was still a good glimmer of daylight remaining outside; and the outlines of the island of Sanda and Mull of Cantire stood out bold and sharply defined against the reddened western sky. In the east and south-east, whence came an wind that was perceptible, the atmosphere was thick with heavy masses of vapour, streaked saffron and yellow. Appearances were portentous in that direction. To the south, Ailsa Craig rose like a big black haystack from the wide expanse of waters; and in the same direction I caught at intervals the glimmer of Corsewall Light. But in the Frith there was fresh breeze blowing, and an outward-bound barque—one of the line belonging to Mr. Kerr of Greenock—as I knew by the private signal still fluttering from her masthead—came spanking along the Arran coast all her square sails set, filled with the favouring gale and belling out 'full and round, without a wrinkle or a fold.' A small ranterpike schooner was beating up the Frith on the larboard tack; and, as she sto-

in towards the lighthouse—evidently steering by it—I could see the water break under her weather bow, and ripple along her side in merry bubbles that disappeared beneath her counter. She tacked about half a mile from the island; and I most interestedly watched every manœuvre on board ship, as her yards were hauled aft and she swung round to fall off on the opposite tack. I stood on the walk round the base of the cupola for some time, viewing with much interest the movements of the two craft as they passed each other; the one going away free into the glowing west, the other all caught up into the gloomy foreboding nor-east. A chilly gust swirling round me, and a spit of rain on my face, told me it was time to go inside. I went into the light-chamber, looked that things were all right, took my accustomed seat and position therein, and commenced the perusal of a few old numbers of a weekly publication, of no great repute I must confess. The story I chanced to light upon was one somewhat suited to interest me at the time; and as I finished the chapters in one number, I proceeded with the process of devouring mentally those in the succeeding. Now and again, as I reached the end of some dramatic sticking and stabbing piece of the tale, I rose, touched up the light, and looked out upon the night. 'Twas fearfully dark, and the sighing of the wind was ominous. I returned to my seat to pore over the story. It told of an Englishman of fashion ruining a guileless Italian maid; of his being hated through many lands by her brother; and of a grand *dénouement*, as the story-books say, in which there was a plentiful spilling of blood and life. The interest I felt in the consummation had so engrossed my attention, that I was heedless of all objects around me. My excitement, notwithstanding, was considerable; and my imagination was busy with the details circumstantially set forth. All at once I was recalled from the realms I occupied in imagination to the little room at the head of the long winding stair, by a rattling peal of thunder. At the same time, a wild shriek burst upon my ears; and, with the tail of my eye, I caught a momentary glance of a female form, clothed in white raiment, floating away on the wind from my window. Oh! what was that? I felt it could be no real woman; and my belief in spectres was before that not great. That it was a spectre, however, I was not prepared to deny; as I had seen a pair of burning eyeballs—a hollow cavity, like that occupying the place of the nose in a fleshless skull, between; besides a pair of wide-extended, white-vested arms. The entire figure—so far as my glance enabled me to discern—was draped in white. I thought my excited fancy might be playing me a trick; so I resumed my reading. The grand crash of the story I read was imminent, when again the arch above me rang with the weird, unearthly wail; and again I caught a glimpse of the ghostly lady waving her white-robed arms above her head, and floating away on the wind. This time I started to my feet, and peered through the glass into the murky midnight—'darkness there, and nothing more.' Once I thought I saw the white figure gleaming in the rays of the lamp; but it almost as quickly disappeared. This time I resolved to wait the reappearance of the white demon; and, laying down my book, I sat with gaze intently fixed upon the window. Another clap of thunder shook the house from the cupola to its rocky foundation, and the rain began to hum around me. It was an eerie situation. My eyes became sore with watching. Meantime, conscience—which makes cowards of us all—was chilling my heart, as memory summoned before me, in that lonely hour, all the heinous offences against God and man which I had committed in my young, thoughtless, wild seafaring life. Imagination,

at the suggestion of memory, led me back to the banks of the Hooghly; to a wild orgie in Calcutta; to a mad rum crusade in one of the West India islands; and to the poor Lascars who came round with us from China to Singapore, on the last voyage but one I was at sea. It may be readily conceived that my mental distress was waxing greater and greater. Cold sweat broke upon me—drops heavy, cold, glittering as pearls, stood on my forehead. The thunder boomed along the cliffs of the Arran shore, and combined, with the storm now raging, to shake the lighthouse. For relief I closed my eyes; but, just as I did so, there was a crash at the window, and again the awful, despairing, heart-rending cry quavered on the gale. I started to my feet—eyes and mouth wide open—to behold the phantom raise its arms in an apparently agonised manner above its head, and then drop down, down, down through the darkness to the waves champing at the rocks below. I remained in an unusual physical and mental state till about half an hour of the time when I should be relieved from my watch. By the time I had put the lamp right and composed myself, my comrade came to my relief; and I retired to my bed, but not to rest. It struck me that all the appearances had been made during the period of time intervening between midnight and three o'clock, which made me the more inclined to believe in the supernatural character of my visitor.

When I rose, about my usual hour in the forenoon, the storm of the preceding night had moderated. After breakfast, I went out for a stroll round the cliffs, and to see what waifs had been driven ashore by the gale. In a little natural bay, formed by projecting rocks, I found, cast upon a bed of shingle, a solan goose or gannet, in beautiful feather, white and pure as snow. I picked it up, and examined it carefully to try and ascertain how it had come by its death. No shot or other wound was visible, and its body and the condition of its feathers showed that it could not have been long in the water. How came it there? I took it up to the house; but my neighbours, who had been much longer in the lighthouse than I, evinced no concern about it, and casually laid my demon by remarking that most likely it had flown against the lighthouse window. Possession of the key made the solution of the riddle easy. The poor bird, driven from its resting-place by the storm, had been flying about in the darkness when it noticed the light. Following a natural inclination, it flew towards it; and, in its efforts to reach the object of its attraction, became my ghostly visitant from 'the night's Plutonian shore.' Its eyes glaring in the lamp-light were the fearsome orbs of the spectre; the black bill was its nasal cavity; its snowy plumage the floating white vestment!—Often since that occasion have I been startled by seafowl against the window, and have found them dead on the outside walk of the lighthouse in the morning.

T. B.

NO WITNESS.

Oh, the wild moan,
The dying groan,
That wakes the stillness of the silent night!
Is no one near
That cry to hear,
And save the crushing out of life's dim light?

The fiends are by;
But yet the cry
Is borne up, heavenwards, like an angel's breath.
In deathly swoon,
O piteous moon!
Fade out, and blackness kiss the house of death!

R. L. G.

A SOLITARY WALK IN PRAGUE.

PRAGUE is a lovely city. Even that kind of traveller to whom (to parody the words of the poet)

A city on a river's brim
A place of taverns is to him,
And it is nothing more;—

even he must be charmed by it, one would think. He would hardly fail to observe that the river has pretty islands and fine bridges; the city antique buildings and great palaces; and that it is surrounded by ramparts and walls—which make it different from many other cities possessing, like it, a large railway station and some very good hotels.

But the traveller, who sees a little more than such things, will find the history of Bohemia—and, to some extent, the history of Germany—written in the aspect, the physiognomy of Prague. As we mark the lines of thought and feeling on some noble face, and say—'This is no common man—such and such years must he have gone through of passion, sorrow, and duty. He is but what those years have made him.' So do we say of this city. It is a historical result, worked out by many centuries—some of fiery zeal in the right, some of bitter, indignant submission to wrong; and each century has left on it a stamp of its own. As Paris is France, Prague is Bohemia. Here are residences of great nobles; royal palaces; and municipal halls in which, in ages past, lived and acted men once mighty for good or for ill in the destinies of the land. Here misty and shadowy legends of ancient times float over places given up to the practical works of to-day. Thus, past and present meet at the point where meet also, yet stand opposed to each other, two nationalities—the Slavonic and the Teutonic. I had heard in Saxony of the efforts made in 1847 to bring about a union of some kind between the two races on the Elbe and on the Moldau. But these had failed—as all attempts to inspire men with the feeling of common national life fail in Germany. I knew, also, from some Dredeners, that the position of Germans in Prague was not agreeable, and that there they found themselves often excluded from good society. However, all this gossip of the day I forgot at once on being in Prague. Recollections solely of past history crowded on me, and made me almost indifferent to the present. There was something thrilling in them; for in them was what I had felt to be wanting in all other parts of Germany—that sense of national life which can affect whole masses with a common impulse, and give them a common pride in the remembrance even of great defeats suffered by them in a great national cause. I could almost persuade myself in some parts of Germany that a patriot heart had never beaten there. But, on the contrary, in Prague I could not persuade myself that Bohemia's heart, which had throbbed so deep and strong in former days, did not still pant, as of old, for truth and freedom. I began to know my way through the city; and, full of these thoughts, I set out, on a lovely summer's day, for a walk; my fancies ending, as I left the hotel, by—Truth is great, and it shall prevail!

Truth is great, and shall prevail! The truth shall make you free! In the meantime, falsehood has prevailed; and freedom—where is it? Regiments of Austrian soldiers, in their showy white uniforms, were passing along the streets. Black robes now and then threw a shadow along the glittering white-coated line—the robes of priests, whose hands were seized and kissed by any women and children who came near them. And thus my enthusiasm

received a check. The troops in thousands were entering the great churches in that quarter. I felt no inclination to see them at their devotions, high holiday though it was; and I went on to the Alt-Städter Ring—that is, the Ring, or public place of the old town.

When in it, I turned into a church very interesting to me, from its formerly having been a place of worship of the followers of John Huss. There were no military; and a preacher was delivering a discourse in a language new to my ears—the Bohemian. It is called the 'Tein Kirche.' Among its monuments is the tomb of the great astronomer, Tycho de Brahe, with this inscription—"Not power, not wealth; only the works of science remain." There was not much inducement to stay to listen to what I could not understand, and I did not care to hear then the service of the mass which was to follow the sermon; so I slipped away. But when I was out, I felt that this was so decidedly a day for churches, I had better put aside remembrances of old legends, the Hussite wars, the Swedes, Wallenstein, the great insurrection of the last century and that of 1848—which make every street in Prague living with the past; and follow at present the multitude to the Cathedral. For that, it was necessary to leave the old town and cross the bridge to the Hradschin side. The bridge! All remember it:—

'On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
Its blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.'

Old towers stand at each end; and the wall on each side has ten pediments, bearing statues of more than life-size. Conspicuous among them is St. Nepomuk, the patron saint of Prague and of all good Catholic bridges. His festival is for this city one of the greatest in the calendar. On seeing the worship that is then paid him by the thronging crowds, who come in from many miles around, one cannot but say that *Fetichism* reigns in some parts of Europe as well as in some parts of Africa. There is also on the bridge a great crucifix, with the figures of Mary and St. John at the foot of the Cross, all made in copper; and erected in the place of a wooden one thrown down by the Swedes. But if I would hear the grand music, I must hurry on to St. Vit's, the Cathedral; and to reach it there are more than two hundred steps to ascend.

The Hradschin is a hill on which is the royal or imperial castle. It is palace, fortress, and cathedral in one—or, rather, in many—but all connected together; and the terrace in front of them commands a splendid view of the town. The Cathedral appeared so full, that I thought I should have to leave it without getting a seat; but a person who observed that I was a stranger very kindly took me up a little staircase to the gallery in which were the singers. There, opposite the principal altar, I had a full view of the whole church. Hundreds of candle were burning all around, at altars and tombs. Clouds of incense were ascending over the many heads bowed in deep devotion; and strains of divine harmony swelled to the vaulted roof. In full canonicals, with two pages to bear up his train, the Cardinal-Prince-Archbishop led the ceremonial and the procession, with really quite a nice little army of priests following him. Here at last he must repose, after all his pomp and power; for here are buried all the Archbishops of Prague; and many other great princes and nobles, with some royal personages, rest with them. Yet this Cathedral, like many great churches in Germany, has never been completed. The high choir, the side aisles, and some of the chapel only are finished; and there is a prophecy that the king who shall complete the whole shall rule over the Easter

and Western Empires like a Caesar of old. Perhaps some Russian sovereign may do the work. I have little expectation that an Austrian one will.

A silver coffin is to be seen, in which are the relics of St. Nepomuk. Over it is a massive canopy, and around are angels and kneeling figures—all in silver. A bit of bone of the saint, under glass, and set in pearls, is within reach of every one. Many women kissed it; and I saw a man rub his eye against it, to cure it of some disease! Altogether this kind of thing, and the incense, the lights, the music, the splendid robes of the priests and their confessions, made me begin to feel a little as if I were in bathedness. I was glad when the musicians near me seemed preparing to go. There was a general movement below—a man began to extinguish the candles. Just before that, a group of persons, in elegant attire, had disappeared with a lady and gentleman, to whom an extraordinary degree of attention seemed to be paid. Royalties! said I to myself;—but who can they be? My question was soon answered, when I made inquiry whether I could be permitted to see the interior of the Castle. I might see the old part of it, but not the modern State apartments—they were occupied by the Emperor. What Emperor? *Der alte Kaiser*—the old one, who had been in the Cathedral. Yes, it was Ferdinand the Second, who in 1618, when so many kings said—'J'abdique, messieurs,' got his dismissal, and made way for his nephew. Not long ago, a king who got his dismissal in 1830—Charles X.—lived in that great palace; and with him the Princess d'Angoulême, granddaughter of Maria Theresa.

Napoleon, king and emperor had reflected on the vicissitudes of the times. I reflected on them in my way, as I went into the first court of the Castle, under a gateway which has the great Empress's name and the imperial arms cut in the stone. There are three large courts; each with iron gates, which are kept carefully locked. In the palace they count more than four hundred rooms, besides many great halls and long galleries. The Vladimirov Hall is two hundred and sixteen feet long and sixty feet wide, and was destined for the assembling of the Constitutional Estates, or Parliament of Bohemia, in 1848. That is all. There is also the Spanish Hall, in which two thousand ladies and gentlemen, whose country had no constitution, might assemble and dance to their hearts' content, by the light of two thousand wax candles, and the thirty splendid lustres down the centre of the hall, and the thirty girandoles on the walls.

But I saw a room, not so lustrous, which interested me more. It is called the *green room*, and it was the old audience chamber, out of a window of which were pitched in two imperial councillors, with their private secretary, in the fateful year 1618. The window, whence the world-renowned unvoluntary plunge had to be taken, was closed for me to look out. From that height, it seemed impossible that the men could escape with their lives; but a heap of manure saved them. A little pyramid of stone on the spot now commemorates the event, of which the Catholic imperial party made a miracle. The pictures of the three—Martinitz, Slavata, and Fabricius Platter—were pointed out to me among the emperors and empresses who adorn the walls.

I left the Hradschin to return, as I had come, over the bridge and by the Alt-Städter-Ring—the Great Ring, which is also called. Here is the old *Rath-haus*, or *Hotel de Ville*. It was built in the fourteenth century, but burned down before that century ended; then rebuilt and enlarged. And there fell the sparks, from the faggots kindled at

Constance for Huss and Jerome, which lighted a fearful fire in Bohemia. From this old town-hall went forth, in the fifteenth and in the sixteenth centuries, edicts inspired by religious and political fanaticism, which sent terror throughout Europe. It was stormed again and again; the town councillors were cast out and killed; the king was kept prisoner there. It is impossible, in recalling these events, not to recall what the *Hotel de Ville* of Paris was at the end of the last century, with some scenes of Parisian revolutions in these later days.

And how did all end here in Prague? In the erection of this pillar to the Virgin in the centre of the Alt-Städter-Ring, to commemorate the departure of the Swedes in 1648; in modern additions to this ancient *Hotel de Ville*—which give it a sinister, double aspect, telling of old times and of new; in a discarded emperor ending his days, in peaceful luxury, in the town where his ancestors exercised the rights of conquest by every indignity which mere brute force could employ against humanity!

M. M. L.

'UNCLE NATHAN.'

THERE are persons in the world who seem fated to carry about with them some peculiarity, the painful and constantly intruding consciousness of which only serves to increase its tenacity and vitality. A stammerer, for instance, will stutter through his sentences with redoubled vigour, if, when he begins to speak, the unwelcome recollection of his infirmity rushes upon him. The bashful young man, also, instead of profiting by the memory of the blunders and mistakes induced by his timidity, often gets more and more entangled in the meshes of his bashfulness; until it becomes to him an incubus from which he is scarcely free in the retirement of his own chamber—where, in spite of solitude and the soothing influence of his 'choice Havana,' he feels himself tingling all over to the ears as he mentally reviews the awkward positions and transactions in which he gets from time to time involved by reason of his besetting weakness.

To the last-mentioned class of unfortunates does my 'Uncle Nathan' belong. Dear old soul! Years ago his whimsical peculiarities had only the effect of provoking my girlish mirth and ridicule. But now that I am a woman long past the meridian of life, and conversant alike with its sunbeams and its shadows, experience has chastened my mirth—not into sadness, but sympathy; and taught me to look upon many of the apparent weaknesses of our humanity as being only the untrained offshoots of goodness and amiability; which, for lack of genial, supporting soil and culture, become degenerated, straggling, and distorted. At least, so to some extent it has been in the case of my uncle. I have often heard it alleged that excessive bashfulness is only excessive pride, or an overweening self-conceit; needing but to be treated with contempt or indifference in order to effect a cure. Had 'Uncle Nathan' never been on the list of my most intimate friends in life, I might have been drawn in to credit such an erroneous opinion. As it happens, however, the close observance and study of his character have led me most decidedly to rank bashfulness as chief of the vagrant virtues, if I may be allowed the expression; and more closely akin to a noble nature than pride or self-conceit.

Another of 'Uncle Nathan's' peculiarities is an extreme and sensitive devotion to the fair sex; but which he evinces in a manner by no means calculated to fascinate or prove agreeable to them. Such is his diffidence, that no sooner

does a lady approach him than he blushes to the temples, begs her pardon, and manages to convey himself out of the way by a series of nervous jerks altogether peculiar to himself. I have found him, after such an occasion, sitting alone in his room, in a state of mental excitement difficult to account for, and ejaculating—'Humph, humph! old fool! humph, humph!' with a vehemence and rapidity almost alarming for so slight a cause. I suppose men are privileged to be whimsical and fidgety on small occasions; yet it must be confessed that 'Uncle Nathan' has more than his own share of these characteristics. His overgrown and unchecked bashfulness have been prolific in producing a host of minor, and, it may be, of more unlovable eccentricities. These keep him in such thralldom, that he rarely ventures into society. Indeed, there are days when a morbid melancholy takes possession of him, and everything in creation seems out of joint to his distorted imagination. To my lady visitors he is generally invisible; and it is to no purpose that sundry slippers embroidered by fairy fingers, and smoking-caps of most elegant design, have found their way to Brier Cottage. My uncle never wears the gifts; and if I venture to direct his notice to the eloquent 'heart's-ease' and moss-rosebuds on the slippers, or make any allusion to the possible connection of smoking-cap with courting-cap, he only smiles, without in the least seeming to understand my delicate insinuations.

I don't pretend to be exempt from the frailties of my sex; and consequently do now and then, just to relieve the monotony of a country life, indulge in a little bit of gossip, or it may be of scandal, with a neighbour. My uncle detests scandal, and places all scandal-mongers on the civil service list of Satan; and I might just as soon think of swallowing the bed-post as try to get him to join us, or even to listen, especially if the object of scandal be a female. In fact, he seems to think that there is, or ought to be, something little short of divinity about us; and it is my secret belief that, if he has a doubt on that score, it is only when he sees a young lady eagerly permitting and returning the empty, meaningless attentions of what he ill-naturedly designates 'the puppy tribe.' Being rather taciturn in his manner, his discomposure and dissatisfaction at such times is indicated by a series of emphatic humphs—his usual mode of expressing annoyance or displeasure.

I need scarcely tell my reader that 'Uncle Nathan' is a bachelor; that fact, I think, is transparent enough. Somehow or other, married men manage to escape all these innocent peculiarities of character. Their feelings and affections get drawn out and mellowed, and their angularities rubbed down, amid the amenities of genial domestic intercourse; while the bachelor too often becomes an amalgamation of all the oddities and crudities incident to masculine nature.

How it comes to pass that my uncle—possessed as he is of a good fortune, a prepossessing exterior, and the most tender, affectionate heart in the world—has never got married, is often a perplexing subject of cogitation and discussion at the select 'tea-parties' of our village, when the topics of conversation naturally have a very limited range. These parties are chiefly composed of widow ladies with their growing and grown-up daughters, and some half-dozen spinsters, who, like myself, have long been laid aside from any chance of entering on the conflicting cares and pleasures of wedded life.

I am under a pledge to avoid all scandal here, and therefore cannot gratify any reader with a detail of the

various designs and intrigues formed against my uncle's freedom by some of these ladies. Of course, they were all innocent, and all equally unsuccessful. Although it is going on to a score of years since I entered on the 'spinster's list,' still I have a strong belief in the blessings of matrimony. I have always been of opinion that a lively, spirited young wife, and half-a-dozen prattling picanninies, would be the greatest possible addition to my uncle's happiness, and would render complete our establishment at Brier Cottage.

With a view to bring about this most desirable consummation, I had at different times set various little match-making schemes afloat. But, somehow, my projects for the promotion of 'social science' had hitherto been failures. The truth is, I had gone to work in a too timid and lady-like manner. I feared rubbing too roughly against my uncle's prejudices, and endeavoured to take him as it were by stratagem. It wouldn't do. I never could get him to acknowledge my most palpable hints on the subject of matrimony; and began to suspect that a certain measure of boldness would be absolutely necessary, and quite praiseworthy under the circumstances. So, while sitting together in our little parlour one evening lately, enjoying all the cozy confidence of a gloaming fireside chat, I asked, quite abruptly, 'Why don't you get married, uncle?'

'Eh! what?' he laughingly answered. 'Art tired of being my housekeeper, Kate?'

Of course he knew quite well that I wasn't; and I told him so. We were talking in the fire-light, and I did not see him so well; yet I felt instinctively that the blushing process was in active development on his physiognomy, and that the abruptness of my question had greatly disturbed his equanimity. I was a little vexed at this; but no matter. Having probed the wound, was I, like an unskilful surgeon, going to desist merely because my patient winced? Not very likely! I had at length succeeded in making an impression, and was determined to go on. Indeed, on second thoughts, I rather liked the perturbation into which the question had thrown my uncle. It was a plain indication that he was not altogether impervious to an attack. So I continued—

'You see, uncle—about your eyes and disguise the fact as you will—it will be out and evident that "it is not good for man to be alone." There is no end to the monotony and isolation of an existence such as ours, but in an entire change of condition. As for me, my lot is sealed for single-blessedness, and I am happy and content; but you, uncle! why should you drift out of existence like a wave that has washed the shore and returned to the ocean, leaving no trace behind it? No, no, uncle! positively it's unchristian. You must get married; I am decided on that point. Oh, dear me! it would be so delightful! I would feel quite young again—nursing the babies and helping your wife in housekeeping! Poor thing! you know she couldn't be expected to have experience, in such occupations; and I have been thinking, for some time past, that if something did not happen to cause an exhilaration of the atmosphere here, we would get fossilised in it.'

'Get—get what, Kate?' deprecatingly exclaimed my uncle, moving uneasily in his chair, and looking victimised.

'Become regular petrifications, uncle; and I am sure, whatever veneration we may have for the British Museum as an institution, neither of us have any ambition to be impaled in it as geological curiosities.'

'Humph, humph! Scientific studies don't agree with

your constitution, Kate; they jumble your ideas too much—they do indeed, my dear. Get fossilised! Humph! Well, to be sure, ladies are queer sometimes. The Rev. Jonathan Malachite's geological lecture has excited your imagination, I fear. Just ring for tea, will you, like a darling? That will put you all to rights.'

Very pretty, wasn't it, to hear my uncle talk, when I could plainly perceive, by the fitful flare of a piece of gas-coal which sputtered away in the grate, that he was all in a tremor of agitation? If he thought that I would let him take refuge in the 'tea urn,' he was mistaken.

'Tea, indeed!' I replied, folding my arms, and setting my feet resolutely on the fender. 'Why, it wants a whole hour till tea-time yet! and you never found our Betty guilty of the indiscretion of setting the kettle to boil an hour before its time. No, no, uncle; I won't let you off that way. Do tell me now—Were you never in love?'

'The Devil's in the woman!' was my uncle's energetic rejoinder. He felt his case getting desperate; but continued, more mildly, 'What spirit of mischief has taken possession of you to-night, Kate? Positively you are a tease. Humph! never in love? Why, girl, I have never been out of it since I had a thought above buttons. Got into it I never could tell how. Suspect I must have been mesmerised. At any rate, love has been my evil genius; and a precious fool it has made of me. Yes, a fool! Humph! I don't think I was ever anything else.'

This was rather more than I had expected from 'Uncle Nathan,' and I felt my eyes opening to an unnatural extent while he thus gave vent to his feelings.

Had I all along been mistaken in supposing that 'Uncle Nathan' had been preserved intact from the tender passion? and were his peculiarities the result of an entire and abstract bashfulness? or was this bashfulness only a consequence and component part of an over-sensitive and delicate subjection to that passion at once the bane and elixir of life?—were the thoughts which flashed through my mind, while my uncle, seemingly alarmed at his confession, kept pacing the room at a ridiculous rate.

I had often observed that very bashful persons, of either sex, were generally susceptible of more delicate and enduring attachments than those of a bolder nature—attachments partaking more of the finer elements of love than is usually current or appreciable in this dreadfully gross and material age, when even our very courtships and marriages are degenerating into mere conventional engagements. The fact had hitherto escaped my notice; and I was now to learn, for the first time, that 'Uncle Nathan' was an additional confirmation of the truth of this observation.

CHAPTER II.

'Ridiculous! isn't it, Kate?' said my uncle, suddenly stopping short in his pedestrian exercise through the apartment. 'You do think me a fool; don't you, darling?'

'I am sure I don't, uncle,' I replied. 'I rather think that you are only coming to your senses. To be sure, you have cheated me famously all these years I have lived with you. I thought you never had loved; and I confess I am all curiosity. Do tell me why you aren't married?'

He was looking steadily into the fire, and for one moment a tear dimmed his clear blue eye.

'It wasn't to be, Kate,' he said, with a sigh. 'Some fates are fixed, and nothing can change them.'

'Nonsense, uncle. We make our fates. God overrules them—if we are his children—for good; if rebels against

his laws, he suffers the fates we make to become our punishment. That blind belief in fate brings us into innumerable evils. But, tell me, did you lose the object of your love?'

My uncle resumed his seat beside me; and taking a small locket from his breast, put it into my hand, saying,—'I haven't opened it for twenty years, Kate. I don't need; the original is ever with me, night and day. "Her bright smile haunts me still."'

I opened the locket, and beheld a countenance in which were blended, with the utmost simplicity and girlishness, a soul-expression and womanliness of thought rarely to be seen, and indicating at once strength and beauty of character in the highest degree.

'You loved her, uncle?' I said, returning the locket.

'Dearer than life itself, Kate. But I wasn't to have her. Three days before that fixed for our marriage she died. My darling Mary! my first, my only love!'

'You never loved again, uncle?'

'Who ever loves again, Kate? Doesn't the poet sing—

"The first joys of the heart come never back again!"

and it is true—too true. We never passionately and absorbingly love twice in our lives; no, no, Kate. "All is not gold that glitters;" neither is all love that bears the name of love. Believe me, no feeling in our nature has so many spurious imitations passed off under the genuine name.' After a short pause, my uncle continued:—'Years after the death of Mary Saville, I felt my life a blank. I did not try to forget her—she was part of my being, and the attempt would have been vain. Still, I knew that for many reasons it would be advisable to marry and settle from the wandering life I had been leading, in order to blunt the poignancy of my grief. I became intimate with a family in the south of England. The heads of the family evidently wished to promote a marriage between their only daughter and myself. She was apparently amiable and good-tempered; and I seemed in no way disagreeable to her. To acquit myself in a very lover-like fashion was an impossibility, and would have been a useless deception. Your sex, Kate, are generally quick to fathom the amount of real affection given to them when they are in earnest about it. Still, Miss Melville seemed contented and happy with the attention she received from me; and there was seemingly a tacit understanding between the whole family and myself as to our probable future relationship. According to my usual custom, I set out one evening to pay my respects at Elm Lodge; and decided to make a formal proposal for Miss Melville's hand that evening. On my way thither, as fate would have it, I suddenly came in sight of Miss Melville, walking with a young gentleman whom I had sometimes seen at the Lodge. I saw at a glance that they were lovers; and felt that if she did consent to be my wife, I had not her heart. I could not go on. I had loved, and been loved with all the ardour of a pure and unfettered heart; and anything less in the memory of that love seemed sacrilege. I retraced my steps homeward; and, two days afterwards, set off once more on my travels. And that is how I am not married, Kate. Now, I am such a bundle of peculiarities, I am not worth any woman's acceptance; but yet you are right, Kate. "It is not good for man to be alone."'

Here we were interrupted by Betty bringing in the tea-things at last; followed by Grimaldin, raising his back and purring with as much energy as if the wheels of creation were to be turned by it. A double knock at the door

announced the Curate, who usually drops in of an evening to discuss the affairs of the nation, and capture queens and bishops on the chess-board.

'Midst all the folly, conventionalism, and wickedness of life, lives there a man who has not stowed away (it may be in some very obscure nook of his heart) the memory of one pure, natural, undivided affection? One spot at which, when he secretly and seriously looks, he blushes it may be for the sins and follies which have robbed his heart of its one faith and purity, and shaded it with a moral turpitude at which, in his solemn moments, he shudders—contrasting what he is with what he might have been? I don't believe in the existence of such a man; and therefore don't fear appealing to a universal sympathy with my 'Uncle Nathan.' It is true he had escaped the snares of vice and pleasure, with which too many seek to blunt the poignancy of disappointed and unreciprocated love. He had nevertheless, in a great measure, been lost to society and even to himself. For years he had been morbidly cherishing the memory of feelings which, in active development and reciprocation, would have made life an oasis; but which, warped and repressed on the heart like the mistletoe on the oak, secretly undermine the mainsprings of life and happiness.

I can plainly perceive that, ever since my uncle's involuntary confession, he looks a little shy of me. He seems to fear having committed himself. His newspaper is more than ever engrossing; and, when I give him his coffee, his hand does not always appear to be so steady as it was wont to be; while a timid, furtive glance, as his eye occasionally meets mine, seems to deprecate any further allusion to the subject.

But it is of no use. I have resolutely set my mind on making a benedict of 'Uncle Nathan,' and what a woman wills, she will do. It is quite clear my uncle never will summon courage to marry of his own accord. If I could manage the affair without his knowledge or consent—just as you give a bolus concealed in jelly to a child—it would be all very well. As it is, I have to watch my opportunity. We often fail to accomplish our designs by paying too little respect to the prejudices and peculiarities of others—rudely driving against and breaking up when we might otherwise, with more tact and discretion, mould to better purpose. A skillful general keeps his own counsel; therefore I don't tell 'Uncle Nathan' that my young friend Dora Mortimer is, in my secret designs, destined to be the future mistress of Brier Cottage. A loving heart and true has Dora; though, in respect to 'Uncle Nathan,' she is a most incorrigible tease. By some spell or other she always manages to keep him stationary in the room with us when she drops in to spend an evening. She contradicts him without mercy, laughs at his little oddities, and gives them such a ludicrous aspect that at times he is forced to join in the laugh against himself. Gravity or gaiety becomes Dora equally well; and a very infidel is she in respect to hysterics, hypochondria, or ennui. Our Betty declares that 'It's clean rideekless in the maister no to see that Miss Dora is jist cut out for him!'

But I do think that some such idea at times disturbs his cogitations, and will ere long take a more tangible form. I have sounded Dora on the subject; and though it wouldn't be fair to tell what passed on the occasion, still I may tell that visions of a marriage trousseau and bridal favours do most seriously affect my alumbars, and furnish me with what I can perceive is by no means a disagreeable topic of conversation to my uncle, as he sits over his coffee in the morning.

A. M. N. YOUNG.

OUR EARLY POSTS.

To gain a proper idea of our national progress and development, and to ascertain the difficulties through which it has passed, there is no better way than to contrast present conditions with what any of our boasted institutions were a few centuries ago, and trace the moving panorama as it rolls on from more exciting days to our less demonstrative but more earnest times. With none of these institutions are we more familiar, and with none has there been so great and rapid an improvement, as that of postal intercourse between continent and island, however distant—between man and man, however dissimilar in language and habits. The desire for such an interchange of communications proved itself early to be a necessity with every nation having pretence to any degree of civilization. Cyrus early established a post, for facilitating the exchange of intelligence between the Court and the provinces of the vast empire of Persia. Ascertaining, first, how many leagues a good horse might travel in a day, he caused stables to be erected at various stages; so that the couriers might be relieved on their journey by fresh men and horses. The posts were thus enabled to travel night and day; and the ancient world was astonished at the speed with which intelligence was transmitted from one end of the empire to the other. Marco Polo, on his early visit to China, found there also a system of posts—said to have been in existence for nearly a thousand years—far superior to anything of the kind he had ever heard of in Europe. A regular transmission of letters can be traced as far back in China as the year 230 B.C.—the time when one of their emperors brought all the petty princes within the jurisdiction of the supreme government, and found it necessary to have a constant and immediate intercourse with the distant corners of the land. The Romans had a similar system of postal reliefs on their great highways; but it was never designed for public benefit, and was solely reserved for messengers of state and ambassadors.

In Europe, the want began to be much felt toward the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries—the invention of printing, reformation of religion, and a flourishing commerce having enlarged the necessity so much as to cause the adoption of regular and stated means of transmission. Traces of an earlier post, however, are to be observed in several statutes of Edward III.; but there was not anything like regularity for several centuries later. So long ago as 1543, a post existed which carried letters from London to Edinburgh in about four days; but this which was something remarkable for the time, did not last long, and the mercantile communities had to employ private persons for the carrying of letters—much after the same manner in which runners are still employed in those sequestered districts at a distance from post-towns.

During the middle ages, the ordinary correspondence of the two kingdoms travelled at a snail's pace and was conveyed by the common carriers, who traversed the country with trains of pack-horses walking

in single file, or with waggons for passengers and goods. By these, only moving by day, communications could hardly be exchanged between York and London in less time than a month—these cities being then as practically separated as Liverpool and New-York now are. A system of posts so early as 1600 had been established in Scotland; this was, however, only at places where relays of horses might be had for travellers, and where the occasional duty was performed of forwarding letters in connection with public business. This was at first limited to a few of the principal lines of road throughout the country—there being previously no regular transmission of letters, and what little there was being wholly in the hands of non-official parties. The posts used by Queen Elizabeth travelled at the rate of seven miles an hour in summer and five in winter—not bad travelling, considering the state of the roads throughout the country at this time. One of the earliest authentic journeys of this nature was that accomplished by Robert Carey, a young Englishman, who carried the news of the death of Elizabeth to King James VI. at Holyrood—leaving London on the Thursday, and reaching Edinburgh on the Saturday night; probably the most rapid transit between the two cities prior to the days of railways, being a ride of 400 miles in the daylight of three days.

In 1635, a regular letter-post was established for providing an interchange of communications between Charles I. and the Scottish Council, during the turbulent period of his reign; and the cavalier supporters of the king often showed their loyalty by their rapid carrying of despatches to and from the royal army. Previous to this, a foreign post had been in use for merchants; and the person to whose charge this had been confided received instructions to establish the home post between London and Edinburgh, to go thither and back in six days, suppressing at the same time all private posts on the route. This order the king was pleased to extend to various other distant parts of the country. The mode of conveyance was, as before, by persons on horseback; indeed, this continued to be the general way up till about seventy years ago; and it never was considered a safe post, as the mails were often lost and occasionally robbed. Not long after the establishment of this post by King Charles, we learn that a stage-coach ran between London and the Scottish capital; but letters were not likely to be sent by it, as, while the stated horse-post rode the distance in about three days, the coach was on the way for nearly three weeks. We next hear that in 1642 a postal route was set up between Scotland and Ireland—a considerable intercourse having sprung up between the two countries, owing to the sending of troops there to put down the Irish Rebellion.

The post in England had been almost ruined by the civil war; but was revived so effectually by the Commonwealth in 1654, that it yielded a revenue on lease of £10,000 a-year. It thrived so ill in Scotland, however, at the same period, that the government was glad to give a long lease for nothing to a private individual; but it underwent considerable improvement at the Restoration. It was put under the care of

one Robert Mean, who had been commissioned to establish a number of provincial posts: the Privy Council regulating his charges—any letter to Ireland being charged 6s. Scots, to Glasgow 2s. Scots (two-pence sterling). Scotland had then but one postal centre; so that all letters from London to Glasgow came by Edinburgh, and were thence despatched at such times as were convenient. This continued till Palmer's mail-coaches began to run in 1788; although Glasgow, when Mean was postmaster, was, and had been long before, a great commercial and manufacturing town. Mean suffered greatly from competition; for we find him applying for warrants against sundry persons who carried letters on foot to his injury. This occurred frequently; for the Council repeatedly issued proclamations against letters being carried by private persons, between places where post-offices were established, although they were allowed where there was no stated post. The regular carriers themselves were not above temptation, it being a common complaint that they did a considerable business on their own account. Mean was also induced to regulate a post between Edinburgh and Inverness—going and returning twice a-week to Aberdeen, and once a-week to Inverness, 'wind and weather serving;' the letters being charged for according to distance—all communications so far north having hitherto been very irregularly conducted.

The rates of charge for these early posts were always high. In London, however, a penny local post was for some time in existence during the reign of Charles II., and was carried on by two men, who experienced great opposition from the government. It was eventually taken out of their hands, and conjoined with the general post. In Edinburgh, in like manner, an eccentric genius, named Peter Williamson, started a penny post about 1780. Its success was so great that the government bought it up for a good sum in 1793.

Every now and then the various postmasters were called before the Council, in consequence of the bags coming in with the seals broken; and occasionally daring robberies were effected, although, from the known carelessness of the post-boys, property of any value was seldom intrusted to them—thus rendering the booty in most cases almost worthless. The mail to France, on the short distance from London to Dover, was frequently stopped—sometimes even before it got clear of the environs of the metropolis. In the following instance, political motives were assigned for the purloining of the mail-bags:—Two men, with masks on their faces, stopped the post-boy at a solitary moor near Haddington, on the great line of road to England. Holding pistols to his breast, they threatened to kill him if he did not instantly deliver up the bags. There being no choice but to yield compliance, they bound him to his horse and then rode off with their spoil. Two persons of the name of Seton were suspected of this affair; and the Sheriff of the County proceeded to their house to arrest them, but could not find them. Assuming an innocent appearance, they went to the Sheriff's house next morning, to see why they were sought for; but the Sheriff, after examining them in the presence of

the post-boy, thought fit to place them in confinement. They were confided to the charge of a bailie; who, presuming that they were really innocent from their going willingly to the Sheriff, was not particularly strict, and locked them into a room in his own house, leaving them in charge of two of the town-officers. Being Sunday, the officers were, as usual, required to walk before the magistrates to church; and, while so engaged, the two Setons took the opportunity to make their escape. The Privy Council imprisoned the bailie and the officers on the charge of aiding the prisoners' escape. One of the Setons was caught on board a vessel bound for Holland, but ultimately succeeded in escaping condemnation; the other was never heard of.

It was not till after the Union that the Scottish post was ever able to do more than pay its own expenses; and it was then placed, by Act of Parliament, under the control of that of England. Foot-posts to provincial towns then began to give way to organised horse-posts throughout most of the country; and stated hours for despatch were regulated—the gradual settling down of the country, together with a rapid increase of commercial activity, soon causing a proper degree of care in the regulation of so important a means as the post. The turnpike roads began also to be improved, and stage-coaches to run on the leading routes. For long they only travelled by day—as, during the night, the ruts and ditches of the ill-made roads made the journey perilous to coaches, endangering life and limb. We gather from 'Peppys's Diary,' in his account of a journey from London to Bristol, that 'guides' were necessary for enabling the early travellers to keep the right path; and this shows to some extent the bad condition of the roads in those days—the interior of the country in many parts being little better than a wilderness. The stage-coaches, however, for more than a century after their introduction, were not used for the post—the letter-bags being still conveyed by boys on horseback, who travelled at a very ordinary jog-trot—never hurrying themselves, loitering with every passenger they met, and gossiping with the innkeepers; besides the liability they were under of summary stoppage by footpads or highwaymen, who, after plundering the bags of whatever of value they might contain, would deposit the remainder in the nearest ditch. The progress in Scotland by way of stage-coaches seems to have been very slow—the communication, for instance, between Edinburgh and Glasgow, so late as 1749, being still by means of a covered cart, which went twice a-week from one city to the other, taking a day and a-half to the journey! At length, in 1784, the first regular mail-coach started from London to Bristol; and at this time letters leaving the capital on the Monday did not reach Glasgow till the following Sunday evening. But these early mails never did attain a higher speed than ten miles an hour—which was then deemed the highest rate with which speed and safety could be combined; and instances were currently reported of persons who had died suddenly of apoplexy from this rapidity!

The mail-coach, with its dashing appearance and its attendants in scarlet and gold-lace, when at its perfection, was an object of wonder and exultation; but this again has been supplanted by our iron roads and their iron steeds—a less romantic but more effectual method than any of the former plans; and the post together with the more modern telegraph, as they now exist, may be considered a means of civilization only inferior to the art of printing, the steam-engine, and the mariner's compass. D.

THE OLD DESK.

I OPEN'D a desk so worn and old,
It breathed but of damp, and dust, and mould.
For years it had lain in an old bureau,
Forgotten or hidden long ages ago;
And the lock, with its rusted strength, gave way,
To tell its dark secrets to garish day.

And letters of love and passion there
Lay folded by with a wondrous care;
While the hand that had penn'd each frantic line,
With the hopes and the visions such loves entwine,
Was cold as the mockery of eyes that now
Would look on such tales of love or woe.

Oh, why are these traces of happiness gone
Left ever in keeping to mortal one?
Why let in the light to a hidden grief,
That ne'er in its agony sought relief,
By telling its sorrows—so sad, yet true—
To the careless throng or the trusted few?

Oh! bury them, burn them. Never keep
These faded relics; but let them sleep
In the calm repose of a bygone life,
That sought not to tell of its inward strife,
Save to the heart whose life-pulse beat
With a like response. 'Twas well; 'twas meet.
Let the records of bygone happiness lie
In the sacred depths of past mystery!

Amid these relics of Time there lay
Two locks of hair—one fair as day,
The other as dark as night; and they cling
Together as if new life they'd bring.
Oh! the sunny light of that golden tress
Could tales of dark misery now confess,
As it curling lies in its beauty there—
Once kiss'd and bless'd with a trustful prayer.
But the heart that once beat lies lowly now.
'Neath the impress of Time and a broken vow!

In a secret drawer that I open'd now,
Some wither'd heath lay lank and low—
A treasured link of years ago;
A flower whose beauty, once bright and gay,
Had pass'd like its owner—away! away!

A tiny ring, with its ruby red,
Sparkled and flash'd in its satiny bed.
It cared not for Time and its vanishing tread,
As it breathed but of life, while its owner was dead!

A miniature lay in its time-worn case.
Oh, the sweet, sad look of that angel face!
Few summers had told on that fair, young brow.
Oh! why is its brightness long-shadow'd now?
Oh! where is the light of that fond, loving eye?
Or that sweet smile of beauty once hovering nigh?
Like a faint gleam of heaven—just born to die!
Oh, close it! oh, close it! I cannot look more!
Oh! why do we keep these sad relics of yore?

In a further recess, half-hidden from view,
Was the sweet, sad sight of a baby shoe,
All faded in colour, and worn, and stain'd—
As if tears had wash'd out what of love remain'd;
And a broken toy. But who shall tell
Of that mother's lone grief by that baby-spell!

Oh, close the old desk. I will never look more
On these heart-breaking relics from days of yore!

E. L. F.

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EDDERWICK'S MISCELLANY

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[PRICE 1d.]

FRED HARPER'S LEGACY (*Continued*).

CHAPTER II.

THE day passed happily away. A favourable wind enhanced the pleasure we felt in our recent escape from the dangers of the storm—the perils we had encountered enhanced the pleasure we felt in the prospect of the speedy termination of our voyage.

But our satisfaction was not fated long to last. We were seated at supper; we were talking of poor Ned Brown, the second mate, who had been washed overboard, when we heard the voice of the look-out man shouting—‘A sail on the weather beam!’

Shortly afterwards, we heard him again—‘Another sail on the weather quarter!’

The curiosity regarding even the smallest incidents which the monotony of a long voyage is calculated to inspire, caused us to hurry our meal and hasten upon deck. The sails were distinctly visible, bearing directly down on us. There was a thin fog or rather haze over the surface of the sea, which had concealed them from view; and they were now close upon us. One was a rakish-looking vessel of about two hundred tons—very low in the water, schooner-rigged, and painted green; the other was a larger vessel, painted black, and rigged as a brigantine.

‘Curious-looking craft!’ exclaimed the captain. ‘What can they be? Do you know, Cox, I don’t like the look of them at all.’

‘Nor I. Give me the glass a moment, sir. You never saw a merchantman like that schooner; and the other is little better.’

‘What are they doing here, I wonder, on the course they are?’ said Telford.

'I can't fancy,' said Cox. 'I don't see any one on the deck of either. Stop; there goes a flag! They are Dutch colours, I think; but they are no more Dutchmen than I'm a Hindoo. I fear, sir—yes—we'll know it too soon. I may as well cut with it at once. They're pirates!'

Telford gave a sudden start. 'Cox, it can't be!'

'It can be, sir, and it will be; and, what's more, before dark the *Rosarie*, her crew, and her cargo are theirs. We have one chance, but it is hardly worth trying—to run for it. The ship was never much of a clipper, and she isn't in the best condition now; but if we could keep clear of them till night, we might give them the slip. But I fear it is hardly worth trying—they will be down on us in no time.'

'But we will try it, though,' said Telford. 'And if that doesn't do, we'll fight for it; and, if we are taken, we'll die game. All hands, make sail!'

The crew obeyed with an alacrity which showed that they, too, had their suspicions of the strange craft. The studding-sail booms were run out, and the sails set, and away we scudded.

But still they gained on us; for that they were pursuing us was now evident. Our masts creaked and groaned with the weight of canvas; two of our back-stays snapped with the strain; and a large sea taking us, our foretopgallantmast broke with the jerk, and fell upon the deck.

A shot now came booming along from the brigantine—falling short of us, however, astern. The Dutch flag was lowered; another was seen running up to the peak; it blew out—it was the Black Flag! Our fears were then but too well grounded—they were pirates! I thought of Flora; the fearful fate which awaited her—the fearful fate which awaited us all—if we fell into their hands. I went below. She still slept. Exhausted by the anxieties of the previous night, she had lain asleep on a sofa in the cabin the whole afternoon. How lovely she looked! She half-opened her eyes, and murmured my name. Oh! to think—but I could not bear the thought.

I went to my cabin; and, taking my pistols from their case, I loaded them carefully. Selecting a cutlass from among those which were ranged along the beams, I strapped it round my waist, and stuck my pistols in the belt. One look at Flora, and I went on deck. The crew were mustered in the waist of the ship. Several of them had already armed themselves with the muskets, pikes, and cutlasses which had been ranged round the inside of the companion; while, among the rest, the captain was distributing arms and ammunition from an old arm-chest which had been brought up from below.

Anxious looks were turned to windward. They had visibly gained on us; but night was drawing on, and, from the appearance of the sky, it promised to be dark. The wreck of the foretopgallantmast had been cleared; and the ship still made good way.

'Now, men,' said the captain, 'I have told you what those craft after us are; and you know what that means—you know what you have to expect. None of you, I dare say, ever saw any one walking the

plank. Neither did I; but we have all heard plenty about it, and I fear some of us may know what it is before long. We may, however, keep clear of them till night, and then we may get off in the dark. I they overtake us, you know as well as I do that we haven't much chance against so many as these fellows will have on board; but we may beat them off for all that. If we fail—look for mercy from the sharks! Now, men, go to your stations; and remember that every one of those wretches you bring down is a bloody murderer out of the world. Fight to the last man—the flash of a pistol or the stroke of a cutlass any day before a slippery plank and a watery shroud.

Each man went silently to his post. The two small carronades, which we had as signal guns, were run out. The men loaded their muskets, stripped their selves to the waist, and bound their handkerchiefs round their brows—the knitted brow and compressed lip telling the nature of the feelings which stirred within their breasts.

Still the pirates gained on us. We would soon be within range of their guns. All hope of escape seemed now to be gone. I went below to waken Flora. She must soon know the worst; and I wished that she might have a gentler awakening than the noise of the firing when it began.

'Flora!' I whispered.

'What is it, Fred? Where are we? It hasn't come on to blow again, has it? No. I feel it quite different from what it was, though the ship does roll a good deal. You gave me such a start! But what is the matter? You look so wild; and—pistols—why—what is the matter?'

'Flora! a terrible fate awaits us. I care not for myself; but when I think of you, it drives me mad. Oh, why did the storm abate?—why did it not drive us to the bottom?'

'What is it, Fred? I know of nothing that would warrant you behaving in that way. Yesterday you hardly seemed even to care when we were threatened with all but certain death; and what could be worse than that? and now you are like a madman!'

'But this is worse than death—worse than a thousand deaths! Then we would have perished! Each other's arms; now they will tear us asunder; as you—O Flora!' I threw myself down in an agony of despair.

The loud boom of a gun roused me. There was a crash as of a breaking spar, the loud flapping of sail; and something fell heavily on the deck. I started up, drew my pistols from my belt, and rushed to the companion-ladder. Flora caught me by the arm—

'What is it, Fred? That noise—what was it?'

'Pirates! They are on us. Let me go!'

She did not speak. Her grasp tightened on my arm; she gave a slight start, and that was all. Her composure wrought like a spell on me—I was calm in a moment.

'Fred! give me those pistols.'

'Why—what, Flora! what do you want them for?'

'To defend myself; and for another purpose, if we are taken.'

'What do you mean, Flora?'

'They will do for myself. It is a fearful thing to say—it is a fearful thing to think of; but, if we are then, I will do it.'

'Flora! Flora! It is indeed a fearful thing to say. I will not—I cannot give them to you.'

'Then you will not give me the means of defending myself—of defending myself against these men! Give them to me, Fred! you can get others.' She took them from my reluctant hands. 'I will not go on deck; I will stay here and defend the door.'

The roar of discharging guns told that the pirates had poured a broadside into us; and the crashing of timbers and the sound of a falling spar told that it had taken effect. A loud cheer sent the blood rushing to my heart; it sounded close aboard of us. I drew my cutlass, and rushed on deck. The larger of the two vessels was close upon us; the schooner was farther to windward, but she was rapidly coming up. On board the brigantine I could discern the dark faces of the pirates as they loaded their guns—the conspicuous figure being a tall man, apparently their commander, in a large boat-cloak and a Spanish sombrero, who stood on the poop carelessly smoking a cigar—his seeming nonchalance forming a strange contrast to the scene around him.

We discharged our carronades. They had been well pointed. The shot swept their deck. Again we loaded; again we fired. There was a bustle and hurrying on their deck. Their captain stamped his foot; and, doing something to his crew, jumped from the poop. Almost immediately afterwards, they hauled their wind and poured a broadside into us. Several of our men were wounded. We carried them to the fore-cabin; but no one waited to attend them—our own time was too imminent, and our numbers were too few for that. The brigantine was now within musket-shot of us—her rigging swarming with men, who galled us with their fire. We loaded our guns with musket balls, and fired. Several of them fell from the rigging—some we threw into the sea. Our men tried to raise a cheer, but it died away upon their lips.

The pirates ceased firing—they were preparing to board us. Again they hauled their wind, and poured a broadside into us, breaking our maintopmast at the top. Our way was lost. They were under our stern. Their grappling-irons caught us. Like a breaking wave they rushed over our bulwarks.

I have an indistinct recollection of standing before the companion-hatch fighting, till I was knocked down from behind by a blow from a handspike. The scene is confused in my memory—the flashing of pistols—the gleaming of cutlasses—the yells of the pirates—the faint cheers of our men—the cries of the wounded—the groans of the dying—the smoke, the blood, and the dim!

I remember, as in a terrible nightmare, trying to raise myself from the pool of blood in which I lay. I saw them dragging Flora from below. She was deadly pale; her arms were bare; her dress hung torn around her. She struggled with them. I tried to rise, but fell back on the deck. I looked around for some of our men to aid her; but there were none. The pirate captain held her by the wrist. There was a pistol-pointed at her; he fell beside me—dead! They hurried her away. She cast a wild look round. I heard a piercing shriek;—and swooned away!

(To be continued.)

POPULAR SONGS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

No. II.—DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE.

'COIRE CHEATHAICH' was composed by Duncan Ban Macintyre when in his prime. It was published in the first edition of his poems, which were taken down by a clergyman, to the poet's own dictation, in the year 1768. Duncan Ban was then forty-four years of age. He lived for thirty-one years afterwards, never very far from the scenes in which he took so much delight—of which Ben-Dorain was the centre, with Coire Cheathaich on the one side of it, and Glenorchy, his birth-place, on the other. For six of these years he served in the Breadalbane Fencibles—holding the rank of sergeant, but not considered a very enthusiastic soldier. Then, on the disbanding of that regiment in the year 1799, when he was 75 years old, he was provided by the Earl of Breadalbane, at his own particular request, with a place in the City Guard of Edinburgh. This body seems to have been the object of mingled fear and ridicule. In his poem, 'Leith Races,' Ferguson, 'the bauld and sleet,' as Burns calls him, speaks of the poor old Highlanders who formed it with as much bitterness as humour:

'Their stumps, erst u'd to fillegs,
Are dight in spatterdashies,
Whase barkent hidos scarce fend their legs
Frae weat an' weary plashed
O' dirt that day!

"Come, hafe a care (the captain cries),
On guns your bagnets thrav;
Now mind your manual exercise,
An' march down raw by raw."
And as they march he'll glowr about—
Tent a' their cuts and scars;
'Mang them fell mony a gauy snout
Has gush't in birth-day wars,
Wi' blude that day!

Her nanessel maun be carefu' now;
Nor maun she be misleard;
Sin' Baxter lads hae seal'd a vow
To skelp an' clout the Guard.
I'm sure Auld Beekie kens o' nane
That wou'd be sorry at it;
Tho' they shou'd dearly pay the kane,
An' get their tails wool sautit,
An' sair thir days!

'Duncan Ban of the Songs' served with this corps for seven years. Ferguson surely had no idea that a poet so sweet was to be included in the number of those men for whom he desired so little good. He would have wished, it is to be hoped, a better fate for his musical brother than the tender mercies of the Baxter lads, if he had.

In a short account of Duncan Ban's life, prefixed to the last edition (1859) of his works, it is said:—"He remained in the City Guard till about the year 1806; being then enabled—by means of his little savings and the profits of the third edition of his poems, published in 1804—to subsist in comparative comfort during the remainder of his life. He died about the 14th of May 1812, aged 88 years. The precise day we have not been able to ascertain; but the records of the Greyfriars' Burying-ground, Edinburgh—where his remains were laid—fix the date of his interment on the 19th."

At this time, Sir Walter Scott was in the first blaze of his reputation; and the *Edinburgh Review* was absorbing all the Whig talent of the kingdom. Its editor knew a

great deal, and was quick and clever; but he did not know that—in the very city where he lived, and within a few minutes' walk of the scene of many of his triumphs—on the 19th of May 1812, in the Greyfriars' Burying-ground, were laid the mortal remains of a poor old man, who had been visited, away among the distant Highland hills, with a gleam of 'the light that never was on sea or shore;' and who, without knowing the letters of the alphabet, sung some strains which have lived thus far, and are not likely to be willingly let die—at least whilst a tongue can speak the venerable language they have moulded into such artless melody, or a Scottish eye remains to look on Coire Cheathaich.

This singular genius carried the same gifts with him to Edinburgh which had distinguished him amid his own moors and hunting hills. A song which he composed, called 'The Praise of Dunedin,' shows the qualities of minute observation and felicitous expression which he displayed with such effect in 'Coire Cheathaich.' There is not, perhaps, much poetry—not much to stir the feelings or exalt the imagination—in that song; but it has got a simplicity and quaintness which are at least amusing. Dr. Johnson was highly pleased with the account of a St. Kilda man's visit to Glasgow, especially that part where the man takes the Cathedral for a great cave. The impression which Edinburgh made on the shrewd-eyed bard we are now engaged upon is not without its attraction also—when he speaks of the well-born gentlemen, with their powdered hair and wigs; or of the pretty ladies, with their stays and patches, their ribbons and high-heeled shoes; or of any other subject. To learn the mode in which a fresh unsophisticated mind looks on things we are perfectly familiar with, and to know the associations with which it involuntarily links them, is to every intelligent thinker a peculiarly charming study. With this view, the song of 'Dunedin,' by Duncan Ban, is now offered:—

'Tis a great town Dunedin—
It charmed me to be there;
A broad and hospitable place,
And pleasant everywhere.
With a garrison—a battery—
A rampart tight and good—
A Castle—and great houses
Where camps right often stood.

A Royal camp stood often here;
And beautiful 'twould be,
With troops of horsemen plentiful,
To guard it faithfully;
And every one so disciplined
In every art of war—
Before you got a rank like theirs
You might search near and far.

Here's many a gallant gentleman
Who's polish'd and well-bred;
Wears powder plaster'd on his hair
To the crown of his head;
With folds and plaits, and many curls,
Well woven, overspread;
And, on the top, a bunch like silk
When the card has smooth'd its thread!

There's many a noble lady
A poor man here may meet,
In gown of silk and satin
That sweeps along the street;
And every pretty thing wears stays,
To keep her straight and spare;
And beauty-spots on her fair face,
To make her still more rare.

Each one, as well becomes her,
Pol to among the rest;
And proud, and rich, and ribbon'd.
And round, and gaily dress'd.
The clothes on the young maidens,
Just showing to your eye
A strong and pointed well-made shoe—
I thought its heel too high.

When I went to the Abbey—
It was a noble sight
To see the kings in order,
From King Fergus, as was right;
But now, since they are gone from us,
Our Alba wants the crown—
No wonder, then, her once gay Court
Is like a desert grown.

There is a lantern made of glass,
And a candle in each place,
That yields a light to every eye
Around a little space.
Nor less a cause of pleasure
Are the instruments they play,
That give a sweeter music
Than the cuckoo does in May.

A stately sound the coaches make,
With their trotting and their whirl;
The hard-hoof'd, smooth-paced horses
They always keep a-stir—
They frisk and raise their heads on high
In their spirited career;
Not such our heather pastures,
Or the wild moorlands rear.

In the close of the Parliament,
There the same horse is shown,
Still standing where he used to stand,
On the bare way of stone.
They've bridled him and saddled him,
And set the King thereon,
Whose was the right of all these realms,
Though they've banish'd far his son.

The great House of the Parliament
Is worthy a good view;
There reasonable gentlemen
Deliver judgments true.
They have a power given them
Will last them many a day—
To hang the faulty up on high,
And let the good away.

And here a Healing-house I see,
Where the best leeches go;
And cure each kind of suffering
That limb and body know.
The man who is in want of health,
Whom leeches long attend,
Here is the place for him to come,
And keep him from his end.

Dunedin is a bonny place
In far more ways than one—
A town that must not yield to it
In this whole realm is none.
So many gentlemen are there,
Of tribute-raising line—
Men who may daily quench their thirst
With the good Spanish wine.

Though great and long the distance
From Glasgow unto Perth,
Yet am I sure, although I saw
Each mansion there of worth,
I could see none more charming
Than the Abbey or the Bank;
Or houses rich and large, whose guests
Might be of kingly rank.

It frequently pains one to notice the trifles which often escape the mind; the silly little incidents which move the heart; and the poor chit-chat which frequently forms the conversation of far too many of those whose lives are passed away from great towns. Yet the blue sky bends over all; and the kind earth spreads its broad bosom before them; and perhaps there is a great, rough, roaring ocean near them, which ever fills the air they breathe with that immeasurably greater than organ melody which there is only One Hand can play. There are millions of things in the country which ought, one would think, to elevate humanity; and which seem scarcely to be seen thought of by many of its habitual residents. It is to be feared that we have more than one rural district, at this very day, into which new ideas have not entered as old feelings and fine fancies have been dying out. The country, on the whole, must have been far sadder a hundred years ago than it is now. Then there was something stirring in it, which was felt to be worth living and worth dying for, and which might knock at a man's door and summon him at any moment to be up and doing. Life and death were calling him. Then, too, there were old customs which were cordially honoured, and ancient beliefs which were entertained with genuine awe and fear. The country offers much less chance than formerly for so true a love, so unaffected a devotion, so pure a sentiment, as those which lived in the poetic breast of Duncan Ban—now starting up in a poor man's heart, and working themselves into external life, to form a permanent and a lasting possession through generations for him.

As selfish love, a true devotion, and pure sentiments, combine any sort of life—especially when they are united with something of an intellectual turn. Such love and devotion, and such pure sentiments, appear to be very beautifully manifested in that song of Duncan Ban's, called 'The Last Farewell to the Hills.' In it there is, at the same time, a sort of intellectual pensiveness which is very charming.

After an absence of some years, the Poet visits the haunts of his youth and vigorous manhood. He spends a whole day in traversing Ben-Dorain, near which he was born; on which he had a thousand times hunted the deer and wandered pleasantly, feeding his thoughts with music taken from the birds of other days, with whose works his mind was well stored, or drawn from the sweet unpremeditated fountain of his own inspiration. On this occasion he composed a song, the most pathetic and touching of his compositions; indeed, a really beautiful and graceful poem he left it. This song is interesting, not only on account of the humble condition of its author, whose total want of education did not prevent his feelings and reflections from being attractive, nor his expression of them from being eloquent and delicate; it is interesting, also, when we consider the great age of this poor man at the date of its composition, 19th Sept. 1802. Duncan Ban was then 73 years old. Very few poets have lived to that age. Still fewer have composed any of their best poetry so late in life. There is a sadness even in the title of this ballad of fading years, 'The Last Farewell to the Hills.' It is the only one, I think, of Duncan Ban's poems which has been carefully dated.

THE LAST FAREWELL TO THE HILLS.

Ben-Dorain I saw yesterday,
And trod its gorges gray;
Each well known hill I looked along—
Each glen and grassy way.

Ah! 'twas a joyous thing of yore
To tread that mountain high,
As the sun rose o'er the morning hoar,
And the deer were belling by!

The pride with which they'd sweep away—
How charming and how gay!
While fawn and doe, they heedless stay'd
Near the fresh fount to play.
I heard the red deer bellow round—
The black cock, red cock crow;
I think than these no sweeter sound
Can morning ever know!

Then cheerfully I'd dash away
The many brakes to roam;
I sought them with the peep of day—
'Twas late ere I went home.
The breath of those great mountains
Was health and strength to me;
A draught from their fresh fountains—
What real life 'twould be!

At times I'd spend a little while
In some lone shieling near,
With sport and mirth, and laugh and smile,
And woman's kindness dear.
Alas! 'twas not in Nature's power
That such blithe joy should last—
Too swiftly came the parting hour;
I sigh'd, and onward pass'd.

And now old age has struck me sore
With its long lingering blight;
My teeth are fresh and sound no more—
Alas! my fading sight.
I could not now give eager heed
If the chase should cheer the day;
Whatever now should be my need,
I could not haste away.

Yet though my hair be hoary white,
My whiskers thin and gray—
My dogs pursued the headlong flight
Of proud stags many a day—
I ween the chase still charms my heart;
But, if it swept this heath,
I could not do my wonted part
With this remnant of my breath.

How ill, ill could I drive it now—
As once I used to do—
O'er glen and dell, and mountain brow,
Rough stream, wet mosses through.
Ill could I join a social throng,
And share their autumn cheer;
Ill could I sing a pleasant song
At falling of the year.

'Twas then the spring-time of my days—
A thoughtless time indeed;
'Tis only our good hap always
Supplies our every need.
In that belief content I live,
Though far from rich I be;
For George's* daughter, she will give
My meat and drink to me.

And, yesterday, I trod yon moor;
How many a thought it moved!
The friends I walk'd with there of yore—
Where were those friends I loved?

* 'George's daughter' was the musket which Duncan Ban carried, in King George's name, as a member of the City Guard. The gun which he had used among the hills he called 'Nic Colseam,' or 'Colseam's daughter.' It affords a singular illustration of the unassuming simplicity of his character, to be told that the situation of which he speaks so contentedly was worth only sixpence a-day.

I look'd and look'd; and sheep, sheep still,
 Were all that I could see.
 A change had struck the very hill;
 O world! deceiving me.

When I turn'd round from side to side—
 Oh, dear! I felt not gay—
 The heather's bloom, the greenwood's pride,
 The old men were away.
 There was not left one antler'd stag,
 There was not left a roe;
 No bird to fill the hunter's bag—
 These old things all must go.

Then, wild heath-forests, fare-you-well!
 Ye wonderful bright hills!
 Farewell, sweet spring and grassy dell!
 Farewell, ye running rills!
 Farewell, vast deserts! mountains grand!
 With peaks the clouds that sever!
 Scenes of past pleasure, pure and bland,
 Farewell! farewell for ever!

Sept. 19, 1802.

Duncan Ban lived for ten years after this; but he did not, so far as I know, ever visit the hills again. It ought to be mentioned that he is the author of what is generally considered the finest love song in the Gaelic language—'Mhairi Bhan Og' or 'Fair Young Mary!' It is quite characteristic of the man that this song, which is full of love and affection, was composed not for his sweetheart, but for his wife.

THOMAS PATRISON.

THE CHATEAU DE VILLEMAR.

It is now many years since circumstances required our family—consisting of my father, my two sisters, and myself—to reside for a considerable period in France. We became, during the latter part of that time, the tenants of Mademoiselle de Villemar, the only remaining representative of one of the families of the Vendéan noblesse, whose estates had been situated in the 'Boisage'—a part of France familiar to the readers of Madame de la Rochejaquelein's touching and interesting history. The Chateau de Villemar was all that now remained to the grandniece of its last occupant; and, in one wing of the ancient and dilapidated building, she was willing to give that accommodation to foreigners which she would have refused to any of her compatriots. The Chateau consisted of a centre with two wings, and was built more in the Italian than in the French style of architecture. Of the gardens and terraces there remained hardly any trace—the Revolutionary tempest had swept over them with too desolating effect. The trees, which nearly surrounded it, excluded with their wall of foliage almost any view of the neighbouring country; their swinging branches darkened the windows, and beneath their shade the dank grass grew high; while the sunless walls of the house were covered with the lichens and green mosses which delight in such situations. The left wing of the mansion alone was divided by a considerable space from the enclosing wood; which space was bounded by a lofty hedge of closely-clipped yew—the sole remaining evidence (with the exception of a little kitchen garden) of former horticultural glories. The household of Mademoiselle de Villemar consisted of herself; an old retainer, who united in himself all the offices of a staff of men-servants; and his daughter Marie, who was the attendant, and, in a humble way, the companion of the lady of the mansion. They occupied the lower rooms of the main house, which were entered by what had been the grand front; but was now a neglected, grass-grown

space. The left wing, of which I have spoken, appeared entirely deserted. To the right one—our abode—as was gained by a separate door, opening from a paved court-yard at the back. Mademoiselle herself not certainly convey the idea of a personage representing an ancient line of nobles. Her medical attendant—physician of V—, who had first suggested our attention to her—informed us that her grandfather, brother of the last Count, had been an 'émigré'; her father had brought her up in very reduced circumstances; and that it was not until comparatively late life that, quitting Paris after his death, she had taken her abode at the Chateau. She appeared to me a woman of about forty-five—tall, slender, and lithe in figure; very black hair; dark, brilliant, piercing eyes; and lips of remarkable redness. The dress was always the same—any colour about it being invariably some shade of crimson or scarlet. She seemed to be more occupied with her ménage, and the conduct of her business affairs, with any other subjects; though an occasional flash of pride, or expression of bitterness, revealed her consciousness of what she might have been, in painful contrast with what she was.

I can still picture to myself the bright autumnal afternoon when, with our effects—not a very bulky load—the two country carts which conveyed them—were at Villemar. Pierre, the old factotum of the man who received us in the first place, and conducted the men to their carts to the entrance of our abode; and, after departure, Mademoiselle de Villemar herself appeared to bid us welcome, and deliver up the keys of our rooms, which she proceeded to show us, with a curious mixture of business matter-of-factness and ceremony. The door opened at once into a low brick-floored room, with broad windows, admitting a flood of sunlight from the west, which penetrated between the trunks of the trees outside. The room was panelled with wood, painted two shades of dingy olive green; but this was loose in many places from the walls, and, with the crumbling plaster which had fallen here and there on the floor, gave it a neglected, comfortless appearance. From this far entrance a door-way led into a lobby; whence an old-fashioned staircase—in several short flights of steps, broad landings between—ascended to the next floor which were the two adjoining bed-rooms assigned to father and sisters, and the large comfortable apartments were to use as a parlour. Quite detached from these, situated in a lobby from which another wide open stair led to the large dreary attics of the house, was the library room appointed to me. A lofty door next to it communicated with the main part of the Chateau; but this, landlady informed us, was always kept locked. How I remember that narrow room, with its panels, like all the rest, of dusky green; its few old landscapes let into the wall; the windows, without a view, at the end; and the feeling of utter isolation with which I used to enter that night after night, when I had parted with the others what always seemed a hopeless length of time! I should mention that the French servant we had brought with us to sleep with Marie, and occupy by day the little entrance-hall; on which some alterations were to be made to render it available for the purposes of a kitchen. I spent the afternoon of our arrival in arranging our personal possessions in their future places, so as to give our rooms as much an air of home as possible; and at last, weary and worn out, I sent Nanette away—the rest of the family having already retired; took up my lamp; endeavoured

not to observe the weird shadows it cast as I crossed the debatable land which separated me from my kindred; and, finally, shut my door, with a glorious sense of relief and security. But the 'erie' sensations from which I was suffering pursued me into my slumbers; and I can still recall the dreams of that night—the terrible and vivid consciousness of being in the Chateau—of being compelled to rise and go up-stairs alone—alone! through all the wide shadowy place, until I came face to face with the mysterious terror which haunted it! What this was I could not realize; something vague, unearthly, it seemed to be, that might meet me at any turn—that I might come upon at any moment. I felt thankful when the morning broke; and resolved, if possible, to ascertain from Mademoiselle de Villemar such particulars of the former inhabitants of the Chateau—with whom I felt my dreams to be in some way connected—as should give my thoughts at least a tangible ground to rest on. But this was by no means so easy of accomplishment as I had supposed. Towards strangers, such as we were, she was naturally reticent concerning the history and fortunes of her family; and I had to rest satisfied until more practical interests occupied my mind, which they soon did, to the exclusion of its fanciful apprehensions. We soon became habituated to the quiet and solitude of our abode; and found a pleasant neighbour in our hostess, with whom we sometimes exchanged visits. I became satisfied that the rooms entering from the doorway next to mine must occasionally be used by her or her attendant; as I used to hear, at all hours of the night, sounds as of persons moving or talking in them; sometimes the rustle of a silk dress against the locked door as I passed; and once the heavy measured tread of a man going for hours ceaselessly to and fro. Had Pierre ever served in the army; and was he rehearsing some midnight watch of former years? Mademoiselle was not a person to be cross-questioned with impunity; and thus it came to pass that I never cared to ask her. It gives me a strange shudder now to think that I used to find a sort of companionship in my lonely room in these evidences, as I then believed them to be, of human vicinity.

The month of November had come. I had accompanied my father to V—, where he was to remain on business for two days. It was already afternoon when I reached Villemar on my return. I approached the Chateau from that side which, as I have mentioned, was separated from the wood by an intervening space. The deep shade of the trees and the gloom of the yew hedge excluded from it much of the remaining light; but there was enough left for me to distinguish the figure of a woman in a pale dress, who was apparently seeking earnestly for some object which she had lost. I advanced towards her, intending to offer my assistance, when I observed with surprise that her white robe, down one side of which a long rent was visible, was of the fashion of the last century. A sudden chill came over me. I could not move or speak; and while I stood there as if in a nightmare, she disappeared round the corner of the house, still intent on her search. As I reached our rooms—I must confess in some agitation—I met Mademoiselle de Villemar just quitting them. She cast on me a look of keen scrutiny, which changed into one of rather triumphant satisfaction as I hurriedly returned her greeting and entered.

My sisters informed me that she had spent the afternoon with them; had been extremely conversable and pleasant; and had finally culminated by inviting us to visit with her the remaining portion of the Chateau next morning, and afterwards to do her the honour of drinking chocolate

with her in her own rooms. I could not dismiss from my mind the singular encounter I had had with the unknown lady, but did not mention it; and my silence was ascribed to fatigue after my long walk.

Next morning, punctual to her appointment, Mademoiselle appeared, at the hour she had named, armed with a ponderous key. The girls were in high spirits at the prospect of a little variety in their somewhat monotonous life. We proceeded to the door next my room. It opened into a very long and lofty saloon, extending the entire length of the main building; a range of windows occupied one side, and it was panelled with dark wood, but quite destitute of furniture or the least trace of human occupancy. A heap of broken boards and other rubbish was piled in one corner. At the opposite end, another doorway corresponded with that by which we had entered; but the door had been wrenched from its hinges, and the vacant gap alone remained.

'A charming place for a ball!' I remarked, with a miserable attempt at hilarity. 'But I should think, Mademoiselle, that you must find this large apartment rather cheerless for daily use.'

'Think you that I occupy these rooms?' she inquired. 'No, no; it is not for me to dispute their possession with those who have a better right to them than I.'

We had reached the doorway on the opposite side. It opened on the principal staircase; one side of which was, however, walled up, cutting off all communication with the lower part of the house. From another side, a long passage extended through what I imagined to be the left wing of the Chateau; on either side of which were doors, placed at regular distances from each other, the frames and panels of which were painted in the same shades of olive green as had been employed in our part of the house. A short continuation of the stairs led up to a lofty archway; and here, without ascending them, Mademoiselle paused. 'I must not take you farther,' she said. 'To intrude there might be neither safe nor agreeable.' Her words were in perfect accordance with the indescribable feeling of weird desolation which pervaded the place. Hardly comprehending them, and yet feeling that they could scarcely refer to any living inhabitants of these deserted chambers, we followed her in silence back through the saloon; and I felt relieved when the key grated in the lock—shutting us off from the region on the other side. Once seated in Mademoiselle's own comfortable rooms, the unpleasant impression left by our visit to the uninhabited part of the Chateau gradually left us. She was pleased at our admiration of a cabinet of fine old china which decorated her sitting-room; and observed that its contents, and the only picture left to her, were preserved by the care of one or two humble friends of her family—all else had become the prey of the Revolution. She rose and led us to a little ante-room, where an oil painting hung. It was a half-length portrait of a young lady, dressed in white. The fashion was that of the end of the last century, and it suited her style of beauty. The dark hair hung in soft curls round her brow; her complexion was fair and colourless; and her deep soft eyes and delicate features had an expression of melancholy sweetness and dignity. 'It was strange that her portrait should have been rescued when they hated her so well,' remarked Mademoiselle de Villemar. By degrees she related to us the history of this, the last Countess de Villemar.

'Marie de Coulanges was the daughter of a Vendéen proprietor, and had been brought up in all the sincere devotion and enthusiastic loyalty which characterised

alike the nobles and peasantry of her native province. She reached womanhood at the time when the anxieties and troubles of the Revolution were beginning to agitate France; but no apprehension of danger to the royal family had as yet called into active exercise the devotedness which needed but such a stimulus to sacrifice all things for the cause of king and country.

'My granduncle, the brother of my grandfather,' continued Mademoiselle de Villemar, 'was heir to the property of one of the richest families of the province. I may speak of this now; for the time is not long when even our name will follow the rest, and be forgotten. The Marquis de Coulanges and the father of my granduncle had arranged that a marriage should take place between these two young persons; and, after the young Count Philippe had completed his studies at the Ecole Militaire, and had spent some time in travelling abroad—visiting your England, also, amongst other countries—he returned to France, and Mademoiselle de Coulanges became his wife. He was a noble-looking man, I have heard my grandfather say—very tall, very strong, and brave as a lion; but also possessing the temper of a demon. In these days, one might have that as much as he pleased, so long as he gave the peasants only the benefit of it. Madame la Comtesse was good and gentle. Her father, whom she loved best on earth, had said to her—"My child, I wish that you should marry Count Philippe. You shall love him, and be a good wife to him, as is the fashion with the ladies of Coulanges." And she, knowing only that it was her duty to do so, obeyed him in this as in all things. They had one little son, Henri—beautiful as an angel, my grandfather has told me. To his mother he was the great comfort and solace of her life; and when the temper of M. le Comte had the bad taste to accompany him even to the presence of his wife, she found in the boy her consolation. During his residence in England, Count Philippe (as he still was while his father lived) had imbibed many ideas of liberty, which appeared very singular to the gentlemen of the province, who remained, for the most part, content with things as they were—living beloved among their tenantry, who were treated by them quite differently from the peasants of other parts of France. By-and-by, the old Count, my great-grandfather, died; and thus Count Philippe had still more of his own way. He corresponded with many of the philosophers and liberal leaders in Paris; and the distance between him and the other gentlemen became always greater. Poor Madame la Comtesse! It became very sad for her; and still more so when, after remonstrating with her husband, the old Marquis de Coulanges and he parted in terrible anger, and he forbade her to see or even to write to her father. Meanwhile, the troubles of the Revolution continued always on the increase. In 1792, the King was murdered; and next year the war broke out in La Vendée. You know how the fury of the Convention fell on our unhappy province. In the Chateau de Villemar, the chiefs and soldiers of the Republic found a ready welcome; and the Countess had to receive and entertain those whose hands were red with the blood of her best friends. The Count, her husband, who was now fully committed to the party of the People, knew in what direction her sympathies lay; and, because he loved her as well as his selfish and imperious nature permitted to him, he was the more furious that she favoured the cause he had now learned to hate. He tried all means to change her opinions; but what she saw passing around her made her but the more deeply attached to what was to her

dearer than life. About this time, a fresh effort was made by the Convention to check the war in La Vendée. It was impossible for Madame de Villemar to avoid hearing the discussion of plans for the destruction of the Vendean chiefs and army, by her husband and his friends; and, knowing these, she more than once prevented, by warnings conveyed at the peril of her own life, the success of such plans. By means of faithful Royalist peasants, the Countess had kept up a dangerous communication with her father, who was one of the Vendean generals. It was November of that fatal year. It became necessary to make the Marquis de Coulanges aware of some arrangements affecting his safety; and unable at the moment to find a messenger in whom she could confide, Madame de Villemar prepared herself to commit her letter to a Royalist soldier, who was to receive it at a place appointed in the woods near Villemar. It was the afternoon. Leaving Henri in the Chateau, she went forth alone, reached the rendezvous in safety, and found the messenger waiting. But, on proceeding to take the letter from its place of concealment in her dress, it was gone! Mastering her apprehensions, she dismissed the man with a message, and returned to search for the lost paper. Yes, Mademoiselle; in the space near the yew hedge she is often searching for her letter in the evenings, about this time of year—*n'est-ce pas?* But she did not find it; she was never to find it. Another had saved her the trouble. She re-entered the Chateau; ascending to the saloon, found there several officers of the Republican army, with a stranger, who was presented to her as Citizen Carrier. Her little son, her darling Henri, ran to meet her; and, leaving her uncongenial guests pursue the conversation which her entrance had apparently interrupted, she retired to her own apartment there to pursue in vain her search for the missing letter on which, she well knew, so much depended. Next morning she was seated in her boudoir, by no means devoid of anxiety; and Henri was amusing himself beside her. Young ladies, this room was situated in the upper story of the house, entering by the archway you saw this forenoon, and thus commanding a view of the grand entrance to the Chateau. While engaged in trying to recall the place where she had last seen her precious letter, a noise outside attracted her attention. Going to the window she beheld passing, in charge of several files of Republican soldiers, her father, her brother-in-law, and several officers of the Vendean army known to her from her childhood. Filled with alarm, her first impulse was to proceed down stairs, when the entrance of her husband in a state of great excitement, and accompanied by Carrier, arrested her steps. "I congratulate the Republic, possessing a citizeness so devoted to its interests as the writer of this," said the latter, holding towards her the missing letter. "We shall see," he continued, "what rewards the nation reserves for those who serve it so faithfully." He left the room; and the Count, turning on his wife, broke into furious invectives against her for what he termed a betrayal of his honour. Helpless, friendless, deserted—she was reminded of the one unchanging love which remained to her by the close clasp of her boy, who was clinging to her side. At this moment, Carrier re-entered, with a party of soldiers, and desired that Citizeness Villemar should be removed. The emissaries of the Republic had little trouble in performing their task, but as they tore the boy from his mother, his desperate grasp was only loosened by the giving way of the slight material of her dress, leaving a long rent in its folds.

'That afternoon, she and the other prisoners were taken to Nantes.

'Do I need to tell you more?

'You can picture to yourselves the mockery of a trial, at which Citizen Coulanges and Citizeness Villemar, and many besides, were found guilty of conspiring against the safety of the Republic; the brief interval, during which father and daughter were not allowed even the poor solace of being together; the melancholy procession of hurdles, each bearing its load of victims to the foot of the scaffold on which the guillotine reared its ghastly shape; and the sweet pale face and white-robed figure, passing with such dignity and resignation to that cruel death! Poor little Henri! After the terrible scene of separation from his mother, his incessant entreaties to be taken to her became intolerable to his father, who sent him to Nantes, to the care of a widow lady, a relative of his family. Citizen Carrier's animosity to the enemies of the Republic extended wide, and spared neither sex nor age. Henri and his protectress perished together in one of those "noyades" in which the waters of the Loire swept their thousands of dead to the sea!

'But this his father never knew—he had already quitted Villemar for ever. They have told me that, before he left, he used to pass long nights pacing up and down the avenue, like an unquiet spirit. He took service in the army of the Republic, to which he had offered up so much; and lost a life which had become a curse to him on the Bridge of Lodi.

'Is it any wonder that they have one by one returned to Villemar? You, Mademoiselle, have doubtless guessed the upper part of the Chateau is dedicated to these reminiscences.' Mademoiselle de Villemar turned to me. 'Alas!' she continued, 'the sound of these rehearsals is better when one has listened to fusillades under one's windows by night; and the dying groans that followed were those of your best and dearest!'

'My father's information, on his return from V—, that we must immediately leave the Chateau de Villemar for England, was heard without regret by any of us, except that due to a parting with its owner. Our associations with the place had become too painful to render a longer residence there agreeable. Mademoiselle de Villemar's friend, the physician, afterwards told us that her only brother had fallen a victim to one of those terrible, secret midnight executions which were believed to have followed the celebrated *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. Mademoiselle then resided in Paris; and had no doubt actually heard the discharge of musketry which admitted of so painful an explanation. A. B.

THE VACANT CORNER.

I WEND my way to the dear old church,
And sadly think of thee;
I gaze at the old familiar place;
But the radiance of thy fair young face
Shall beam no more on me—Annie.

Slowly, slowly my tears well up,
As the solemn psalm is sung;
While in my ear its cadence rings,
A still small voice to my sad heart sings,
'Whom the Lord loves die young—Annie.

I hear, like a dreamer, the voice of prayer
Addressed to the heavenly throne;
I see, in my dream, an island fair
And a snow-white marble tablet, where
Thou sleepest all alone—Annie. J. P. H.

NATAL.

THE traveller approaching the south-east coast of Africa, between the parallels of 29° and 31° south latitude and 31° east longitude—after perhaps a tedious and it may be a tempestuous voyage round the Cape of Storms—has his heart gladdened by the glorious sight of the colony of Natal, with its bold Bluff and bush-covered Berea studded with villas, guarding the entrance to its noble harbour; its lovely slopes of waving verdure; its gently undulating coast-line, covered with grass to the edge of the ocean; its natural terraces, towering with abrupt grandeur and giant steps thousands of feet above each other, closed in by the magnificent range of the Quathlamba Mountains—with the broken outlines, the varied tints, and brilliant atmosphere;—forming such a picture as would require a combination of the power of a M'Culloch, the gorgeous colouring of a Linnell, and the serial effects of a Danby, to reproduce it on canvas.

'So wondrous wild; the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream!'

But while Natal possesses these external attractions in such an extraordinary degree, that the writer, in his many extensive wanderings over the globe, has never seen it excel in picturesque beauty, they by no means constitute its only claim to notice; for it will be found to combine a delightful and varied climate, a most productive soil, a peaceful native population, and many social and other advantages not usually found together—thus rendering it a most enticing field for *suitable* emigrants.

Natal, which is about the size of Scotland, may, from the nature of its ascent from the sea—in a series of *terraces*—be divided into three different zones of climate. The *first*, or coast line—the *tierra caliente*—reaches about 12 miles inland, and yields every description of tropical produce; and it has been indubitably proved that here sugar can be grown cheaper than, and of quality equal to, any in the world. Coffee, arrow-root, cotton, &c. all grow luxuriantly and well along the coast lands. The *second* zone is more temperate, and is admirably adapted for horses and cattle, as well as wheat, Indian corn, potatoes, &c. It stands upwards of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and extends to about twelve or fourteen miles beyond Pieter-Maritzburg—the capital and seat of government. The *third* zone is about 3,500 feet high, and is, *par excellence*, the grazing country—cattle and sheep, wheat and oats, thriving admirably. In this district the winter is frequently severe, with frost and snow; thus giving, within a comparatively limited area, almost every variety of climate—a *spécialité* which may be said to be quite peculiar to Natal.

If any further evidence were wanting to prove the extraordinary capabilities of this colony, it has been afforded in the most complete and satisfactory manner by the marvellous collection displayed in the Natal Court at the International Exhibition—so creditable to this enterprising young colony, as the *sole* representative of South Africa at South Kensington; and also to

Dr. Mann and the other gentlemen who collected and arranged it. We do not hesitate to say that every one was surprised at the extraordinary variety, the general excellence, the comprehensiveness, and the systematic arrangement of that collection—which included, *inter alia*, tea, coffee, sugar, rum, tobacco, arrowroot, wheat, oats, Indian corn, maize, candles, soap, oils, cotton, wool, preserved fruits and meats, ornamental woods, skins, ostrich feathers, ivory, &c. Such a catalogue, however incomplete, must surely satisfy the most extravagant demands of the most exacting and doubting inquirer.

The general aspect of Natal is exceedingly grand and picturesque, with its fine bay, its waving verdant straths, its magnificent range of mountains, its extraordinary and peculiar geological formation, its beautiful park-like groups of trees, its gorgeous flora, its kloofs, its copious and never-failing network of rivers, its grand waterfalls—some of them 2,000 feet high—all tending to render it something very different indeed from the Sahara so generally conjured up 'in the mind's eye' when 'Africa's burning sands' are spoken of. Unlike the Cape Colony and Algoa Bay district—where rain is most eccentric in its movements and cannot be depended on, sometimes not a drop falling for years—Natal is blessed with regular periodical rains, which revivify the whole face of Nature, and, as the Yankees say, ensure 'great water privileges.'

The Zulu Kafir may be called the native of Natal; but in reality he is not so, for the aborigines have been all but exterminated in the former bloody native wars. The present 'natives' are nearly all refugees; and this is an important consideration, as it affords an unquestionable guarantee for their good behaviour and the complete ascendancy and security of the white population. They are, generally speaking, a docile race, and easily governed, when treated with ordinary fairness; and although their relative numbers, 250,000 to 18,000 whites, are naturally apt to lead to some distrust, yet there can be no doubt but that the Kafir is too keenly alive to the advantages of our Government, and has too much to lose in the shape of cattle, &c. not to make him a peaceable member of society. The Kaffirs in general are possessed of very logical minds, and are a thinking people, and eloquent in the highest degree; in fact—in the Zulu country to the north of Natal, where it is ruled by an independent king—it is one of the greatest possible treats to hear a Kafir arguing his own cause before a native court; the appropriate gestures, the sonorous and impassioned address, the soft and beautiful language, and the logical reasoning, coupled with the general accessories—judges, audience, scenery, &c.—all combining to produce a scene not likely to be forgotten, and conveying a very high idea of the talents and capabilities of the race.

No notice of the natives of Natal would be at all complete without some reference to their notions on religious subjects. Much has been written on this point, and many a different version given; but the writer of this, from long and close observation, has no hesitation in giving the following as the Kafir

creed:—They believe in one sole and Almighty God whom they call UTIXO; but that he is too exalted to interfere in the affairs of men, and leaves human interests to be governed by human beings during life and also after death. In fact, they have a belief, no doubt rather confused, in the transmigration of soul from men into snakes; and they therefore hold these reptiles sacred. They believe that an amity existing during life is transmitted to and continued by the representative snake after death. They also offer sacrifice and meats to their departed chiefs; at which time the whole tribe chant their praises, and remind them that although they have left them, they are not forgotten nor allowed to starve. In the Zulu country, some horrible human massacres have taken place on these occasions; and it was to escape from these barbarities that so many have fled to Natal, where they find security for life and property. It is easy for the unthinking and unreasoning looker-on to smile at and mock their simple belief; but let any one who knows their language enter into argument with them, and reasoning from natural facts alone, he is no mere logician who can hold his own with them; and when we hear that the learned and able Bishop (Colenso) of Natal has, from the simple questioning of a Kafir, been led to deny the authenticity and inspiration of the Pentateuch, the Zulu Kaffirs may well have the credit of an equality in natural intellectual power with their white brethren. However inevitable, it is still lamentable to think that a race so noble must give way to the indomitable perseverance and necessity of the white man; and there can be no doubt that, no distant day, there will be no independent Kafir occupier of land in Natal. As the requirements of the colonist demand it, the Kafir must retire back into the interior with his flocks and herds, or remain as 'the hewer of wood and drawer of water' to the European settler; for it is of no use attempting to disguise the fact that it is absolutely impossible for the whites, in their increasing numbers, to agree to co-settlers with the Kaffirs. Let pseudo-philanthropists say what they may, there is an ineradicable repugnance in the European towards the black man which will for ever prevent assimilation or amalgamation; and the Natal Government are playing a dangerous and foolish game in attempting to give the Kaffirs 'tribal titles' to the land, as it cannot prevent the inevitable *dénouement*, but will only tend to render it more difficult to deal with the question when the time for a settlement arrives. Without professing to be either 'a prophet or the son of a prophet,' we believe we are safe in predicting that before many years pass, the rich, prolific, Zulu country—which contains enormous tracts of the finest sugar land—will become part and parcel, and by far the most valuable portion, of the colony of Natal. Philanthropists may then rejoice, for the Natal merchants and traders will open up trade with the interior, and by this means put a check to the nefarious Mozambique slave trade, which has its chief outlet at the Portuguese settlement of Delagoa Bay.

Having said so much about the climate and native

of Natal, it may be mentioned that the whole coast is singularly free from storms. The outer anchorage is admirably protected from westerly gales by the bold promontory called 'The Bluff,' which forms the southern side of the entrance to the magnificent harbour of Port-Natal, where the town of Durban is situated. The north-east winds, which generally blow alternately with the south-west winds, are never too strong for a well-provided vessel; while the south-east winds, which blow right on the coast, are of rare occurrence; and, when they do come, they never, in nautical phrase, 'blow home,' although the heavy sea that accompanies them shows that it must be 'blowing great guns' further south. Indeed, the writer, from long experience and observation in Natal, has never seen a gale in which a vessel with good ground-tackle could not easily hold on in the outer anchorage of Natal. Great conveniences have recently been added to the resources of the port, by the establishment of a powerful steam-tug and the employment of Masulih boatmen, &c. Extensive and expensive works are also being carried on, for the deepening of the bar at the entrance to the port. As to the utility of these works, however, there is considerable difference of opinion. While the predominant party hold that the operations will be thoroughly effectual in removing the serious impediments, others contend that, being wrong in theory and practice, they will rather increase than diminish the difficulty. It is to be hoped, however, that when these important operations are finished, they may prove entirely successful, and then Port-Natal will take rank with the finest harbours in the world. Great improvements have also been effected in the interior of the colony, in the formation of roads, building of bridges, &c.—one bridge, over the Umgeni, near Durban, being about to be built at a cost of £12,500. An omnibus runs regularly between Durban and Maritzburg, a distance of about sixty miles; and a railway, about three miles long, runs along the sand-flat, from the bay to Durban. It is evident, therefore, that as the requirements of the sugar-planters and farmers demand it, the facilities for the transport of machinery to and produce from the interior must be still further developed. In the march of improvement, that relic of Dutch-dom—the lumbering 'Cape waggon,' with its span of fourteen oxen—will, doubtless, give place to some more speedy and efficient mode of conveyance; and Natal, emerging from its present comparatively slow-but-sure mode of progression, start into redoubled life, and go-ahead as it ought and must.

It may now be asked—'What classes of emigrants are most suitable for Natal?' and 'Which will Natal suit?' In the first place, the invalid 'seeking after health'—particularly those troubled with premonitory symptoms of consumption—will find Natal a true sanatorium; as, from the temperature being so equable, the disease soon yields to the balmy influence of the climate. But there should be no delay; for neither Natal nor any other place can avail when the pulmonary organs are in the advanced stages of disease. In these cases, truly, 'delays are dangerous.' In the second place, to those who propose settling in Natal, a few words of advice and encouragement may be accep-

table. It is a frequent occurrence, in this commercial country, where speculation is so rife, for a man to be plunged suddenly from affluence to poverty, and that probably from no fault of his own, but from the ordinary vicissitudes of trade. It may be he has a wife and family depending on him; and loss of fortune, loss of trade, and loss of social position, present a weary, dreary prospect before him—'a long lane with no apparent turning.' Seeing little or no prospect of providing for his family here, he resolves to emigrate. To such a man, without capital, Natal offers no encouragement; and he ought not to go there unless he has previously secured some permanent employment, as the expense of house-rent and living is considerably higher in the towns there than it is in this country; and while he would have to endure many privations in all probability, his chances of employment would be infinitely less than in England—clerks, bookkeepers, and that class being always at a great discount in a colony. Another class that is not required, except to an extremely limited extent, is the labourer—that is, the labourer 'pure and simple,' because, between Kaffirs and Coolies (the latter having been recently introduced from India), there is no estate which, with proper management, cannot obtain sufficient labour of that sort, and at rates which would be altogether insufficient for a white man; besides, the climate is rather exhausting for a European out-door labourer. Ploughmen would always command good wages; and there is a constant demand for skilled mechanics—such as blacksmiths, bricklayers, carpenters, masons, &c. at large wages compared with those obtainable in this country. Those, however, who are particularly wanted for the colony at present, are capitalists with not less than £500, and as much more as possible. Such parties, whether applying their capital to trade or farming, would, while doing the colony immense good—by helping to develop its vast resources and increase its productiveness—at the same time benefit themselves to an extent which might be equalled but could not be excelled in any other quarter of the globe.

One special and most important word of warning to all emigrants. Do not on any account take out goods on speculation to Natal. This cannot be too strongly urged; as, from the limited demand for merchandise in the colony—owing to the small population, and the supply being kept fully up by the enterprising merchants there—those who do indulge in a little private speculation in this way, thinking to increase their capital by the profit expected from it, almost invariably find the market overstocked—even when, as is seldom the case, they take out the proper kind of goods—and are compelled to realise at a heavy sacrifice. Let them, therefore, take nothing except what they may require for themselves, but invest their cash in good bills on London; which are always a safe venture, with neither risk, nor freight, nor charges, and invariably command an immediate sale in the colony, at a handsome premium.

In concluding our notice of this most interesting, thriving, and valuable appanage of the British Crown, we may state generally that the colony is so new, that an observing and intelligent man can always discover and develop some line for himself, and it must be his own fault if he does not succeed; and any one who has resolved to proceed to Natal should adopt as his motto—'Temperance, Energy, Perseverance, and Integrity,' and, honestly abiding by it, for him everything is possible. He will receive a hearty welcome from a hospitable, warm-hearted people—free from all jealousy and silly conventionalities—into a country so beautiful, and with a climate so delightful, that he may well exclaim, as he looks around him, 'My lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places!' A. F.

SUB-EDITORIAL PHILOSOPHY.

WEARY OF BREATH.

WHEN the last article has been handed over by me to the attendant sprite of the case-room—when I have respectfully wished my great *chef*, the editor, good night—when the last reporter has rushed breathlessly in, and asked me as a favour to extend his short-hand notes of an important public meeting, on the plea of wishing to join a few friends at supper at 'The Nell Gwynne'—when I have firmly but respectfully declined, on the ground of no individual but himself being able to decipher his short-hand notes (which excuse he believes to be false, but which is nevertheless true, *parole d'honneur*)—when I have dreamily watched him furiously and sulkily penning away, his excited figure (wrapped in an Inverness cape, the sleeves of which are continually getting in the way of the point of his pen) becoming less and less distinct in the cloud of tobacco smoke which surrounds us both—when he has faded away altogether, and in ten minutes emerged triumphantly out of the smoke, grasped my hand, exclaiming—'I say, old fellow! Excuse my temper; there's a good chap! I must acknowledge, in fairness to you, that my memory has served better than my short-hand notes. But forgive me. Can't you step round to "The Nell?" I'm going to sup with Howker, Broadrides, and a few more fellows. They'll be delighted if you join us. Let the P.D. call round with the proof for correction. You'll be back again before the paper goes to press;—there's a good fellow, come!'—when I have grasped his hand affectionately (he is a good fellow, Silversides), and answered him in the following words:—'Silversides! I respect your talents as a reporter and theatrical critic. I admire and envy your power of graphic description in the matter of launches, railway accidents, houses falling in, and awful conflagrations. I am astonished at the cleverness of your pen-and-ink descriptions of eminent burglars, pickpockets, and murderers, as they appeared when they walked into the dock (usually with a firm step); and the change in their general expression, which you can so glowingly describe, as they descended the stairs after sentence had been pronounced. I am touched to the heart when I hear that plaintive song—written by you, and set to music by your friend, Beesewacks—of "Gush along, gush along, swift-flowing gutter!" I am amazed at your versatile talents—deprecating, however, your absurd attempts at playing leading tragedy characters in amateur performances, however charitable your intentions may be in so doing. And, in short, I love you as a brother, and respect you as a cotemporary journalist. Nevertheless, Silversides, I shall not accompany you to "The Nell Gwynne;" for this reason, that something might go wrong, and I would catch it severely in the morning. Go thou, however. Be happy; and when you have finished the oysters, the cutlets, the devilled kidneys, the broiled bones, and the stout, and are quaffing the flowing bowl, and puffing the fragrant weed (by the way, that one smells nicely), perhaps you and the rest of the fellows will think kindly, and drop a tear to the memory of your ill-fated *confrère*, who is obliged to smoke in silence here, in order to see the paper go to press. Go, Silversides! with my blessing.' When Silversides has gone to his supper, and I have refilled my pipe, then do I sit down and form a fragrant cloud, through which I can see out into the darkness, and up to the clear blue sky. Dreamily do I watch the smoke upcurling from my pipe, crawling up to the cornices of the roof, and stealthily and slowly disap-

pearing. It is the witching time of night! A monotonous moaning sound and a tremulous motion of the walls and floor of my room tell me that the printing of the country edition of the paper has commenced. The great press is throwing off its copies by thousands. Where is its food for to-morrow to come from? Lo! that is already provided. I shall come here to-morrow at mid-day; and by four o'clock I shall have found enough accidents by flood and field, murders, battles in old and new world, divorce cases, fires, burglaries, fraudulent bankruptcies, forgeries, Parliamentary proceedings, heartless desertion of husband from wife, of mother from child; suicides from love, from impending ruin, or from woman's faith and man's deceit; elopements, phenomena, short biographies of eminent men, who mayhap are even now, as I write, breathing their last; chronicles of the works or doings of a fresh race of eminent men—orators, statesmen, warriors, writers, inventors—whose lights are beginning to emerge from the bushel, to burn flickeringly and feebly, or brightly and steadily for a time, then to be quenched for ever—leaving bold or faint footsteps on the sands of time, that after ages may follow in the track!

As I write now, within sound of the great machine, behold I am harassed by a query. It thunders forth in every revolution of the wheel which keeps the machine going. I see strange faces, looking out of the tobacco smoke which surrounds me, who seem to strain their ears for the answer to the query which they put to me. My room is papered with cartoons from *Punch*; and a very prominent figure in those cartoons is a middle-aged gentleman, with a deep designing look, a cunning eye, and a prominent hook nose. I have him here before me, in every variety of attitude—in the act of attempting to steal a box of sardines—as a wolf in sheep's clothing—as a policeman—as Mephistopheles himself, &c. Would you believe it?—he seems to pucker his mouth, compress his brow, and put the query to me. Britannia, the pride of the ocean, is here also. Her expression is entreating. I can't say whether it is from a *bona fide* curiosity to know or from a desire to preserve unanimity with her illustrious friend of the hook nose, but she has a decided expression of entreaty, and the query which I mean seems issued from her lips—'What is the world about; and how many actions which are being performed at the present moment will in course of time come to be chronicled for good or evil in future editions of this paper?' In my sub-editorial capacity, I cut the following paragraph from a cotemporary. Very probably the rash action was committed at midnight, and whilst I was smoking here in silence, am torturing myself with the eternal query—'What is the world about at the present moment; and how many of its actions will come to be chronicled for good or evil in future editions of this paper?' This was one of them. If I could have heard as far as St. Paul's Wharf Steamboat Quay, I might have been answered by a low hoarse broken cry, a dull plunge, and gurgling shriek—the poor sinner's despairing cry, terrified at her own rash act:—

A TALE OF WORK.—On Tuesday, an adjourned inquest on the body of a poor girl, eighteen years of age, named Hannah Brooks, who was drowned at St. Paul's Wharf Steamboat Pier, on the 17th ultimo, was resumed. Mr. Hann, the summoning-officer, handed to the Deputy-Coroner the following touching letter, which had been sent to the girl's mother:—'John Archer! I hope you will not drive another poor girl to an early grave, as you have done me. It is through you that I have done this; for I could not bear the shame you have brought me to, and the laugh at me for being a poor silly fool to you. I hope

God will forgive me for this act that I have done; and I hope that God will bless my sisters, brothers, and my mother and father. Mother! You cursed me when I was a girl, and your curse has clung to me; but I hope you will not curse my sisters, in case it may cling to them as it has to me. May God forgive me this crime I have committed! You all thought that I should not do it, but I hope the Lord will have mercy on my poor soul; but I could not bear the disgrace, so you may blame Jack Archer for your poor girl's miserable end. None of you will grieve for me, I know; for you said that I had brought you to shame and disgrace. While I write this, I am shedding bitter tears to think that I should be so wicked. I have not got a friend in this world to speak to me or give me a kind word. No. I may go on the streets before my mother would give me a bit of bread. Jack Archer said that I might go on the streets for my living, after being what I have to him for two years and a-half, and then to be cast off! O God! have mercy on me, and forgive me my sins! I have gone to meet my Maker, and I hope the Lord will forgive me and take me! Mother, pray for your poor girl, and kiss my poor sisters for me; and let them have my books between them. My poor brain is all on a work. Jack Archer! When you see my poor body, I hope you will look at me and say—"That is through me," which you well know is a fact. I would rather die like this than do as you told me. Good-by, and God bless you! Those are my last words. May the great God look down in mercy on me! O heavenly Father! have mercy on me! O God! look down in mercy on me! My name is Hannah Brooks, No. 1 Bromley-buildings, Bread-street Hill, City. The jury returned a verdict—"That the deceased died from drowning in the river Thames, while in a state of unsound mind, brought on by the gross and cruel treatment of Jack Archer."

They pictures to me the cruel career of the unfortunate girl. Bromley-buildings, Bread-street Hill, City, is not a very aristocratic residence. Most probably the girl was employed at some business—flower-making, or millinery, or dressmaking. Doubtless, Jack Archer is a well-looking, straight-limbed, likely young fellow; with a reputation for being a jovial sort of a blade, fond of a lark; and with plenty of money to carry out his plans. Jack Archer may be engaged in the City; and, like many jovial City clerks, he may have been fond of smiling and occasionally talking to the girls who pass him on his way to the office. I know the type of young bloods; and I have a pretty good idea of the sort of conversation which takes place between them, when they compare notes as to their morning's rencontres. 'Very harmless!' indulgent people might say. 'Young men will joke and laugh with girls;' and they have no doubt the girls encourage them. We shall see the result of this innocent pastime. Young Jack, or Tom, or Bill, on his way to his Colonial office, in Eastcheap or Fenchurch-street, makes a daily habit of smiling and nodding to the young girls who may be passing *en route* to their places of business, as shop-girls or milliners, in Cheapside, or St. Paul's Church-yard, or some of the wholesale warehouses about Friday-street, or Wood-street, or Aldermanbury. Probably the young women may be from the country (as are the greater per centage of London shop-girls), and have been warned against encouraging the attentions of strangers, whether male or female; or their parents may be residents in London, and have forbidden them doing so. But young girls, when they commence to earn good wages, and are able to keep themselves, very soon get independent notions; and, after a year or so of out-door work, they are gradually allowed the freedom of their own will, which shows itself often in an increased desire for dress; in occasional purchases of small articles of jewellery, to be smart and showy; and in attendance at private dancing-classes. It is at this portion of their career that the

Jack Archers begin to cast their eyes upon them, in their walks to office. Jack Archer is good-looking, is smartly dressed, wears a profusion of jewellery, is free in his manner, and is altogether a very nice young fellow. The morning rencontres begin to be looked forward to with anticipated delight by both parties. The young girl thinks he is a very nice-looking fellow indeed, and asks her companion's opinion, who indorses it; but thinks in her own heart that the other young fellow, with whom she herself exchanges smiles, is, if anything, a trifle better-looking. However, it is agreed that they are both of very *gentlemanly* appearance—which is a great deal in their favour; and in this word 'gentlemanly' lies the secret. The great ambition of those young girls is to be thought ladies *par excellence*; and it must be acknowledged that they are very good counterfeits. Their occupation being a great deal among ladies, they imitate the originals very closely; consequently, it is not to be wondered at if they begin to be in a manner ashamed of the male society in which they move at home—whether artisan brothers or acquaintances. Very often—I may venture to say invariably—are the parents or guardians of the girls themselves proud of the genteel appearance of their daughters or wards; and assist them as much as possible to keep up the illusion. Then commences the acquaintanceship with the Jack Archers—the results of which are occasional visits to theatres, suburban excursions, dancing parties, surreptitious visits to casinos and music halls, hot suppers, eternal devotion on the part of the Jack Archers, late hours, increased confidence in their own power of touching fire without being burned—glare, glitter, excitement! Heaven help the girl!—she falls at last!

Flight from home soon follows. Jack Archer thinks seriously of it—perhaps lives with her till she loses her situation—puts off the fulfilment of the promise of marriage—laughs at it—gets tired of her at last—and, with a fiendish cruelty, recommends her to try another lover, and abandons her for ever. Then follow the heart-broken overtures to be restored to her father or mother's house—the stern refusal and curse—the wild remorse and despair—the gradual stripping of all her finery to provide food—the poor starved suppliant again refused—clandestine interviews with a compassionate sister, who may be able to supply her with a little money till she is detected—actual starvation—wild hints at self-destruction, which are treated with contempt by her parents, who refuse her a morsel of bread—recommending her to do what she likes for a living!—the last saleable article in her possession pawned—paper and envelope purchased—retiral to some remote river coffee-shop—the wild heart-broken epistle penned—the figures in the shop seem indistinctly like visions—the gas darting innumerable streaks at her tear-blinded eyes, preventing her from reading the straggling characters which she has just written—the wondering look of the inmates of the coffee-shop as she walks out, leaving her cup of tea untasted, with a marble sternness in her pinched features and sunken, black, reddened eyes which tells that grim despair has possession of her heart—the posting of the letter—the walk through the dark streets, perhaps muddy and slushy—the awful coldness and solitude of the wharf—the taking off her bonnet and shawl—the tying of her dress about her, to ensure instantaneous sinking—the last wild prayer and frightened look around her—the plunge into the cold water—the regret, and longing for life again—and the waters closing over—choking, blinding, and crushing out her miserable life!

Jack Archer may belong to the class which I have just named; or he may be worse. There are also plebeian Jack Archers, in corduroys and fustians (possibly this Jack Archer may be of that class), who waylay and entice unwary servant-girls (possibly this wretched woman may have been of that class). They may be seen lounging round the railings of your house—their hands in their pockets, their caps very far over their eyes, and often a white clay-pipe in their mouths. They would fain appear decent working-men; but, if you watch them, you cannot fail to observe that there is a peculiar sly, slinking look about their general expression; and that they are addicted, when they meet your gaze, to staring vaguely about, as if in search of a particular number; or retiring into the shade of the trees in the square, where you may notice them, in ten minutes, earnestly talking to some of the servant-girls—their hands still in their pockets, and still sucking at the freshly-loaded pipe, which they make a pretence of trying to light if you happen to pass. These are the sort of Jack Archers who smuggle themselves into your kitchen; and who, if one happens to go down to that apartment, are seen nervously twirling their caps, and looking about as if they would feel grateful to the roof if it would fall in and cover them from your sight. These are the Jack Archers whom the trembling and confused Mary represents as her cousin John (which is an untruth). Beware of those characters!—they mean no good to the girl. If they did, they would have a franker look in their face; and they would not be seen slinking about the door like burglars or pickpockets. They are another of the class who bring the Hannah Brooks to shame and self-destruction.

I hope that Jack Archer does not belong to another class—of which I am going to speak—who bring about consuminations such as are chronicled in the paragraph, because this class have quite enough on their heads already. This is the class who are at present 'sowing their wild-oats;' and who will, in process of time, give over sowing wild-oats, and drift quietly into middle age and respectability, and croak over the reputation which they have fairly earned of having been wild rakes in their day. This is the class who, in the meridian of life, sit long over their punch or port wine, wink leersily out of their blood-shot fishy eyes, and nudge each other's bloated, apoplectic sides, exclaiming—'Ah, Jack! what a sad dog you were in those days, to be sure! What a lot of conquests you've made in your day; oh! you dog, you! Ha, ha!' And then Jack's fishy eyes will leer delightedly, and he will gurgle out—'Doan't now; doan't, ole boy! Indeed, you made deal more conquests than I; you know you did. Come now, confess. Ha, ha! Remember that girl with the Grecian profile! Milliner's girl, by Jove! Cost me mint of money. Perseverance, you know, overcomes difficulties, as the copy-books say. Faint heart never, etcetera, you know, as the saying is. Turned Tarter after fairly limed, though. Got too expensive for me!—couldn't stand it in those days. Poisoned 'erself at last, by Jove! Egad! milliners' girls with Grecian profiles are rum 'uns! Pass decanter, Jack, ole boy!' And then both their wicked old sides will shake with internal convulsions, and their watery-red orbs ogle each other delightedly. These men married with a reputation for gallantry; and were liked for it by the simpering drawing-room beauties whom they espoused—who protested that their mammas were of opinion that reformed rakes made the best husbands, and heard the miserable saying indorsed by their friends and acquaintances. These are the old school of *roués*; fast sinking out, to make room for the modern school—the languishing

lackadaisical dandies—with silky beards and mustaches—who lead club-bachelor lives, and write letters to the *Times* on the absurdity of beginning housekeeping on three hundred a-year—who are epicures in lust, and call the blasting for ever of female reputation *conquests* and *affaires de cœur*; and cannot count the instances of those conquests on their ten fingers without commencing anew at the thumb from which they started! These are the men who are so nice about their reputation, and hold courts of honour, by which they try each other by codes and rules, revised and approved of by most competent and blameless noblemen and gentlemen of England—who live at home in ease, and through long practice have a nice discrimination in detecting the smallest blot on the escutcheon of their neighbours! O upright judges! how much we honour you! Be strict. Show no indulgence to those base and miserable moneyed wretches who repudiate bets known and proved to have really been made, no matter upon what trivial subjects—who, being palpably insulted, refuse to call out and shoot or be shot by the insulter! Spare them not! Cut them in the public street, blackball them in your clubs, know them no more; and then, in an atmosphere untainted by the breath of such dishonoured and recreant knights, you will be able to discuss freely, and with lightened hearts—the heavy duty of justice having been discharged faithfully—your own blameless and reproachless lives.

Shall I talk about the other results besides suicide of these *conquests* and *affaires de cœur*? Shall I discourse about the future lives of the Hannah Brooks who do not commit suicide, in the sense of putting an end at once to their lives? Nay; hold! I am going further than my province. I shall run the risk of being tabooed for treading on forbidden ground.

There is a terrible air of reality about this sad letter of Hannah Brooks. 'Mother, pray for your poor girl, and kiss my poor sisters for me; and let them have my books between them! None of you will grieve for me, I know; for you said that I had brought you to shame and disgrace. No. I may go on the streets before my mother would give me a bit of bread.' I can't help pitying that father and mother as much as I pity the daughter. I can't help thinking, also, that in the repetition of the Lord's Prayer (if they ever do repeat that prayer), they must come to a stand-still at the words—'And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.'

R. L. G.

SACRED POETRY.*

BY THE EDITOR.

A STIGMA of mediocrity attaches to the bulk of what is called sacred poetry. Dr. Johnson expressed his dissatisfaction with the general run of achievements in this line; and his opinion has been frequently re-echoed. No doubt there is a good deal of doggerel in our denominational hymn-books. Nor can it be asserted that Isaac Watts is entitled, in point of poetical merit, to stand on the same shelf with Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, or even with many of the lesser lights of song. It would, however, be a transparent mistake to aver that poetry of the loftier kind is inimical to religion. On the contrary, when freed from the conventional trammels of mere hymnody—with its stereotyped phrases and cramp-

* 'The Book of Praise,' by Roundell Palmer.—Macmillan & Co. 'Time's Treasure; or, Devout Thoughts for every Day in the Year expressed in Verse.'—Edmonston & Douglas.

ing metres—it is indebted for its grandest inspirations to the beauty of Christian doctrine and the contemplation of God in the universe.

All really high poetry is, in a sense, sacred. Some of the more transcendent passages in Shakspeare and Milton are worthy of the lips of saints. Wordsworth and Tennyson overflow with sacred utterances. The ardent and pious breathings of the human soul—in its prostration of sorrow or exaltation of rapture—have nowhere found more beautiful, more sacred expression than in the pages of certain of the great masters of the lyre, whose names are unknown in Methodist hymn-books and other pious collections.

If it is essential to Scriptural religion to abstract it from the ordinary concerns of life and the ordinary feelings and interests of humanity, then, we fear, must the talisman of its moral influence be broken even when wielded by the highest genius. The language of such a purely abstract religion must necessarily be cold. Nearer and dearer themes must out-champion it in the arena of eloquence and song. Woman's love, childhood's innocence, the loveliness of virtue, the charms of natural scenery, the grandeur of freedom, the glory of patriotism, the deeds and the deaths of heroes, must all supply more potent materials to move the heart and make the blood tingle in the veins. The very unvaryingness of the abstract language of praise, cast in definite and unalterable moulds of doctrine, can hardly fail to deter men of really brilliant talents from seeking distinction in a field foreclosed against any display of originality. Hence, perhaps, the poverty of most of our modern songs of praise contrasted with the gloriously resonant strains of the old Hebrew bards.

Nevertheless, such really fine things in the shape of sacred songs have been written by George Herbert, Addison, Watts, Cowper, Mrs. Barbauld, Kirke White, Bishop Heber, James Montgomery, and others, that we are tempted to admit the truth of Dr. Johnson's dictum only to a somewhat limited extent. When properly culled, our collections of sacred poetry—using that phrase in its most restricted sense—have still high, although, poetically considered, not certainly the highest claims to our regard. Along with much indifferent and some despicable verses, our English literature can undoubtedly boast of a goodly quantity of respectable and indeed highly meritorious sacred song adapted for choirs and precentors.

This is well, and supplies what would otherwise be felt as a want. All good men and good women, amid the trials and despondencies of this world, are subject to moods of mind which incline them to sacred meditation; and to sensations of the heart which find their natural expression in breathings of thanksgiving, trustfulness, or praise. Within the last few weeks, two eminent lawyers—Sir Roundell Palmer, Solicitor-General of England, and Lord Kinloch, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Scotland—have each come forth to the public with a volume of sacred verse. That of the former is entitled 'The Book of Praise,' and is simply a careful and well-selected selection of the best English hymns, ably prefaced; while that of the latter is entitled 'Time's Treasure,' and is wholly original, embodying, in careful verse, a series of devout thoughts for every day of the year. Sir Roundell thus assumes the character of editor; Lord Kinloch that of author. Both, however, are in the same vein—impelled doubtless by the same feelings, influenced by the same motives, and pointing to the same end. The circumstance of two such busy men of the world, amid the turmoil of an arduous and engrossing

profession, appearing simultaneously as humble and devout labourers in the field of sacred literature, is, to say the least, impressive, and calculated to operate as a strengthening example in spiritual and unworldly directions.

While commending the volume of Sir Roundell Palmer as an elaborate and admirable compilation, we naturally turn with chief interest and expectation to the 'devout thoughts' of Lord Kinloch. Here everything is new and fresh. We cannot say that the poetry is altogether Miltonic. It wears the features of a too overmastering judgment, and thus lacks the freedom and brilliant movement of a perfect inspiration. But it has much of the quaint beauty, and subtle spiritual tone of Herbert's 'Porch.' Take, for example, the following, which he calls

THE UNKNOWN GOD.

A stranger once I met, of aspect stern,
Of whom 'twas told that, if I did but learn
His real nature, I should love him well;
But still I found that aspect stern repel,
And would not once go near him, truth to tell.

At last I found that he, unknown to me,
Had done me service; then I thought 'twould be
Fit that I thank'd him: so to him I went,
And found uprightness with such sweetness blent
I gave him all my heart; nor since repent.

Lord! when Thou stranger art, we treat Thee so;
We think Thee stern in aspect, till we go
More close to Thee; then find 'twas our ill sight.
When all Thy holy grace we know aright,
Love Thee we must, e'en in our own despite.

Very fine, too, in its way, and as profound in human affection as it is lofty and trustful in piety, is

THE LOSS OF THE LOVED.

Which wouldst thou lose
Of all thy dear ones, now so bright around?
Lord, didst Thou ask me this my heart to sound,
I could not choose.

Some I may see
More ripe for Heaven, and thus more fit to go;
But, more they are Thine own, alas! they grow
More dear to me.

Fain I would sue
The whole to keep, but know 'twere vain request.
Choose, Lord! Thyself the offering; what is best
Most is Thy due.

And still I pray,
Spare them awhile; justly, O Father! Thou
Call'st them to home; yet, in Thy grace, allow
Some further stay.

One other brief snatch is all for which we can afford space. It bears the title

NOT LOST, THOUGH NOT SEEN.

The bird that mounts in upward air,
Fades at the last from view;
Yet is full surely singing there,
Though hid 't the heaven's blue.

The saint, that always higher roes,
Passes at death from sight;
Yet then as surely heavenward goes,
And sings at unknown height.

All the pieces are succinct in plan and form, and very various in measure. They will not perhaps remove the Johnsonian reproach; but, taken in connection with the compilation of Sir Roundell Palmer, they will at least serve to show that minds of the highest culture, even in this busy nineteenth century, are not above attempting to elevate the character of our purely devotional poetry—thereby acknowledging, in the face of all men, an humble obligation to abstract themselves at times from the world, and draw near to the Creator of the universe with the innocence of adoration and praise.

WAYSIDE THOUGHTS.—No. II.

BY THE LATE JAMES MACFARLAN.

THE death of the good and true, though it may cause a momentary sorrow, yet never fails to bestow an after joy. We sprinkle the new-made grave with tears, and after many days go back to find them flowers.

WHILE the mythology of Greece obtained in the world, it was reckoned that the poets received their immortality from the gods. The changes of time have now shown us that those gods owe their immortality to the poets.

THERE is a strong dash of the vagabond in human nature. Unless one gets over this nomadic predilection, he will go to sea, or turn out a strolling player. Life has its age of tents and continual shifting; but, when reflection begins, we become fixed down, and set about building houses.

IN the stillest night, when the great world lies asleep, ever in some lonely room the midnight oil is burning. In silence and in solitude there is the student awake and at work; and, though the feeble light of his lamp may pale before the earliest beam, that other light born of his labours may stream far into the future, and help to illuminate the ages.

A MAN speaks many words in his life-time; and, could he recall the whole on his death-bed, he would derive most pleasure, not from the brilliant sayings and wit-flashes at great tables and in festive moments, but from those words spoken in quiet places—hope for the fallen, comfort to the distressed, and those real charitable sentiments of which we are unfortunately so sparing.

HOOD'S POEMS.—It is sometimes a hindrance to a man to have two distinct qualities; and this seems to have been eminently the case with Thomas Hood. While he lived, the world scarcely expected anything from him but puns and whimsicalities; while his own heart was strongly drawing him towards tears and subtle fancies. 'Hood's Own' and 'The Comic Annual' are full of strange fantastic things; but yet they suggest something more. It somehow seems like genius cutting grotesque shapes from the paper on which it had purposed to write burning thoughts. There is an air of sadness, too, hanging about some of the jests, as when a death's head smiles.

THERE are ever false prophets in the world, and books and men highly pretentious. But somehow we still feel confident that the man will not outlast his laced coat, nor the book live longer than its elegant binding. The endless epics of Blackmore and of dead authors are consigned to the catacombs; while 'Paradise Lost' and the 'Seasons' stand mailed and marshalled in classic libraries; or turn up, ragged and dog-eared through veteran service, in city garrets and country cabins. A man may travel over Arcadia or Sahara, but we will learn the result of his journey by the flowers and fruits he has gathered on his way.

No production of Shakspeare baffles the grasp of our intellect so much as the tragedy of 'Hamlet,' and this because it represents the entire perplexities of the human mind. He is not the delineation of one man but of many men. He exhibits in his five acts a thousand experiences; and hence, what are the many sides of human nature seem inconsistencies in the compass of a single character. Philosophy at one moment, and superstition at another. Pure faith now, and anon scepticism. Decorum, eccentricity, humour, tears, love, hatred, agony, on through all of these into the very maelstrom of madness. A terrible embol-

diment of all that humanity thinks and feels, or has ever thought and felt. In the highest effort of one like Shakspeare, we could scarcely expect it otherwise. He could only give us a condensation of his own universality.

THE true poet, it is said, will seldom be at a loss for materials, wherever he is. Shady groves, and winding rills, and rosy cheeks, are the stock-in-trade, the stage properties, of indifferent rhymesters. Take these from them, and you leave them nothing. A pale and emaciated seamstress sewing shirts in a miserable London garret, or a woman throwing herself madly over Waterloo Bridge at midnight, to the common eye had nothing at all poetic in them. Indeed, the ideal which is supposed to be the poet's dream-world was wholly wanting—all was stern reality. A newspaper paragraph would have seemed to most the only fitting record of such scenes; but the genius of Hood observed them, and henceforth they became immortal. Goldsmith's flute, Burns' mouse and daisy, or the old coat of Beranger, are mean and common things; yet they become exalted and beautiful by association—as the goose, the lizard, the crab, and so forth, indicate to us blazing constellations.

SCRAGGS wrote an epic, many years ago, which nobody cared to read. The other day I picked up a copy (at an old book-stall), ominously clean, and with uncut leaves. Poor fellow! like many others he died in the hope that posterity would do him justice. There is doubtless a good deal of consolation, and at the same time much delusion in this dependence on posterity. The truth is, posterity has a great deal to do, and the work is continually growing on its hands. Has posterity looked after those hundred children of Lope de Vega? or does it still care for Sir Charles Grandison and Clarissa Harlowe? The authors of the day are filling libraries at the top of their bent, and these will all be left to the charge of posterity. What chance, therefore, remains for poor Scraggs? It is fortunate, however, that we can never know how posterity treats us. If we did, would it give Scraggs any consolation to see one of posterity's many members now sitting down to wade through his neglected epic?

EYLLOMEL.

Up the morn the red was creeping,
Mists across the plain were sleeping,
Sedges dark and low were weeping
O'er the beauteous Eylloemel.

There she lay amid the shiver
Of the sedges on the river,
Gleaming white, but silent ever
Golden-tressed Eylloemel.

Far away, where leaves were swaying,
Tender hearts for her were praying—
Little lips their lesson saying:
'Bless, O God, our Eylloemel!'

Dark the waters o'er her streaming,
Ghastly white the pale face gleaming,
Silent all the sedges dreaming,
Slide by side with Eylloemel!

WILLIAM BLACK.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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HOBBS'S MISCELLANY

No. 12.]

SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1862.

[PRICE 1d.]

FRED HARPER'S LEGACY (*Concluded*).

CHAPTER III.

I REMEMBER no more till I awoke as from a fearful dream. I felt faint and dizzy; there was a strange noise in my ears my head was roughly bandaged; my arm was bound in a sling. I lay in a narrow berth in a small dark cabin. By the light of a lamp, which hung on one of the bulkheads, I could discern that opposite me there was a berth similar to the one in which I lay, and in it I saw the face of our captain. He had raised himself on his elbow, and lay looking over at me.

'Well, Harper, you have wakened at last. I thought you were done for. You have had a long spell of it. We two, Harper, are all that is left of the *Rosarie*.'

'It is not, then, a dream? Yes; I remember it all. I had a dim idea of something; but I thought it was a dream. It is, then, a dreadful reality?'

'Dreadful, indeed, and but too true—too true,' he murmured. 'My poor little Ally! I wonder what can have become of her? Harper! where did you see her last?'

'I saw her lying asleep in the cabin, before—before—; but Miss Ellis—where—did you—where is she?'

'This is the smaller vessel of the two—the schooner. I saw them taking her away, but it was into the brigantine. She resisted manfully, shooting their commodore—the tall fellow we saw standing on the poop—dead on the spot. Where she got the pistols I don't know; and where she learned to use them, I can still less fancy. I never saw a girl so much changed in my life; I could not have believed it of her—she used to be so quiet.'

'But the brigantine—where is she? I will go to her, if I should swim the ocean.'

'Harper, lie still. You and I will have enough to do to

look after ourselves, I tell you. We parted from the brigantine yesterday; it came on to blow again, and we lost sight of her in the night.'

'Then I will never see her again!'

'There is more than her that neither you nor I will ever see again, I fear. If we ever see the face of a civilised Christian again, it's more than I expect;—if, before many days, or hours either, we may not be where we wont even see the faces of the wretches among whom we are.'

'Why have they spared us so long?'

'Because they want us. We did for their commodore and three of their lieutenants. I understand navigation; and they want me. The fellow who commands this craft has been down two or three times at me; but I wont listen to him, and I don't intend to. They lost a great many of their men in the brush with us. They have scurvy aboard, too, and a number of their hands laid up. They would have kept our fellows, but they fought to the last man—they were all either killed or wounded; so they ransacked the ship, and blew her up.'

'But how have they spared me?'

'They took it into their heads that you were surgeon to our ship. I suppose they thought, as we had passengers, that we had one; and they want some person to look after their sick and wounded. The fellow I told you of was asking me about you, and I let him believe that you were our surgeon. If you can keep up the character, you are safe; and I don't see why you should not—you used to manage well enough on board the *Rosarie*.'

'But you—Will you avail yourself of what they propose?' said I.

'Never!' said Telford. 'I will die first. But, Harper, do you see that lamp? Little would make me take it and blow up the bloody craft and her villainous crew.'

'Ha! Ve—ry good! Villanous crew! Here's one of the fraternity come to pay you a visit.'

A pannel, which I had not before observed, opened in one of the bulkheads, and a middle-sized, thick-set man entered. He was indeed a villanous-looking wretch. He had but one eye, and it had a vile squint—its repulsive expression being heightened by a red beard, which stuck out short and stumpy round his mouth. The place where his other eye had been was red and puckered, and passing over it and down the side of his face there was a broad scar, which in its course assumed three or four different hues. He wore a coarse gray frock-coat, a large slouched hat, and heavy sea-boots. His only visible weapon was a small stiletto, fastened in a leather belt which encircled his waist.

'And so you thought of sending the old spectre to Davy Jones, did ye? We're very much obliged to you for your most charitable intentions; but, as it would hardly be quite consistent with our comfort to allow them to be carried into execution, we will be under the painful necessity of leaving you, during the time you are to tenant this cabin—of leaving you in the dark. Ay! and so you—what's your name?—

you've got better, have ye?—resuscitated, as we say in the learned professions! You had better look sharp and get well as fast as you like: we want you—t of our fellows dead this morning. Your chaps, Captain, gave it us. I have taken many a craft; but sink me! yours beat all creation. This chap here gave me a smash on the head;—I feel it fixing yet. A that jade who shot the commodore—'

'Murdering villain!' I cried, 'speak not of her!'

He turned slowly round, and glared savagely at me—a light seeming to flash from his eye. Gradual however, his face assumed its original expression, and he continued in his former tone—'Ha! I see. 'Tis the wind in that quarter! But that game's over. Bloody Jack has her snug under hatches for a while. I wonder where he can have got to with the brigantine! But, Captain, you must make up your mind to one thing or t'other, and that precious soon. I want a mate, as I told you before. We short-handed! Skin me, if your chaps hadn't kicked up such a row, they might have been all snug about us. But, as I told you, we have another little craft—as tidy a little thing as ever hoisted a flag and I think Bloody Jack wouldn't mind giving to you by-and-by. Have you thought on't?'

'As much as ever I intend to think of it,' answered Telford; 'I refuse it. Will I sell my soul to save life? No!—not if it were to save the life of my little daughter, if she be alive; or to bring her back to life if she be dead.'

'Ha!' said the pirate—'then the little fair-haired thing is a chick of yours, is she? Then we have handle; and what's more, we'll turn it. Perhaps sight of her might help to bring you round a point two—eh?'

'They have her then—my poor little Ally!' claimed Telford when the pirate had gone; 'but even if they should—but no; bad as they are, they would not do that. But even if they should, I firmly resolved to have nothing to do with them. But, Harper, it would not be so bad in you; it would not be so decidedly wrong as it would be in me. I could, I think, do all they want of you with a clear conscience.'

I thought of Flora. It was my only chance of seeing her again, or ever being able to assist her. I might escape together. It was repugnant to all feelings to be among those wretches; but in view of the death which I knew awaited me if I refused—such a death!—I feared my resolution might not be able to resist. I was sufficiently acquainted with surgery to sustain the character which they believed I held; indeed, I had been acting partly in the capacity of surgeon on board the *Rosarie*; for, having originally designed for the medical profession, I attended a term at one of the London colleges, the circumstances connected with the death of an older brother had caused me to abandon the intention. These few months of study probably saved my life.

'Yes,' I said; 'I do not see that my duty would call me to sacrifice myself. I might do some good among those miserable wretches; and, besides, it is my only chance of ever— But I do not see that you either should not give in. If you don't, I will take your life to a certainty. You might as late for the command of that vessel he spoke about once; and then you could easily take her into port, and escape.'

'No, Harper! no. I never could do that. I joined them, I would be true to them; and join them I never will. But here comes little Ally!'

The child was lowered down through a hatch in

Her little arm was in a sling—she, too, had been hurt. She gave a frightened look round; and, seeing her father, flew into his outstretched arms.

'O father!' she said; 'where have you been? I thought I was never going to see you any more; they were such wild-looking men! they frighten me so! But your head sore, father!'

'Not very sore, darling; but your arm, my child! What is the matter?'

'Oh, it isn't much, father! It was when they were taking Miss Ellis away. Oh, father, wasn't it dreadful! I felt something sharp on my arm, and when I looked it was all bleeding; but one of the black men took it up, and I don't feel it much now at all. But was it not dreadful, when they were fighting and coming at each other you way? Oh, father, will they kill you too?'

'I do not know, darling,' said Telford. 'Oh, what will become of my child! Harper, the sight of her almost makes me waver.'

'But I do not think they will harm you, father,' said Alice. 'They are bad men, I know, for they were so fearfully; but I do not think they would harm you, father.'

'You do not know them, child! Harper, if they take my life, you will take care of her; and if you never make your escape, you will not leave her behind. Promise me, Harper?'

'I promised; and he seemed satisfied.

'Well,' said the pirate, entering as he had formerly done, 'have you made up your mind?—the Jolly Roger on a morning promenade on the plank—one stroke! If you vote for the plank, why, then, and the little one before you to clear the way; and that doesn't help you to decide on what's reasonable, I don't know what should.'

'You surely cannot mean what you say!' said Telford, raising himself in his berth. 'You would not take the life of a helpless child! It would do you no good, and it would not influence me. I know my duty, and whatever may come of it, God helping me, will do it.'

'But you think we won't do it! We've done such things before, and we'll do them again; ours is the trade to get one's feelings refined. Why, I don't think no more of drowning a child like that than I do of pitching a dead rat into the lee scupper. We'll bring you to, or there isn't a flying-fish in the Gulf of Mexico. And now, you there—tooth and nail! get up! We want you; another fellow dead would be a good gunner, too. So get up and come along. We're able enough, d—n you!'

With the exception of the dizziness in my head, I was comparatively well. The den in which I lay was close to suffocation. Glad of an opportunity to escape from it, I rose and dressed myself. There was stiffness in my left arm—it had been grazed by the ball—but I had little or no pain.

Now then, Lancet, said the pirate, as I put on my coat, 'come along! Little one! you stay where you are.'

He drew back the pannel, and made a sign for me to get out. From a small compartment, in which were old muskets, coils of rope, and broken hand-axes were heaped, a ladder led up through a hatch in the deck.

'Mount!' said the pirate. 'Show the scuttle under back; off with it altogether!'

I found myself in the 'tween decks of the schooner. hammocks were slung all round—dark and grisly men staring out of them. Groans and cries of pain resounded on every side; and lolling tongues and bleeding lips told plainly that death, also, was busy

'Here are some tools for you. The medicine chest is aft there; you will get lint and stuff in it. Begin with him.' He pointed to a hammock where lay a fine-looking young man of three or four and twenty.

'It's my sub. One of you shot him in the side. I'm afraid he's far gone; but do for him what you can. When you have done with him, go to the others; but him first—he is more to me than all the rest. Here, Danby!' he said, to a negro who stood by with a lantern in his hand, 'bear a hand!'

'You've come at last,' said the young man; 'I thought you were never going to come; you're too late now. However, I'll let you try it; it's only sending me out of the world an hour or two sooner. The bullet is just under my arm—there. Oh! the blockheads have been trying to take it out; but, curse them! they've sent it further in.'

His wound seemed to be of an extremely dangerous character; and from the weak and feverish state in which he apparently was, I feared there was but little prospect of saving his life. However, I succeeded, though with some difficulty, in extracting the bullet; but had hardly done so when he fainted. For some time he lay insensible. His life seemed to be ebbing fast away. But, with a quivering motion of the limbs, he gradually revived.

'I am going,' he murmured; 'I feel the blood ebbing from my heart—fast, fast! I feel myself sinking—sinking down to hell! Oh, my mother! had I but listened to you, this would never have been! What a life I have led! O God, when I look back!—O Lord, have mercy on me! Pray for me—pray—my soul—my soul—my lost soul!'

I felt an irresistible impulse rising within me; and I prayed. Whether, like that of the dying thief, my prayer was heard, I know not—he never spoke again.

I would fain have waited beside him, to render such aid as was possible in the circumstances; but the others raised clamorous cries to have their wounds dressed. There were men of every nation there—English, Spanish, French, and Portuguese—black men and white men; but all more or less fierce and brutal. They swore oaths which made my blood run cold, cursing me as I dressed their wounds.

When I had done, I was glad to seek relief from the stifling air of the place, and went on deck. Twilight was deepening into night; but the clouds in the west were still fringed with gold. The sea was boisterous from the recent gales—heaving in huge swelling waves. The schooner was only a few miles from the coast; she was beating out to sea, however, on the larboard tack. Dispersed along the deck was the pirate watch—one group seated in the waist mending a sail, singing a ribald song as they wrought; some standing round the capstan playing at cards; others lying asleep between the guns. The pirate captain lay stretched on the poop, smoking a short black pipe, and reading a newspaper which he had spread on the deck before him. He raised his eyes, saw me, and beckoned to me. I walked aft—the men looking carelessly at me as I passed, but taking no further notice of me.

'Well, have you got them doctored? What's your name?'

'Harper.'

'Harper—ha! How's he—him I showed you. Bad—eh? You must save him—must, do you hear? I can't do without him. The rest of them, curse them! I can't talk to them. Is he very bad?'

'He is, I fear, beyond all human aid.'

'What d'ye say?' He jumped up, and stamped his foot on the deck. 'It cannot be—it must not—it shall not be! Poor Ralph!' he added, in a softer tone. 'He was the only one I ever cared for—man, woman, or child. But if he goes, somebody's life

must pay for his. That skipper of yours—it was his cursed obstinacy in fighting his ship that did it; and he should pay for it. But,’ he added, ‘that cat wont jump. We want him too much for that. But if he doesn’t give in, then, by —! we’ll have it out of him. Now, d——n you! we’ll go down to supper.’

He led the way to the cabin of the vessel. It was a quaint, curiously furnished place. It was carpeted with a rich matting, apparently of Chinese workmanship. The seats were covered with skins of the seal, the buffalo, and the tiger; the bulkheads with elephants’ tusks, backbones of sharks, and skulls of various animals. A large brass swivel stood on each side; pikes, muskets, and cutlasses were ranged along the beams.

‘A bit of a snug place, eh? Kitten! bring that supper, and tell big Ben to come up.’

The boy, having placed some meat and biscuits and two or three bottles on the table, opened a hatch in the deck and shouted something down. Shortly afterwards, there was a strange subterranean noise; and a head, with large black beard and small bloodshot eyes, appeared in the opening of the hatch. The eyes lighted on me—their owner stopped in the act of ascending.

‘Who are you? and what the — do you want?’ he said, in a voice of thunder.

‘Never mind him, Ben,’ said the pirate. ‘Come up and take your supper quietly. Ha! drunk again! Now this wont do—not by a long way.’

‘And who gave you the right to speak to me? How many days ago is it since you were little better nor I? And now that the commodore’s gone on his long cruise, you think you’ll have it all your own way; but I’m — if you do. I’m a better and a bigger man nor you—ye ghost of a half-starved midge! one skylight blocked, and a squirt in t’other!’

The pirate turned, and regarded his mate with that look which before had made me quail; and slowly putting his hand into his breast, he drew forth a heavy horse-pistol, cocked it, and presented it at the head of his mate.

‘Hark ye!’ he said, in a low deep voice which sent a creeping sensation through me—‘hark ye! another word, and your brains spatter on that bulkhead!’

The other was cowed; he turned away. ‘Bring in that supper,’ he growled; and taking one of the bottles from the table, he dashed it at the head of the boy; but he avoiding it, in a manner which told that it was not the first time he had had occasion to practise the evasion of such missiles, it broke in pieces on one of the guns.

‘Now, Ben, lock up!’ said the pirate. ‘We’ve had enough of this; grog isn’t got for nothing. Kitten, gather up the bits, and swab up the liquor. And, Ben, sit in, and let’s have no more of this sort of thing—I wont have it!’

We ate in silence. The pirates drank large quantities of wine; and I began to fear that, as it took effect, it might occasion a renewal of their quarrel; for a succession of half-suppressed growls on the part of the mate seemed to indicate that the words of his superior still rankled in his mind. We were interrupted, however, by the entrance of the negro who had assisted me among the wounded. ‘The young lieutenant had come to again,’ he said; ‘but he had not spoken—young massa was not long for this world.’

The pirate swore a terrible oath, and started to his feet. ‘Follow, quick!’ he cried, and with one bound he was on the deck.

I followed him to where the wounded lay. The young man’s eyes were closed; he lay quite motionless; he had relapsed into insensibility. I felt his

pulse—it was still; I raised him up—his head drooped upon his breast; I put my hand upon his heart—it did not beat; it had ceased for ever.

The pirate covered up the dead man’s face, and, turning away with an oath, flew up the stair. Having given some directions to the negro, I stole away to my berth. I felt sick and weary; my arm was stiff, so that I could scarcely move it; my head was dizzy and painful. Telford had fallen asleep. Alice still sat by his bed; she, too, slept. Her hand was locked in her father’s; her little wounded arm was round his neck. I gently disengaged them. Lifting her up, I placed her in my berth; and, covering myself up in a sail which I found in a corner, I laid myself down on the deck, and was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

How long I lay I know not. When I awoke, daylight was streaming through the open hatch. The pain in my head was gone; I felt much refreshed and invigorated. I rose; I looked into the berths. They were both empty. A horrible suspicion crossed me. I thought of the pirate’s threat. Oh! what if he had already done it!

I hastened on deck; and oh! never can I forget the sight—a narrow plank laid across the bulwarks. On the end of it, over the sea, was little Alice. She was on her knees, holding the plank with her hands; and as it dipped in the waves, as they came washing her naked feet and casting the spray over her, she gave a childish cry, and cast an imploring look towards her father. He stood between two of the pirates—his nostril quivering, his chest heaving. He drew back as if struggling to restrain himself from rushing forward—conscious that any interference on his part might only serve to precipitate the fate of his child.

‘What do you say now?’ said the pirate. ‘Mind, you needn’t think we wont do it. As I told you before, we’d think no more of letting her go than of shoving a rat through a scupper-hole. It’s only to say the word, and down goes the plank. So, come along! what do you say? the Jolly Roger, or —’

‘I say what I have always said, and will say to the last,’ answered Telford. ‘I will not do it. You may take my life—you may take the life of my —; but you will not—you cannot do that! Take my life; but as you have a soul to be saved, and as you hope for mercy, spare—oh spare my child! My child—will no one—O my God!’

‘Stop your preaching,’ said the pirate; ‘soft sawdust wont do here. It lies with yourself whether we do it or not. What do I care? What is a chit like that dead or alive to me? But if you don’t give in, I’ll do it! Now, one or t’other—a berth in as tidy a little craft as ever ran into a Spanish galleon, and the little one along with you, remember; or both of you walk! Mind, we’ll do it!’

Telford did not speak, but he trampled like a leaf—his hands opening and closing in a convulsive motion.

‘You’re dumb,’ said the pirate. ‘Then, here goes! Now, men! ready—once, twice!’

The plank moved—the child swayed upon it, rushed forward. ‘Cowardly wretches!’ I cried. ‘Would you take the life of a helpless child?’

‘Eh! what’s that?’ cried the pirate, advancing towards me, and shaking his huge fist in my face. ‘What’s that you say? Another word, and I’ll fel you to the deck! Do you think that because we wanted you and kept you when we blew up the rest of your lot, that we’ll let you kick up a mutiny when ever you take it into your head? No. We’ll serve you the same as the rest, if you don’t take care. So

mind your eye; or tramp, walk—one, two, three—
splash!"

Further interference would be worse than useless: I drew back into a corner—my heart beating in my throat. The motion of the plank was beginning to make the child feel giddy. I thought every moment he would lose her hold. She looked towards her father—"Father! father!" she cried. "Save me! save me!"

With a herculean effort, Telford hurled the men who held him to the deck, and rushed upon the two who held the plank. He grappled with them—others rushed forward—a scuffle ensues—a shriek—a splash—the child is gone!

I saw her floating away. She disappeared—rose again, parting the hair from her face, and gasping for breath. She stretched both arms towards us. Her father gave a fearful cry; and, throwing off his coat, rushed to the side of the ship. But he was held back by the pirates. The child saw him, and again stretched out her arms, but a wave swept over her. She sank again—never more to rise. A sickening sensation came over me—I sank upon the deck.

When I recovered, I found a group of the pirates around me. They assisted me to rise. I looked round. Telford was not there.

"Ay! ye're looking for him, are ye? But you'll look awhile before you see him. He's food for the sharks by now. Went down bravely, with a shot at his heels. He was a tough one, though—he was; and to his colours as he'd been fighting with a knife round his neck. Pity Yankee Bill couldn't get him persuaded! For my part, I don't see why he wouldn't. I only wish I'd ha' got the chance."

"And a fine thing you'd have made on't," said another; "you as doesn't hardly know a quadrant from a marlinespike. But it seems this here concern is some sort of kick they calls duty; though blow me if I can see through it at all! He seemed plaguy fond of the young one, though."

"Ay, it was too bad the drowning of her; though I don't know if Yankee Bill would ha' done it if the father hadn't ha' interposed."

"I ain't so sure about that, mate," said a third. "I've seen him do as bad as that afore; and you'll see him do as bad as that again, if you live long aboard o' this ship. But, mates, I say, we should have struck out first; it isn't chancy, I've heard tell—and Big Ben'll tell you the same—to drown young ones like her. If before long we don't have a squall, or some'at that'll make us quake in our boots, I'm blowed."

"It won't be a squall, shipmates, how's ever," said a man with a grisly beard and a weather-beaten face. "It strikes me it'll be something next as bad, or worse—a calm. I've been on them coasts before, and I knows them; there's currents here would drive the best ship afloat to the bottom. The bit of air we have is dying away; and, if I'm old enough to know a squall, there's no more coming; and we're nearer to that than shipmates, than I'd care to be in any weather."

"By —, I believe you're right, mate; and here's the skipper come up—he don't like the looks of it neither."

"Bear a hand there! Run out the studd'n'sail—come, and set the sails! Look alive—in the waist here! Do you hear?"

The order was obeyed; but the sails had hardly been set when the wind died wholly away. The water lay like a log in the water—the sails flapped against the masts, as she rose and fell on the waves. The land was some leagues distant; but, to the northward of where we lay, it swept away out into the sea to the westward. There was serious rea-

son to fear that the southerly current which swept along the coast would drive the vessel ashore. Unless, indeed, a breeze should spring up, there was but little doubt that, before many hours, she would be driven ashore. The coast all along was rugged and rocky; there was a heavy sea running; there could be but small prospect that, once among the breakers, she could hold long together. But the almost certain destruction which I knew awaited us, should this happen, had no terror for me. I rather welcomed it than otherwise; for, now that I believed that Flora was all but lost to me for ever, I felt that death itself was to be preferred to a life spent among those wretches. I looked forward with a strange pleasure to what seemed to inspire terror in the rough and hardened natures around me.

Night closed in bright and starry; but still there was no wind. We could distinguish a faint rolling sound—it was the breakers among the rocks!

The boats were hoisted out and manned to tow the vessel; but although the men exerted themselves to the utmost, she could make no head against the united force of the swell, the current, and the tide, which now ran against her.

The pirates seemed to feel the full peril of their position. The rude oath, the ribald jest were hushed. Anxiously they turned their eyes to the coast, or bent their ears to listen to the still increasing roar. The moon rose, but still there was no wind; a few straggling clouds hovered in the east, but they were still and motionless.

"Didn't I tell ye how it would be?" said the mate, as we sat at supper. "Didn't I tell ye I never saw any good come of meddling with little things like you? But you would have it your own way; and a pretty kettle of fish you've made of it!"

"Could I help it?" said the pirate. "Wasn't it himself that did it—not I?"

"And didn't I say that there was no good in going after an old hulk like yon was? And what did we get? A few bloody bales not worth stowage; and lost our commodore to the bargain—though —! I suppose you don't consider that much of a loss. And here we are now—driving as fast — as a four-knot current and a sea like Mother Howley's cauldron can drive us; while, if we had held on our course, we might have been snug round the Horn by now."

"And again I say—what had I to do with that?" "But, hark ye, Ben!—you haul in the slack of your jaw, or —, I'll make you! I won't have it! And, hark ye, Ben! I'm master here; and I'll be obeyed. So, now, you go and keep them at the pulling. Keep them at it—do you hear?"

The mate struck the table with his hand. "You be" — he began; but the strange fire gleamed in the pirate's eye—he rose sulkily, dashed his chair on the deck, and slowly ascended the ladder.

"Ay!" said the pirate, when he had gone, "they may pull and pull till they snap all the lines in the ship; but they won't keep her off. Before dawn she's on the rocks; and then it's a swamping of the boats, and a swim for life. And this ain't the rig for that sort of thing! We'll need some rhino, too, among the Araucanians."

From a locker in one of the bulkheads he produced a small mahogany box; and, opening it by pressing a spring which had been concealed by a plate on the top, he took out one or two jewels, apparently of considerable value, and distributed them about his person. Having taken off his boots, he put on a pair of light shoes. He then threw off his large outer coat. He was heavily armed. A long dirk hung in a belt round his waist; two large pistols were fastened in a

belt of sealskin slung over his shoulder; a smaller pair were fastened in his waist-belt. These he threw off; and, having divested himself of one or two articles of his dress, he again put on his coat, and seated himself at the table.

He seemed unconscious of my presence; for I had withdrawn into a corner, and seated myself on one of the seats. For a long time he sat, his elbow on the table, his head resting on his hand. There was a fearful look in his eye—anger, fear, remorse, by turns written in his face.

'I didn't do it!' he muttered; 'and what if I did? I've done worse before; and, if it hadn't been for this mess, I'd do worse again. But I'm a fool. What had she to do with it? There's a little wind and as much swell for the honest merchantman as there is for this cursed craft. Ha! honest! I was that once; what am I now?—liar, thief, murderer! What will I be to-night at midnight? I know not; and, by —, I care not!'

He poured out a large quantity of wine, drank it at a draught, and threw the goblet from him.

For a long time I watched him. There was a wild fascination in his look. I could not take my eyes from him. Gradually, however, a languor crept over me, and I fell into a dozing sleep. I heard, indistinctly, the clink of the glasses as he drank, and the heavy thump of his hand as he struck the table in a passion. The consciousness of these was blended with vague recollections of Flora, Telford, and little Alice—the voyage, the storm, and the fight. As my sleep deepened, my ideas became more defined. I dreamed of Flora. We were kneeling together at the altar. She wore a long white dress. Her bosom was bare, her brown hair clustering round her neck. A sweet smile beamed upon her face, but a tear-drop glistened on her eyelash. I held her hand. I kissed her lips, and she was mine. I awakened with a start; there was a pistol-shot—something splashed on my face—I put up my hand—it was blood!

'I told ye I would do it, and I've done it. Who was going to stand your everlasting lingo? I stood it too long. But, —, I hope he isn't dead. I didn't count for that.'

We lifted him up—the ball had entered his forehead—death had been instantaneous.

'I didn't count for this!' said the pirates. 'Ben had his way, and it was hard to bear; but I didn't mean this for him; and, —, this is not the job one would like to have fresh on his hands where we may be in an hour. Here, you there! Do you hear? Go up and send some one down to take him out of that, and to wipe up that blood—quick!'

I went and delivered his message. We were quite close to the land. I could plainly descry the jagged rocks along the shore. The long line of foam which skirted it was under our bow. But away to the southward there was a bank of cloud rolling slowly towards us—there was a breeze springing up. I felt mingled joy and disappointment as I saw it. I had welcomed the thought of death; but now that it had assumed a definite form, and stared me in the very face, the instinct of Nature made me shrink from it. I feared, however, that the breeze might reach us too late. There were sunken rocks running for some distance out into the sea—here might be seen the black point of one rising out of the water—there a patch of foam, marking where another lay. We were already among them—we were in danger every moment of striking; and, if we did, there was but small hope of our lives—for the schooner could not hold long together, and no boat could live through the surf. There was a rock close under us—so close, I had not noticed it before. 'Give way! give way!' shouted one

of the pirates. 'Give way! or we're on that sea! Give way! give way for your lives!'

The men in the boats strained at their oars. There was a hurrying along the deck, for they scarce knew what they did; some of them were pale with fear, others flushed with wild excitement.

'Give way! give way! give way for your lives! But, by —, it's too late!'

She rises on a wave; it carries her along; down she comes again;—a crash like an earthquake shakes her fore and aft. She has struck!

The breeze came rolling towards us; our topsail filled. The sails were put aback; but she remained fast, crashing on the rocks, her sides gored as torn by their jagged points. She filled rapidly, and, as she did so, her bow being fast, she settled down by the stern. She could not hold on long—the weight of water must soon part her amidship. When the men who were in the boats saw that the ship was likely to break up, they attempted to cut the line by which they had been towing her, so that they might retain possession of the boats; but, before they could effect their purpose, they were hauled the side by those on board.

Wild confusion now pervaded the ship. The spirit room had been forced, and many of the pirates were in a state of brutal intoxication. They crowded the boats. One of them was filled; but she had hardly left the ship's side when she swamped and sank. Some of the men regained the ship—the rest were drowned. The pirate captain jumped into the other boat. He was followed by some of the others; each had a pistol in his left hand, a drawn cutlass in his right. Some more attempted to enter—they were shot down—some of them dead. They shoved off. They had got two boat-lengths from the ship, when two of the pirates were seen standing on the bulwarks, stripped to the waist, with naked cutlasses between their teeth. They waved their hands, and jumped into the sea. Others threw off their coats and followed. In the crowded state in which she was, the boat could make but little way. The schooner overtook her. They had the advantage of numbers—those in the boat the advantage of position. Two of them got into the boat; they grappled with two of the others. One of them succeeded in hurrying his antagonist into the sea; the other two rolled over the gunwale together. More of them got in—each as he did so, turning on those in the water. To add to the fearfulness of the scene, the pirates who remained in the ship—that they might obtain the boats for themselves—seized their muskets, and fired on indiscriminately. The sky became overcast; but the black outline of the boat could still be distinguished. Terrible oaths and frightful yells rent the air. No a pistol-flash reveals a bloody and distorted face falling back in the boat—now, two dark forms struggling in the water, striving which will send the other first into eternity. One dreadful cry—the boat is sunk! The sounds of horror die away—the gurgling shriek of one solitary sinking wretch alone is heard—then all is still!

The ship swayed violently on the rock—her timbers creaking so that I thought every moment it would part. I found two small spars on the lower deck, and lashed myself between them—having, to prevent their being taken from me, possessed myself of the musket of one of the pirates who had been shot. I prepared to throw myself into the water. She was already on the bulwark, when, with a terrific noise, she parted. Down, down I sank with her—the sea closing over me with a fearful rush. I thought I never would rise again; but the buoyancy of the spars bore me up. Breathless and exhausted I reached

the surface. I heard cries around me; but could distinguish nothing in the darkness. The waves bore me along—now sweeping over me, now raising me out of the water to the waist;—but such was their violence that one of the spars, to which I had tied myself, broke loose; and before I could lay hold of it, it was swept away: the other was too small to sustain me, and I sank. By a vigorous exertion of my hands and feet, however, I rose again and supported myself for some time. But again I sank. When I rose, I was close to the shore; my strength was failing. I could scarcely move my arms. I felt myself sinking, when a wave swept me on before it, and dashed me on the shore. When it recoiled, I found myself on a sandy beach. The next wave did not reach where I lay; but another might. I quickly unfastened the rope which bound me to the spar, and crept farther up. I was beyond the reach of the waves, and laid myself down, faint and weary, in the cleft of a rock.

I tried to sleep, but in vain. I was too cold and sick; my head was dizzy with the wild excitement of the past hour. I even began to think that my mind was wavering; for I believed I heard loud oaths and yells, as of some one in his death-struggle. And yet I was conscious that they could exist only in my own imagination; for if any of the pirate crew still survived they must long ago have reached the shore.

At length a glimmering light overspread the sky—day was beginning to dawn. I lay beneath an overhanging cliff, which, encircling a small sandy bay, crashed in two rocky points out into the sea. The waves still came thundering on the shore; there was a trizzling rain falling; the sky was dark and lowering. I tried to rise, but my limbs were torpid and chill. After one or two efforts, however, I succeeded; and found, once on my feet, that I could walk a little. The shore all along was strewn with pieces of the wreck, casks, boxes, and spars; and here and there the bodies of some of the pirates. On the beach, beside me, was the larger of the two boats. I started back, for at my feet, half protruding beneath her gunwale, the pirate captain lay a mangled corpse. He had held on to the boat when she sank; she had risen again to the surface, and he had been carried ashore with her; but she had fallen bottom upwards, jamming him between her gunwale and the beach. The cries I had heard had not, then, been the work of my imagination, but a dreadful reality. There was a hollow where he lay, as if he had been trying to scoop himself from under the boat. His arms were stretched out before him, his hands grasping the sand; his body was half turned round, as if he had made the last effort to extricate himself; his head hung back; his eye was staring open; his teeth were set; his hair was clotted with blood.

I turned away. Coming down the face of the cliff were four or five curiously-dressed figures. They were Araucanians. They had seen the vessel on the coast the previous day, anticipated her fate, and had now come down to share the spoil.

They took me to their village. I lived among them for six weeks, when, some of the tribe being about to proceed to Valparaiso with cattle, I obtained permission to accompany them.

I remained in Valparaiso for eighteen months. But I could stay no longer; the place was too much associated with the memory of her whom I had loved. I left it; but wherever I went she haunted me still.

What was her fate I never knew. I never saw her more. And yet, why should I say that? Often, often do I see her. Often does her smile support me when tempted to yield to despair; often does her sweet voice cheer me when my heart is low. Often

do I see her in all the sweetness of that summer evening, when her eyes filled with tears, and she turned her face away as I told her that I loved her. Often does she hover in dreams round my pillow—now we sit with arms entwined beneath the orange tree, where the crystal lake reflects the myrtle and the mantling vine—again we wander together through some shady grove, and listen to the murmuring of brooklets and the melody of birds. I would not resign these visions for aught the world could give; and yet, they are but dreams!

A SECOND WALK IN PRAGUE.

BEFORE leaving Prague, I determined to see the spot from which it is said to derive its origin—the Wysserad. But, first, I was led in another direction by some friends of mine. We went along the new quay called the *Franzens-quai*, after the late Emperor Francis; and in his honour it is adorned by a very handsome monument. It is seventy-four feet high, and rises out of a great octagonal fountain, from which the water pours in beautiful fulness. It is hollow, open on the four sides, and exposes to view an equestrian statue of the monarch. Below him are eight columns, bearing figures symbolical of arts, science, and commerce; lower still, are fifteen figures, representing the fifteen circles or provinces of Bohemia. The quay appeared to us a much more agreeable walk than any which we had ever seen of a similar kind in a town. This arises, I think, from Prague's not being so great a capital as to have banished, by stone and brick and pavement, every picturesque adjunct of country life from the Moldau. There are in it large *écuses*, or weirs, by which mills are turned. It has several pretty garden-covered islands, where, in the evening, bands of music play, and people go to take coffee and ices. The side opposite to that on which we were is attractive with the residences and gardens of the nobility, and is crowned by the finely-planted hill of the *Lorenzberg*.

Thither we bent our steps. We crossed by a very ornamental chain bridge to that part of the city called the *Klein Seite*, which may, I suppose, be named its west-end, or fashionable quarter. Our purpose was to take a walk in the park of Prince Kinsky; and no sooner did we approach its handsome gates than a burly porter in livery threw them open to us, bowing as if he had been waiting there solely for our convenience. This obliging Prince admits the public on holidays, and strangers at all times, to his grounds. They are kept in better order than any I have seen in Germany; and I have beheld none so beautifully situated as these. They lie on the north side of the hill of the *Lorenzberg*, which is ascended by winding roads and paths. The villa, a large modern one, is about half way up; a great deal higher are the conservatories; and far above all are great rocks, left in their natural state, for those who choose to climb. From these we had an enchanting view of the city; and as we silently contemplated it, music from the band of a regiment, passing along a street deep down below us, arose, so softened to our ears, that we could listen to it with pleasure, and forgot that it had aught to do with the horrid din of war.

When we descended from our elevation, and returned to the town, we went into a restaurant for some refreshment. This I mention on account of the amusement the payment afforded some of our party, new to Austrian money. Biscuits, ices, lemonade for four, paid for by several bank-notes! Yes. Our bank-notes were of the value of ten *kroutzers*, or fourpence! I was told that

sometimes the peasants had to tear these notes in half, when they had smaller sums to pay than ten kreutzers; and those paper rags passed current!

One of my friends wished to look at another new monument in Prague, erected to a German monarch; and we re-crossed the river for that purpose. I had seen it frequently in my walks, and always certainly with a degree of interest which I could not feel for the man whom they have delighted to honour on the Franzens-quai. One hears everywhere, on inquiring about old edifices and foundations, of Charles the Fourth, Emperor of Germany and King of Bohemia. He seems to have done more for Prague than any other of its sovereigns. He built that part of the city called the Neustadt, or New Town; and the monument to him stands close to three of his great works—the Bridge, the Metropolitan Church, and the University. The latter was founded by him in 1348; and it was to commemorate the fifth centenary of that event that the monument was intended. It is thirty feet high, twelve of them being in the king's statue, which surmounts the whole. He has in the right hand a roll—the grant for the founding of the University; the left hand rests on his sword. In four Gothic niches beneath are statues symbolical of the four Faculties. It is altogether a noble and suitable decoration for the spot on which it stands. It was completed just before 1848, but remained covered up with deal boards until the proper day in that year for its solemn inauguration. At least it was so intended. But there come sudden events which sport with the intentions of men and monarchs. It was very quietly unboarded in 1849. When the day appointed in the previous year for the great ceremony came round, Prague's students were fighting with Austrian troops, defending against them the barricades on the bridge; and the people of Prague were in tumult in that fine street, which cuts through the new town, called the Wenzelplatz. It is decorated in one place by a statue of King Wenzel; in another, by the eternal Saint, Nepomuk. Around these, many stormy and bloody scenes took place in 1848. An unfortunate accident precipitated the rising of the people, and was made use of to exasperate the Austrians. This was the death, by a chance shot, of the Princess Windisgratz, daughter of Prince Schwarzenberg. Hostilities between the people and soldiers being thus accelerated, the latter were the more speedily successful.

From the Emperor's monument, we walked to the Clementinum—the colossal building of the Jesuits. About the middle of the sixteenth century, Ferdinand the First brought them to Prague, to be a counterpoise to the Hussites; and he gave them the Dominican cloister of St. Clemens. To this they did not long confine themselves. Their boundaries were continually swelling out, until their possessions brought them an income of two millions and a-half of florins. But in 1618, the States or Parliament of Bohemia commanded them to leave the country. Five years afterwards, another party being in power, they were recalled. Again, before ten years had passed, they were ordered to depart, when the Saxons had successfully invaded Bohemia. But the end of the terrible thirty years' war came; and in this part of Germany at least the Imperialists were successful. How they used their success is too well known. And now the Jesuits came back to Prague, and set to their work in earnest—the work of completing their vast building. It occupies one side of a street; has three gates, seven courts, four large and two small towers; and includes two churches and two chapels, besides the cloisters and col-

leges of the order. To obtain ground for all that, there were given up two narrow streets, seven small squares, two gardens, thirty-two houses, three churches, and a Dominican convent. However, after all the labour of those clever heads and toiling hands, the Jesuits were once more ordered to depart—to leave Bohemia for Bohemia's good; and their great building was secularised. This was in 1773, by the Emperor Joseph the Second. Since it came into the hands of the State, it has been divided into various departments, for scientific and artistic purposes. One of the uses, not contemplated by the Austrian Government, was, that a part of the Clementinus should serve the insurgents of '48 as a prison-house for the Imperial Governor, Count Leo Thun. He was arrested by them at the corner of a street near it.

There I thought fit to leave my friends, and fulfil my intention of visiting the Wysserad; but it was too far to walk there, and I took a carriage. As I drove along, thinking of all that I had seen and of the persons whom I had met in Prague—natives of the place or residents in it—I did not wonder at what I had remarked in them that they eschewed all conversation on political matters. The wounds which have been dealt their patriotism are yet too fresh to bear any handling; and if here patriotic feeling has been crushed, in other parts of Germany aspirations towards political freedom have been as ruthlessly stifled. Everywhere the Germans seem to me in that exhausted state—wanting all energy—which follows unsuccessful revolt against despotism; and even where did I hear, in families, of rebel sons and brothers who had found a refuge in the United States. From the thoughts I was diverted by observing that I was now in a part of the city that was new to me—the long, poor suburb of the Wysserad, poorer-looking than the Jewish quarter, which I had visited, but not so dirty as that.

I was driven to the citadel, which is now properly the Wysserad. But this high hill, at the foot of which the town lies, was once the seat of all the grandeur that belonged to Bohemia in the early ages of her history. We are told that a queen was the foundress of the monarch, and that she took for her husband a peasant from the plough. Afterwards it was the custom, on the death of a sovereign, for the leaders of the people to assemble a field before the Wysserad, and elect a new king from among themselves. He was carried in triumph into the castle on this hill, placed on the stone seat of Libussa, the ancient queen, and his investiture was made by putting on his feet the shoes, and on his shoulders the wall of her ploughman husband;—a simple ceremony, which may have been made very significant to any true king—any true *servus servorum*. Here were held the assemblies of the Estates of Bohemia, and here justice was administered. It is called, in the early national poems of the country, 'Libussa's Judgment Hall'; and one of the chiefs of the olden time chanted a song in its honour, beginning, 'Hal thou, our sunlight! stout Wysserad!' Charles the Fourth surrounded it with new walls and towers. But in this castle his son, King Wenzel, or Wenoclaus, as we name him, underwent excitement and alarm, which are said to have been the cause of his death. To the valiant Zisca, the one-eyed—who was afterwards the victor in a hundred fights, and who had been his chamberlain—the king is said to have acknowledged that, had he the power, he would avenge the disgrace inflicted on Bohemia by the execution of Huss at Constance. Zisca left the court, sounded the disposition of the people, and soon brought the assembled burghers of Prague, well armed

to the Wysserad, before the king, to whom they cried, 'Here we are, O king, with our weapons! Show us the enemy; we will fight for thee!' But Wenzel, filled with fear at what had been done, ordered them to disarm. He could not, however, cause his commands to be obeyed, and then ensued those scenes of violence in the city which terrified him to death. He was succeeded by his brother, Sigismund, between whom and the terrible Zisca began that series of contests and bloody reprisals which lasted for five years.

On the very spot on which I stood, many fearful incidents of the varying fortune of the war had taken place—on this spot, so rich in ancient legends! And what is it now? The hill is crowned by the high, dark, ugly walls of the arsenal. Not a tree, hardly a patch of green grass, was to be seen. All was as still, and dreary, and stupid, as it could be made by the Austrian police. 'Never mind!' I said to myself. 'Fret not thyself because of the ungodly! Get on that elevation, and look away from this dull hill. Look, while the glow of the setting sun is on the town, as it lies there below you! Look at the gold tints trembling on the trees of the Lorensberg! Behold the Hradschin, with the Cathedral, and all its buildings and towers! The new town, the river, the islands—music ascending from their gardens—make a striking contrast to the dismal quiet of the Wysserad Hill. Hear, now, the bells! First one, then another, and another, and another; every bell voice—soprano, tenor, bass!' They make, together, an evening concert very delightful to the ear at this distance.

But I must descend from this height—so poetic in its nature, so stupid in its present. The poor suburb was at first dingy and ill-lighted; by degrees it brightened—brightened on to the gaudy day of streets with numerous people filled with men and officers amusing themselves with billiards and dominoes—brightened on still, for now I came to many others enlivened by music and the society of ladies. I returned to my hotel by the brilliant Wenzelsplatz, lighted by two rows of gas-lamps down each side, and six great gas candelabra down the centre. This made a great deal of glare. Still, there seemed to me a want of more light in Prague; for, when I took up the newspaper in the hotel, I found this paragraph:—'Prague, June 25. Government has forbidden the bringing out of the fifth volume of Palazky's *History of Bohemia*.' All who know that the revered historian has by his efforts discovered hitherto unused and unsuspected sources for the History of George of Podiebrad, will deeply regret the loss to science caused by this prohibition. But they, also, who know the learned nature of the work—that it is adapted solely for the most enlightened circles—will find it difficult to understand the necessity for it. M. M. L.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

ONE, crown'd the victor with a loud acclaim
Of sullen multitudes who laud his name,
Dying in flash of seeming triumph;—here
Lay his proud plume and sword upon his bier!

One, smitten with defeat and life-long scorn—
Poor, lonely since his dreary natal morn;
Haunted by fears lest Heaven might fail to save;—
Lay him in silence humbly in his grave!

There, as they lie beneath the cold bright stars—
That deck'd with trophies, this with slime and scars;
Clasp hands, divided brothers! Let dead eyes
Wait the same dawn of peace beyond the skies!

J. W. E.

MODERN ENGLISH HISTORY.*

WE are desirous to start on friendly terms with our readers, and therefore we warn them that the following observations—which, within our moderate limits, must necessarily be brief as well as very general—are not to be regarded so much as a critical examination of the work that has suggested them, as desultory reflections, not perhaps very valuable or very novel, which, however, we think the present a fitting opportunity of recording in our pages.

We have no difficulty in announcing our opinion that true or reliable English history has been written for the first time within the last thirty years. The various histories of this period are as different from those which preceded them as can well be conceived, considering that the object of both is the same—viz. the truthful relation of events, and correct appreciation of the character of the actors in these events. Though entertaining this opinion, we are not forgetful of the merits of Hume, or of his predecessors and more immediate successors in the field of English history; nor do we intend to convey the slightest doubt of any historian's determination to write honestly according to his own convictions. No historian is intentionally untruthful. He cannot—dare not embody falsehood in his narrative. On the contrary, we are satisfied that he sifts and considers evidence, and draws conclusions, with what he deems strict logic and candid veracity. We are satisfied that he narrates events as he conscientiously believes them to have occurred; and that he sketches characters with what he regards as scrupulous justice. Why, then, do we decline to concede to English history, prior to the period we have indicated, those qualities of truth and reliability without which history is a fable or a romance?

It is only within this recent period that writers have resorted to the true sources of faithful and reliable history—contemporary letters and family and private documents. Look at the authorities referred to by Hume! They are either previous narratives or published State papers. The mass of written testimony, in public and private libraries and in family archives, he never examined. Before him, the materials he used had been used by other writers; and with these materials he was content. The great distinction between him and his predecessors, as well as the great merits of his narrative, may be ascribed chiefly to the older writers having examined their authorities with a view to support their own preconceived opinions, or under the influence of strong political feelings; while Hume brought to his examination of the same authorities, the calm and almost impartial investigation of a philosopher. He approached their consideration without having formed a previous opinion of the results to which his labours might lead. He commenced these labours as an independent as well as a philosophical historian. During his progress, his feelings may have frequently influenced his

* 'The Popular History of England.' By Charles Knight. Vol. VIII.—London: Bradbury & Evans. 1802.

judgment. He may have drawn conclusions neither strictly just nor altogether free from a bias which, perhaps, to himself was not perceptible. But we give him credit for an honest belief that his conclusions were fully warranted by the authorities before him. And when he presented these conclusions to the public in his animated narrative and chaste and graceful language, the public for the first time perused a history of England of singular distinctness and elegant diction, which, with all its shortcomings—and after undergoing the ordeal of a century's criticism—still fascinates its readers.

State papers, before the present century, were generally written to conceal motives, to defend reprehensible acts, to blacken or brighten historical characters, to obtain or secure advantages over others. They are, therefore, deceptive sources of information to the writer who exclusively relies on them. Treaties, again, are the dry embodiment of negotiations, exhibiting none of the motives of the negotiators, or of their secret instructions, or of their own and their employers' characters, or of the means by which they accomplished the success of their measures, or defeated those of an opponent. Yet such papers and treaties, the contents of 'Rymer's Fœdera,' 'Thurloe's State Papers,' and similar collections, were the materials on which Hume constructed his interesting narrative. On no such limited foundation does the modern historian require to base his labours. England is full of overflowing of family correspondence, family documents, and family narratives. Scarcely a historical name is now without its illustrative collection. And to show the extreme importance of these materials of history, it has only to be mentioned that the nobles and commons of England have, since the days of King John, been more largely, more continuously, and more intimately mixed up with the management of her affairs than the people of any other European kingdom. In addition to these collections, also, the archives of the nation have been thrown open to every inquirer; and even facilities for inspection have been and are daily afforded to historical students. And he who has examined the various treasures, now so accessible, will readily bear witness that they have changed the popular opinion of many actors in our historical drama, and have enabled the readers of the present day to form very accurate notions of the men and events of bygone times. How many corrective touches in his portraiture, how many qualifying or expanding observations and illustrations in his narrative, would have found their way into Hume's history, had he written in 1862 instead of 1752!

The present age demands and therefore obtains from its historical writers thorough research among original letters and documents. This is the spirit of the time—its form and pressure; and by it these writers are influenced, if not guided. It is quite possible that they may not be aware of, and may not acknowledge, this influence over their thoughts and writings; but its presence is nevertheless apparent in both. Accordingly we find, on the part of modern writers, an extensive and generally impartial examination of original documents, which is not observable in the histories of our older writers, who, having the stereotyped materials before them, and being pretty well ac-

quainted with their nature and bearings beforehand, set themselves to build on these materials a fabric of their own construction, and garnished with their own devices. Thus, prior to the time of Hume, Echar and Carte wrote histories as if determined to exalt absolutism and defend tyranny; while Rapin, Burne and others, saw nothing amiss or requiring amendment in the imperfect monarchy they found. Hume, however, approached his subject in a philosophic spirit, evincing independent judgment and sound reflection, and avoiding both extremes of his predecessors; but the materials he consulted were limited and did not enable him even to enter into, much less to develop, the inner life of history. Beside the tendency or tone of his age was to philosophize upon, rather than to inquire into, the characters and events of our country's annals. Before he commenced his work, his whole life had been spent in philosophical pursuits; and his opinions, which were those of an inquiring philosopher, had been fully formed. Accordingly, his exquisite narrative exhibits his own philosophical spirit and that of his time in every page. That spirit has disappeared, as our times require thorough investigation of origin, letters and documents, and thorough sifting of the evidence they afford, as well as clear and honest deduction from all the facts ascertained. Hence we secure greater truthfulness, greater accuracy of portraiture, juster appreciation of events. Macaulay affords illustration of our argument. His researches appear to have penetrated every corner where testimony was to be found (and into some corners where, we think he should not have looked for, or at all events use the testimony he found); and the result is a lively graphic narrative, placing many characters and events in a very different light from that in which previous historians had left them. 'Tis true that he had almost untrodden field before him; for Smollett's continuation of Hume is a hasty, inaccurate compilation written at the command and for the pay of the booksellers. And our old friend Campbell the poet me judiciously issued his *Annals*, in continuation of Smollett, as an anonymous work. Mrs. Catherine Macaulay's history is a series of extravagant tales, as Belsham's work is rabid and shallow and one-sided, both writers having commenced and completed the labours with a view to illustrate their own peculiar political theories.*

Had our space permitted, we would have asked our readers' indulgence for a particular application of the few preceding remarks to the historical writing of the present century—Mackintosh, Lingard, Macaulay, Hallam, Palgrave, Mahon, Froude, Massey, and others, as well as for a brief examination of the individual merits—contrasting them with their more popular predecessors; but we find that for the present at least we must content ourselves with the limited illustration of our argument afforded by the History of Hume. Perhaps, in regard to the contrast alluded to, it is not very necessary that we pursue it farther, most fortunately for the interests of truth, modern readers require truthfulness and accuracy of statement, founded on ample research and judicious examination of original documents, much more than elegant writing and graphic portraiture. In these essential qualities, the histories of our own time commend themselves to most favourable notice, and few more so than the 'Popular History' of Charles Knight.

We have failed to convey to our readers the impression made on our own mind, if anything more.

* Mrs. Macaulay's 'History of England from James I. to the Brunswick Succession,' was published in 1783, in 8 4to volumes. Belsham's 'History of Britain,' in 12 vols. 8vo., in 1806.

were now required to be said by us than that this history fully and satisfactorily develops the characteristics we have ascribed to the narratives of modern writers. The concluding volume comprises our annals from 1812 to 1849, but our opinion refers to its predecessors as well as to it. We briefly, then, and deliberately state, that the whole work affords abundant evidence of the author's careful consultation and judicious use of the varied, ample, and reliable authorities to which he has had recourse—of intelligent truthfulness—of sound reflection—of flowing diction—and of a cautious spirit of observation, more inclined to extenuate delinquencies than to 'set down aught in malice.' It is almost superfluous to add that a manly moral tone, an independent, calm examination and impartial dissection of conflicting testimony, pervade the work. We may therefore safely assure our readers that the narrative now completed in the elegant volume before us, eminently fulfils its title—'The Popular History of England: An Illustrated History of Society and Government from the earliest period to our own times.

We cannot part with the work, whose progress we have watched with no slight interest since its commencement, without asking our readers to peruse the following brief extracts, from a postscript to the narrative, which have touched our sympathies, as strikingly illustrative of the simple candour, the upright judgment, and the warm heart of the generous author. He seems to have finished his interesting labours with mixed feelings, akin to those of the historian of the 'Decline and Fall.' 'Between the hours of eleven and twelve at night I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden, on the banks of Lake Leman, says Gibbon, who, after referring to his 'joy on the recovery of his freedom and perhaps the establishment of his fame,' gave way to an irrepressible feeling of pain as he thoughtfully added—"I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion.'

'I have thus (says Mr. Knight) completed a labour of seven years, in writing the history of my country from the Roman period to a remarkable epoch of the reign of Queen Victoria. With a reverent heart, I thank the Supreme Controller of all human designs that He has permitted me, in reaching a prolonged term of the life of man, to carry forward my purpose to its close.

'In referring, from time to time, to the irrevocable results of this long-continued occupation—irrevocable, because this history, of four thousand pages, has been produced at periodical intervals, thus precluding the power of revising it as a whole—I am conscious of errors that might have been corrected under other circumstances; but I am not conscious of any material want of harmony between the earlier and the later portions—certainly of no essential discordance of principles and feelings. Whatever may be the defects of this narration—stretching over nineteen hundred years of recorded time, and comprehending a vast body of facts, of whose quantity and varied character the indexes, full as they are, will give an inadequate conception—I am warranted in saying that it is the only complete history of England—a library history and not a school history—which is the production of one writer. With the exception of three chapters, the "Popular History" has been wholly written by myself. This unity of thought, whatever may be the knowledge and ability of a historian, must have a certain value beyond what may be attained by a division of labour. Being the production of one mind, the due proportions of the narrative from the first chapter to the last, have, I trust, been maintained.

'Of the spirit which has animated me during the progress of the work, and has sustained me through the difficulties of my task, I will venture to say a few words. I had a fixed purpose in view when I commenced it. I addressed myself, not exclusively, but with a steady regard to those of either sex who were entering upon their

serious duties of life. Passing from the elementary works that had been used in the course of ordinary education, there were hundreds to whom a fuller history—not dry, nor didactic, nor written with the prejudices of party or sect—would be an acquisition. Feeling my responsibilities to be increased by the fact that my duty was to impart knowledge and not to battle for opinions—my desire has been to cherish that love of liberty which is best founded upon a sufficient acquaintance with its gradual development and final establishment amongst us; to look with a tolerant judgment even upon those who have sought to govern securely by governing absolutely; to trace with calmness the efforts of those who have imperilled our national independence by foreign assault or domestic treason; but never to forget that a just love of country is consistent with historical truth; to carry forward, as far as within the power of one who has watched joyfully and hopefully the great changes of a generation, that spirit of improvement which has been more extensively and permanently called forth in the times of which this concluding volume treats than in the whole previous period from the Revolution of 1688. I doubtless have failed, in many cases, in the accomplishment of my leading purposes, but the wish to effect these objects has been always present.'

MYSTERIOUS!

I REMEMBER, Alexius, some years ago, sitting with you after dinner before a clear fire, when as yet the curtains were undrawn, and the cold gray shadows of an October evening fell across the lighted floor in long broad bands of darkness. The gloomy day was rapidly departing; wave after wave of deepening obscurity flowed through the windows. Outside were two old withered trees creaking and swaying in the noisy wind; which, although at times it died away into silence, presently woke up again, and rushed past the house with a long melancholy cadence, like the wail of a lost spirit. It was the hour when the shadows of the past gather round our thoughts; when the worldliness of the most worldly sinks before the rising within us of the truer man; when faith is not stigmatised as credulity; when the old childish apprehension of the dark and unknown returns unbidden and unrebuked; when the angel of mystery stirs the pool of our hearts, and leaves behind, in the troubled waters, the undefinable sensations of a nobler, diviner life!

Busied with our thoughts, we preserved a long silence; and when you recommenced the conversation, it was with no uncongenial spirit that I heard you discoursing of ghosts, apparitions, larvæ, simulacra, visions, *deceptiones visus*, &c.—all those shadowy interpositions of the supernatural—those intersections of the two orbits of the material and the unearthly—those inarticulate utterances of the distressed spirit which, deprived of its usual medium of communication, seems as yet to be unacquainted with the nobler language of the soul. Learnedly you spake; and I, like Adam after the discourse of the angel, still sat, 'listening to hear.' At last, concluding your narratives, you rose from your chair; and, turning towards me with a smile, observed:—

'I despair, though I talk much about spectres, of ever seeing any. Unlike women—who, unsought, will not be won—ghosts seldom or never delight the eyes of those who chiefly wish to behold them. Where they are least valued, there they pay their visits like tax-gatherers. They are the seven months' children of the mysterious; and delight in making their appearance at a time when nobody expects them. But they have never preferred such unforseen claims on my notice. On darkest nights; or, better, on nights streaked by such pallid cloud-muffled moonshine as deepened every shadow that lay under the hedges, or spread its ample gloom around the trees growing by the

wayside; or standing alone and silent in the field, no flitting of mysterious shapes, no melancholy visage of the regretful spirit, has struck a nameless emotion of awe and terror into my blood. In vain have I called upon the "airy tongues which syllable men's names" to resume their old and weird vocation. There has been neither voice nor cry. For aught I knew, the air might have held in solution a thousand spiritual essences; but no bright precipitate of soul shot at my feet into visionary form and feature; no ancient brows of time-honoured wisdom, revered and beloved in the eyes of my youth, appeared before me, crowned with the solemn silence of the night; no sweet sister-face, wept for in the tears of childhood, flashed the instantaneous lightning of its beauty across my path and passed into the gloom. Alas! no. A maid over a washing-tub, a man gathering peas in a garden, shall suddenly come face to face with the Unknown—ahall, in their unscientific phraseology, "see something." For once in their lives they shall "shake with thoughts beyond the reaches of their souls." But you and I, my friend, must be content to walk, all our lives through, outside the charmed circle. We possess not the secret; we know not the "open sesame" of the spirit-world. The cross-tempered fairy of our nativity refused to endow us with the second sight. Our vision is basely singular and limited. For myself, if I see but an inch beyond my nose, it is the greatest length some of my good-natured friends will allow to the longitude of my observation.

'But now prepare to hear a tale of mystery. Bid the incredulous spirit avault, disperse, dissolve in thinnest air! Refuse even to be philosophically suggestive of causes for this and explanations of that. Shut your unbelieving eyes, and open your widest mouth of credulity, and see—I follow the childish formula without defending its strict accuracy of expression—what friendship pops into it. The tale is of myself and my wife—softly inexplicable, sweetly incredible; containing no sensation incidents, no flashing of strontian fire, no reverberation of sheet-iron thunder, in the desperat abysses of interest into which the bold mind of the modern reader plunges, not to snatch but to revel in a fearful joy. Not of this complexion is my story. 'Tis merely, Hal, a strange, quiet, domestic mystery—not startling, but suggestive. A mild, tender, visionary halo of the supernatural hangs round it—a lovely light of the miraculous, like that mystical and beautiful appearance which the air assumes when the first shadows of a moonlit night mingle with and deepen in the slowly-departing glories of an autumn sunset. Pardon the apparent poetry of that long sentence. I have been thinking of my wife. The rhetoric of the lover graces yet the poor phrase of the husband.'

Saying this with a laugh, you went to the further end of the room; and, opening the doors of an old cabinet, took from a recess a chalk drawing. When you laid it before me, I had no difficulty in recognising the familiar lineaments of your countenance—the open brow, clear eye, straight nose, and firm mouth. It was a capital likeness, though a most poetical one. Throughout the whole expression floated (I can use no more significant word) an undefinable beauty and tenderness—the shadow of some ecstacy of feeling; the bloom, rose-like, of your mind, that had been converging, in dreams or softest reverie, with thoughts ethereal, transcendental. So gracious a manifestation of yourself, to tell you the truth, had seldom been vouchsafed to me. Yet occasionally I have noticed some such unusual and ideal charm in your countenance; as, when you have been under the influence

of some delicious strain of music or poetry; or when your cheeks have been flushed by the eager air of the Downs, and the glowing hues of a fine sunset have met and rested in your face. Was it that your soul then glimmered in some diviner beauty through the bars of its prison; or that the lamp of the flesh had for a time suffered the immortal fire to glide, unimpeded, through its thinner and more transparent medium?

'You think it flattering?' was your remark.

'Flattering is hardly the word,' I answered. 'It is your countenance, but idealised; as if the painter, looking into the stream of imagination, had seen the Narcissus of your face peeping over his shoulder, and so portrayed it.'

'Maybe you are not far from the truth,' was your reply. 'But what will you say when I tell you that this drawing was made before the artist had seen me, and yet was meant to be a true, real likeness of your friend? What shall you say when I tell you that an unwedded wife drew this as the portrait of an irresponsible husband? What shall you say when I tell you that both husband and wife, without having heard of one another, without having spoken to one another, were yet mysteriously in love with one another, and as much convinced of that fact as those persons ought to be who, according to the advertisement, are always about to marry? What shall you—?'

'What shall I say to this, &c.? I don't know what I shall say,' I replied; 'but what I shall do is to force you gently into this arm-chair; and forbid you to stir, on pain of instant demolition by this poker, till you have unravelled the mystery.'

'Well, then, begone digression; begin sweet narrative! When I was a child, my parents took me with them on a visit to the cathedral city of —. Very vague are my recollections of our stay there. I have only an indistinct remembrance of wandering alone through the narrow streets, and stumbling by chance into the Cathedral-close. There, like an exhalation, rose before my eyes the grand old western entrance, with its rich carving, its mingled exuberance of floral and legendary device, its quaint old saints standing in their niches, with little stone canopies over their heads. Gloomily rose above these the vast bulk of the tower; and, soaring up beyond that, the cloud-piercing spire—to me apparently rising of its own will into the heavens, so light, so airy and graceful was the structure. I remembered that I tired my eyes and strained my neck in looking up at it. Who can tell what thoughts stir vaguely but powerfully in the heart of a child? I had some notion even then that that slender spire was meant to symbolise the religious aspirations of the soul; and to show how, like that stone-imprisoned flame, the fire of the heart should burn and mount towards heaven. When I had tired myself with looking at the outside of the Cathedral, I opened the door of the porch and peeped in. But the great dusky nave, with its range of slender pillars, daunted me. I was but a young lad, remember! and the idea of walking alone in that abyss of building—all its vast silences huddling on my young imagination a thousand suggestive terrors—was so repulsive, that I gave the place but a cursory, half-startled look, and returned in haste to the hotel where my parents were staying.

'Years passed away. Many fresh remembrances pushed aside my old childish impressions. They returned, indeed, at intervals; but I thought little of them, and seldom invited their recurrence. Consequently, there was something inexplicable in the fact that, soon after I had completed my five-and-twentieth year, I began to be

visited by a remarkable series of dreams, the subjects of which either repeated or implied the incident of my old visit to the Cathedral I have mentioned. I used to find myself, with grave sweet melancholy, pacing the well-swept walks which skirted the majestic pile of its eastern apse; or wandering through the solitary cloisters, whose thick-ribbed arches, as I passed along, closed up behind, and grew into vast and shapeless pyramids of stone. Once my dreams represented me in the form of a weary, worn-out, aged man, poring over the inscriptions on the tombstones in the nave—knocking with my staff at these gates of the grave, as if beseeching entrance. Then followed confusion on confusion. I was rapt here and there without will or guidance. Friendly faces, young and old, flitted past me; and I became involved in the midst of some wild turmoil of waving banners, lengthening processions of singing boys clad in white stoles, and swinging golden censers, tall stern bishops and beetle-browed thick-looking priests marching solemnly along, and bending on me looks of dark displeasure—looks heavy with the weight of an eternal censure. But I let them look! A sense of happiness hereafter to come, with strange beneficent compensation, drove away effectually the shadows of that imaginary curse.

'It is true, however, that I woke, morning after morning, no nearer apparently to the solution of these visions. Nevertheless, I felt convinced that something more definite in meaning was in store for me. There must surely come play to all this prologue; some bread of truth to this sack of fancy. I bided my time, and dreamed on.

'At last there came a night on which the genius of my troubled slumbers unravelled the skein of his intentions, in shape and consistency to their meaning, and then struck me for ever. Once more I stood alone in the Cathedral choir, watching sadly the decaying fires of the day as they reddened through the painted windows. Already, overhead, the slender shafts which supported the roof shot far up into impenetrable gloom. Brown gleams of light shone along the carved oak of the choir-stalls. The gilt spikes round the tombs of cross-legged warriors and crosiered abbots began to speck the darkness with a vague dull glitter. Silence deepened; and, in awe and expectation, I seemed to be waiting for the solution of my dream. Suddenly, I know not how, the whole choir was lit up by wandering lights, springing out of the walls and swinging in cressets let down from the roof. The organ began to play; and, in a moment, choristers in their white garments appeared in their stalls, officiating priests stood up at their desks, the bishop sat on his throne, and a numerous congregation filled the pews. Then, from the facing choir, the solemn chant rose on its too harmonious wings; the shrill boy voices vied among themselves in springing into the hollow roof, where the dim silences met and hushed them into softest murmurs. In concert with them I also sang; and, at my side, reading from the same book, a young girl, veiled, took up the divine strain, and waited it in sweeter melody towards heaven. Who could she be? I turned by an irresistible influence to catch, if possible, a glimpse of her face. Even while I was in the act of so doing, methought the whole building began to swell into vast, immeasurable proportions; the great walls on either side slowly widened into deepest space; the glittering organ-pipes went travelling at a vast speed into farthest obscurity; and the east window, receding further and further, at last appeared to stop only on the verge of the horizon, and I beheld the dusky face of the remote city as if pressing against its sullen transparencies. Then,

also, disappeared bishop, officiating priest, choristers, and congregation. Then, also, lifting her veil, and revealing for an instant a vision of dark melancholy eyes, pale brow overlaid by black but shiny bands of hair—a whole expression of sweet and mysterious loveliness—my companion, with mild beseeching glance, floated away into the night. Methought there was hope and the dawning of love in that lingering gaze. Within my own heart stirred the first shiver of a new awakening life; and, stretching out my hands towards the retreating vision, I vainly attempted to follow—but, with a great cry, awoke.

'I cannot tell how powerfully I was affected by that imploring look. It followed me into my usual business; looked up at me from my writing-desk; passed like a shadow between me and the book I was reading; met me round the corners of streets; found me out, like Wisdom in the market-place, and sent me abroad peeping under every bonnet with a head in it which I encountered. I have forfeited my character as a gentleman through it—I have alternated with a costermonger, and been justly reviled at a fish-stall. How could I be always explaining that I was in search of the El Dorado of a fair woman; that an elusive countenance, like some peculiar and facial ignis-fatuus, was ever dancing before me in highways and byways, in courts and corners, in a cook-shop, in a church, in Westminster Abbey among the tombs, in Whitechapel, on the dirty kerbstones—rising to sing a ballad at Evans', and beginning a lecture at the British Association? And years passed on; but I never overtook my tormenting spirit. I began to grow melancholy. My friends avoided me. They called me a man possessed—a demoniac with a fixed idea. Fixed!—why, I was chasing it all over England!

'At last, in the course of my travels, I found myself, about two years ago, at Ilfracomb. Although the season had hardly commenced, yet spring in all her beauty had long arrived. I soon became acquainted with the magic of her presence, so lavishly exhibited on all the scenery round. Oh those long, delicious, solitary walks! over green height, down flowering lanes, across clear sands and shingly, shell-piled beach!—those misty mornings, when out into the baths of the cold air I plunged, to watch from some sea-looking hill the gloomy waters brighten, as the first tremulous beams swept over them like a wind!—those shadowy evenings, when the white moon, looking all chilled and comfortless, rose over the brow of the green crags; and, hurrying across the heavens, sank low into a bank of sullen clouds, just as the day began to break! Amidst these varied delights, I began to grow a little ashamed of my late extravagant pursuits. Reason, also, convinced me that the same good genius which had inspired my dream could also bring about the fulfilment of its silent prophecy.

'I discovered a quiet retired spot among the rocks, where—like a gulf of stones, crags, boulders—the narrow beach ran up into the land, and was bounded by the slopes of lofty hills, green to their base. My favourite amusement, when I visited the place, was to lie stretched on the shelving verdure, behind a huge mass of stone standing bolt upright, and just high enough to cover me with its shadow. Here, one hot day in June, after bathing, I sat down and began to read. But my reading was such as is mildly persuasive of repose—when your mind wanders foolishly in and out of a long sentence, like a maze; when, in turning a leaf, you forget all you have just read, and suddenly discover the book to have dropped out of your hand, and yourself awaking from a half-hour's doze. It was thus with me on this particular day. Na-

ture, also, was in the conspiracy. I remember noticing the great white clouds sailing lazily over my head; the broad belt of shining water undulating before me like some mighty snake. There were no sounds but such as strengthen silence—a flutter of life in the creaking grass; and the sullen roar of the departing tides, “plunging backward from the land.” How long I slept I know not. What aroused me was the murmur of voices, interrupted by low bursts of laughter. I was still half asleep, and never thought of stirring. After a time, I heard these words:—

“And so you really dreamed of being married! How delightful! When, did you say?”

“About three months ago; when you were staying at Aunt Hannah’s.”

“How clear and thrilling fell the words on my ear! When had I heard that voice before? It went on:—

“I dreamed that I was ranged in line before the altar rails, along with my father, yourself, a strange gentleman, and the equally strange bridegroom. I had never seen him before, I felt convinced; yet I feel as if I admired him. Is there anybody about?—these men are so vain! I felt as if I liked him. Let me whisper it in your most secret ear—I felt as if I loved him!”

“Bravo, Clara! Well, I never! Love a man you have never seen!”

“I assure you I did not at all feel the inconsistency in my dream. The sweet compulsion of marrying a perfect stranger came so strangely recommended by his own generous good looks; by an indefinable persuasion that mine was a heaven-appointed union; and, above all, by the perfect acquiescence of my dear good father in the entire proceeding, that I never gave a single thought to the strangeness of my position. Besides, you know, nothing surprises us in dreams. It was with all possible willingness that I held out my left-hand finger for the ring; and was heartily vexed when, just as he was going to pronounce the mystical words, I heard Susan opening the door, and saying—‘I have brought your hot water, miss.’”

“How very provoking!” answered the other. “But I am very glad your spectre bridegroom was good-looking. Can you describe his face?”

“I can do better. I can show you a little chalk drawing, which I finished this morning when mamma and you left me to receive that tiresome good old Mrs. Smith. I have it with me in my sketch-book.”

The two voices were silent. Obeying an uncontrollable impulse, I rose on my feet and looked over the upright stone I have mentioned. Just below, on a ledge of the rock against which I was leaning, were seated two young ladies examining the aforesaid chalk drawing. The face of one was plainly visible. No; I had never dreamed of that quiet gentle countenance. But who was the other—the artist—bending over her drawing in graceful attitude? I must behold her face at all hazards. It is not rudeness; it is necessity. Now or never will I lay this haunting spirit, unpossess my soul of its beautiful demon, annihilate the fair and fatal Frankenstein of my dreams. “Your pardon, ladies! You are so near me that, with a little exertion, I stretch out my hand and take from under your eyes this likeness of—myself!”

The younger sister shrieked. The other, whose countenance flushed all over with high indignant colour, turned round and looked me full in the eyes. As she looked, the angry suffusion passed away from her face—the angry words died in broken murmurs on her lips.

“It is Providence,” I said, at last, “who has appointed

this meeting! No accident produced the dream of your marriage or made you portray this ideal resemblance of me—your spectral husband! I, also, have been wandering England through to discover the face which, years ago, haunted my slumber, and now looks on me in all its beautiful reality. Now we have met, I care no longer. I defy Fate to part us.”

The two sisters—though after much solicitation they gave me their name and address, yet with true English reserve; a reserve comically heightened by their half-fearful, half-incredulous sense of the mysterious—left me with grave and courteous salutation. As for me, I saw them depart without anxiety, without a wish to detain them. The game was being played out, and Fate at last had placed the winning cards in my hands. No fear of the issue. Now she had brought me so far on the way, she would not, she could not desert me.

Nordid she. On my return home I found an old College friend waiting for me. By him, a man of an extensive acquaintance, I was introduced next day to the father of my lately discovered mistress. In six months we were married!

A. S.

POPULAR SONGS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

No. III.

THE words and music of many of the most popular Highland songs seem very frequently to have been twin births of the one passionate experience; at least they bear, for the most part, a very striking resemblance to each other—a sort of kindred look and expression, which marks their near relationship. In them, Music and Poetry are truly wedded, till they become of one sound and nature and are helps meet for one another. Especially is this the case with the chorus and with one or two verses of the lyric—such as we may suppose might be struck off in the first heat of emotion. Sometimes, for a few lines, it would almost appear as if it were difficult to say where the music begins or the words end, they blend and fit so curiously together. This, I suppose, must be partly attributed to the nature of the Gaelic language, which, without being particularly soft, is very flexible, and full of vowel sounds. But it must also be attributed, in a certain degree, to the musical genius of the people—which I look upon as decidedly evident, and one of their prominent characteristics; though, of course, existing as yet in a very uncultured state.

The Highland melodies are often of the most touching beauty—sometimes wildly melancholy, sometimes exuberantly gay. They remind one more than anything else of what Mr. Carlyle says so happily of Burns’ songs, when he calls them ‘fitful gushes; warblings not of the voice only, but of the whole mind.’ Springing full-formed and at once out of some real emotion, the few sweet notes that form their music might pass for the plaintive or cheerful tones of some singing creatures who had been gifted indeed with melody, but denied the use of articulate language to express their overmastering feelings; and who were therefore fain to utter them as the birds do—yet with all the difference of a profound and intelligent consciousness. These little gushes of melody have passed down from age to age, exciting or soothing kindred feelings with those that were their own origin—like pure fresh fountains that look so clear and sweet they at once excite a wish to taste them in those who at the moment need them not, and help to quench the longing thirst of those who actually do. There is little or no art manifest in the

arrangement or finish of these airs; they are consequently to be regarded rather as germs of sweet music than as perfect melodies. As a rule, they have but one part, which is sung over and over again throughout the whole song—no matter how long it may be. This, in English, would of course be felt extremely tedious, however sweet might sound the little fragment that had to be conned so often. So the air has been less considered in making the following translations than the poetry. In the first one adapted, however, both music and meaning have been adhered to with scrupulous fidelity. This song is sung to a beautiful and winning air; which, like many other Highland tunes, requires only the delicate and reverential touch of some true genius in that charming art that speaks a language known and felt by all men to become a melody as deep, as noble, and expressive as 'Auld Robin Gray,' or 'The Flowers of the Forest,' or any other of those national and lyric gems we are all so fond and proud of. It is a pity that such a work of interest should not, at least, be attempted, as would be this development of passionate sweet sounds. May it be done some day, and done as is ought to be, discerningly and well!

THE GILLE DUBH, CIAR DUBH.*

Once o'er the wide moor wending,
Or round the green hill bending,
Gay words and wild notes blending
Spread far my good cheer;
For then my heart, light-leaping,
In waking, in sleeping,
Had no dubh, ciar dubh keeping
Its joys far from here.

Now, oh that together,
Dubh ciar dubh, dubh ciar dubh,
We faced the rude weather
On hills bleak and blue!
Some peaceful spot near me
I'd choose, and there cheer me;
No gray beard to fear me,
And thou in my view.

Thy health-draught, if drinking,
My gille dubh ciar dubh,
Mud-pools to my thinking
Like sweet wine would be;
Yet though I've no power,
If some had the power,
They'd take thy wild flower
From thee, love! from thee.

My bonny dubh ciar dubh!
Let sharp tongues assail thee,
One heart will not fail thee
That knows to be true.
Dubh ciar dubh! dubh ciar dubh!
Though poor, poor thou be,
No rich old man can please me
Like thee, love! like thee.

My gille dubh! kind one!
I never will leave thee:—
I'd choose thee, believe me,
Amid thousands five;
Should they stand on the heather,
All ranged there together,
Like thee should I find none
With whom I could live.

In sadness oft sleeping,
I wake up, half weeping,
Such wild dreams come creeping
Over me, dear!

* Pronounced 'Gille doo, kear doo.' 'Gille' means a young man, and 'dubh, ciar dubh,' dark, dusky dark.

I've heard the old folks say
That grief makes the hair gray:
Then, gille dubh! this love may
Make mine so, I fear.

This song was composed by a lady. I don't know whether it spoils the sentiment, or gives it another interest rather, to be told that one who sung so sweetly and loved so well did actually marry her 'gille dubh ciar dubh' in the end. Such is said to have been the fact, at all events.

The love of place is a marked characteristic of the Scottish people. Perhaps in no other country in the world, except Palestine, has the scenery of the native land been ever sung of with so much impassioned ardour. Almost all our distinguished poets have done something in this line; and I dare say every one of our nameless bards has at least added his mite to this treasury of national glory. It was one of Burns' principles of composition to 'sing auld Coila's plains and fells;' and nobly has he done so. Whatever place he and Sir Walter have touched, they may be said to have made interesting for ever.

I am very happy to be able to give the following verses in this place, as they celebrate a fair and beautiful island—the ancient home of the Macdonalds, and the home of many a brave and worthy man and kind good woman since—though it has, so far as I know, been till now unknown to song, by name at least. It has been said, I believe, that Islay never produced a bard. This is by no means the case. Though none of the more celebrated poets, whose works have been collected and published, were born there, some of the sweetest songs and finest music now floating ownerless in the Highlands first saw the light in Islay. I myself heard a native of that island—a poor man, a keeper of cattle—sing, more than once, a most spirited song of his own, full of poetical description, and overflowing with cordial affection. It was composed in honour of his master's son, absent in India; and was alike creditable to the head and heart of its humble author. Nor is this a rare exception. Whether the author of the song now given deserved to be called a bard or not, I do not feel called upon to determine. At any rate, he loved his 'mother Islay' warmly. Let his affection, then, consecrate the little lyric that enshrines it. In Gaelic, the name of this island is spelled without an *s*—*Ila*. How the *s* came into it in our English spelling I am not aware; but I adhere to our ordinary orthography at present.

O Islay! sweet Islay!
Thou green, grassy Islay!
Why, why art thou lying
So far o'er the sea?
O Islay! dear Islay!
The daylight is dying,
And here am I longing,
And longing for thee!

O Islay! fair Islay!
Thou dear mother Islay!
Where my spirit, awaking,
First look'd on the day.
O Islay! dear Islay!
That link of God's making
Must last, till I wing me
Away, and away!

Dear Islay! good Islay!
Thou holy-soil'd Islay!
My fathers are sleeping
Beneath thy green sod.
O Islay! kind Islay!
Well well be thou keeping

That dear dust, awaiting
The great day of God.
Old Islay! God bless thee,
Thou good mother Islay!
Bless thy wide ocean!
And bless thy sweet loe!
And Islay, dear Islay!
My heart's best emotion
For ever and ever
Shall centre in thee!

The following extract, from Mr. Campbell's 'West Highland Tales,' may be read with some interest in connection with the above:—

'No Highlander, if his friends can help it, is buried anywhere but at home. Coffins may be seen on board the steamers, conveying to the outer islands the bodies of those who have died on the mainland. It is a poetic wish to be buried amongst friends, and one that is in full force in the Highlands to this day. The curse of Scotland may occasionally intrude even on such solemn occasions; but a funeral is almost always decorously conducted. In some places, as I am told, a piper may still be seen at the head of the funeral procession, playing a dirge. There is no want of reverence; but death is treated as an ordinary event. I have seen a man's tombstone, with a blank for the date, standing at the end of his house while he was quite well. It was lately said of a man who went home to die, "he took his own body home," and so he did.'—Vol. i., p. 235.

There is a much-admired production of the Celtic muse that goes by the name of 'Mali bheag Og,' which may be rendered 'Young little May.' Who the author of it was, I don't think has been well ascertained. Its story is nearly the same as that of the ballad of 'Kirkconnel Lea,' and resembles in some respects the Laureate's 'Oriana!' The slaying of young and lovely women accidentally, forms the theme of several of Ossian's episodes; one of which, at least—that of 'Fainasollis and Mayro Borb, the King of Sorcha's Son,' or 'Stormy Borbar,' as Macpherson calls him—has all the appearance of considerable antiquity, as may be plainly enough seen from a version of it published in Appendix 15 to the Highland Society's Report on the Poems of Ossian. Indeed, this most heart-rending misfortune is one which we might expect sometimes to hear of in a state of society where the red genius of war appeared armed and openly at the board, the hearth, the trysting tree, the hunting field, as well as in his own more legitimate scenes, where the softer sex might escape meeting with his valourship. What can we conceive more natural than wrath driving fiery and inflamed spirits, with the tools of death always at their command, into instant and ill-placed strife; and women, as they would be sure to do, shrieking, and throwing themselves before the weapons? More than one strong man must, in past days, have felt his angry soul frozen into despair from hot fury in a moment when he saw the tender breast his hand had blindly wounded sobbing out its life-blood; and the poor pale face he liked the most to look upon turned forgivingly upon him, in the last gleam of life's reflection, full of love and pity that were inextinguishable by death.

The hero of this melancholy Gaelic song we have now to do with met his mistress clandestinely on a Sunday evening, in a lonely glen near her father's house. Her kinsmen waylaid him; and, furious at his attempt to carry off their relative, attacked him with their swords in her presence. She rushed between her friend and her angry brethren, and was killed by a chance blow of her lover's hand. He was immediately taken prisoner, confined, and condemned to death. The night before his execution he sang as follows:—

MALI BHEAG OG.

Canst thou feel for a captive's sigh,
Young little May!
Condemn'd by thy friends to die,
Young little May!
Though thy soft eye of heaven's blue,
Thy lip of the honey dew,
Never more now can bless my view,
Young little May!

Oh, the sad trysts that fatal day!
My own little May!
Its blood will not wash away,
Poor little May!
Why, before thy sweet, startled face,
Just touch'd by thy meek embrace,
Did our fell foes beset my trace,
Dear little May!

'Twas for thee that I trembled then,
Kind little May!
Though surrounded by cruel men,
Sweet little May!
But oh, that some hostile blade
This hand on the ground had laid
Ere that wound in thy side it made,
Brave little May!

Then didst thou lie so low,
Pale little May!
Wild flower, that so sweet did grow,
Loved little May!
Like glimpse of the sunny glow,
In mild morning risings low,
Such brightness thy face did show,
Lost little May!

Oh, the deep love I gave thee,
My own little May!
Oh, could it not save thee,
My choice little May!
How thy hair like the sunbeam,
Thy cheek like my heart's stream,
Rejoiced my last flattering dream,
Dear little May!

Through the world I could roam away,
Loved little May!
To meet thee some distant day,
Dear little May!
I could run, I could leap then
As the deer of the mountain glen
Bounds through the flashing fen,
Choice little May!

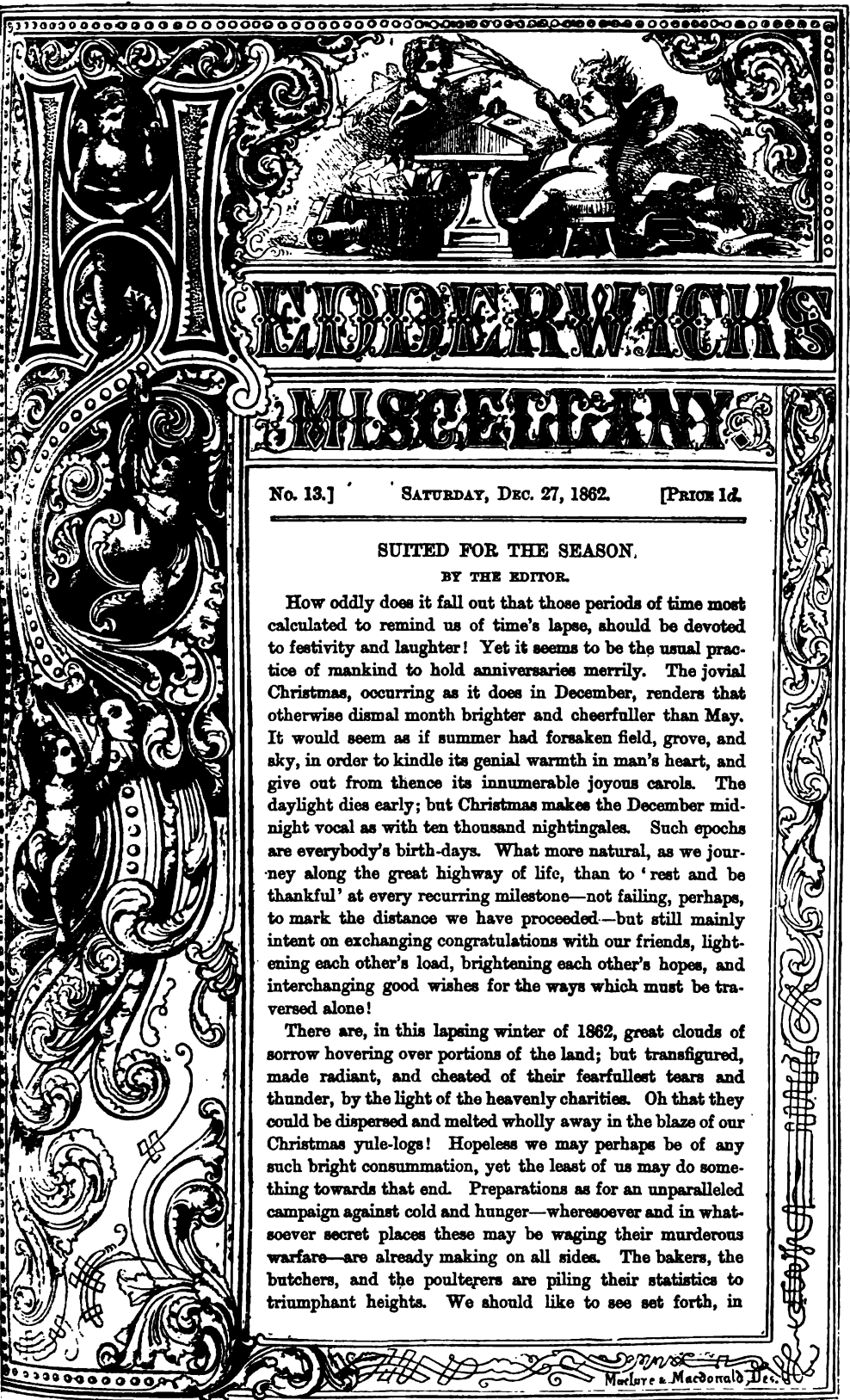
Curs'd be thy kinsmen's spite,
Sweet little May!
That forbade me thy love—thy sight,
Dear little May!
But were their love as mine is, dear!
Oh! ne'er had I languish'd here,
Wringing this bitter tear,
Bright little May!

Yet now were I safe from death,
Dear little May!
Cumbrous would be my breath,
Sweet little May!
Much better to die, and go
Where no blood—where no blood can flow,
O my God! than thus wait thee low,
Dead little May!

THOMAS PATTISON.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS considered unsuitable.

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EDDERWICK'S MISCELLANY

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SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1862.

[PRICE 1d.]

SUITED FOR THE SEASON.

BY THE EDITOR.

How oddly does it fall out that those periods of time most calculated to remind us of time's lapse, should be devoted to festivity and laughter! Yet it seems to be the usual practice of mankind to hold anniversaries merrily. The jovial Christmas, occurring as it does in December, renders that otherwise dismal month brighter and cheerfuller than May. It would seem as if summer had forsaken field, grove, and sky, in order to kindle its genial warmth in man's heart, and give out from thence its innumerable joyous carols. The daylight dies early; but Christmas makes the December midnight vocal as with ten thousand nightingales. Such epochs are everybody's birth-days. What more natural, as we journey along the great highway of life, than to 'rest and be thankful' at every recurring milestone—not failing, perhaps, to mark the distance we have proceeded—but still mainly intent on exchanging congratulations with our friends, lightening each other's load, brightening each other's hopes, and interchanging good wishes for the ways which must be traversed alone!

There are, in this lapsing winter of 1862, great clouds of sorrow hovering over portions of the land; but transfigured, made radiant, and cheated of their fearfullest tears and thunder, by the light of the heavenly charities. Oh that they could be dispersed and melted wholly away in the blaze of our Christmas yule-logs! Hopeless we may perhaps be of any such bright consummation, yet the least of us may do something towards that end. Preparations as for an unparalleled campaign against cold and hunger—wheresoever and in whatsoever secret places these may be waging their murderous warfare—are already making on all sides. The bakers, the butchers, and the poulterers are piling their statistics to triumphant heights. We should like to see set forth, in

figures, the number of packages of fish, fruit, game, and good cheer generally conveyed this week on the 'up-lines' and the 'down-lines.' The barrels, boxes, and bundles would, we are sure, if collected into a heap, 'make Ossa like a wart.' If to these we add the clothes, the blankets, and the coals—not to speak of the tea, the tobacco, and the snuff—liberally distributed—these last mostly in the workhouses—we may be able to form some tolerable notion of the amount of comfort diffused among those who, as old Wither sings,

'Hardly all the year
Had bread to eat or rags to wear.'

For the moment, therefore, our Christmas is of sovereign efficacy to transform the country at large into the semblance of one wide many-featured household. Industry in some places is dead, but Christmas is everywhere alive. And so even this dark year will, if the oracles lie not, go out like an overturned candle at blind man's buff, amid the liberated glee of children. It will be chased to death by hobby-horses. Penny trumpets will bray at its funeral. Pop-guns will bury it with military honours. Jumping-jacks will dance upon its grave. Its memory will be drank from beakers 'with beaded bubbles winking at the brim,' and from bowls bobbing with roasted apples and odorous with spices.

The ancient custom of placing an enormous log of wood on the fire on Christmas-eve, was of course intended as a comfortable security against the 'drear-nighted December' out of doors. Charles Lamb contends for 'a huge, heaped-up, over heaped-up, all-attracting fire,' as the proof positive and crowning glory of the season. Sometimes the yule-log, or yule-block, was a large lump of coal—anything, for light and heat. In the houses of the wealthy, candles were burned, 'turning,' as the chroniclers have it, 'night into day.' Then, how buxom, pudding-making housewives would bustle about; and children, let loose from school, dance and clap their hands in the very ecstacy of anticipated delight! No wonder there was merriment then. The wintry weather served to whet the appetite; and hence the jolly feasting which formed so large a part of the festivities. Harken to a lay of the times:—

'Now thrice-welcome Christmas,
Which brings us good cheer,
Minced pies and plum porridge,
Good ale and strong beer;
With pigs, geese, and capons,
The best that may be;
So well doth the weather
And our stomachs agree!'

In the old English manorhouse, Christmas must have been a time when the heart was apt to get the better of the more sober judgment. Every mansion had its 'lord of misrule' or 'master of merry disports,' whose business it was to get up all sorts of disguisings, masks, and mummeries to amuse the beholders. Songs, dances, and revels were indulged in with a kind of furor of joviality which knew no bounds; and many, we may well suppose, were the mad pranks played at these mirthful gatherings. In Scotland, at the

period of the Reformation, the Christmas custom were denounced as Popish and sinful. 'Ye will say ails,' exclaimed an old Presbyterian divine, 'good old youl-day; I tell you, good old fool-day. You will say it is a brave holiday; I tell you it is a brave belly day!' In those venerable times reputed 'good,' it may be that there were excesses. But manners, even more than customs, have undergone a change. The mumblings and maskings are seen chiefly in stage-pantomimes, but the hearth-warmth and the hearth-warmth remain. Christmas is still

'Christmas, the joyous period of the year.'

The boar's head, the wassail-bowl, and the holly are not wholly extinct. Still does the fire crackle cheerly and redden grandly in the squire's hall; still are madcap girls kissed under mistletoe-boughs; and still plum-pudding, and snap-dragon, and hot-cockles, and riddles, and forfeits, fill the hearts of the young with a delight which it makes the old happy to witness. Long may it be so; and long may all classes, even the poorest, be enabled to sing—

'Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if from cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry!'

To the promotion of this wise end, we dedicate the present entire number of our 'Miscellany.' Science tells us that the snow of winter serves to keep the earth warm. We need not science to tell us that darkness burnishes the face of the stars. The brightest eyes, moreover, are those which are fringed with the darkest lashes. Wherefore it comes about that the clear spirit shines forth most triumphantly amid the darkest surroundings. Men may build themselves cells, and clothe themselves in sackcloth; but the world itself is not a cloister, nor does the deep shade of December possess, to the intelligent eye, any tinge of ascetic gloom. If, therefore, the merry Christmas brightens our home-fires, it is only in a noble sense that we may read sacred precepts in their light. The year closes that human hearts may open. In the grasp of every neighbour's hand new impulses are awakened within—thoughts as of grains stirred—emotions of a common frailty and common brotherhood quickened into life—sensations as of wings lifting above all selfishness, implanted high-souled aspirations kindled to be nearer heaven and God! To the sessions of such sentiments I beseechingly summon our readers, and wish them, and all, 'a merry Christmas'—not, we confess, without a hope that the perusal of the pages which follow may serve to make it merrier and better.

ALL I DARE TELL ABOUT IT SOMETHING FOR CHRISTMAS TIME

BY ALLAN PARK PATON.

CHAPTER I.

Not worth a farthing in the world!

I trust, kind reader—as you are called, with more less truth—that you were never at such a low ebb this. I have been. I may not tell you how, save that was connected with the error of my youth, and was chiefly of foolish pride; but I shall tell you when and where, and some remarkable things that came of it.

What I am about to relate happened in a certain year, in the month of December. I was, at the time, staying in a small country village, in that county of England which is renowned for 'wood and water, law and gospel, old maids and mustard;' and the name of mine inn was 'The Seven Stars.'

In my wanderings through the northern counties, staff in hand and knapsack aback, I had passed or put up at many a hostelry, and been struck and amused with their various names. Of what may be called the national and noble kind, I had seen 'The Royal Tent,' 'The Crown and Rose,' 'The Crown and Mitre,' 'The Duke of York,' and 'The Granby Arms;' and of the zoological there were 'The Old Red Lion,' 'The Black Lion,' 'The White Bear,' 'The Spread Eagle,' 'The Buffalo,' and 'The Dolphin.' I had marked several of a spotting sort, such as 'The Bull and Dog,' 'The Fox and Partridge,' 'The Hare and Hounds,' and 'The Fighting-Cocks;' some of a social and satisfying character, as 'The Punch-Bowl' and 'The Shoulder of Mutton;' and two or three facetious ones, among which were 'The Gaping Goose,' and the veritable 'Cat and Bagpipes.' I had met, also, many of names so thoroughly English, and in keeping with the dear old fair land, its legends and its people, that they were songs and pictures to me; and belonging to this class were 'The George and Dragon,' 'The Robin Hood,' 'The Elm Tree,' 'The Bush,' 'The Green,' 'The Three Blue-Bells,' 'The Beddie,' 'The Grapes,' 'The Wheat-Sheaf,' 'The Barley-Sheaf,' 'The Spotted Cow,' 'The Bay Horse,' 'The Fleec,' 'The Golden Cock,' 'The Plough,' 'The Woodman,' and 'The Jolly Waggoner.' Three only had I found named after heavenly bodies—'The Sun,' 'The Half-Moon,' and the 'Seven Stars;' and, under the roof of the last of these, the strange adventure I have here to tell began.

The Seven Stars.—A cheery steady place, you say—its gleaming windows shining a far welcome along the water road to the wearied traveller; its ever open door sending into the surrounding gloom a hospitable and seeking-looking ray—the eyes of its buxom landlady and pretty maid sparkling with kindness, and its quaint old glass and furniture glinting with happy lights. Nothing of the kind. "'There's soomthin' in a nemm,'" as Shakspeare says, a Shrewsbury shopkeeper the other day remarked to me, on my inquiring what was the meaning of 'glis-chorne,' displayed in his window (used for very fine machinery); but nothing in this astral name agreed with the subject of it. Save for its kitchen or public room (of which more hereafter), I had never crossed the threshold of a more unhomey lodging.

It was evidently an ancient house; but, with newly whitened front and frequently closed door, resembled some cunning old man remembering or meditating murder. Its rooms were small, low-roofed, pannelled with black oak, and uneven and patched in the floors. A stair which led to the bed-chambers was also of black oak, and had a heavy balustrade, grotesquely carved. It sloped to the left, the other side having apparently sunk; firm clinging was required to manage up; and at every mounting step, the old dark monster creaked and whined in the most unearthly manner. Equally communicative were the floors, however lightly trodden; and with no bolting and stuffing could I succeed in keeping the window and door of my own room from shaking.

It was certainly a dreary little place. I shudder as I recall it. Still, it was not *there* I saw a hospitable spectre, and am able to tell of some ghosts celebrating Christmas.

The public room or kitchen which I have mentioned was the redeeming feature in 'The Seven Stars.' It wore of nights almost a blithesome air. It was clay-floored, with open rafters overhead, along which several guns and rods were ranged. There was a fireplace, nearly the width of the room, and which those of the company who required a light had to approach with hand-shaded faces. Its glow, however, seemed to have no effect upon the landlady—a silent, sour, stout, and coarse-looking woman, whose duty it was to superintend the square boiler, and to mix at it, in due proportions, the 'whisky punch,' which was almost the universal drink. A large vacant space was kept before the furnace; along the sides of the apartment, and at the far end of it, were settles and benches of plain wood; and in one corner, opposite the boiler, was a tall straight-backed cushioned chair.

Well do I remember the last night that I spent in 'The Seven Stars.' I had been its inmate for about a week, during which my days had been passed in waiting anxiously for a letter of forgiveness and assistance from home, and in wandering about its neighbourhood (visiting, among other things, its remains of a Roman camp, its old chapel with oaken pews and gaudy hatchments, and its churchyard, on one of whose simple tombstones I saw, for the first time out of Shakspeare, the name Ophelia); and my evening hours being spent in the said kitchen; the company assembled wherein was generally a strange one—for regular attenders, the gamekeeper and his boy, the sexton, one or two of the villagers, and the squire—and for casual visitors, a pedlar, a tramp, or traveller, like myself.

On the night in question, I recollect clearly who were there. There were the gamekeeper and his boy; and, at a bench opposite to them, one whose

'Delight on a shiny night

In the season of the year'

was well known, but who had been cunning enough to avoid hitherto the snares of the law; there was a little wizened Newcastle man, who sang songs in what seemed to me Arabic, and called the hostess 'hinny;' there was one of our 'hardly entreated brothers;' one of our 'conscripts upon whom the lot fell,' in slouched gray hat and clay-coloured clothes, whom I had seen that noon by the roadside devouring his dinner—a junk of brown bread and slice after slice of a raw leak; there was myself; and, in the tall straight-backed cushioned chair, ever reserved for him, there sat the squire.

The party was an odd one, but the last-mentioned of its members was its strangest feature. Here was Sir John Brynton, principal proprietor in the neighbourhood, and lord of Danby Hall—a place encrusted with knightly history, surrounded by natural beauty, containing love and respect for him, and enlivened by youth and accomplishments; and yet, almost every evening, at a set hour, were his nag's hoofs heard at the door, and he made his appearance, leaning on the arm of one of his waiting men, in the kitchen of 'The Seven Stars,' to take his seat in the chair beside the large fire, to smoke his long pipe (which his servitor took from the mantelpiece and filled for him), to drink his glass of ale, and to chat and gossip with all comers. He was a tall slim old gentleman, with long narrow head, silver hair, and 'wide blue eyes as in a picture,' dressed in the fashion of a quarter of a century before; and in everything that he did and said there was that which showed natural dignity and high birth. He spoke comparatively little; and, when his voice was heard, it was generally listened to with a strange deference. During my sojourn, I conceived a great admiration for

the squire. His weak but musical tones were a kind of charm to me, and some words which he muttered brought me out of a reverie, even that night.

For that night I was in a reverie, and a sad one; and sat by myself in a far off corner of the room, drinking and smoking, as were all the others; but wondering where and how I should have to pass the next night, and with some shrewd suspicions that it might be with a craving stomach, and within one of the neighbouring woods. For this I knew, if to-morrow's post brought me not the long-hoped for letter, I should really and truly be without a farthing in the world, or the prospect of one. The little that remained in my pocket, previous settlements and private calculations told me, was enough to defray the expense of my bed that night and my breakfast on the following morning; but, the post not bringing me the word on the morrow's afternoon, I knew that I must start then from my present quarters—for there was no mercy or faith in the nature of my hostess, to whom I saw that my aimless stay was an unsatisfactory mystery, while my want of luggage was a painful fact—and that I should be, for the first time in my life, positively without the means of either food or shelter.

What awoke me from my dreamy musing was a long sigh from the squire, accompanied by these words:—

'Dear! dear! to-morrow night we'll have Christmas-eve again, and the ghosts will be gathering at the Old Park. Sir Ralph will be receiving guests, according to his promise.'

Here the gamekeeper, a fine ruddy-faced young fellow, taking his pipe from his lips, looked across the room to the too well suspected poacher, and cried, in a half merry, half sarcastic tone—

'Bill, my lad, wont you try it again?' The answer to which was growled, as if by a wild beast—

'No. I'll be blessed if I do'

This didn't seem to daunt the questioner; who, with a wink to his boy, continued to address the company:—

'Perhaps, gentlemen, some of you don't know that, last Christmas-eve, a lot of us were sitting in this room, and Bill Selby there was here, too; he had new come to this part of ours, and we're very glad he did come, and hope to get better acquainted.' This was said with a malicious twinkle, that hinted of handcuffs, and was responded to by a defiantly upsent wreath of smoke, which, however, took the shape of links. 'Well, some began to speak about the Old Park, and how the house in it, which has been closed more than a dozen years, always blazed out at Christmas time; and how the ghost of Sir Ralph Ebdon, come from foreign parts, kept it up there; and how any one was bidden, and welcome to go and join them on Christmas-eve, who could declare, on soul and conscience, that he wasn't worth a farthing in the world. And some of us told how, now and then, one who was as poor as this had gone up to it in the night, and joined the doings there; how these had always been well to do afterwards; but how never a soul who got in was heard to tell what he had seen; and how, now and then, one who wasn't down so low had gone out of fun or madness, but had never got far past the great gate; when up got Bill Selby and says, he never saw man or devil that he feared; and that he would go up to the old gate, and bang the rum old knocker on it, and if it didn't open, he would get over the walls, and be hanged to them! and that he knew very well all the ghosts he'd see in it, for he had felt the smell of the herd when the wind was fair.'

During the recital so far, I had, with considerable curi-

osity, watched the poacher's face; and although he to veil it with his smoke, I saw that it was gleaming of its shaggy eyebrows and coarse beard with a dead whiteness, and that the fingers, which had begun with indifferent-looking devil's tattoo, were continuing sound through natural trembling. I feared there would be a burst of rage and dangerous struggle; but the man's mind had apparently passed away entirely from the matter, and gone back to the circumstances of the night which he had referred to, and some dreadful thing which he never told us yet.

'So,' continued the gamekeeper, 'up he got, emptied his pockets, asked the mistress there to mix him a dose of rummer, got us all to sit an hour, and started in snow. A plucky thing it was, no doubt; but Bill knew what came of it. We sat long enough, but he knows himself if he came back again, and what he saw up the wall for he's never told us yet.'

I had still watched the poacher, who had remained engrossed by his own thoughts; and whose agitation increased every moment, until here he sprang to his feet as if in fever, and dashed his tumbler into a thousand splinters on the table!

His vision, whatever it was, seemed to have reached utmost vividness, and to be scared by this; for, standing a moment or two with somewhat of a melancholy expression, he begged pardon—said they must excuse him—that it was a kind of infernal nightmare which he had evidently forgotten the gamekeeper's narrative, settled with the landlady, muttered a 'good night' as the custom; and, asking the labouring man to give him a bit of company as far as the stile, left 'The Six Stars,' and myself and some others of its inmates, in a strange state of bewilderment.

There was silence for a little while in the room, which was at last broken by the low, mild, gentlemanly voice of the squire saying,—

'Ay, poor fellow! it was bold work, but foolish. was well seen he was a stranger in these parts, or he would have believed, as we do, the story of the Old Park.'

'But what is the story of the Old Park, sir?' I inquired, the probability of my being utterly penniless on the morrow having inspired me with a singular interest in the subject.

'Well, gentlemen,' he replied, 'I can tell it well. Sir Ralph and I were friends in our young days. how goes the time, Simon?'

Here the waiting-man hoisted by a silver chain, to the depths of his corduroy knee-breeches, a stupendous watch, with a face like a horrified doll's, by which very closely he was enabled to answer—

'It wants twenty minutes, your honour.'

'Ah, then, there's time,' continued the old gentleman, 'and here's the story of the Ghosts at the Old Park well as I can give it.'

CHAPTER II.

'Small as it may be, compared to many, yet the Old Park is of a good size still. There are few estates in the county so rich and well wooded, with sweeter bits of water in a fairer lawn and manorhouse. Some of you may know very well that (though, since the death of Sir Ralph, nobody belonging to the family has lived at it, and it is only been in the hands of an agent—and a shrewd close one he is) its farms have gone on for the last forty years increasing in value. In all other respects it changed property now from what it was in Sir Ralph's time; although the house itself, and its own grounds

wish may be two or three miles square—are just as they were that day he left.

'Among our many old and good families, there is none older or better than the Ebdons. Our county history tells what they were in the past—how bravely they bore their part in the war with the Scots; and how much of their blood was poured out freely at Neville's Cross. Knightly and generous were they all; and the courtesy, hospitality, and liberality of the best of them seemed to have met in Sir Ralph at the wrong time. He was a good many centuries too late of coming—a man born out of the season; and his odd, wild, hearty ways, and ever open hand, were not for our time. They could neither be understood by the world, nor justified in the modern state of things. It would have required the Old Park as a base to back Sir Ralph's warm heart and free hall. No man in all England was more thoroughly English than he—in fearlessness, gentleness, hospitality, and love of our country sports and games. About twenty years ago he was one of the noblest-looking fellows that human eyes could light on—had the best stud and pack, and the best manor in Durham, and was the most beloved in the town end to end; and, twelve years ago or so, when he was at the height of his power, though his trouble had begun to tell upon him—there was not a man, from the Tyne to the Tees, who could hold a hand to him, or do a kind thing so kindly, as he was.

'He had become poor, and what on earth could stand at Tyne, there was everlasting company at the house, and everything in the best of style, and Tom, Dick, and Harry came in at all times; and so, by degrees, the Old Park had over heels in debt, to the delight and hope of three or four rich cutlers or bobbin-makers—keen as money and with the souls of buttons—who had come to the house, and who felt that all they could do was a mere shadow to the show and welcome of Sir Ralph.

'But the full extent of his ruin came on him suddenly. He was not of a nature to understand that soon, and perhaps never thought seriously he was going behind. I remember the night on which he first came to me; and how it was brutally pressed on him; and how he made up his mind to go;—for all this happened, in an hour, and it was on a Christmas night some dozen years since.

'Everybody in Durham knows how Christmas was always kept at the Old Park; how, at that season, the whole party we may say was one scene of merriment from the town end to end; and all made welcome, whoever they might be. And of keeping our national festivals well, it seemed to be Sir Ralph's desire to keep it better than any; and there was one of the ancient customs that was not religiously observed. Indeed, partly for what they might see of the olden days, and partly for the unfailing hospitality of Sir Ralph, there were few of his neighbours who were miles about who, at Christmas time, when so many people like to be at their own homes, did not meet at his roof.

'I am here, gentlemen—for some of you, I know, are strangers to these parts—I should tell you that, besides the bravest of the brave, and the kindest of the kind, Sir Ralph Ebdon was one of the oddest men that I ever met. He played pranks which those who did not know him well ascribed to madness; but he never, in any of his ways, intended mischief or pain to others; and one of the ways in which this oddness manifested itself was in the way in which he gave the general invitation I speak of. At midnight before Christmas-eve, in every year, there

floated over the gateway one of the old family banners as a general welcome; and, Heaven help us! I believe it hangs there now.'

'It does,' said the gamekeeper. 'I saw it yesterday morning.'

'Ay! and the gate itself will be showing its sanctuary knocker; for every year at this season, as I am told, there is seen upon the gate a monster-faced iron ring, like that upon the Minster porch down the way, with which the poor souls who claimed sanctuary at St. Cuthbert's shrine used to rouse the monks through the night.

'Well, Christmas time at the Old Park was always a wonderful time. But when last held there—I mean by living beings—it was more wonderful than ever; and on this account:—

'Sir Ralph, who was a bachelor, had an only sister, a widow, whom he loved so dearly that he would have searched heaven and earth for what would comfort and please her. Yet in the spring, when the rooks were at their noisiest, and the swallows had come—all about the Old Park bursting with new life and hope in the very air and sunshine—news came to him and us of poor Hilda's sudden death. She had one child, a daughter, whom Sir Ralph shortly brought home with him; and from whose young mind, during the rest of the year, he had—covering up his own grief—endeavoured in every possible way to remove the cloud that had so early shadowed it. A child's loss and sorrow are soon melted under kindness and amusement; and it was with the continued object and hope of reconciling his niece and heiress to her change, and of interesting her in what had been from time immemorial an observance in the family—ay, and with a good deal of religious feeling under it all—that Sir Ralph determined to keep the succeeding Christmas, and even with more than the usual amount of innocent pastime and pageantry.

'I am old, gentlemen—I am old; but I cannot forget that night; for I was there, and there was one with me whom I often miss. Simon! fill my pipe.'—Here there was a pause, while the serving-man obeyed the order; and several of the guests in a far-off corner of the room, including myself, took the opportunity of getting nearer the fire and the neighbourhood of the old gentleman, who, after a few puffs, continued, with closed eyes.—'It has become like a dream to me in some things; but parts of it stand out clear. I can still see the noble avenue of old limes—it was our last drive up! A couple of miles long it is, and so lofty that I often felt giddy looking to where the branches met; and it was clustered that night with different-coloured lights from the gate to the terrace! I can still see the moat gleaming over with floating lamps; and the front of the house itself—every door and window fringed with leaves, and streaming festive glare! I can yet see the noble hall—its walls glancing with mail and trophies—its carved chestnut roof hung with green glistening ivy and holly and pearly mistletoe—its wide chimney, with the elm block glowing on the hearth—its long board, bright with Christmas candles, and groaning with the rosemary-decked wassail bowl and tall flagons of spiced ale; and the silver platters with the ribboned boar's-head, and trenchers laden with peacock-pie, and roast-beef, and turkey, and capons, and venison, and all good things! I can yet hear the legendary stories and yule songs; and see the old merry games and dances that had spirit in them, and have nearly died away! Above all, I can see my dear friend Ebdon galloping hither and thither, with the golden-locked, laughing little Ebba set upon his broad shoulder—himself the heart and soul of the happy multitude. And, indeed, it was a multitude; for the noise of the preparations had spread far and wide, and all kinds of folk had come, ay, and among them some who in their own breasts hated Sir Ralph—not county men, but stran-

gers—your “moneyed people,” who had found their way into this quarter through the misfortunes or follies of the old families.

“Of this lot there was one who seemed to bear a particular malice to our host, for which neither I nor any of his friends could ever account; but it was supposed that some of the thousand odd things he did and said had been misunderstood by this fellow, and had galled him. It afterwards came to light that he had been for many years not only indirectly encouraging the lavish expenditure at the Old Park, but securing for himself a prevailing influence over it; and even then, when received unsuspectingly and warmly, he had managed to bring suddenly before Sir Ralph the prospect of apparently inevitable ruin, and at the very moment when the festivities were at their height. How it actually happened, or what conversation led to it, none could tell. For my part, I think the scamp must have taken too long a draught of the lambs’-wool or the old October; but nobody will easily forget the effect it had upon Sir Ralph, who went to his library for awhile; or the sad surprise that fell upon the company, as, in his parting words to the guests, and draining his usual cup to them, he said, with a strange voice and white face:—

“I have been told to-night that this will be the last Christmas that shall be kept by me or mine at the Old Park; and this pleasant news, that I am not worth a farthing in the world! That I don’t know. I’m not sure of that. Things may be made right yet. I may not be able to do this, but I’ll try; and though I die—mark my words!—we Ebdons have kept Christmas for hundreds of years, and I’ll keep it again—ay, and keep it under the dear old roof, too—although I come from the grave to do it; but, from this day, no uninvited guest shall join me here, unless he, on Christmas-eve, comes freely, as on soul and conscience, *without a farthing in the world*, as I am said to be. Hopeless poverty will be the passport. And so, God bless you all! Good bye.”

“And, gentlemen, we all know what was the end of it. The Old Park, after a short time, was shut up; Sir Ralph with his niece went abroad; and word of his death came a few years afterwards. The niece is still said to be living in some out of the way part of Italy; but, strange to say, she neither communicates with any one hereabout, nor has she ever come to the place. She was a child, of course, when she left, and had seen little of it or us; and besides, she may have come to feel a bit on account of the position it was in. It has remained in the hands of an agent whom Sir Ralph sent—a close man, like a ghost himself for silence—but who has acted so wisely with it that it is now worth thrice as much; and is, we hear, just about clear of its burdens. Yes, the lands are all different, but the house itself and its own grounds remain the same. *Except in this* [here the sulky landlady gave a deep sigh, and one or two muttered exclamations were given], that for nights before it, strange dull sounds, as of carriages arriving, are heard in this part; that every Christmas-eve and Christmas night since that one the house has been lighted up—hundreds have seen it; Bob, you have! Here he turned slightly to the gamekeeper, and his motion was acknowledged by a nod. ‘And voices have been heard, and a good many have gone to try Sir Ralph’s invitation, if it were true; and some have passed the night there, but nobody knows how; and more, like our friend who has left us, have gone there from folly, and been rejected, nobody knows how; and—and—and by St. Cuthbert! I don’t know what to think of it; but a truer man than Sir Ralph never lived, and ghosts to-morrow night or not, here’s to him!’

Whereon the squire rose from his chair—drank the remnant of his ale—bowed in a stately manner to the guests—handed his pipe to his servant, who put it back upon the mantelpiece—donned his gray beaver—and, taking his staff in one hand and putting his other on Simon’s shoulder, left the room.

Several comments on the narrative were commencing, but I did not wait to hear them. Making my salute to the company after the usual manner, I left the kitchen and sought my chamber—dragging myself up to it by the old oaken sloping stair, all the carved faces upon which seemed endowed with even more than their usual goblinish expression as I passed. In bed I long lay quite awake,

in vain trying, by different positions, to induce sleep forget for awhile my fearful extremity. At last, kind of shallow slumber must have stolen over me, suddenly found myself struggling up, and sitting I ing for a sound which had disturbed me. Slipping the floor, I stole to the lattice and gazed out. It begun to snow; and, in a dreary glare shed across road from part of the ground floor, probably from kitchen fire built up for the night, I saw the sparks flakes wavering earthward. As I stood, the sound had attracted me, though still dull, became plainer; pressing my brow on the glass, I gazed out, with strange fascination.

As I did so, upon that lonely road untravelled by coach, there passed—a momentary vision!—the shaft form of a great carriage, drawn by four horses, and covered with white figures, motionless and silent!

CHAPTER III.

I must have, in the early morning, fallen into sleep; for, just as I woke, the inn clock struck eleven. Getting up, I found the panes of my lattice ‘iceazoned’ and dim; and having, with my breath, made part clear, I looked out, and saw the earth swathed in dazzling white.

Here, at last, was the day of my fate; and it seemed wear a cold, cruel smile. Never yet had I been dejected on a stranger for food or shelter, and rather than eat an unpaid meal or bed to that scowling dame below, I died in a ditch. If the expected letter did not come in the afternoon, I would start—no doubt of that; but whether or to what sufferings or end, who could tell? I was some time on my bedside, clutching my chest, in endeavour to keep down the ‘climbing sorrow’ which creased and almost choked me. At last, I roused myself, and, having dressed, went down stairs for breakfast, with as careless an expression and manner as I could assume.

It was a forced meal; and when it was over, I set out to pass the hours till post-time in a long walk. Ere reaching the porch, I stood for a moment or two, and gazed about upon the changed scene. With the exception of a few impressions of village slogs, the pure, smooth lining of the road—whose line was hardly discernible unbroken. The sun shone brightly, but it was bitter and, setting off at a rapid pace, I walked miles after miles as if possessed. Under their new aspect, even the things that had become somewhat familiar to me during my sojourn in the neighbourhood, were strange, and almost unrecognisable; and, in my march of deep melancholy, occasionally woke up from my brooding, in part by the fact that I had really never visited before, and from which I carefully to retrace my way, guided by my own foot. But, puzzling as the ways were, I hurried along, down-bent head, and poring upon the spotless snow, which, generally speaking, I had been the first to see. My mind was greatly troubled. In life I had still clung to; there were many in the world who were dear to me; and I could hardly realise the probability of being entirely cast off for one fault and left to starve. Feeling and pride fought together; but, whatever contest leaped, it could not now affect the present. Kind and kin and old home were hundreds of miles away, and whatever rank and wealth were there, want and were impending here. I was bordering on dire need, but to beg of living man I would not! Of my fortune not a few had died uncomplainingly in dungeons of war; and there was enough of the old blood in me to make me meet my approaching enemies—cold, hunger—like a man, and die a lonely death, if need should lie under my snow-folds as quiet and resolute as the sculptured figures of my knightly ancestors, yonder, under their marble coverings in the dim light. In a kind of mad mockery, I laughed aloud at the thought and tossed my head defiantly.

Here, again, I was in a road where I had never been and stood looking about. It lay between high hedged and lofty trees. Behind me, the end of it was lost in wintry haze; but my solitary footmarks were traced far away; and in the direction before me this way took a bend. It was evidently an unfrequented

and, as I staid, I was impressed with the unearthly splendour—it was still as death. If a snow-wreath had fallen from a branch or twig, or a cock had crowed from some farm homestead, or cattle lowed, or even an insect hummed, it would have been a relief to the ear. But no, there was a weight of silence; and I could distinctly hear my heart beat. When and where could I have got into this deserted road, and whither could it lead? I should see, perhaps, by going forward to where it took the new direction, and I strode on.

In a few minutes, however, my speculations on this matter were drowned by my personal troubles; and I passed again into my dream of suffering, till, my glance attracted, I found my course effectually interrupted by a great oaken GATEWAY, set in heavy carved stonework; from the centre of which there drooped, motionless, a thin, thin silken banner, with faded tints and glintings of broken and tarnished gold over it, and displaying—instead of real holly leaves—these words, 'IF WITHOUT A FATHING IN THE WORLD, WELCOME!'

The Old Park, Sir Ralph Ebdon, and the ghosts that kept Christmas—the acquire's story of the previous night, which, like many of the other tales and arguments heard in the kitchen of 'The Seven Stars,' had passed away from my mind, occupied with its real troubles—faded back upon me in a moment. I was riveted by a strange sense of mystery; and the longer I looked at the ancient portal towering before me, and over my head its cross standard, in which age and youth, and the past and present, seemed represented, the more awed I became.

It was evidently an unused entrance. No marks of any kind disturbed the white glistening surface between it and the snow lay up against it in a billowy wreath, and sprays from the neighbouring trees and shrubs straggled across its borders. Gaudy heraldic carvings, carved in stone, grinned down angrily from the corner above; and in the centre there rose a turreted tower which were two small windows, void of glass, and dark and matted with accumulated dust, weeds, and rubbish of every kind. It had been an ancient gatehouse, as I had seen in the south. The dark door itself, in its strength and closeness, seemed set on holding inviolate the tremendous secret; and upon it, fixed as high as a man of middle stature could reach, was a ring-knocker of iron, twisted and wrought into a fantastic visage, the expression of which was one of fiendish rage.

And this county legend, embodied in the acquire's narrative, have any truth in it? Beyond all doubt, this was an entrance to a deserted place, but what of the secret over my head, with its quaint invitation in fresh letters? As I continued to scan it, one portion after another of the story of the Old Park came back to my memory, until the whole was vividly recalled; and then, as if to crown all, the midnight spectacle of that great hall, covered with its white, silent figures, flashed upon me. Every moment thereafter my curiosity became more intense, and along with it there grew and strengthened a singular fascination, that, in the event of no tidings arriving—in which case I would require to go somewhere—I should come back to this spot at night, and test the mysterious WELCOME. I had small belief in ghosts, and little fear of finding them; but there was something in it, which might be a country trick worth dispelling. At the same time, to a homeless man the roof even of an abandoned farmhouse would be better than the bare sky or the bare of a hedge or tree. Under the influence of my passing interest, I by-and-by found myself—having left the road and passed the lofty walls—skirting the high thick ivy now which succeeded, and stretched on for a long distance; but it was itself so intricate, so clustered and covered with decayed creepers and weeds, sprays of brambles and clumps of ivy, and on the inner side had such a mass of miscellaneous growth, that I went far without finding a side, after the strongest efforts, even to get a glimpse of the interior. My want of success only piqued me, and I continued to skirt and search the boundary for a long while, without any better result. At last I came, quite unexpectedly, upon a part which seemed more penetrable; and here I thrust myself into the hedge and partly through it, and was effectually prevented from getting farther by a dense mass of thorn, which, like an arresting arm, held

me back. From where I was, however, I managed to gain an opening of a few inches, and obtained a view within; but all I saw was part of an army of straight, gigantic boles of oak, beech, and birch; with intermediate floor-spaces of soft, brown moss and vegetable decay, the growth of ages; and forest aisles stretching far and terminating in gloom and mystery.

As I looked, I started to hear a distant sound, which, although low, was certainly growing clearer. It was a voice, too—beyond all doubt a voice! but of steps there was not a rustle! Bending my head to the right with some difficulty, I thought I caught flitting among the pillar-like trunks the appearance of figures. Such they were, I was soon satisfied; and in a few minutes there moved smartly, and almost on tiptoe, across the open space opposite me, an erect, hale, ruddy-cheeked gentleman, wearing a low hat with up-turned sides, and having his hair powdered, drawn back, and bound behind in a queue. He was dressed in a blue, square-skirted coat, with brass buttons, and waistcoat and light breeches of a fawn colour; and wore a pair of tasselled Hessian boots, which he touched lightly with his whip as he went. I saw him distinctly!—ay, and heard him too! for, during the few moments of his passing, he sang, in suppressed, but clear, hearty tones; and these were the words:—

'Once more, without noise,

My merry, merry boys,

Bring the Christmas-log to the firing.

And my good dame—she

Bids you all be free,

And drink to your hearts' desiring!'

As he vanished on my left, there followed a party of men, bearing among them, upon their shoulders, a great block of elm. They were black-haired, brawny, ruddy-faced yeomen; and although not a whisper was audible, and their tread was unheard, the countenances turned towards my quarter seemed beaming with sly and secret delight. With the twinkle of a pair of large blue eyes, the deep grin of a pair of rosy cheeks, and the white glitter of teeth, close set under the burden, they were gone!

Had this been a dream? The awful silence of the woods was again unbroken, and their brown-floored aisles seemed once more the home of solitude. Yet I had surely seen living and happy men, if ever such there were! Ghosts? If you was the dead Sir Ralph—and certainly his appearance suited the description of him—and these his phantom servitors, I, for one, would not fear to meet them at the very heart of night, and return drinkhail to their wassail!

But it was strange; and the vision only added to my curiosity. For one fact was now plain—THE OLD PARK WAS NOT DESERTED. It had its visitors, let them be living or dead; and, if circumstances so fell out that I had to leave, and I went to it, it would not altogether be a fool's errand. I would not be acting solely upon an alehouse gossip; for, had I not heard and seen enough to warrant a trial?

To look upon the house itself, if possible,—that desire was now born, and kept fast gaining on me; and under it I very soon found myself again engaged in my inquisitive circuit, like a wasel searching for a cranny in a wall. But this time I had to go far without discovering another weak point in the enclosure. Still I held on, and searched industriously. After a while, I began to despair of success, and thought of finding my way back to the road, which must now be miles away.

One other desperate attempt I resolved on—thicker though I found the fence to have become, although the plantation was getting sparser; and if I failed, back I should go to 'The Seven Stars,' and a certain knowledge of my state. Acting accordingly, and fending my face with my elbow, I crushed into the mass of thorns, stems, withered twigs and leaves, and masses of ivy and weeds; and, working with my shoulders as one works through a dense crowd, I once more found myself able, through a small loop-hole, to see within; and lo! about half a mile distant, and fairly fronting me—half castle and half manor-house—a quaint, straggling pile of towers, gables, windowed ranges, and arched entrances—the residence of the Ebdons—with all its many chimneys smoking briskly.

Through the belting of wood close to me—and which was open, and had a broad shrub-bordered walk stretching up through it—I saw it well, and gazed with wonder at the odd, old building, naturally the subject of so much surmise. The longer I looked, the more assured I became, from the whole air of it, that it was the abode of living creatures, and not the haunt of phantoms; and I was muttering—‘Ghosts! well, they must be a new kind!’ when my notions, rapidly becoming prosaic and unromantic, were dispelled by what seemed to me, in very truth, the quiring of angels.

A full clear voice rose singly, and seemed to poise itself on wings of rapture; and, ever and anon, as it ceased, there came as in response a concourse of sweetly blended sounds that, enriching the air for a few moments, lapsed suddenly. Then again the one voice flowed up, clearer and even mellower, rising like some stately pillar or smooth crystal jet; and again burst that beauteous chorus, as if it were the column’s flowery capital or the rainbow-hued spray of the returning fount. The strain was solemn yet rejoicing—it had at once the strength of devotion and the trembling of tenderest feeling; and my spirit within me thrilled by it as by some powerful charm, I beheld this vision:—

On my right—up the walk, among the trees and shrubs, in the open space between which lay, in peaceful neighbourhood, the sunshine and the snow—there advanced slowly a young woman, leading a little cherub-like child on either side, and followed by a band of children—some hand in hand, and others with their arms twined lovingly round their neighbours’ necks. Her head, of fine proportions, was uncovered; and her pale golden hair, kept high over her temples and led behind her ears, thereafter flowed rippling over her shoulders, and clothed them as with bright chain mail. She wore a simply-fashioned purple gown, beneath a cape of fur, which, kept open by her outthrust arms, revealed the full grace of her tall figure—void of all ornament, save a small brooch, which flashed upon her belt. Her little companions—who were warmly clad, in rich colours, and carried light open willow baskets, filled with Christmas roses, corymbethemums, and arbutus, or garlands of ivy, and holly, and laurel, set with blushing ash berries or the fair pearls of the mistletoe—looked up to the sky; and, with their large eyes filled with holy wonder, and their faces glowing with what appeared unearthly hues, they sang, or waited for the moment of their singing; while she who led them, and lovingly guided the youngest of the flock—only able to lip their praise—gazed upward with an expression which, to my fancy, was all heaven!

With the words of the singing becoming distinct, I recognised an old Christmas carol dear to many an English heart; and, as they passed before me, pacing and swaying to the notes—she, with her azure eyes fixed upward in a rapt gaze, sang the lines:—

‘Herdamen beheld those angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, “God’s Son is born this night!”’

and then, on the utterance and mellow dying of her last note, there rose from the cherub-like train, in a wave of rich harmony, the words

‘IN EXCELSIS GLORIA!’

to cease sweetly and suddenly, as a summer shower does upon a bed of flowers. Again rose the single voice:—

‘This King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truth we find—
Therefore this song have we in mind.’

and once more swelled, and abruptly ceased, the

‘IN EXCELSIS GLORIA!’

Their forms I followed eagerly, as they became more distant on my left; by-and-by, it was merely glimmerings of purple, scarlet, green, or gold among the thickening shrubs and trees which I caught, and at last they were entirely lost to me; but I still continued to hear the holy hymn ascending and sinking, until it finally gave way to silence.

I left my hiding-place perplexed beyond all words, but my being seemed lighted up by that celestial picture; and

the fair and stately maiden, with her retinue of innocent holiness and blooming health, was shrouded in my illumined memory as in a golden frame. Were these spirits? It was more difficult to answer; but if so, they were good angels; and not only did my doubt as to returning at night become still less, but I even detected myself desirous to do so; and, strange change! hoping that I might have tidings.

It was, indeed, with eager haste that I soon found myself retracing my steps; and with one other parting look at the mysterious gateway, with its hanging bann and a shake of the head that meant ‘We shall perhaps be better acquainted ere long,’ I hurried down the long road, entered the ways known to me, and in the afternoon—by which time it was rapidly getting dark—reached the village, and was once more under the unfriendly roof ‘The Seven Stars.’

The postman had passed, and had brought no letter for me! Hope from that quarter, then, was gone; and so seating myself in the kitchen, I ordered my last meal there, at which I sat for some time, dreaming of the heavenly face. This ended, I asked my sour hostess for my bill, which was hastily forthcoming. My settlement of it, while it pleased, seemed to astonish her, and my anxious calculations had been correct. When I laid down the last coin due to them, I was farthingless; and the fact gave me an odd feeling of relief. I then mentioned that I was about to leave—a statement which seemed shock my host, a good-natured sot, and which even caused his unsocial wife a kind of pang, for ‘Not to-night, master!’ she asked with actual feeling in her voice; she added, ‘Better take the road in the morning.’ But ‘I mistress,’ I answered, my cheerful tones and manner plainly puzzling them; ‘I am going now;’ and so, with careless ‘Good-by!’ I left the door, and when I did the sky was overcast and not a star visible.

By the time I was fairly out of the village, it was so dark that I had great difficulty in recognising the way, and, I went, night seemed to gather on the earth in one black fold after another, that almost extinguished the glimmering of the snow. Yet I trudged on, not like a desperate outcast daring phantoms, but like a lover hastening to keep tryst. Although I had, through the daytime, no particular objects, sufficient, I thought, to make sure of return, I failed at first to find the lonely road leading the Old Park, and much time was lost ere I felt certain that I was once more upon it. At last I knew I was; as gazing on eagerly, my heart beat quicker as once I caught distinctly the sparkle of distant lights, as from a mass among the trees. I pushed on, and ere long recognised a few yards before me, the GATEWAY. This reached stood a moment and listened. The silence was complete and I seemed to stand in the most perfect solitude.

In the gloom which, like the Egyptian darkness might almost be felt, and the painful silence, something of a giving and dread, I will confess, came over me; but it was only for a minute or two, and then my resolution returned.

Feeling with my hand across the gateway, I came to the iron ring; and, clutching it—deathly cold it was!—I drew it out, and struck it back boldly. It made a loud, dull growl-like sound, that grated on the stillness. This scarcely ceased when I was conscious—more from leaving my hand than anything else—that the great gate was opening inwardly; and, following with my fingers the edge of its retiring leaves, I passed in, and heard it, with pitying sigh, close behind me.

Then I stood and looked on; but I could merely distinguish, or fancy I distinguished, the commencement of the spacious avenue of limes of which Sir John Brynt had spoken in his story. A few yards on, it was black as a wolf’s throat; and I tried to pierce the abyss in vain.

While I did so, something—WHITE and FIGURE-LIKE—glimmered for an instant, seeming to cross from one side to the other.

My head tightened, and a cold creeping went over it; but next moment I tried to make myself believe that could only have been some restless wandering deer, that an overweighted branch had shed its pure burden and setting my teeth, and holding stiff arms down my side, with rigidly clenched hands—I passed forward in the gloom.

A MUSICAL CINDERELLA.

BY WILLIAM FREELAND.

PROLOGUE.

AFTER numerous stale protestations, my own little boy, who bears the brilliant name of Silvertongue, and that other boy whom I call Sphinx, had just gone to bed.

Silvertongue, I may as well state, is so called from the exceedingly clear and metallic ring of his voice. You never heard such a voice. It glides into the heart of silence like a dagger of sound, but without causing any pain beyond the introductory jag. Getting used to it, you rather like it—at least I do; and, indeed, to tell you quietly in your ear, although I have been a good deal up and down the world, I never yet heard a voice that could match with that of Silvertongue. You may call this prejudice, or domestic bigotry; but just come you down one of these fine nights and judge for yourself. If the little fellow does not banish all doubt from your heart, why, then, you must be a heretic of flint. To tell you the whole truth, however, I must say that Silvertongue is inclined now and then to be a bit of a chatterbox; and his mother and I used seriously to wonder, about the beginning of the year, whether it would not be a good idea to take him to the (late) Great Exhibition, and show him off as the newest solution of the theory of Perpetual Motion.

Now, imagine a neat little chap, with deep dark eyes—deep beyond the reach of physiognomical plummet; not very big nor very old—about three feet of the one and five years of the other; silent as a diplomatist at a foreign court; and with a head of the Andean stamp and granite quality—peaked, ridged, and balanced with bumps in such a manner as might make the ghost of Spurzheim leap from his shroud;—though Heaven forbid that he should ever do so! Imagine this, and you have an imperfect vision of Sphinx, whose name, however, is not founded on these qualities, but on the atmosphere of mystery which surrounds his personal history. His biography would— but thereby hangs a tale, which I am not yet at liberty to relate. When I do, however, let certain Egyptians look out for Red Sea squalls!

Well, after almost unconquerable opposition, both these little fellows had gone to bed. Silvertongue was caught by sleep in the middle of a song, so that he lay all night with a half-finished melody on his lips, dreaming about strangled nightingales. Sphinx, as usual, lay like a block of dark Luxor marble, only now and then emitting a moan, as if from the mysterious depth of a pyramid.

I had just finished reading the latest letter from the *Times*' correspondent at Athens, giving a history of the revolution which sent King Otho and his Queen home to their friends in Germany. Much I pondered on this event, and on the general inconstancy of fortune; and I confess that, while entertaining the opinion that Greece was well rid of her Bavarian experiment, I imagined that it must have been a peculiarly hard shock to the poor foolish couple to be compelled to flee from the wrath of their people, and take refuge on board a British ship in one of their own harbours. From thinking on modern Greece, I was insensibly led backwards, along the chain of history, to the time when the soil of that famous land was the favourite haunt of deities, and men of faultless form and godlike genius. Memory becomes dark or radiant according to the theme of meditation. As I half-reclined upon my chair before the fire, my mind became slowly filled

with a brilliancy of light, and was thrilled with an intensity of feeling, which only the remembrance of gods could produce. The *Times* slipped from my hand, and I was fast sinking into that trance of semi-conscious ecstasy in which the soul becomes inspired with the faculty of divine vision and boundless power—capable of seeing into the heart of things which common mortals regard as mysteries, and of performing actions utterly beyond the province of humanity. I walked on the upper slopes of Olympus, surrounded with incomparable shapes, whose utterance seemed enlarged and glorified to an almost inconceivable degree. The language was so ineffably divine as to be beyond human endurance; and it was therefore a partial relief when I felt laid within my own a small soft hand, which I fancied could only be the hand of one of the human descendants of those bright Intelligences of the Mount. There was something in its touch so familiarly human, and yet so much more than human, that I turned quickly to see the owner of it, with the involuntary exclamation, 'O Jupiter!'—which was answered by a feminine voice, which said—

'O father! you have been gazing at that picture again! It is too beautiful. I shall have Walter the artist to take it back, if you don't answer me next time.'

Wasn't this a pretty piece of business. Here was no daughter of Jove after all, though a dearer reality. This was my own Athene, whom I thus playfully distinguish from the singular resemblance she bears to a portrait of the mythological lady of the same name, with which my brave artist has made perpetual heaven in the picture that so wrests me from my commonplace self in certain visionary moods.

'Beautiful, indeed, Athene! But not too beautiful, since there is something still more beautiful. Should you ever again think that I lose myself rather deeply in that scrap of canvas, just plant your own head between my eyes and it, and the glamour will vanish in half the twinkling of your own blue eye.'

'Oh! that would be magic!'

'Yes, my dear—natural magic. But what's your wish, Athene? I see that there is some unsatisfied desire in your eye. What is it?'

While I gathered up the *Times*, she reminded me of a promise, which I had made two days before, to relate the early history of a certain celebrated singer. So, as little Silvertongue was absent in the land of dreams, pitying the throttled nightingales—as Sphinx was nearly stone dead in the valley of Egyptian Thebes, only occasionally emitting a mysterious Memnonian moan; and as the House-mother had just contrived to fascinate that celebrated baby (of which you may have heard) into a prehistoric slumber—it struck me that I could hardly be better employed for the next hour or so than in settling this little score of storyology, which I had run up in a moment of good nature. Chair in the centre position—slippers (unembroidered) planted at true toasting distance; House-mother on the right, with a critical twinkle in her eyes; Athene on the left, all faith and expectation, and crowned with her Saxon splendour of massy ringlets—I sat before the comfortable fire, and thus began:—

CHAPTER I.

A PRESENT FROM INDIA.

'When was it, Athene, that I told you the story of "Hawk's Nest"?'

'About seven weeks since, I think. Oh, I have it! It

was on the very night when aunt's portrait came from Australia.'

Then you are wrong as to the weeks, for that was three months ago. Your own portrait, I expect, will have reached Golden Creek by this time; and it is not unlikely that your aunt and her friends may this very night be discussing its merits—whether it is the picture of a goodtempered girl, or only of a shrewish little vixen. Couldn't I enlighten them on that subject, eh? But about 'Hawk's Nest.' Do you remember me mentioning the name of Flowerdale?

'Oh, yes; quite well. That was in Mellowshire, on the west coast of England. There was the village of Tenderlynn, with its old steeple—older than the white-headed sexton, who was the oldest inhabitant; and there was the clear Pool Water, flowing round the church, by the cliffs, into the south corner of the bay.'

Well remembered! That is the very spot. In this same beautiful village of Tenderlynn, not a great many years ago, there lived two dashing sisters, named Louisa and Caroline Welltone. Vale Cottage, in which they resided, was their own property; and, having a handsome provision from Government, on account of certain brave services rendered in India by their late father, who had been an officer in a regiment of cavalry, they held a rather respectable position in Tenderlynn society. Their father was killed during a raid against the Sikhs—an event which had so deep an effect upon their mother, that she took fever, and died before she could reach Calcutta, on her melancholy return to England. One black-edged letter brought to the two girls tidings of the death of both parents—that they were now orphans, and alone in the world. Wasn't that a very serious case, Athene?

'Ah! very sad, indeed. Both father and mother dead, and so far from home; and Louisa and Caroline not to see them die! What should I do if mamma and you were dying so far from home? And then Sphinx and little Silvertongue! who would take care of them?'

[At this point, the House-mother broke in with some well-timed counsels which need not be repeated here; but the sum of which was, that to the soul of faith all things are sure, if not clear; and that the bitterest cup of suffering, while it may seem to inflict new agony, is medicinal of some other pain, if not of the very pangs which it produces at the time—leaving a new vigour and purity in the heart after the bloody sweat is over. Old, old homilies, indeed; yet always original when spoken with earnest lips.]

Well, Athene, when the two Welltones received the news of their father and mother's death, they were living in another part of the country. But they soon afterwards came to live at Tenderlynn; and I am sorry to say that neither of them seemed to be so greatly affected by the sudden and woful death of her parents as you might have expected. They were a pair of very handsome ladies, to speak the full truth; and as they were both exceedingly fond of gay dresses, it was not long before their solemn mourning attire began to be superseded by the livelier spring hues of fashion. The manner in which they gradually changed their dress, was, in truth, very like the way of Nature, who, beginning with black winter, slowly advances into the cheery time of buds, and then passes on to the full glory of flowery summer. When Louisa and Caroline Welltone had entirely thrown off their gloomy costume, there was not a more splendid couple in the whole village of Tenderlynn—a fact which they knew perfectly well, and of which they resolved on making the

best use. The result of their fine schemes was to infect the whole of bachelordom—that's all the young men, you know—with a Cupidemic or heart disease. None of the afflicted creatures, I am happy to say, died of the sickening disorder, although many of them bore the stings of it to their central flesh for many years. But it was one of the most curious things that, although these beautiful Tenderlynn belles attracted flocks of admirers, it seemed to be quite beyond their power to get themselves led to the sacred altar of marriage. Everybody admired them, but nobody would marry them. This I could never understand, for they certainly did seem to me to be as like a pair as any in Flowerdale, or even in wide Mellowshire. Social philosophers—these are the wise men, Athene—explained the difficulty by saying that the Misses Welltone were too extravagant; and that their style of living would have quickly ruined the most prosperous young man in Tenderlynn. The consequence was that the most prosperous young man went half-a-mile farther up the valley and married Jenny Fenshaw, the blacksmith's daughter, who was a very quiet little maiden indeed, and altogether unstylish; but who, in spite of these serious drawbacks, made one of the very best, most careful, and neat-handed wives that a sensible man could desire.

I ought to have told you before this, Athene, that Welltones had an uncle in the Indian Civil Service—that is, he was in the employment of Government, but as a soldier. This uncle, whose name was Patrick Wyntoun, was a widower, supposed to be wealthy, and the father of one child—a daughter, named Fanny Wyntoun, fully ten years of age. The only certain proof which the Welltones possessed of their uncle's riches was based upon the annual present which he usually sent them about Christmas. This merry season was approaching; both the young ladies were growing nervous, and at odd hours would commence discussing probable character and value of the expected package. I rather suspect that the dashing sisters were at particular time unusually hard up. Whatever the Indian present might be, therefore, it could neither come so soon nor be too bulky.

At length, one morning within a week of Christmas the postman was seen advancing towards their cottage sight which set their heart into a high state of nervous palpitation. This, they declared, must be the usual heralding the Indian hamper. Letter it certainly was, and from India, too; but its contents only revealed to these extravagant sisters could no longer expect to receive either letters or presents from the East. Their uncle was dead! He had died of a fever caught during a journey down the Jumna, from Delhi to Allahabad. The letter was written by a friend of Mr. Wyntoun, who attended him in his illness, and received his last brief instruction which related chiefly to the future of his poor little daughter Fanny, who had been living with friendly neighbours in Calcutta during her father's long absence in the interior of the country. It was Mr. Wyntoun's earnest desire so ran the letter—that his daughter should be sent home to England and to the care of her cousins—the Misses Welltone, Tenderlynn, Mellowshire. It was a great shock to these expectant ladies to learn that their uncle had died shamefully poor—leaving little more, indeed, than would decently fetch Fanny home; and that the annual present which they would receive from Calcutta should be, of all things on earth, a living creature! and one, too, of their own species! I am ashamed, Athene, to have told you so wicked a thought; but I really do think that

if their poor little cousin had been a monkey instead of a maiden, she would have been a great deal more welcome to the gayest, though neither the wealthiest nor the wisest cottage in Flowerdale. The monkey would have proved immensely attractive to the young gentlemen of Tenderlynn; while Fanny, it was already anticipated, would only be an unmanageable encumbrance.

It was, therefore, with feelings of disappointment and chagrin that Louisa and Caroline Welltone waited the arrival of their orphan cousin from India. But it was a fortunate thing that the child happened to reach Vale Cottage on the very day before Christmas. At that season all hearts, even the flintiest, open somewhat to the genial sacred influences of the time. Everybody about Tenderlynn was in the excitement of preparation for the morrow's festivities; and, consequently, nobody had time or room for the expression of the heartless thoughts of the head. Fanny Wyntoun's reception was, indeed, hardly what it might have been; but, taking all things into account, it was by no means unkindly. For the present, at least, the sisters exerted themselves with a fair show of heartiness and good nature, and contrived to make their cousin's position comfortable, if not perfectly happy. The black-eyed, dark-haired little lady had just entered her eleventh year; and, although the shadow of her father's death still lay on her memory, she enjoyed her first Christmas in England with evident pleasure. She was greatly liked by the Christmas party at Vale Cottage. Her sad history; her quiet, graceful appearance; and her very peculiar charm in her manner—which everybody felt but nobody could explain—created in her favour a decided and honourable feeling of friendship. This feeling was deepened in the hearts of the guests by the style in which the little child sang a couple of songs. They were extremely simple things—one a cradle song, set to music, which seemed to have been blown across a field of poppies; and the other, the song of the sea-wind, which had something so altogether rich and strange in its breezy melody, as at once to flood the mind with a beautiful vision of the sea. Both of these songs little Fanny learned from her Hindoo nurse, Aldee—a woman who had been brought from the Upper Ganges to watch over the delicate infancy of the English child.

At the conclusion of the party, Fanny was a general favourite; but, unhappily, not a particular favourite of her cousins, who were rather piqued at the deep interest which all seemed to take in the Indian waif—so they called her—that had been sent to them from the land of the rising sun.

CHAPTER II.

NIGHTINGALE, MERMAID, AND GHOST.

Did you not tell me, Athene, when we visited Tenderlynn, two years ago, that you liked the village so much that you could dwell in it for ever? I do not wonder at that. Of all the sea-villages I know, it is by far the loveliest. Tenderlynn is the mildest nook in Mellowshire, and Mellowshire is the mildest county in England. Couched in the innermost bend of a bay, with a range of romantically tumbled cliffs to the north; to the south, the most radiant of sandy beaches; and, behind, the great woods and gentle hills of Flowerdale, receding slowly and gradually from the sea, as if unwilling to be placed so far inland from the shining brine—it is a nest in which the Fairy Queen might have set up a new throne, and forgotten that there was any other land of Faery. It is a place which no

one can choose but love; and like you, Athene, I love it very dearly—so dearly, indeed, that often in the middle of the crowded street it starts into my mind like a sudden vision, when the city vanishes into its own dusky air, and for a brief but delicious interval I wander on the self-same sands where, you remember, we used to race and scamper, or watch the distant ships as they melted, like white-winged pilgrim doves, into the dim light of the evening sky.

If boys and girls, and men and women, could be happy at all, would you not think that it should be in beautiful Tenderlynn?

'Ah! surely it should. I should like so much to return to the dear old town! How very, very happy must Fanny Wyntoun have been to have a home in so sweet a place.'

Nay, there you are mistaken. The pretty little maiden was quite otherwise than happy—she was, indeed, extremely miserable. You open your eyes, and seem to wonder at that. I am sorry to say, Athene, that there is nothing in the sad truth so very wonderful after all. The sorrow of the world is more than you think, or can yet know it to be. I, knowing the griefs of men, do not wonder at them; but to me it is always a sad thing to see children so young as Fanny Wyntoun so deeply unhappy as she was, even amid the peaceful beauty of Tenderlynn. But grief is no respecter of persons, times, or places. It will enter the heart of a king in his palace, on his coronation-day, with as little compunction as it entered the tender breast of poor Fanny.

But you ask with your eyes what was the reason of Fanny's unhappiness? Her cousins did not love her. This was the source of all her woe; and a poisonous source it was. After that Christmas night, when the child made so many friends by her singing, both Louisa and Caroline began to regard her with an evil eye, as if afraid that the little Indian would before long supplant them in the affection and admiration of the young gentlemen of Tenderlynn. But any person looking at the three together would have had no fear of such a terrible result. The two sisters were tall, and exceedingly handsome; while their cousin was a small thin creature—the veriest reed beside a couple of great chestnut trees in full blossom. Yet these fair sisters had one notable defect. They resembled certain Abyssinian birds, which, so far as shape, size, and plumage are concerned, are all that the vainest of birds, not excepting the peacock, could desire. When you see or imagine these splendid creatures, it is almost an insult to be told that they are as tuneless as the pebbles of the Nile, on which they perch and pick at the sacred mud. Yet so it is. It was just the same with the Welltones, who thus singularly belied their name—the Welltones having, in music, no tones whatever; while the frail and insignificant Fanny possessed the purest soul of music—which is surely one of the divinest gifts which the Heavenly Powers can bestow upon mortal man or woman.

Thus it came about that Fanny was disliked, hated, neglected, and so rendered miserable. Being entirely dependent upon her cousins, she was employed about the cottage; and she was compelled to work, and did work with all the quiet diligence of a good servant. Her education was entirely neglected; and had it not been for the early training which she received in India, when her father and mother were alive, she might have been as ignorant as the commonest drudge of the kitchen, for all that her cousins cared. Nor is this the worst. While her cousins dressed like fine ladies, attended balls and parties, had parties of their own in Vale Cottage, the little slave,

although of their own flesh and blood, was held so much in the background, that at last she ceased altogether to appear at any party where her selfish mistresses wished to come out in undisputed splendour. So cruelly hard did Fanny's position become, that it was quite clear she was not only over-worked, but also under-fed. You may well start, Athene, and doubt the truth of what I tell you. But it is all too sadly true—true as the gospel of sorrow.

For awhile at first, the people about Tenderlynn, whom the Welltones knew, were loud in their praise for having given their poor cousin a home. But the word *home* was too sacred a word to apply to Vale Cottage, so far as Fanny was concerned. To the happy, the word *home* is a full heaven of joyous recollections. The remembrance of her home in Calcutta—with all the tender blandishments of a father, a mother, and a nurse's love—only served to make Fanny's present situation more awfully wretched. For you must know, Athene, that it is not the memory of past joys, but the hope and expectation of future happiness, that can make our present misery endurable. Neither mind nor body can live on the memory of past feasts. Alas! Fanny was almost destitute of hope. She seemed to be fixed in the middle of a wide moor, beside a dismal pool, alone with the demon of despair, who was devouring her heart, and prompting her soul to commit an unspeakable crime. Yet the poor child, though neglected by human kindred, was not deserted by the good angels which attend on the sad soul of oppressed and tempted innocence. It was well for Fanny Wyntoun that she had been born of noble and wise parents. They taught her a great many good things, which she now remembered and cherished as the most precious jewels of her Indian childhood—they were the sole fortune which her father and mother were able to leave their delicate little girl. One of these things—the one which she had been most carefully taught—was the habit of saying her evening and morning prayers. These were so very simple in expression, that no doubt they might have been laughed at by the careless Welltones, had Fanny not taken care to repeat them in secret. Simple as they were, however, they brought to the child's heart great floods of consolation, on which she was lifted far beyond the darkness of her mortal misery. This was like a good little girl; and as mamma and I have often told you, Athene, all little maidens who remember their prayers so regularly, as Fanny did in her sorrow, are sure to find comfort and strength to do their worst as well as their best duties; or, as your friend the poet rather curiously says:—

*Prayer lightens and brightens and mightens
The heart and the mind and the soul.'

So Fanny's heart was greatly lightened of its weight of grief; her mind became clearer, so that she was able to know the right from the wrong; and her pure soul was strengthened more and more to grapple with her darkest sufferings, and make the best of the worst in the spirit of man's tenderest and truest Friend. One of her prayers was in verse—two stanzas only of which I can remember. Perhaps you would like to learn it. It is not so simple as the one which Silvertongue, Sphinx, and you can repeat. But hear it:—

FAITH IN SORROW.

Dear Father! who art ever nigh
With holy hand and healing breast,
Oh! hear me—hear me while I cry,
And send me patience, peace, and rest!

Within the shadow of my grief
I wait for Thy divine relief.

Though blind with woe, I feel, I see
That Thou dost keep Thy promised tryst;
My soul is raised; I walk with Thee—
One hand within the hand of Christ!

But Fanny gained some consolation from another source. The simple songs which she had learned on the banks of the Ganges, from the lips of her mother and her nurse, often flowed into her memory, like voices from a distant land and a far-off time; and it was really wonderful how they soothed her in her sorrow, as she wandered among the cliffs of Tenderlynn bay, or hung like a dreaming flower over the grassy brim of the beautiful Pool Water. Of course, the poor child was too much of a drudge to be allowed many of these wanderings. Whenever she did enjoy them, however, her position always seemed for a time a little less dismal than the reality. Many curious stories are told about Fanny's wanderings and singings among the rocks, or in the woody hollows. Her voice was one of the most melodious that ever was heard in the dells of Tenderlynn; and in the twilight, when she sat on the edge of a rock overhanging the slumbering gulfs of the bay, chanting some weird Indian airs, the more superstitious of the boatmen and sailors mistook her for a mermaid. In truth, she was known in the village as the Nightingale, the Mermaid, and the singing Ghost—the last name being applied to her in derision by her tuneless cousins. I remember well—But what is this? Is Athene actually asleep?

'No; I am wide awake. I was only thinking how fine it must have been to hear so sweet and sad a nightingale singing in the dark wood.'

I have heard her singing in a much pleasanter position but not as Fanny Wyntoun—where, instead of trees and seas, she had thousands of human ears to drink in her miraculous strains.

'Not as Fanny Wyntoun! What, then, was her name and where was it you heard her?'

I shall come to that presently. But mark, first, what occurred to Fanny during her last twilight song on Tenderlynn cliffs. This is the turning point in the little Indian's career; and ought to be interesting, if I can do it justice. It was on a delightful evening, about the end of August, that the neglected little child had slipped quietly from Vale Cottage, and took a roundabout way to her own peculiar seat among the rocks, which no bears the name of 'The Mermaid's Cliff.' The spirit of the girl was exceedingly sad; for, on that particular day the heartless Welltones had used her with unusual harshness. More keenly than ever did she feel the misery of her dependent condition; and, as she sat on the bare rock in silence, she looked across the sea with a sad, scared face, as if in search of something she could not discover. Her memory was busy with the past. In the dark, deep yet waveless agony of her mind, her early home, by the mighty Indian stream, was the only human vision that relieved her moods of awful abstraction. Her soul was clothed in the blackest shadows of melancholy; and even in spite of her infantile faith, she was on that night near the edge of despair as of the dark oily sea at her feet. Indeed, for a moment, in the mental perplexity of the child, the two seemed to be only one perilous, heart-piercing edge. It was a fearful situation for so young and so sad a heart.

But the darker moods of youth seldom continue long at a time; and so, after awhile, the clouds of melancholy which overhung Fanny's mind began to shake and move as if blown by a wind; and then they turned and twisted and showed little rifts and gaps, through which she caught occasional glimpses of white light—a vagrant star or two and something like a silver skiff sailing in a sea of steely blue, carrying a beautiful round shadow, like a prophetic in the mouth of a prophet, the fulfilment of which would flood the land and the sea with light.

So Fanny grew less sad; and it was not long before she began to warble, in a soft irregular undertone, stray notes of some strange melody. By-and-by her voice swelled larger and broader, like light spreading from a centre, and the luscious tones seemed to break like waves up

the cliffs, but float like enchantment over the misty sea. It was an Indian song, which she and her nurse used to sing together—the one leading and the other replying—its name being ‘The Wind’s reply to the Stream.’ Just as she had finished her part of the song, she almost fell into the sea with terror to hear a clear mellow voice sing the identical answer which her nurse was accustomed to make in the happy days of childhood! She started to her feet and peered into the waves, for it was from the sea that the voice was sounding. True to the character of the music, the voice now rolled out the windy melody as if it would shake the sleepy brine into bearded billows, and toss the ships from their anchors; and then it would pause and moan, as if wearied by its long wrestle with the deep; but, continuing fitfully to writhe and sigh, it illuively passed away into the cool vacancies of the north.

To Fanny’s mind, so apt a reply to her song seemed a most wonderful thing, and was for a time altogether beyond her comprehension. Although more masculine in its higher tones, she imagined that the voice sounded sometimes marvellously like that of her Indian nurse. At length she heard the plash of oars, as if approaching the shore, slightly to the left of where she stood above; then she caught sight of a boat, containing two figures—one at the oars—the other, muffled like a woman, sitting at the helm;—at which the half-frenzied child descended the rocks to meet the skiff, with the strange fancy in her heart that she was about to meet an old friend.

As she reached the shore, the figures had landed; and she at once perceived they were only a couple of strangers—a lady and gentleman—who had been out in the bay, to enjoy the cool beauty of the evening. Yet although they were utterly unknown to Fanny, as well as she to them, they were both so kindly, and so remarkably shrewd, that they contrived to extract the child’s history from her in a twinkling, which she related without the smallest hesitation. Their actual reason for landing at this particular point of the bay was, if possible, to discover the owner of the voice on the cliffs, to which the gentleman had so promptly replied. He seemed to be perfectly acquainted with the music; and, indeed, with all kinds of music; and he professed himself both delighted and astonished to hear one of his favourite melodies apparently sung to him out of the clouds. The lady and gentleman took an immense liking for Fanny—as all kind-hearted sensible persons would have done. Both spoke to her as if she had been their own child; and, very naturally I think, it came about that Fanny conceived a most confiding regard for them. So, at last, the gentleman asked her suddenly if she would like to go with them to London. She was rather taken aback by the question, and took some time to recover herself. Even then she hesitated, notwithstanding the lady’s kindly persuasions. But they did not press her to answer finally—they would wait till to-morrow, when they would call at Vale Cottage, and discuss the question with her cousins, whom they appeared to have every hope of convincing of the propriety and advantage of the scheme.

That night, Fanny was a little later than usual in going home; and her already brimming cup of misery was made to overflow, by the ill-tempered abuse of the Welltones—one of whom, in her evil passion, struck the thin reed of a girl, making her stagger till she fell, and almost breaking her heart.

That night, Fanny did not forget to breathe her simple prayer, after which she went to bed; and dreamed that the King and Queen were coming to visit her.

Next day, it turned out precisely as the sea-sent stranger had foretold. The Welltones parted with their little cousin with not a single feeling of regret. I am really ashamed, Athens, to tell you the truth this time; but the truth of the matter is, that these hard-hearted women were glad to get quit of their last Indian present, merely because they could not eat it, or exhibit it at Mellowshire county ball, in the shape of some splendid feather, or as a bit of priceless lace.

Two days after this, Fanny Wyntoun took leave of Tenderlynn, and, with her new friends, soon arrived in London; where she was taught the principles of music, and the principles of everything that goes to make a real Christian lady.

CHAPTER III. CINDERELLA THE SINGER.

Are you a good jumper, Athens?

‘Only middling. I don’t think I could leap over Farmer Boulton’s little mill-stream. Fred Escombe can fly over it like a wild deer. And, besides, though he was to fall into the water, Katie Hasley, the dairymaid, says that Freddy is such a duck of a boy he would be sure to swim.’

Indeed! I am not so sure about that. Fred Escombe has no downy feathers to bear him up, although I am quite certain that he is sometimes a little goose. Neither has he web feet, which are the great duck propellers. I remember, at least, before he began to wear shoes, that his toes appeared to be distinctly separate, just like the toes of Silvertongue. Perhaps, however, the webs began to grow upon him; and being ashamed, he put on shoes to hide his relationship to the ducks. People, you know, often wear boots and shoes for other than mere reasons of comfort. But, about jumping—do you think that you could leap over a mill-stream eight years wide?

‘That would be a funny jump! Who could do that?’

Well, you could do it, with a little help from your memory. How old are you just now?

‘Eight years, next April.’

That is the very wideness of the mill-stream I was talking about. Now, suppose other eight years were come and gone, how old would you be then?

‘About sixteen.’

Quite right. Ah! then will come the golden age. Should you live, you will then be a tall girl.

‘I shall be as big as Helen Escombe, who is going up to London next week to live for three months. Shall I go to London, too, when I am Helen’s age?’

Perhaps you may. But I see that you can jump over a gap of eight years pretty well. That is just what I desired.

‘Why did you wish me to look so far forward?’

You shall see.

It was about eight years after Fanny Wyntoun bade farewell to the beautiful village of Tenderlynn, along with her new friends, Philip Rhondo and his lady-wife. Such were the names of the strangers. Now, this Philip Rhondo was a celebrated musician. He could not only make music, but he could also sing it, and perform it on more instruments than one. The flute, the violin, and the organ were his favourite instruments; but nothing delighted him more than to take command of a host of performers—whom, with the aid of a little silver baton, with a jewel in each end, he led to many a splendid triumph. At that time, there lived not his equal in England.

He was also very clever in judging whether any particular voice was capable of being trained to do great things. This was the reason that, from the boat in the gloom of the sea, he was able to detect, in the voice of the little mermaid, the spirit of one who could be little less than a wonder. You see, then, why Philip Rhondo was so eager to take Fanny Wyntoun with him to London. Both he and his wife (who was one of the very best of wives) determined to act as if the helpless girl were their own child—a resolve which, I am happy to say, they carried out in the kindest and most liberal manner. Nothing that could be done was left undone to perfect Fanny in every accomplishment that becomes a lady. But the good musician took especial delight in training into full blossom the musical genius of the little Indian. So, at the end of eight years, when Fanny had reached her twentieth summer, she was as good, and as handsome, and as accomplished a lady as any good, handsome, and accomplished gentleman could desire to set eyes on, with or without the aid of an opera-glass. Fanny had a style of beauty which the minute inspection of the strongest glass could not lessen.

You may well imagine that it was not long before the tongue of Rumour began to wag on the subject of Fanny’s musical powers; and also about her origin—what she was, and whence she came. As the time approached when her genius was to be tested before one of the shrewdest and most critical audiences in the kingdom, the tongue of Rumour was completely blistered, from the point to the very root, by the tremendous work it had to perform in gossiping to the great long ears of the Public—which it

is awfully difficult, if not impossible, to satisfy. What idle people are capable of devouring, in the matter of pepper-and-mustard reports, is altogether marvellous! I verily believe that the ears of Gossip are as deep as the Black Gentleman's dice-box, which is reputed to have begun, long before the invention of Lucifer-matches, to devour the fortunes of gamblers, liars, and backbiters; notwithstanding which, it is currently reported to be even yet about twenty million miles deeper than the bottomless pit of *Macbeth's* witches, in the dismal dells of Acheron.

What Rumour did invent about the new 'star' who was about to burst upon the world with twenty-comet brilliancy,—it makes me laugh every time I think of it. One story represented the unknown Fanny as the daughter of an Italian noble, whose fortune went to the dogs only three days before himself—his only child being thus left in beggary, and compelled to sing for a living. This story was a favourite among Italian refugees in London, who were at that time extremely fond of upholding their country as the mother of every excellent thing except freedom—a statement which was, of course, an entire mistake, freedom her own divine self being everywhere the mother of all excellence; thus showing that the virtues of which the poor refugees boasted must have been second-handed ones after all—Italian shadows of English realities.

In reply to this story of Italian Rumour, English Rumour was wont to wink knowingly, and exclaim—"I know better. I know as well as you the difference between vermicelli and silk-worms, or Pope's-eye steak and Bull-beef. The fact of the matter is this, and you may rely upon it!—One evening, a few years ago, as a great English tenor singer—you know whom I mean—was passing along the street from the theatre, about half-way home, he heard a tiny voice mewling in the gutter, as if engaged in some discussion with Death. Scanning the object closely, yet cautiously, he found a little cherub of a child, wrapped in a yard of blanket. Now, the great Tenor's heart was more than usually tender, for the gods had been propitious to him that evening; so, he took the helpless creature home to his grandmother, who, on seeing the contents of the blanket carefully unrolled, shouted—"Sainta!" and "Bless my twenty-five wits! what a lovely child!" concluding with the stern expression—"The heartless slut!" meaning the person who, in the face of all the stars, had dared to desert her own flesh and blood so heartlessly in the streets of the city. But the old dame gave the child bread and milk; and, when it grew old enough, the great Tenor gave it teaching—reading, writing, and music—what you will; so, between them both, here is a singer come with news from heaven, to shame the beldame Falsehood from the world, and make us saints!"

Were not these pretty forgeries, Athene? The making of the moon out of green cheese is nothing to them.

But, to tell you the truth, my dear, there was a very great interest indeed taken in the new *prima donna*, whose name was at last published as Cinderella. So absolute a change from Fanny Wyntoun may surprise you, Athene; but, at that time, it was quite customary for both ladies and gentlemen to adopt professional names, which was done from the most honourable of motives.

By good chance, I happened to be in London at the time; and, more fortunate still, had the remarkably good luck to procure a place in the stalls. The night at length arrived, and I declare to you, Athene—and to you, also, Mother of Immortals—that I never did behold such a tremendous theatrical siege. I wonder to this day why the people escaped being completely pounded into human jelly, by the rush on rush that was made towards the theatre—the largest, by-the-by, which the city yet possessed. They did escape, however; and, when the house was rather inconveniently crammed, it presented a spectacle of splendour which would have made the French fashionable world, even under the beautiful Empress Grondoleen, turn up the whites of its supercilious eyes in a sort of millenarian ecstasy. It would, I assure you. Take the two most celebrated books of modern times—"The London Directory" and "Burke's British Peerage"—and pick the best names from both, and you will be quite certain of having the cream of that famous audience. There were three dukes, and their enthusiastic

duchesses, who travelled two hundred miles to be present at Cinderella's first opera. If that does not convince you of the immense sensation which was then produced in London—nay, even in England—I have only to finish you off by stating that the very Mayor of Tenderlynn, with four of his aldermen, and one or two other people, not worth naming just yet—all came to London with as much fervour as certain famous pilgrims used to trudge to the shrine of Canterbury!

I am perfectly afraid, Athene, to describe to you the character of the performance. The opera was composed for the occasion by Cinderella's truest friend, Philip Rhondo, who sat that evening on the orchestral throne, wielding the little sceptre with the jewel in each end. Never before, I believe, did that little instrument sparkle and flash with such imperial radiance, grace, and intelligence. It actually seemed to move of its own accord, like the staff of a prophet transformed into a living serpent, for the sheer purpose of confounding all disbelievers in the musically divine supremacy of Cinderella. If there was really any truth in this idea, it was perfectly successful. Mr. Rhondo's work was declared by the *Times*, the *Athenæum*, and other musical authorities, to be the most delicious piece of operatic composition which had been produced for fifty years; and the new *prima donna* was lauded as being the greatest that had ever appeared in England. The latter criticism was at least emphatically true. I will not, because I cannot, describe my own sensations under the spell of Cinderella. I shall merely mention that it made knightly warriors forget their stars and garters, and duchesses forget their zones of gold and coronets of gems—a couple of the most marvellous things which have occurred since the institution of Rascaldom in England by Sir Mordred, King Arthur's wicked nephew—of whom I read to you only the other evening, in Mr. Tennyson's golden 'Idylls,' which ought to be recommended to all saints worthy of the name.

At the conclusion of the piece, there burst forth such an awful series of bravos and cheers as make these feeble words of mine the most beggarly rags of English. It was three thousand shouting like one. Never was the blazing word 'triumphant' more properly applied to any musical performance than to Cinderella's 'first appearance.'

But now, Athene, one of the most curious features of the evening remains to be told; and I have purposely avoided earlier mention of it, in order that you might see it when the dust of applause has cleared away. Near the conclusion of the second part of the opera, when Cinderella—who represented the character of a neglected and cruelly-oppressed maiden—had reached one of the most pathetic and heart-melting passages in the piece, the whole audience became completely fascinated and spell-bound under the liquid expression of her melodious woe. I never beheld so many people whose very existence appeared so visibly to hang upon the continuance of the singer's voice. It put me in mind of a huge ship, full of people, carried up a great swell of the sea, and suspended for a brief space—a space in which time seems, in the agony of the imagination, to stretch into eternity. At this breathless juncture, several sudden but half-smothered cries of pain rose from the middle of the pit, and were heard in every part of the theatre. Being in the stalls, I distinctly heard the name 'Fanny Wyntoun' gasped out several times, by the person or persons whose involuntary exclamation had disturbed and somewhat angered the rapt audience. At that time, I knew nothing whatever of Fanny Wyntoun, not even the name; and I was therefore altogether in the dark as to the meaning of the expressions. That part of the opera immediately afterwards came to an end, and before the ringing cheers had entirely died away, I observed that one lady in the pit had fainted, and was carried out, attended by another lady and one gentleman, both of whom were ghastly white. I at once concluded that it must have been one or all of that party of three who had uttered the painful cries. This guess was perfectly correct; but I did not learn the fact till several years after, when I was told the whole of this curious story.

Now, who do you think these three were—who, of all that vast assembly, appeared to be the only persons who knew the private name of Fanny, and who seemed also

to be peculiarly affected by her singing? Can you not guess, Athens?

'No; I cannot think who they could be.'

Well, they were neither more nor less than Fanny Wyntoun's cruel-hearted cousins, the Welltones, all the way from Tenderlynn. What do you think of that, my girl? Wasn't it very like a judgment on the foolish pair? The gentleman who accompanied them was the husband of Caroline, she who had fainted. About three years after Fanny had vanished from Tenderlynn, this eye-dashing belle—finding it impossible to catch the coach or the banker, at both of whom she had set her cap—was compelled at length to sacrifice herself upon John Ashville, a jolly master-butcher of the village, who, in spite of his wife, had so thriven in the world, that he was now an alderman, and was able, therefore, to accompany his casual friend the mayor, to see and hear the mysterious Cinderella. John Ashville was kind enough to take his wife's still unmarried sister, Louisa, to bear her company to London. Of course, all thought of Fanny had vanished from their minds. She might have been bad for aught they knew, or seemed to care. When, therefore, they discovered in the full-blown rose of womanhood, which Cinderella did now most truly appear, the most worthless bad that they had so ruthlessly thrust out their door, they felt as if they were suddenly consumed by an avenging angel. The discovery of their wronged but now triumphant cousin struck them like a heart like a sword of lightning.

They went back to Tenderlynn a sadder couple than when they came to London; and I think that their wisdom, at least, was slightly increased.

From the first night of her appearance, Cinderella was all the rage. There never was a singer like Cinderella. The very walls of London seemed to blossom with the name of Cinderella. Her name was in everybody's mouth, and her image was in everybody's heart. Every fellow all fell in love with Cinderella. It was not for a truth that one or two actually went mad from the great and the beautiful prima donna; and that from good authority that, before she was six years before the public, she had received six offers of marriage—one of them from a duke! I do not wonder at this—it was the natural homage which beauty, grace, and greatness, combined in a youthful maiden, is so apt to command.

But Cinderella, without being insensible to the genuine admiration they implied, resisted all such advancements, at whatever quarter they came. So, for two years, she pursued a most successful career, visiting the principal English and Continental cities, always accompanied by her accomplished master and benefactor, Philip Ashville, who, being otherwise independent, followed her pupil, through pure love of the divine art, and, wherever she went, smoothing her way in matters of consequence was necessarily ignorant.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW TIES.

'Wink! wink! wink! Why, Athens, you are almost as fat as I. Just keep up for two minutes more, and I shall have the rest of the story as short as little Typoo's tail. Now, say, you shall finish it yourself. You observe this is an old *Times* newspaper for December 24, 184—.' It is at the first column, and read what you see at the end of the second with a pen.

'Oh, that's about marriages!'

'Well, whose is the one you see marked?'

'Hurrah! hurrah! mamma, it is Cinderella's! Here

is the 23d inst. at St. John's Church, City, by the Very Rev. Dean Jewel, assisted by the Rev. D. L. Ashley, Edwin Rhondo, Under-Secretary to the Governor-General of India, and only son of Philip Rhondo, the composer, to Cinderella Fanny Rhondo, only surviving child of the late Patrick Rhondo, of Her Majesty's Civil Service, Bengal.'

'That is not satisfactory? You still appear to be somewhat puzzled. Here, then, is a paragraph in the *Morning Post* of nearly the same date as the *Times*' announcement,

which I think will effectually resolve the apparent riddle of the marriage. Just allow me to read it:—

'MARRIAGE OF CINDERELLA.—The marriage of our greatest prima donna with the son of our greatest composer is, in many respects, one of the most notable events of the present season. As our readers are already well acquainted with the English part of Cinderella's biography, which is altogether unique in its pathos and its triumph, we refrain at present from making special reference to it. It will be remembered that, on the death of her father, Mr. Patrick Wyntoun, Cinderella was sent home to England, at a very tender age, to the care of two near relatives. That she brought with her almost nothing for her future maintenance is a fact also quite patent to the public; but the reason of it has hitherto remained a mystery. We are in a position to supply the true explanation. Before he died, Mr. Wyntoun was engaged in a law-suit, involving property to the value of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The case was an exceedingly protracted one, and promised to rival some of our more famous Chancery suits. So much money did Mr. Wyntoun spend in seeking justice, that when his sudden death occurred he was nearly penniless. His daughter, as we have seen, was sent to England. By good fortune, it fell to the lot of Mr. Edwin A. Rhondo to complete the arrangements for Miss Wyntoun's departure from Calcutta—a duty which he discharged with such effect and delicacy, as to secure many additional comforts for the child during her tedious voyage. Mr. Rhondo, we believe, has been in England at least once since that period; but it was at a time when he could know nothing of the miserable condition of Cinderella at the village of T—. His last absence in India has been the longest; and he was thus only made acquainted with the fact that his father had picked up his former acquaintance, about six months before her debut on the stage of — Theatre. He returned to England in time to witness the triumphant reception of Cinderella. There were two special features about Mr. Rhondo's return which we have great pleasure in recording in conclusion. He brought the gratifying news that Mr. Wyntoun's law-suit—having been continued by two Calcutta merchants, close friends of the deceased—had resulted in favour of Cinderella—which, it was surmised, would be as good as seventy thousand pounds to her, after the payment of all expenses. But, besides bringing this news, Mr. Rhondo had actually brought Cinderella's Hindoo nurse. Faithful and tender-hearted Aldee had never forgotten the child whom she had suckled and tended from its birth on the banks of the Ganges. She watched with eager interest the course of her late master's law-suit; and when it was finished in favour of his surviving daughter, and knew that Mr. Rhondo was about to return to England, she besought him with such irresistible pathos to take her to see her dear English child, that he determined to accede to her passionate desire. We believe that Aldee suffered greatly on the voyage; and we have been told that the meeting between the two long separated friends was one of the most indescribably melting scenes that was ever witnessed by human eyes.

Our task is done. The reader can easily imagine the beginning of that mutual attachment between Mr. Edwin A. Rhondo and Cinderella, whose happy consummation took place only two days ago.

If anything could possibly be imagined to sadden the bridal ceremony, it would perhaps be the absence of Aldee. This most loyal and affectionate creature only survived her arrival in England about six months. But, knowing that her child was safe, the Hindoo nurse died happy, trusting in the merciful Father of all living, whom she had been taught to worship by the parents of Cinderella, in happy days long ago on the banks of her Indian stream.'

EPILOGUE.

Narrator.—Come now, both of you, tell me whether you are satisfied with the fortunes of Cinderella? Were they too great or too small—too easily won or tardy in coming?

House-Mother.—It is my opinion that the end is altogether satisfactory; but you were rather tedious in arriving at it. I do not think that Cinderella's fortunes were a bit too great—nothing being too great for one so

sensible, patient, and good. Cinderella, like all of her superior genius, was evidently greater than any possible fortune. Besides, to such persons, fortune comes neither too soon nor too late—coming, as it generally must, as the rigid consequence of severe and patient though active endurance, sometimes amounting to as black and as fiery a sweat as any African slave ever poured from his manacled soul and body.

Athens.—It was very neat of young Mr. Rhondo to bring home news of the Indian fortune. And then to think that he should fetch dear old Aldee from the banks of the Ganges; and then marry Cinderella, whom he had met so many years before! It was very neat. But it is a fine story. I should like to hear Cinderella in one of her favourite operas. But does she sing at all now?

Narrator.—Not very often; and, when she does sing, it is as much for the benefit of others as for her own good. She is one of the most charitable women in England. Only think of her having privately saved Louisa Welltone, one of her bitter cousins, from actual beggary. Louisa married a commercial-traveller, who took her to the south of England, where they lived comfortably enough for some time. But Jack Highway seemed to be constructed on the principles of the steam-engine. He was always drinking, but never satisfied; always steaming, but never advancing his own fortunes; till at last he came into horrible collision with another Jack Highway, and, after a frightful attempt to tear each other's wheels off, burst each other's boilers, and do a hundred other terrible things, they tumbled over an embankment into a deep ditch, where they were found next morning, fastened to each other with the hooks of death, their mouths overflowing with congenial mud. There being no damages for such disgraceful deaths, Louisa and her two children were left entirely destitute. Cinderella had them quietly looked after, and made quite comfortable, so that the selfish cousin never so much as suspected that the relation she had so deeply wronged was her kind benefactress. That is only one of Cinderella's secret and silent charities. I ought to say, in conclusion, that the great singer is everywhere respected, and by everybody beloved. She received many splendid tokens of admiration, some of which were from persons of distinguished station and birth. But the most highly-prized of all her treasures is a beautiful bracelet, set with gems, which was presented to her by Her gracious Majesty, our own beloved Queen—whom the Heavens continually bless!

House-Mother.—Amen!

Athens.—Amen!

Narrator.—My tale is told. (*Clock strikes.*) Good night, Athens; that is eleven o'clock—which is a full hour beyond your usual time.

Athens.—Good-night, papa; and don't let that picture bewitch you any more.

(*Exit House-Mother and Athens—leaving Narrator sitting before the fire, with his eyes fixed on the very picture against which he has been warned. He consequently goes off into a mythological brown study, in the course of which he wanders up the glens of Olympus; and, singular to relate, comes to the edge of a burning crater, into which he is about to tumble, when his wife pulls him back by an occipital lock, whereat he awakens, and finds himself sprawling on the floor—saved, by a hair, from falling into his own fire. Has a hearty laugh, accompanied by the Mother of Immortals; smokes a weed, in which said Mother declines to share; and then retires to bed just as the midnight steeples are proclaiming that Christmas morn—while as the angel of charity—is winging her way from the under world, to make known to the sons of men that there may still be another living chance of redeeming the dead past.*)

CHRISTMAS.

HAPPY Christmas! gladsome Christmas!

Thou art with me once again;

Crown'd with red-ripe holly berries,

Hope and beauty in thy train.

Canst thou tell me, canst thou tell me,

All the changes thou hast seen—

Smiles on brightly beaming faces,

Shades where once such smiles have been?

Doest thou miss the voice of dear ones,

With their sweet and loving tones?

See around thee vacant places

In our dwellings, sad and lone?

Hast thou pass'd the darker dwellings,

'Where so silently they sleep?

Hast thou thought on all who loved them,

Left behind to wait and weep?

Didst thou see the smile had faded

From a tender mother's face?

And the look of anxious watching

That was resting in its place?

Didst thou miss a sound of laughter,

And a step of bounding glee?

Did she tell thee, sadly, fondly,

Of her brave boy on the sea?

Hast thou stood beside the sick bed;

Watch'd the swiftly ebbing breath—

Seen the faces we love dearly

Shadow'd with the shades of death?

Cherish'd souls away are passing,

In a brighter land to dwell;

Voices which so oft have hail'd thee

Now must murmur forth 'farewell!'

Merry Christmas! happy Christmas!

Didst thou leave the halls of gladness

To effuse thy joyous smiles

O'er the homes of want and sadness?

Didst thou cheer the heart, nigh bursting

With its sorrow and its sighing?

Didst thou gather fondly round thee

Little hungry children, crying?

Tell me, tell me, dear kind Christmas!

Hast thou been where true friends meet;

For methinks I see thee smiling

Warmly, while they warmly greet?

Whisper softly, ay old Christmas!

Hast thou been—? My heart says where:

Didst thou look on aught that told thee

I was loved, remember'd there?

Didst thou know again, old Christmas!

That young girlish face so fair;

Know again those laughing blue eyes,

And those dancing curls of hair?

Why that look of thoughtful rapture,

Beaming with such trusting pride?

She has knelt before the altar—

Happy, guileless, blushing bride!

Sly old Christmas! kind old Christmas!

Hast thou in the chambers crept

Like a fairy, with thy love-gifts,

When the little nurplings slept?

Brightest eyes have shone yet brighter;

Sweet young voices raised a cheer;

Tiny feet have danced still lighter

When they knew that thou wast near.

Hast thou seen the little strangers

In this world of joy and care?

Didst thou smile upon them sweetly—

Breathe a blessing and a prayer?

Look around, thou dear old Christmas!

Speak to me of all that's past

Since we saw thy hoary visage,

Since in joy we hail'd thee last!

A. H.

. The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention, but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return considered unsuitable.

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THE LIGHT-RAY.

A POPULAR LECTURE.

Two seasons ago, a course of winter lectures was instituted; and it was recommended that they should relate, for the most part, to common things, or things of ordinary and familiar occurrence. To assist in carrying out this judicious suggestion, I made choice of the 'Water-drop' as the subject of a lecture which I was invited to contribute. The treatment of my theme appeared to meet approval; and this approval, I apprehend, resulted chiefly from my careful avoidance of all mere dry details of science. Glancing very briefly at the variety of phase and form in the water-drop, and the conditions under which this variety is produced, I proceeded to consider the marvels of life and force which reside in it. As I passed along, I endeavoured, according to my ability, to notice some of the more remarkable co-relations of moral and physical truth that naturally presented themselves to me; and my lecture, in its entirety and unity, was intended to indicate how much of beauty and sublimity surrounds the commonest object, when it is regarded not in itself alone but also in its manifold associations. In brief, it was my aim and purpose to throw a veil of Poetry over the dry bones of Science; and to show that the twin spirits of Truth and Beauty walk this earth, and are to be found of all who earnestly and reverently seek communion with them.

I now propose to consider the light-ray, that common yet strangely mysterious thing, whose properties and effects we learn—to the small extent that we can learn them—through the faculty of vision and the results of daily observation. But here, at the very outset, a difficulty meets me. It was an easy task to speak of the water-drop under its simplest forms and conditions, because it is a thing we can see and touch, and of whose nature and structure we have direct sensible evidence. But the light-ray, in its essential nature,

is a mystery to the child and to the philosopher alike. It is an unseen agent, marvellous in its doings, whose path we can ascertain, and some of whose operations we can trace, but whose physical constitution has hitherto eluded all research. A few of its most striking properties can, however, be readily determined; and these will suffice for our present purpose. Let it, then, be supposed that we are standing in a long dark room or gallery, and that a window at one end admits a small stream of sunlight through an aperture in the shutter; and that this stream of light traverses the room or gallery, and strikes upon the wall at the farther extremity. Very little observation will convince us that the path of the light lies in a straight or right line; for, whatever be the shape of the aperture—whether round, square, or triangular—that same figure will be formed on the wall. We shall next observe that when the light strikes the wall it is thrown back or reflected in every direction; so that, in what part soever of the room we stand, the bright space of the aperture can be seen; and if we place in succession upon the spot where the figure falls, variously-coloured papers, we shall see that the light is variously thrown back, according to the quality and colour of the ground. Hence, we learn that light is subject to a law named Reflection; that from almost every surface some portion is thrown back, and enters our eyes; and that this light varies in intensity according as the surface is more or less adapted for reflection. Let a piece of thick plate-glass be fixed over the opening through which the light enters, and we shall notice a very remarkable effect. The figure of the aperture will be sensibly changed in position; and consequently the light itself must have been diverted from its original course or path. Here, then, we have discovered another great law to which light is subject, named Refraction. By the simple experiment instanced, and by a few others of like character, we learn that the path of the light is uniform in the same medium, but is changed as it passes from one medium to another. Thus, it has one direction as it passes through air, another when it enters water, and a third when it is transmitted through glass. This refraction or breaking back of the rays of light by successive media, differing in density, produces wonderful phenomena in the material world, to which we shall hereafter refer. When the light is refracted under peculiar conditions, as in the case of its transmission through a prism, the effect is to disperse it over a considerable space, and cause it to exhibit a series of brilliant colours, ranging from red, through the yellow, and down to the violet. This phenomenon has long been regarded, and that by the highest authorities, as a demonstration that light consists of a number of separate and independent elements—that is to say, that it is not simple but compound in its nature. After years of thought and experiment, I am disposed to question this decision; but we are not now to enter into an examination of theories. Let it suffice, for the present hour, that one of the effects of refraction is to resolve light into variety of colour. Pursuing our observations, we

next place a finger over the aperture, and exclude the light, and at that instant the figure disappears; and when we remove the finger, it is as instantly seen again upon the wall. This in itself is sufficient to indicate another property of light—namely, its velocity of movement. Lastly, in the process of gathering up elements of thought, we are to consider that light must be one of two things—it is either a material body, bearing some resemblance to the scent of a flower; or it is a motion or velocity transmitted through a material medium, analogous to the wave force travelling through water or air. We have no analogies that can lead us to any other opinion concerning it. Now, we have already seen that the same quantity of light falling upon different surfaces is differently reflected; and that from one surface a larger quantity is thrown back than from another. Hence, the inevitable inference that more or less of the light enters into every body upon which it falls; and since it is an unquestioned fact that a body receiving more or less light in many cases transmits none, it is demonstrable that matter absorbs light and retains it. And, whether light consists of material corpuscles or rapid undulations, it cannot enter into and reside in any body without altering its constitution, either by adding to the matter that composes it, or by acting upon it as an energetic force. Before we proceed further, let us look at the few rough foundation-stones we have laid, and then raise our edifice as best we may. We have discovered that light moves in right lines; that it is reflected or thrown back from the objects upon which it strikes; that it is refracted or broken back in its passage through media of different densities; that it can be dispersed into a series of brilliant colours; that it travels with great velocity; and that it enters into, and is more or less absorbed by, the bodies upon which it falls.

Every person feels and admits that there is a wondrous beauty and majesty in Nature, as revealed to us by the sense of vision. Hill and dale, ocean and air, with their multiform and manifold objects, whether presented to us bathed in sunlight or shrouded in storm; whether contemplated at the sunrise or at the sunset hour, or under the effulgent radiance of a summer noon; in each and all we recognise manifestations of Omnipotence and a love divine. They appeal to our inner nature by a living argument universally intelligible, and grave on our hearts the truth so well expressed by the poet, that to man, walking in the dignity of his manhood, and feeling as man, 'the earth is beautiful.' And wherefore is it beautiful? Because He that created the earth and all that therein is, robed it with the light, and poured over it, in bounteous streams and in harmonious relations, 'the rich hues of all glorious things.' The thoughtful mind is continually being led to see and acknowledge an order and design in Nature, and an exquisite adaptation of all the parts to the whole. And the dependence and fitness of things is impressively shown by the action and reaction of light and matter upon each other. Consider for a moment what this earth would be if

all the rays that fall upon it were absorbed. Operations might be ever going on beneath its surface, and working towards long cycles of change in its constitution, but on and above the surface all would be a chaotic blank. If man were present under such a condition of Nature, how cheerless would be his lot! Sun and stars, and other lustrous things shining by their inherent light, would be the only objects of vision; whilst earth and sky would be wrapped in profound darkness. Or, suppose that the light were uniformly reflected, and that one monotonous light covered the entire landscape—how wearisome and unlovely such a prospect would be, you may infer from the appearance of the earth when its wintry mantle of snow spreads far and wide. And yet again, suppose that all objects were perfect reflectors; that, in place of modifying and diffusing the light, they were mirrors, giving to the eye only images of the luminaries: the earth would indeed, in such case, be studded with stars like the firmament; but the relations of man to man, and of man to Nature, could have no existence. The thoughts I have suggested are trite and commonplace; yet it is by occasional reference to such truisms as these that we are led to contemplate Infinite power and Infinite wisdom in all the arrangements of material things.

First the beauty of the earth, as manifested to the eye, results in so large a degree from the conditions under which the light is reflected, that its beauty derives much of its breadth and permanence from the operation of the law of refraction. If the sun's rays pursued one uniform path, if they passed from one medium to another without any change in their direction, there could not be perfect diffusion of the light: objects would be brilliantly illuminated on the surface exposed to the rays, but the ground, and all things immediately behind them, would be under eclipse. The landscape would thus be broken up into harsh masses of light and intense shadow. It is true that objects might, in some instances, be so associated and situated, in respect of each other, that reflection of the incident light would modify and modify the shadows; yet these would be exceptional cases, and of rare occurrence. But we follow the law of refraction, and let us give a momentary glance at its effects. You will bear in memory that the path of the light-ray is continually changing as it passes successively into media of different densities. Now, the atmosphere is the great medium through which the light comes to us; and its density is not uniform, but, on the contrary, it is continually increasing as it approaches the surface of the earth. Hence, when a ray of light enters our atmosphere, it passes through an infinity of media before it reaches the eye, and its course, in place of being a right line, becomes a curve. We shall presently see the value of this curvilinear motion. Let us first endeavour to comprehend what the atmosphere is—that view the ocean in which we live and move and have our being. We cannot see it, yet we feel its force; we know it to be a form of matter so subtle and so transparent that it eludes the visual sense.

Now, although its particles are small beyond our conception, each one receives the light, and reflects it in every direction; and thus the illuminated hemisphere of our globe is covered with myriads of radiating points; and it is here that refraction unites its forces with those of reflection. The diffused and scattered rays, reflected by the particles, are thrown back into the general body of the air, under every variety of angle, to suffer infinite variety of refraction, until, by the interchange of the forces, the entire atmosphere is saturated with light. Everything on the earth is surrounded with this diffused light; and the direct solar rays, falling upon some portions of the landscape, and more highly illuminating them, produce those alternations of light and relative shadow that are so pleasant and delightful to us. But the light is not only reflected and refracted, under conditions that cause it to be uniformly diffused over that portion of the earth upon which the sun is shining. By a further action of these forces, and more particularly by refraction, it is more or less dispersed, and conveyed to our eyes under such modifications as are needful to give us true apprehension of variety of colour. We see, then, that by the co-operation of two laws the colour and structure of all natural objects are made known to us; and the entire landscape, of which they are component parts, is exhibited to us as a beautiful unity. Nor this alone: every hour of the sun's diurnal arc is characterised by new tints and hues; and, from the majestic rising of our day-star to its culmination, and thence to the final and effulgent glories of its setting beams, we have a varied and harmonious series of sublime phenomena. Other effects of refraction remain to be considered. We have already noticed that the sun's light comes to us through the constantly increasing density of the atmosphere, as through an infinity of different media; and that its course is, in consequence, a curve, and not a right line. The issues of this natural effect claim our earnest attention. Using the technical language of science, I might tell you that the sun is seen by us in the direction of the tangent to this curve; but I am quite sure that such language would be unintelligible to many of my hearers; and I therefore prefer to say that the apparent position of the luminary is determined by the last refraction, or by the direction in which the particle or wave of light is moving immediately before it enters the eye. The general effect of this action is to cause apparent displacement of all the heavenly bodies. But we must confine our attention to a single point—its influence on the distribution of light over the entire globe.

Before the sun actually rises above the horizon of any place upon the earth's surface, it reaches a point whence its rays strike upon the upper part of our atmosphere, and are refracted towards the earth in the curvilinear path before mentioned. The sun's visibility to the inhabitants of such place is the result of the rays he sends forth entering their eyes. But we have seen that only one direction of movement in the light-ray can be apprehended, namely, that which it takes at the moment it reaches the organ of vision. Hence, all the rays that combine to make the perfect image of the sun come to us apparently from a point in the heavens which that body does not really occupy. The consequence is obvious: we see the sun for a certain interval before he rises, and for a like interval after he has set; and long before the rising and after

the setting of the sun, a modified illumination, produced by the refraction of the air, and known as the twilight, either ushers in the dawn, or prepares us for the shades of night.

I think I may assume it to be a fact known to you that the sun's apparent path around the earth is not the same at all places. At the Equator and within the Tropics the sun is sometimes overhead at noon, and at all times his meridian height is great; while his continuance above the horizon in the neighbourhood of the Equator is uniformly only twelve hours, and at the extremities of the Tropics it never exceeds fourteen hours. But in high latitudes his noon-day height is much less, while his longest diurnal course extends from eighteen hours to entire days, weeks, and months. Now, the influence of solar light and heat upon the earth depends in the one case upon the sun being either absolutely or proximately vertical; and, in the other case, upon the varied length of the day. We are now prepared to estimate and appreciate the effect of refraction in modifying, and to some extent equalising, the supply of light throughout the globe. In the neighbourhood of the Equator, and in the Tropical regions of the earth, the intensity of sunlight is so great that it needs to be relieved and contrasted by a long interval of darkness. Hence the equal or nearly equal length of day and night, and the brief duration of twilight, in those countries. But as we ascend into high latitudes, and penetrate within the Arctic or Antarctic circle, circumstances are totally different. In our own country, and in neighbouring and kindred latitudes, the sun's influence is less powerful during the day, and is continually varying from one day to another; and while this vicissitude gives us the grateful alternations of the seasons, it also limits the diurnal light at certain times to a very few hours. This reduction of the day is greatly modified by the refraction of the atmosphere, which continues the sun's light until he has reached a perpendicular descent of eighteen degrees below the horizon; and, according to the greater or lesser obliquity of his apparent motion, an interval, reaching from hours to days and weeks, is required to accomplish this limit of descent. As a single and striking instance of the value of refracted light or twilight, let us take the winter of the extreme north, which has been so graphically described by Arctic navigators. In the island of Spitzbergen, which reaches to nearly the 80th degree of North latitude, the sun continues for four months beneath the horizon; and, for this long period, total darkness would hang over that region were it not for the extreme brilliancy of the moon and stars, the permanent lustre of the Aurora Borealis, and the mitigating influence of an extended twilight. For a considerable time after the sun has ceased his diurnal rising, his descent beneath the horizon is only a few degrees, and hence a refracted light of varying brightness endures during a large portion of the twenty-four hours; and, even in the very depth of winter, there is a feeble twilight of six hours. We see, therefore, that a northern winter is not absolute, unbroken gloom. By comparison, indeed, with more favoured parts of the earth, it is cheerless and desolate; and, to those accustomed from infancy 'to see the sun shine every day,' it is oppressive and almost unendurable. On this point we have the testimony of Dr. Kane, who tells us with what anxious expectation he and his brave associates looked forward to the termination of winter in their icy solitude. He makes jubilant record of the returning light:—'Thank God!' he writes, 'I have this day again beheld the sun!'

(To be continued.)

THE TROUBADOURS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHRISTMAS night had come down upon the Grange, and upon the Grange trees, and upon the Grange lawn, in a very orthodox manner. The laurel leaves were rimmed with silver; the pond behind the twin mulberries was a foot thick with ice; while all the holly trees, and the apple trees, and the cherry trees were thick and silent with their load of hoarfrost—looking as if each individual branch had been swathed in light and feathery wool. But inside the windows, whence streamed clear jets of orange light upon the lawn, the little Smiths were having their Christmas dinner; and I need not say that where the little Smiths were, there also were shoutings and laughings, and noises of the most miscellaneous description. Mr. Edward Smith, their father, was the 'squire' of that district; and had gone over, with his wife, to have their Christmas dinner at the rectory—leaving their elder daughters with quite a houseful of young people to amuse and feed. And then, of course, Emily Smith and Jane Smith, for their own amusement, had invited over Kate Sylver and Mary Jane Sylver, with one or two others; so that they had a very nice party indeed. Kate and Mary Jane Sylver, however, were a little more quiet than usual that evening; and perhaps I could say what made them at times so thoughtful and distant,—but I shan't.

Now there came unto the hall-door of the Grange two itinerant musicians, who had been escorted thither by Mr. Jobbs, the man who fed the squire's ponies nearly as well and faithfully as he fed himself. Jobbs thought the two banjo players were young gentlemen—friends of his master—who were playing what was a very common trick on Christmas nights down in those parts. But when he opened the door, and let a blaze of light fall on their faces, he saw that they were merely two of those miserable sham niggers who go about race-courses, or through villages, playing and singing for coppers. Wherefore, Mr. Jobbs was virtuously indignant, and was about to dismiss the poor men with improper language, when he was stayed by his young mistresses. They pitied the thinly clad shivering niggers, whose fingers had no need of paint, seeing that they were blue and benumbed with cold. So it was arranged and agreed that the two men should wait in the hall (under guardianship of the stern Mr. Jobbs), opposite the open door of the dining-room, that the young people might hear them sing.

Whereupon the younger of the niggers, in a voice that surprised every one by its sweetness, sang this song, while the elder accompanied him with his banjo:—

All is hush'd, and lone, and still,
Save the murmur of the rill—
Creeping slowly to the sea,
Murmuring so wearily.

Now the golden day is done,
And the golden-laden sun
Slumbers softly into rest—
Creeping down the crimson west.

Night-winds howl and rave no more
By the spirit-haunted shore;
But the sea-wrack's floating band
Idly stretches o'er the sand.

And the twilight pale and clear
Sleeps above the silent mere;
And the weary, sorrow-press'd—
They, too, slumber into rest.

This song pleased the girls, but wearied the boys; seeing which the elder minstrel twanged his banjo, and sung another and more cheerful song. But, first, I must tell you that of all the girls who looked grave and almost sad when the former song was being sung, none of them looked so sad and yet so pretty as Mary Jane Sylver; and the other girl said she was thinking about Harry Smith, who was now in the great city of London with his brother Ned. And this is the song which the other nigger sang:—

Oh say not in thy pride, old man! that youth is weak and vain;
Know that thou wouldst wish, old man! that thou wert young again!

Thou dream not that by length of years men reach to life Elysian,
Nor mutter in thy pride of heart that youth is but delusion!

O well I know that thou, old man! hast dream'd many a dream;
And thoughts have flash'd across thy heart in many a sunny gleam;

Thou sayst thou early mightst have seen they could not prove
th bootless;—

Too well I know whose fault it was that render'd them thus
fruitless.

Thou sayst thou thoughtst of then wear now a different
look:

'Old age must aye see further into Nature, man, and book!'

Thy present view of life and things I know to be a new one—

But hast thou ever ask'd thyself which was in truth the true
one?

Thy 'the thoughts of men are wide'—tush! put a couplet
into rhyme,

Thy 'olds and asses ever will the senseless jargon chime!

Thy 'new view of life hath youth; old age hath much the worst
one;

Thy 'age, and joy, and love, and light, all dwell within the
first one!

The boys were delighted. That was the song for them.
They plunged their hands into their pockets, searching
for all the well-worn coppers that had therein been toss-
ing up and down for weeks past. But Mr. Jobbs, with
an official scowl, interfered:—

'Coom, moi masters, happen as ye'll be a-gettin' drunk
with them there coppers, an' ye have over many on' em.
That's well that:—'

He was going to eject the poor niggers when they had
but very few coppers; but the girls once more inter-
posed. They pleaded for one other song, and the strong
Jacks relented. It was the younger of the minstrels who
sang this time; and I think he must have made the song
during the interval, seeing that there is some resemblance
between the names 'Moradeen' and 'Mary Jane.'

Oh come, my own, my love, my sweet!

Oh come, my purple-crown'd queen!

I wait, I listen for thy feet—

I wait, my peerless Moradeen!

Oh starry are thine eyes, my love!

Oh starry are thine eyes, my queen!

And crimson are thy lips, my dove—

My love, my dove, my Moradeen!

The moonlight sleeps above the wave,

The moonlight sleeps above the green;

It sleeps above the rose I gave

To thee, my dear-eyed Moradeen!

And now the stars are out, my sweet!

Come down, my love-enthron'd queen!

I wait, I listen for thy feet,

My own, my proud-eyed Moradeen!

The younger of the two Misses Sylver burst into tears.
The little girls came, wondering, around her, with

manifold questionings and exclamations; but she refused to reveal the cause of her unhappiness. Suddenly, how-
ever, there was a loud 'Law!' heard in the lobby, and everybody turned, only in time to see the younger of the niggers seize the balustrade, and bound up stairs, leaping three steps at a time, followed by the other nigger, who cried out, in quite a different voice:—

'I say, Jobbs, tell Tom to fetch some hot water to father's bed-room!'

And then, what cries there were, and rejoicings, and shoutings! For everybody knew that the niggers were Ned and Harry Smith; and all the little boys momentarily expected to hear Jobbs ordered to take the dog-cart down to the 'White Hart' for their trunks—in which, as all the little boys knew, were wonderful spring-knives, and terri-
fic sword-canes, and leathern-baited single-sticks, for them; and albums, and gold pencils, and such like fripperies for the girls. And what a kissing there was when the two niggers, now whitewashed, came down stairs! Why, everybody kissed everybody else all round, until several of the small boys were kissing the young ladies in quite a wild and promiscuous manner! Now, I don't object to kissing, when taken in moderation, and when fairly and honourably gone about, under the mistletoe; but on Christmas night especially the latter condition is alto-
gether indispensable. I promise you Miss Mary Jane Sylver cried no more that evening! Harry Smith had brought her—What? Well, it is not right that everybody should know what Harry Smith brought; but it was very little, and very smooth, and round. And now, my little boys and girls, I end this story with a recommendation:—
Get a branch of mistletoe, AND USE IT!

WILLIAM BLACK.

GENERAL READING.

NOTHING is more common in the writings of the present day than intercalary assumptions of the know-
ledge possessed by the reader, of books alluded to in the course of the narrative or argument. Some go so far as to assert that all of us are intimately acquaint-
ed with Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy.' Every-
body has read Clarendon's 'History,' of course. There is no one so ill-informed as to be ignorant of Grote's 'History of Greece,' especially the first two volumes.

Now, to borrow the language of slang, this is down-
right 'bosh.' Those who make such affirmations are evidently 'seedy' in the knowledge they have of the acquirements of their fellow-countrymen. Very few people have read through Alison's 'History of Europe,' Hume's 'History,' or even Macaulay's. The truth is, that books everybody knows now-a-days are short, or they are novels. Long histories are known exten-
sively as far as the first two or three chapters, or as far as the first volume, if it be of a moderate size. In such cases readers will not now wait till the plot thickens and the interest grows. Patience is not now a common virtue—at least in the matter of books. How different the state of matters a century ago! Then the ladies were deeply versed in metaphysics and moral philosophy; knew Butler by heart almost; and would have read through Schelling or Hegel at a sitting. Alas! the good old times! When will these fashions come in again?

Abstract thought, so much beloved by our great-grandmothers, is now esteemed lightly. It is of use, however, as affording a good subject of merriment among those who are so 'well acquainted' with the writings of its distinguished votaries. The mere mention of a fact such as that alluded to a little ago concerning our great-grandmothers, is sufficient to convulse with laughter the delighted reader. In a great dearth of wit, an oddity passes for a joke—

'Quam parva sapientia hic regitur mundus!'

For my part, I am inclined to think little of those who scoff at the philosophy of the human mind. Such must, indeed, be dishonest in their nature; for they do not know the subject they profess to criticise. Is not this gross dishonesty—dishonesty that would, out of prose or poetry, consign the utterer to shame and ignominy among his fellow-men?

But at present I would only ask the general reader of the present day two questions:—Have you read Milton's 'Paradise Lost'? Have you read Adam Smith's 'Theory of Moral Sentiments'? If you can answer in the affirmative to either of these questions, I have nothing more to say to you but that you are a well-to-do reader. If you answer both in the negative, then you are only a tippler in literature; and you may find the remarks which follow of some use.

What books are read now-a-days? In the general, those lately published—whether composed now or at any other time, provided they be new, light, and calculated to sit easily on the mind. As exceptions to this general rule, we should instance Shakspeare (we name him rather doubtfully), Goldsmith, a few parts of Cowper, ditto of Defoe, and a few others. The great favourites, after all, are the novels, as is well known. This fact is of itself, indeed, sufficient to prove our assertions; for those who read the best novels and the worst, as they appear, must certainly have little or no time for other sorts of literature.

The general reader of the present day stands very much in his own light. To prove this, we have only to state the delight experienced by those who read the two authors just mentioned—Milton and Smith. Of the former, we need say little; for, though few have read his epics, yet he could be criticised by any one, so well is he known, by proxy. Reader! were you ever, in imagination, in Milton's Pandemonium? Did you ever hear the Arch-Fiend debating with his subject peers—those great 'dominions, thrones, powers,' such as Beelzebub, Belial, Moloch? Did you ever, in thought, accompany Satan, as he winged his way to this new-created earth, and mourned, meanwhile, his abject condition, and tried to flee from hell—in vain, for 'which way he turned was hell: himself was hell'? Have you ever walked with manly Adam and tender Eve among the flowery glades of Eden? Did you ever listen to the story of the world, as it fell from the lips of the heavenly messenger? or did you ever share with our common progenitor his tacit and peaceful mournfulness, as he

'From Eden took his solitary way'?

If you have done none of these things, you have

undoubtedly lost a rich treat—nay, more, a benefit to your heart and life.

Then, in regard to Smith's 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' we say that it may be read as a philosophical treatise, or it may not. Happy the man who does both. A man may read it for its fine illustrations and explanations of the common occurrences of life. It abounds with illustration; and the whole is encased in a style as fascinating as ever was composed. But, believe me, the philosophy of the book is not difficult—perhaps easier than that intricate law-case in 'The Woman in White.' I give a specimen, which may be new to the generality of readers:—

'We sympathise even with the dead, and, overlooking what is of real importance in their situation—that awful futurity which awaits them—we are chiefly affected by those circumstances which strike our senses, but can have no influence upon their happiness. It is miserable, we think, to be deprived of the light of the sun; to be shut out from life and conversation; to be laid in the cold grave, a prey to corruption, and the reptiles of the earth; to be no more thought of in this world, but to be obliterated in a little time from the affections, and almost from the memory, of their dearest friends and relations. Surely, we imagine, we can never feel too much for those who have suffered so dreadful a calamity. The tribute of our fellow-feeling seems doubly due to them now, when they are in danger of being forgot by everybody; and, by the vain honours which we pay to their memory, we endeavour, for our own misery, artificially to keep alive our melancholy remembrance of their misfortune. That our sympathy can afford them no consolation, seems to be an addition to their calamity; and to think that all we can do is unavailing, and that what alleviates all other distress—the regret, the love, and the lamentations of their friends—can yield no comfort to them, serves only to exasperate our sense of their misery. The happiness of the dead, however, most assuredly is affected by none of these circumstances; nor is it the thought of these things which can ever disturb the profound security of their repose. The idea of that dreary and endless melancholy, which the fancy naturally ascribes to their condition, arises altogether from our joining to the change which has been produced upon them our own consciousness of that change; from our putting ourselves in their situation; and from our lodging, if I may be allowed to say so, our own living souls in their inanimate bodies; and thence conceiving what would be their emotions in this case. It is from this very illusion of the imagination that the foresight of our own dissolution is so terrible to us, and that the idea of those circumstances, which undoubtedly can give us no pain when we are dead, makes us miserable when we are alive. And from thence arises one of the most important principles of human nature, the dread of death—the great poison to the happiness, but the great restraint upon the injustice, of mankind, which, while it afflicts and mortifies the individual, guards and protects the society.'—(Part I. Sect. II. Chap. D.)

Does not the perusal of this passage incite you to the perusal of the work of which it is a part?

The strange taste of the general reader now-a-days may be explained by a reference to the spirit of the times. This is the age of penny posts and electric telegraphs. Men of business will now do in a day what would have employed for a week one who lived half a century ago. We can travel sixty miles in as many minutes, and faster. And so it naturally happens that we wish, and are in a manner forced, to do the same in regard to books. We read a three-volume with lightning speed. We write—say twelve novels in the year. We read in twelve months—say as many volumes as were perused by Cicero in his life.

chanting over it as follows. The words were taken down as she repeated them.

Cagaran! Cagaran! loved little Cagaran!
Famous wee Cagaran! choice little man!
Goats wilt thou steal for me yet from the grassy glen,
Horses and helters and sheep from the pen!

Cagaran, kind one! Cagaran, mild one!
Dear little Cagaran, hush! do not weep;
Goats thou wilt steal for me, bucks and wild ven'son;
The shore and the moor and the mountain thou'lt sweep!

So, hush thee and sleep now; hush! do not weep now;
Sleep thy small sleep, little dear, for my sake;
Sweet hast thou slept, then; soft hath it crept, then,
Over thine eyelids. Well, well may'st thou wake!

In this little lullaby, we have got a rather singular way for old age 'to dally with the innocence of youth.' Whether the song was popular and in general use, or only sung among the youthful caterans; whether it embodies the first principles instilled into the growing Highland mind two or three centuries ago; or whether it is a mere play of fancy, a bit of humorous banter on the part of the cagaran's grandmother, I have no means of determining with certainty. The production, such as it is, is unique in its way, and deserves being kept; if for nothing else, at least as a stray and strange relic of the times when 'the good old rule sufficed'—

'The simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.'

THOMAS PATTISON.

ONLY AN ARTIST.

'I hate Boats and Bainters.'—GEORGE SECOND.

Don't be in a hurry, Wilkins, to retire and become a gentleman, as I have been fool enough to do. It is no life for a man of any spirit, I tell you. I wouldn't give a good week in the old pitch and bristle line for a whole year of this humdrum. Here is a sample of it. Just see how I was annoyed last August, and all in the way of pleasure. My little Mary since her mother's death has, you know, had very much her own way with me. Well, she persuaded me to make a day of it with her in the Peak district, though I would much rather have run down to Liverpool to see how the produce markets were going. We of course went in our new four-wheeled concern—very slap-up and dashing, you may be sure.

Just as we were about to start, who should pay us a flying visit but young Dick Foggo, son of an old friend of mine. Foggo senior is a great merchant in foreign produce, but Foggo junior does nothing in that line except a considerable stroke of business in real Havanas—for his own proper use. He is a good-looking chap, but fast a little, and a trifle rough. Mary looked rather glum when she saw him—Foggo being no particular favourite of hers. Still, I could do no less than invite him to accompany us. Our journey going was dull enough. Mary pouted consumedly, and said little. Foggo and I kept talk up pretty well, but not to her taste. Our best jokes did not tickle her. She only yawned and looked tired when we did our best to amuse her. The forenoon passed in this uncomfortable way. Lunch at a roadside inn

made matters no better. My little monkey was out of spirits, and would enjoy nothing. Foggo tried to enlighten her regarding 'events' about to come off on the turf. I threw out some notions about supplies of cotton, and business in general; and told what I think some very interesting anecdotes of my own rise in the world. It was no use. There was nothing but silence, or short dry remarks on her part, and she looked as if she would rather be somewhere else. We were going at a rattling pace along a rough part of the road, miles away from any house, when all at once we were brought to a dead stop, and the carriage nearly upset, by one of the fore-wheels coming off. None of us were hurt, and even Mary was not a bit frightened; but we all felt puzzled what to do. Foggo, after genteely hānding Mary and me out, stroked his whiskers carefully, pulled off his gloves, then drew them on again very tightly, and declared, in a knowing way, we were in a 'dooxed fix.' Buggins, the coachman, scrambled off by the lame side of the machine, and observed that he 'never knew no better come of them new-fangled patent haxles.' He had told master 'that 'ere long ago.' The linchpin was out and lost; and Buggins, after a tedious search, neither could find it nor anything to supply its place. I was quite helpless, and saw nothing for it but to wait till a blacksmith or wheelwright could be got to put matters right. But where to get one?—that was a puzzle. The nearest village was half-a-dozen miles off, and even there it might be difficult to find a tradesman able to repair the damage. Foggo repeated still more decidedly that we were in a 'dooxed fix,' and Buggins continued to condemn 'patent haxles' as of no use. This was all the assistance I could get from them; and Mary aggravated the case by laughing thoughtlessly at our awkward predicament. In this dilemma, up came a young man on foot, seemingly bound in the same direction as ourselves. He was a slight-made, genteel-looking chap, not over well dressed, but respectable. He wore a mustache and imperial, and carried a large portfolio in his hand, and a sort of haversack slung over one shoulder. I saw at once he was only an artist; and, when he accosted me in an easy off-hand manner, and inquired what had gone wrong, I thought the dog a little presuming. Still I could not help explaining our mishap, or refuse his ready offer to help us out of the difficulty. Mary looked at him smilingly, and Foggo with a frown intended to be freezing. Foggo, however, only froze himself; for the artist paid no attention to him, but received Mary's smile as payment in advance for the job he was about to undertake. In fact, though only an artist, he acted with all the ease and politeness of a perfect gentleman. With the confidence of a man who knows what he is about, and my tacit consent, he laid his sketch-book on the carriage seat, and took the full command of the work in hand. He directed Buggins to take the horses from the shaft, and keep hold of them till the repair could be done. Then he walked back a few hundred yards, on the carriage tracks, till he observed sure marks of where the wheel had begun to work off; and there, sure enough, he found the linchpin among the

loose dust; and in five minutes more he had it in its proper place, the wheel on, and all right.

Foggo said, in an undertone, confidentially to Mary, that 'Surely this fellow must have been bred a wheelwright.' 'Yes,' was her reply, 'just as you seem to have been bred a tobaccoconist.' On exchanging cards with the artist, I learned that his name was Arthur Winton, and that he was by profession a landscape painter. He accepted my offer of a seat in the carriage with ready acquiescence, as a matter of course; and did not seem to feel the least out of place, though only an artist. Mary looked pleased, and Foggo deeply offended. A hint from Mary made the portfolio fly open at once; and its contents became the subject of conversation. They appeared to me to be mere scribble-scrabbles, not worth much notice; but Mary admired them vastly, and put endless questions regarding the scenery they represented. Winton described waterfalls, mountains, and glens; sunrises, moonlights, and storms, in a style that amazed me, and made my little monkey's eyes sparkle. Foggo's eyes sparkled too, but with rage rather than delight. He also tried his hand in the descriptive line, but made a sad mess of it—spoke of moors, ever so many miles across, where he had shot astonishing lots of game, and of rivers where he had fished and speared salmon till his clothes were as wet as water could make them. Failing to show off his sporting adventures in a favourable light, even in his own eyes, he became silent and sulky; and at length went outside, and took a seat beside Buggins, 'to puff a weed,' as he said, but in reality to blow off his indignation, which, by this time, had risen to high pressure.

After Foggo's retreat, the subject was changed to poetry. Here Mary came out surprisingly. In fact, though I knew her habit of poring over books, I had no idea what stuff she had been sucking in, till it all came out in a gush on this occasion. Shakspeare and Tennyson be hanged! The fine talk about them was more out of my line than even the nonsense about romantic scenery. What is the use of poetry, I should like to know, but to puff up flighty young fellows, and make silly girls dream with their eyes open. Mary's talk and soft looks at the artist not only surprised but alarmed me. More than once I gave her a stern look, intended to say as plainly as any words, 'Remember, child! he is only an artist!' It was all in vain. She replied in the same language, 'Isn't he beautiful? Isn't he clever? Isn't he a duck?'

My displeasure subsided into drowsiness, and, I am ashamed to confess, I dozed almost all the rest of the way. We reached home just in time for dinner; and without offending Mary, as well as seeming unmindful of the service he had done us, I could not avoid inviting Winton to take pot-luck with us. Foggo, of course, also remained; but his temper did not improve as the evening wore on, and the gracious manner in which Mary treated our new acquaintance became more and more evident. The upshot of it was that Winton managed to establish a footing in my house, which he has maintained ever since. I took an early opportunity of talking seriously to Mary on the subject. But I might have saved my pains. 'Don't you see,' said I, 'that Mr. Foggo is in earnest with you? You may have him at a wag of your finger. He is a man of large means and good connexion. If you want to be a lady, he is your mark. This other chap, Winton, is perhaps clever enough and agreeable

enough in his way; but, bless you, child! he is no match for you. He is only an artist!' Her answer was a closer. There was no use in saying another word on the subject. 'I know,' she said, 'that Foggo is wealthy, but what would be the worth of his riches to me? He is of a nature that would make all the gold of California dross in my eyes were I to share it with him. Mr. Winton, I daresay, is poor in pocket lining. But though he has little gold, and is only an artist, he has the art to make all the world gold to me.' I believe, Wilkins, she has got all this nonsense out of her poetry books. Well, it can't be helped, I suppose; so I must just submit patiently to the prospect of having Winton for a son-in-law—though he is only an artist!

THE ROMANCE OF A SUN-PICTURE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

MR. MELCHISEDEK PLAWTON, when first I knew him, was a short young man, a thick young man, a prosperous young man, and—as was acknowledged by all his friends and acquaintances—a good-humoured and facetious young man. So prominent was the latter feature in Mr. Plawton's character, that his friends and acquaintances gathered themselves together, one November afternoon, at 'The Hedgehog;' and, after deliberating two hours on the subject, and consuming so much liquor of various sorts that the landlord, in the fulness of his heart, promised his wife a new dress—agreed that he, Mr. Melchisedek Plawton, should be known, on and after that date, among their particular set, as 'Merry Melky.' Mr. Melchisedek Plawton, when first I knew him, was a thriving young stockbroker in the city, and our friendship continued till he was a prosperous middle-aged stockbroker, when it had so ripened, that the expression 'like two brothers' would convey a very feeble and faint idea of the well of affection which was hid in each of our breasts for the other's sole use. Our friendship was of the Damon and Pythias and Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny description, only, if possible, a shade more binding. Often, when we have, arm in arm (for mutual support), been vandering our way to our bachelor apartments from the club at 'The Hedgehog,' has he stopped under the shade of a lamp-post, and for the tenth time squeezed my hand affectionately, laid his palm on the breast of my shirt, and, bursting into tears, entreated me only to say the word, and he would proceed at once to Waterloo Bridge, and precipitate himself into the dark waters, as a slight proof of the love and affection which he entertained for me. Often have I stopped him in the same manner, and entreated him only to make one sign of acquiescence, and I would, without any unnecessary loss of time, immolate myself on the shrine of friendship, by putting my neck under the first cab-wheel that passed. But those proofs were not required. We never quarrelled, except once; and that was over a small loan, which he refused me under the plea of 'things being tight in the city,' when I knew that they were as loose as possible. However, I looked over that, and never referred to money matters again. It will spoil the strongest friendship.

Mr. Plawton was principally remarkable in the matter of whiskers, teeth, and gums. His whiskers were red, and his gums were red, and his teeth were white. He was proud of his teeth, and would have been fond of smiling, but that his mouth had fallen into the bad habit, in early

youth, of opening too wide—showing, it is true, his pearly set of teeth, but bringing forward in very bold relief his red fangy gums.

Mr. Plawton was forty-five years of age when he made up his mind to matrimony. 'You know, old fellow,' he said to me, 'our friendship is all very well in the meantime; but we must consider that we are both getting up in years, and can't possibly nurse and take care of each other in our old days. I know that we have often sworn to each other that we would never let a woman come between our mutual affection; but, after giving the subject serious consideration, I have come to the conclusion that we have been mistaken; besides, I don't think an oath, made under the influence of 'Hedgehog' excitement, is binding. To the point—I deem it prudent to look out at once for a sensible, sedate person, with a view to matrimony. I don't mind confessing to you that I would like a widow; and I don't mind telling you, old chap, that I know a widow who will suit me; and, will you keep it a secret, if I tell you that I have proposed, been accepted, and am to be married in a month to the widow? and, as I have told you so much, my dear boy, her name in the meantime is Mrs. Crippets, and she has a well-furnished villa at St. John's Wood, which will be mine in a month, along with her charming self.'

'And her two boys and one daughter?' I said coldly. I had had intentions of proposing to the same lady myself, who was, indeed, an eligible match.

'Exactly so, my dear fellow. You know her, then? Isn't she a charmer? and hasn't she a nice little villa, and small capital in the three per cents?'

'She wears false curls and a weeping-willow brooch.'

'No, she don't; hair black, braided; cameo brooch—subject, Venus rising from the sea.'

Plawton was a benedict in a month, and the envied proprietor of Mangel Wurzel Lodge, St. John's Wood.

The more I reflected on Plawton's conduct in the matter of Mrs. Crippets, the more indignant I became. He had sworn to me a thousand times that he would never marry, and I had sworn the same thing a thousand times to him. He might have told me before he proposed, as I had intentions in the same quarter myself. Oh, how I regretted that I had not proposed a week or even a day before him! I know she would have had me. I was a frequent guest at Mangel Wurzel Lodge, and must confess that a few visits made me regard Plawton in the light of a mortal enemy. He was so supremely happy. I could scarcely disguise my feelings. In reviewing their conduct before visitors during the first six months of their marriage, I must say that it struck me often as positively indelicate. What would you think, kind reader, of a man who made a constant habit of kissing his wife before strangers? Plawton not only kissed her, he slobbered her—slobbered 's the word. What would you think of a man who would often excuse himself from his bachelor friends for a few moments on the plea of 'having to go and hook his wife's dress'? Plawton did this repeatedly before myself and a few more of 'the Hedgehogs.' They pretended to see nothing improper in this, but I could. I never looked on an article of Plawton's elegant furniture, but I reflected that it might have been mine but for his confounded treachery.

I am glad to say that I prevented myself from showing any 'temper'; but Plawton was happy, and by contrast I became miserable. Yet I am not a malicious man.

I had been absent from Mangel Wurzel Lodge a month, during which time I had neither seen nor heard from Plawton. I confess it was with a sort of fiendish joy that

I received from Mrs. Plawton, one morning, the following epistle:—

MANGEL WURZEL LODGE, Monday Morning.

DEAR MR. CRAWTON,—Would you kindly favour me with a visit at your earliest convenience? I wish to see you very particularly. My dear husband's conduct towards me has changed very much within the last few weeks. He is no longer the kind and affectionate creature he used to be. Would you please to make your visit as early as convenient? and oblige

Your friend,

JULIET PLAWTON.

I acknowledge with shame that I gloated over this epistle. If the reader had been within earshot when I received it, he would have heard me repeat, a great many times indeed, the words—'Serve her right for marrying such a nincompoop. Ha! I thought it would come to this. She might have known better. Yet I will go. She will want comfort, poor thing! I always considered Plawton a heartless wretch. Taste! She has none, or she would have rejected him at once, and waited on my proposal.'

CHAPTER II.

I went to Mangel Wurzel Lodge in the forenoon, when I knew the monster would be 'on 'Change.' I found her in tears. My rage at Plawton's perfidy increased tenfold when I saw her. What a figure! What grace! He must be a tasteless monster to neglect such a woman; and to think that, but for his broken vow not to marry, she might have been mine! True, I should have broken my vow in doing so; but if he was capable of breaking his, I had a right to break mine.

'Mr. Crawton,' she said, with the dewy tears in her eyes, 'my husband is a monster.'

'I knew it all along,' I said, blandly.

The dewy tears flashed in a moment like fireflies; her lovely frame quivered. 'You knew it all along, did you? It's false! He's gentle as a lamb!'

When I entered, and saw her in tears, I was forcibly struck by the resemblance which she bore to the picture of Helena sighing for love of Demetrius. When she had pulled me up in the manner I have just narrated, I could not help remarking the extraordinary likeness to the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, as Queen Cleopatra, when upbraiding the messenger who had the misfortune to bring information of Antony's marriage.

I was about to make some apologetic remark, when she interrupted me by relapsing into her former state of tears, and saying—

'Forgive me, Mr. Crawton. I know you are a friend of my dear husband's, and as such I ask your advice.'

'My dear madam,' I said—placing a chair for her, and seating myself beside her,—'speak freely. I am *still* a friend of your husband's. With reference to the little word still, which I have emphasized, madam, it will perhaps be more lucid to explain that your husband, madam, has wronged me. You have no doubt read Shakspeare. There is a passage in the fine play of "Julius Cæsar"—in fact, the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius (admirably rendered by Messrs. Phelps and Creswick)—in which Cassius says, referring to Brutus, "That you have wronged me, doth appear in this." I may say so with reference to your husband, madam; but still I know how to forgive; and I do forgive. I have no doubt your husband is now wretched—he is making you wretched—that is some reparation, madam, for the wrong he has done me; and I can now forgive him. Before, he was disgustingly happy; and I tell you frankly, madam, I did not like it.'

'Oh, Mr. Cawton! he is indeed making me wretched. I fear his heart is another's!'

'How, madam? Name your reasons. His heart another's! And have you any reason for supposing that the other's heart is his? Eh, madam!'

I will endeavour, as circumstantially as possible, to give you an account of the progress of the change which has led to this lamentable state of affairs.

'Proceed, madam, proceed!' I said impatiently.

There was no mistake about it. Plawton was making himself and his wife wretched. I could now forgive him in earnest, and pity him. It is a great consolation to be able to pity a man who has wronged you. If you can once convince yourself that you pity him, your wound is closed up. But if you can make himself and the world believe that you really pity him, you may consider the wound healed up, the scar gone, and no traces left. Pity is undoubtedly twin-brother to revenge. Oh! commend me, my dear reader, to pity!

'My dear Mr. Cawton,' proceeded Mrs. Plawton, 'you are no doubt as familiar with my husband's personal peculiarities as myself. You will therefore be aware of his passion for elocution.'

'His absurd passion for elocution, I should call it, madam. His voice is cracked.'

'It is; I don't deny it. You will therefore be able to sympathise with me when I tell you that it has been his nightly custom, when we are alone, ever since our marriage, to read over a play of Shakspeare's aloud—identifying each character by a change in the modulation of his voice. For a time his favourite reading was "Hamlet." You know the number of characters in the play. *Hamlet* himself had the distinguished honour of being interpreter in my husband's natural voice—that is bad enough, as you know; but what shall I say of the change to the accents of *Polonius*?'

'General expression and voice—aggravated case of delirium tremens,' I suggested.

'As bad, my dear Mr. Cawton; if not worse. But *Ophelia's* grave scene!'

'The reading of which by your husband in public, madam, would be sufficient to warrant a commission of lunacy being instituted against him at once.'

'I have had to put up with it, and with the hideous tones of his voice in all the rest of the characters.'

'Then I can truly pity you, madam, from my heart.'

'To come to the point, however, Mr. Cawton; about a fortnight ago, my husband came home about seven o'clock for dinner. He dined on'—

'What?' I asked, fearful that all this misery was only attributable to Plawton's digestive organs, and would pass away with his convalescence.

'Romeo and Juliet!'

'Good gracious!' I cried, starting up, and putting myself before the fire to guard the fire-irons. I thought she was mad.

'Compose yourself, my dear sir; I mean to say that he did not dine at all. When I hinted to him that the dinner was spoiling, he scowled and requested me to get me to a nunnery.'

'Been dining out?' I suggested.

'No, sir; my husband was as sober as you are at the present moment, but it was the first symptom of the great change. He read "*Romeo and Juliet*" that evening.'

'The brute! Enough to drive you mad, my poor lady. He was nearly expelled from "*The Hedgehog*" for persisting in reading "*King Lear*."'

'I could not help remarking that, in the character of Romeo, he infused a ghastly passion into the part that was positively astonishing. I took this as a compliment to myself, my name being Juliet, but judge of my amazement when I observed that, at the balcony scene, and at the other passionate parts, he was gazing rapturously at a small coloured photograph which he had on the left page of the book (unseen by me, as he supposed)! I watched him for a time, and saw the monster actually kiss the portrait, after the words

"Sweet, so would I;

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good-night! Good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I could say good-night till it be morrow!"

He read no more of *Romeo and Juliet* that evening. I started up indignantly. "Give me that portrait!" I said.

"I have been watching you, sir. Give it up this instant!"

'What!' he said, starting up, putting the photograph in his breast-pocket, and going into mock heroics. 'Part with the portrait of my sainted aunt! Perish the thought! Death rather!

"I'll say you gray is not the morning's eye—

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.

I have more care to stay than will to go;

Come, Death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so."

'Come, sir,' I said, sternly; 'that is not your aunt's portrait. Deliver it up!' Would you believe it, his answer was—

'Madam!

"Whose tongue soo'er speaks false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies."

'I could not get another word from him that evening; and since then his conduct has been getting worse and worse. I have tried every ruse to obtain that photograph, but as yet have been unsuccessful. I am certain, however, that he still has it about him. I am afraid that he has a liaison with the misguided creature. Oh, Mr. Cawton, may I ask your aid to assist me in unfathoming this awful mystery?'

It may seem strange that, after her absurd choice of a husband, I should pity this fair creature; but, nevertheless, it is true. I pitied her, and determined to bring that monster, the once 'Merry Melky,' to book for his conduct. I left her with the assurance of my sympathy, and the comforting reflection that I would have 'a few words' with her wretched husband on the subject of her great wrong.

Strange it is, but no less strange than true, that my heart was lighter when I left Joy Villa than when I entered it that evening. When I reached my office, I actually surprised myself, chuckling and imitating an Indian dance of joy.

I indorse Mr. Squeers' opinion, that 'She's a rum 'un, is Natur.'

CHAPTER III.

The next day I was sitting in my office, inditing an epistle which I intended to send to the recreant Plawton. I had a dim idea that it would be necessary to shoot Plawton; and I had made up my mind to do so if I found it requisite. I already saw in imagination the prostrate form of the infatuated little man writhing at my feet; and myself, with my stern look relaxed—justice having been appeased—bending over him, feeling for the spot where the leaden messenger had entered; receiving his last instructions as to the disposal of his body, and com-

farting him by the assurance that the great wrong he had committed against my peace of mind, by marrying Mrs. Crippets, was now atoned for—that I forgave him from my heart; and that he might, if he had a mind, die happy.

I heard steps coming up the wooden stair just as I had signed the note; and I felt a presentiment that the steps were those of Plawton. I was not deceived.

He entered.

I motioned him to a seat. He waved his hand, as if deprecating any intention of sitting down; and, folding his arms, looked at me with a melancholy expression in his eyes. My first idea was that he had been drinking. His face was dirty and unshaven. His linen was dirty. He had on a dirty paper collar, which, in consequence of the button-hole having burst, hung limp and yellow about his ears. When he divested himself of his hat, I observed that his hair was matted and unkempt, and stood up spikily, like the back of a red porcupine. As I regarded Plawton standing before me in that manner, I felt a momentary compassion for him. In the happy days of 'The Hedgehog' convivial meetings, I had often seen Plawton thus. I was accustomed to see Plawton thus very often, more particularly on the occasions on which he presented himself at my office to denounce some false friend who had declined becoming bail for him the evening previous. Plawton had a weird fancy for ringing bells and wrenching off knockers on his way from 'The Hedgehog,' which had led to a difference of opinion between him and the parson of the night, necessitating the decision of a magistrate, and the consequent attendance of Plawton at the station-house till next morning. On those occasions, Plawton used to present himself at my office, for the purpose of refreshing himself with a bottle of soda-water flavoured with half a glass of brandy—the exertion of conducting his own case being fatiguing, and having a tendency to promote thirst. It was the remembrance of those days—when my old friend stuck to the orthodox British gentleman's pastime of wrenching off knockers and disturbing peaceful dwellings by a violent tugging at the street bell, instead of indulging in the more serious though British amusement of marrying, and then breaking his wife's heart by neglect—that caused me to have a momentary feeling of compassion for him. I confess that I may have been weak in yielding to this; but, as I mentioned before, there was no mistake about Plawton and his wife's wretchedness. You, kind reader! may have had the misfortune to get your pocket picked, or your silver plate stolen, or your best linen shirts pilfered off the ropes on which they were airing. Your breast leaves with virtuous indignation—you pay poor's-rates and taxes heavy enough in all sooth. Why should you be robbed? You become apoplectic with fury. Where are the police? Out of the way, of course, when wanted. You make a mental calculation how much you have paid for police protection since you became householder. The calculation brings out your wrongs in greater relief. You feel as if you could strangle the villain who has done you this wrong in your most sensitive part—your pocket. Suddenly a policeman appears with the trembling wretch, taken red-handed. 'Off with him!' you say; 'off to jail! Yes! it was from me. The property is mine. Off with him, at once!' and the officer sinks his knuckles into the neck of the culprit, and bowls him along to the station-house. You go to bed with a grim satisfaction. When you appear at the court next morning, you can't deny that you feel a sort of compassion for the poor wretch; and, but that his punishment is necessary for the protection

of the lieges, would gladly see him dismissed 'not proven.' But if you saw him when his sentence has expired, and he crawls out of the prison pale, wan, and starving, don't attempt to convince me that you would not step quietly up to the miserable wretch, slip some loose silver into his hand, with an admonition to go and sin no more.

Influenced by this sort of compassion for Plawton, and knowing that copper or loose silver, considering his altitude in the social scale, would be an insult, I addressed him in the following words:—

'Good Plawton! cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Crawton;
Thou know'st 'tis common all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity;
If it be common, why seems it so particular with thee.'

The delicacy and consideration of my addressing him in those words of the immortal bard's, (need I say William Shakspeare?) will be seen at a glance by all intelligent people when I inform them that Plawton immediately took up the cue at 'seems,' and comforted himself greatly by delivering himself of the words put by the immortal bard into the mouth of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, commencing, 'Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems.'

'But tush!' he continued; and drawing near to my chair, he pulled out two sun-pictures or glass photographs, and held them before my eyes. I requested him to favour me with them for a moment, as at that time photography was in its infancy, and the figure on the glass could only be seen by holding the glass in a particular way. I noticed that the oldest and dimmest of the pictures was the likeness of an exceedingly pretty young lady, with curls, and a sweet Grecian profile. I noticed that the other was the portrait of his wife, late Mrs. Crippets.

'Well, Plawton,' I said, 'she is a nice young lady, and comes out stronger by contrast with your wife.'

'Crawton!' he shouted out huskily, seizing both photographs, and bestowing a glance of the most unmitigated scorn upon his wife's portrait, changing in one moment to the most beaming tenderness, as he regarded the photograph of the young lady, 'Crawton, look here, upon this picture and on this!'

'Exactly,' I said, interrupting him, coldly; 'you needn't go on; I can see at a glance, by the counterfeit presentment, that you're in love with this young lady, and are breaking your wife's heart.'

'To the death, Crawton, to the death I love her; break my wife's heart—bosh! too tough.'

Plawton's nose is ugly. It was uglier when he turned it up after making that remark.

'You are determined to prosecute this insane passion,' I said.

I should have felt disappointed if he had answered 'no'; but I determined to fight him—I mean, to challenge him to fight—if he said 'yes.'

His answer was—'To the death, Crawton! to the death!' and with a fiendish laugh he turned to the door and rushed down stairs, before I had time to challenge him to fight.

CHAPTER IV.

Immediately after Plawton had exited, I dropped the following note to his wife:—

CITY, Wednesday Afternoon.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I have just had an interview with the misguided being whom you have the misfortune to call husband. Your conjectures with reference to his insane passion are correct. I have seen the photograph, and I should fancy that the 'creature' is employed in one of the theatres—very

likely in connection with the ballet. She is not by any means good-looking; but has a sort of plebeian fascination which I have no doubt forms the attraction in his eyes. I shall have the pleasure of waiting upon you to-morrow at quarter-past four p.m. I regret to observe that he is already beginning to lose all respect for himself or his appearance. For your own sake, endeavour to persuade him to put on a clean shirt and linen collar. Believe me, my dear madam,

Yours most sincerely,

PLANTAGENET CRAWTON.

I am inclined to think that I was rather an object of interest to Rebecca Ann Jane, the housemaid at Mangel Wurzel Lodge, on the evening of Saturday the 2d Dec. 18—. I wore a blue frock-coat, buttoned tight, to show the graceful fall of my back, and I also donned my yellow double-breasted vest with the mother-of-pearl buttons. I carried with me a winter bouquet, which I bought at Covent Garden. My intention was to show Mrs. Plawton that, in uniting her fate to a wretched little stage-struck stockbroker, when she had the opportunity of having for her husband a tall, good-looking, essential-oil merchant like myself, she did wrong. She was alone in the dressing-room. I expected to find her depressed in spirits; but no! She rose to receive me with cheerfulness, even gaiety, in every expression of her lovely countenance. As I regarded the beaming lustre in her eyes when she shook hands with me, I felt certain that the unwonted cheerfulness was occasioned by my presence.

'Oh, Mr. Crawton! I can't inform you how thankful I am at your kind consideration of my condition. I feel as if I could burst into a flood of tears.'

'Don't, my dear Mrs. Crawton; pray, don't,' I answered. 'Never mention it. How is HE conducting himself now? Shall I be obliged to call him out?'

'Don't mention blood, Mr. Crawton. He is still my husband, you know; but a day *will* come. By-the-by, I have succeeded in obtaining the portrait;' and she took from her pocket the photograph which Crawton had shown me in the office. I looked at it again. The girl was decidedly good-looking—a brunette in curls; but I thought it politic to hazard the opinion that there was a decided pert and vulgar look about her expression.

'She is, without doubt, a vulgar thing,' said Mrs. Plawton; and her eye twinkled again—whether maliciously, or with delight that I was of her opinion, I know not. Mrs. Plawton, I know, used to wear curls, and was also a brunette; otherwise, I should have said that nobody but vulgar people wore their hair flying about their back. If Mrs. Plawton had been a little less stout, her resemblance to the portrait would not have been very far off. We dined together, and I felt certain that I had made an impression. My suspicions were confirmed when, after coffee had been served, she sat down and warbled the following sweetly pathetic ballad, in a rich, falsetto voice, accompanying herself on the guitar, and with a peculiar emphasis on the words which made it very significant, considering my presence:—

EVER THINE OWN.

Though thy nose were a lighthouse in colour and sheen;
Though thy legs were both cork ones, thy whiskers sea green;
Though the hairs on thy head were sky-purple or blue;
My heart, dearest love! would beat only for you;

You, you,

My heart, dearest love! would beat only for you.

Tra la la, tra la la; sweet! the moon now is out,
It gleams on the river and gladdens the trout;
Let us roam through the turnip-fields, prancing so gay,
We can each eat our fill; let us haste, then, away.
Tra la la, tra la la.

Though thy home were a hen-coop, thy food straw or gram;
Though one eye had a squint, and the other were glass;
Though distorted thy form, and most hideous to view;
My pulse, love! would only beat faster for you,

You, you,

My pulse, love! would only beat faster for you.

Tra la la, tra la la; let us haste, then, away,
Where the haddocks and dolphins disport in the spray;
To the home of the herring, where mackerel play;
My skiff, love! is ready; we'll haste, then, away;

Tra la la, tra la la.

I spent an agreeable evening; and, at fifteen minutes past four p.m. I departed. On my road home, I met Plawton. He was standing on the kerb, surveying with every appearance of intense interest a row of scavengers who were sweeping the street. His gaze was not directed to any particular scavenger, but rested, in a melancholy philanthropic manner, on the whole body—as if he were accurately calculating how much it would cost to invite them all round to 'The Falstaff,' with gastronomic intentions. I touched him on the shoulder. He turned round; and, bursting into tears, placed one hand on the breast of his shirt, and, pointing to the row of scavengers, said—

'To what base uses may we not return, Horatio!'

'Tush! Plawton,' I said; 'this is unmanly.' His passion was either getting the better of his reason, or was leading him into drink. I was more convinced from what followed that it was the former.

'To think,' he resumed, snivelling—'to think of a peer of the realm being reduced to such a condition!'

'What do you mean, Plawton?' I asked.

'Don't you see him there, with the stumpy brush, the striped coachman's waistcoat, and the patch over his eye? That little man.'

'I do see a little man, with a coachman's waistcoat and a patch over his eye.'

'Don't you know him, Crawton?'

'No.'

'That was yesterday the greatest statesman in England! The man who, on a day's notice, could have undertaken the command of the Channel Fleet, and would have performed the duty satisfactorily! That, Crawton, is Earl Russell!'

'Nonsense, Plawton! There is no resemblance.'

'Care, Crawton—care—anxiety. His home—his heart's first home—was burned to the ground yesterday, and all his property lost—his title-deeds, cash, valuables, everything—reduced to beggary! It's sad, Crawton—sad, sad; but too true!'

'Come, Plawton, old boy,' I said, sympathisingly, 'let's go home; I'll walk back with you.'

'Will you?' he said, eagerly. 'Let's go, then. O Crawton!' he continued, pressing his hand to his brow, 'what nonsense I've been talking, to be sure. Forgive me, I feel as if this passion would drive me mad.'

I was really sorry for Plawton this time, he looked so genuinely miserable; and the remark about Earl Russell proved to me that it was slightly affecting his brain. I left him at his own door, and went home.

I did not see Plawton again till Christmas-day. He called at my office, looking very pale and thin. He had not recovered from the effect of his passion. The photograph was in his possession.

'I wish you to join us at dinner, to-day, old fellow!' he said. 'You are my truest friend, and I must have some one to talk confidentially to. The worry and excitement of those gay and festive scenes have no charm

for me. I shall call for you at the office at five o'clock; and we can take a cab out. Dinner at six. Ah, Crawton! (looking tenderly at the photograph) this insane passion is killing me;—but, as the poet says,

“Who hears the falling of the forest leaf,
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?”

I have sought her in vain—in vain.’

‘But think,’ I said, ‘of your wife, your dear wife, who waits impatient every day for your return to dinner. ’Tis sweet, Plawton, to know there is an eye will watch our coming, and look brighter when we come.’

‘That depends, Crawton, on the brightness. My wife’s eye does, I acknowledge, watch my coming impatiently, and look brighter when I come; but the additional lustre is not attributable to affection. She is becoming a vixen, Crawton—a vixen.’

Punctual at five o’clock, Plawton was at my office with the cab. In half-an-hour we were at Mangel Wurzel Lodge; and at six precisely we sat down to dinner. My narration has nothing whatever to do with who were there—what was on the table—what Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Green, or Mrs. White wore—what vulgarisms Jones’ plebeian though pretty wife perpetrated during the course of the meal, to the horror of Fitz-Eustace Yawhaw; and the almost total collapse of that government swell when Mrs. J., in reply to a most condescending query which he put her after dinner, as to whether she would take a cup of coffee or not, replied that ‘she would prefer, hif it came to the same thing, a little gin with a mossel of sugar.’ I will not narrate the interesting dialogue which I accidentally overheard between the two Misses Sauerkrauts (whose carriage came for them at ten), in which they expressed their conviction that the whole affair was decidedly Brummagem (what they meant by that word, I couldn’t take it upon myself to say). I will not inadvertently upon the discussions which the married ladies indulged in upon the subject of ‘servants,’ nor the pathetic wailing which they made over the gradual abdication of that race in favour of smart minxes with ‘airs,’ ribbons, crinoline, and impertinence galore. I will not even touch upon the strange conduct of that celebrated lyrical poet, Batterwhacks Hawkerton Snif, who came in late and dirty, with his eyes rolling as if he had been drinking—who glared at little Robinson, when that good-humoured little man offered to introduce him to a partner in the ‘mazy,’ as Robinson facetiously styles dancing—and who was seen to turn away, with his eyebrows contracted fearfully, and heard to mutter—‘Brainless clod! soulless, ephemeral composition of flesh and bones!’ (whether in reference to himself or Robinson, it is impossible to say)—who stalked about, speaking to nobody and muttering at intervals—‘*Vanitas vanitatum!*’—and who was at last sent home in a cab, in consequence of having partaken of too much old port. No! I will not say one word about any of these events. Why should I? What do you take me for? Do you think that I would violate the sacred laws of hospitality, by becoming a parlour spy or keyhole reporter, and sneering and carping at the peculiarities and pettinesses of people whom I mix among as a coteremporary guest? I am not a ‘chief among ye takin’ notes,’ and with a fiendish malignity vowing that ‘feth I’ll prent them.’ No; perish such base thought! I’d rather be a dog, and live upon the vapours of a dungeon! Therefore, I repeat, I will have none of this; but immediately jump to the great event of the evening.

It was about twelve o’clock. Plawton’s parlour and drawing-room had been thrown into one. Dancing, chatting, gossip, wine-sipping, biscuit-nibbling, apple-munching, nut-cracking, were going on as bravely as could be desired. I had missed Mrs. Plawton for some time; and, about half-past twelve, a note was put into my hand, by Plawton’s boy in buttons, with an intimation that ‘a party houtside ’ad requested it to be delivered to his master through my ’ands.’ Plawton was sitting in a corner of the room talking to some of his guests, and, with a ghastly cheerfulness on his countenance. I caught his eye, and made a telegraphic sign for him to approach. I gave him the note to read: he did so. A deathly pallor overspread his features when he had finished—then an unnatural flush as he handed it to me. It was as follows:—‘The original of the photograph which you have in your possession will be in your garden, at the summer-house door, at quarter to one o’clock a.m. Meet her. The passion is reciprocal. She is ready to fly with you.’

Both of us paused a moment. ‘Let us retire to the scullery, Crawton,’ he said. ‘There is privacy there.’ We retired to the scullery.

‘Shall I meet her, Crawton? Shall I fly with her?’

The writing of this narrative is not partly but *wholly* a deed of penance. I confess, with the burning blushes mantling my face, that, under a pretence of censuring Plawton for even thinking of such a deed as deserting his wife, I in reality encouraged him to do so. Most artfully did I gloss over the sin of such an act. With Jesuitical *finesse* did I bring out all his wife’s imperfections; did cite precedents from the domestic history of the nobility and gentry of these and other realms, to justify him in rushing to his own destruction; did lead him on to the edge of the precipice whilst professing frantically to haul him away from the yawning abyss. For these acts I should, were this the fourteenth century, clothe myself in sackcloth, put peas in my shoes, and with staff in my hand, wallet by my side, and without a covering for my head, depart on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the very farthest off saint in the calendar. This being the nineteenth century, do I instead make a clean breast of it in the present narration, and throw myself upon the mercy of the great court of public opinion. I do not say, Rousseau-like, judge me as other men. I would not on any account take less blame to myself, because I am not the only precedent; but I would only put it to Smith—and in addressing that large family I do not risk becoming personal—Smith, have you ever given wrong advice? Come, now. When your friend Jones has, in the fulness of his heart, put his case before you (be the case what it may), and asked your advice, have you never seen the advantage which you would derive yourself by arguing him quietly to the step which he meditates taking; although you knew yourself that that step, if it did not precisely lead him over the brink, would take him at least one step nearer; and have you never strangled conscience for a moment, and given him the false advice? Have you never allowed secret envy for Jones’ position to prompt you to whistle for the wind which would carry his wavering barque nearer the whirlpool? Being applied to by Jones as to your opinion about Jenkins’ credit—who, to your sorrow, is deep in your own books, and whose account you have ordered to be closed—have you never through petty trade-jealousy—without exactly saying that Jenkins is good for any amount—put on a false, frank look, and said, ‘Well, we trust him so much, Jones! his payments have been pretty regular!’—and allowed Jones to be brought into the mess, when a

word could have saved him? 'No, you have never done anything analogous!' I thank Providence, then, the world is not so wicked as I thought. I confess my sin, O public! Let me not depart unshriven.

I repeat, that I put the matter before Plawton in such a way that he determined not exactly to fly with her, but to commence the liaison; in fact, to take the tide in his affairs which would be likely to lead to—*qui sait?*

Plawton left me, and rushed out to the garden to keep the rendezvous.

I followed, unobserved.

Two voices in earnest conversation; two pair of feet pacing up and down; two muffled figures flitting about among the trees, and casting shadows on the snow.

Plawton and the unknown!

I rubbed my hands with fiendish glee. I stood between the pale December moon and the ghostly white snow. I shuddered; and looked down, almost expecting that my figure would have cast no shadow on the ground. It did though. Fiends are said to be shadowless. I felt myself one then.

Two figures embracing each other frantically—one coming my way; the other disappearing in the shades of the trees—

Plawton and the unknown!

I hastened back to the scullery.

'Well?'

'I have seen her,' said Plawton, huskily. 'I will fly with her two hours after midnight. Will you assist me?'

'Yes.'

'Swear!'

I swore.

It was one hour and three-quarters after midnight. The guests had departed. I was with Plawton in a small room, which he called his study, leading off the drawing-room. We were both muffled up. I felt no repugnance at seeing the miserable man about to take the step. He was nervous and trembling. I was firm.

I looked at my watch. Plawton looked at his. The time would be up before we could get to the corner of the lane where she was to be with a cab in attendance.

I was about to turn down the gas, when I felt Plawton clutching at my arm, and heard him give a suppressed shriek. A figure walked into the room, and stood fronting us both.

'Gracious!' said Plawton. 'Why have you ventured in here? We were coming. My wife is not asleep!'

I looked.

It was the original of the photograph. I knew by the curls and the never-to-be-forgotten expression. She was a little stouter, but undoubtedly the same.

'Why did you come in here?' I said. 'Mrs. Plawton is awake!'

With a ghastly smile, the original of the photograph said—'Hypocrite and fool! you are right. Mrs. Plawton is awake—she is here!'

I saw Plawton's face overspread, as if it had been suddenly double-refined white-washed; and he fell senseless at my feet as the words escaped him—'Merciful Fates! it is my wife!'

I looked again, and would also have fainted, but that she grasped my arm tightly and hissed into my ear—

'I AM THE ORIGINAL OF THE PHOTOGRAPH! Know that I have found you out! You are a hypocrite—a false friend—a fiend in human form! You came here under the pretence of administering sympathy at the withdrawal of my husband's affection; and you all along

fanned the flame. You didn't know that it was his own wife he was sighing for—the little imbecile! That photograph which he has is a likeness of me, taken eight years ago. I have not so much altered in that time but that I can recall the expression. See!'

She put the photograph into my hand that I might compare again. It was indeed Plawton's wife! I felt as if I could have sunk into the earth. My brain was fizzing; the room spun round. I rushed out into the cool air.

A year has elapsed since then. Mr. Plawton is reconciled to his wife, but not yet to me. If this comes under her eye, will she forgive me? I hope so. Confession is half atonement.

R. L. G.

MONODY FOR A BELOVED DAUGHTER.

Come forth, brave heart, and tell thy grief—

So deeply felt, so closely pent;
Thy surcharged founts may find relief
If forth in gurgling streamlets sent
To flood with tears the vale of woe,
And lull thy grief with murmurs low.

The summer sky beams pure and bright,
The earth is deck'd with beauty rare,
All Nature teems with life and light,
And heavenly music fills the air;
But, born of her who made all dear,
To me all's gloomy, lone, and drear.

So pure, so beautiful, so good—
By all admired, by all beloved;
In cheerful or in mournful mood,
The genial breast alike was moved;
And radiant smile or glistening tear
To all were given, to all were dear.

New charms were dawning every day
New traits of sweetness every hour—
Her eye bright as the morning ray,
Her face fair as the opening flower.
Too pure for earth, she pass'd to heaven—
Leaving our hearts all seared and riven!

She had no selfish cares or fears;
She gloried in her neighbours' gladness;
Her schoolmates mourn'd her, bathed in tears;
Her playmates' mirth was changed to sadness.
And when her spirit pass'd away,
Joy left our happy home for aye.

But all throughout the day and night
Her last fond look still beams on me,
Shedding a ray of heavenly light
O'er dark and vast eternity;
While that last tender kiss and sigh
Have link'd my soul to her on high.

Oh blessed hope! Oh glorious thought!
That, rising brightly o'er the grave,
Show deathless life, so dearly bought
By Him who died our souls to save;
And through our sorrows lead us on
To worship at our Father's throne.

Dear child! we'll meet no more to part—
Afar from sorrow, death, and pain;
Where soul with soul, and heart with heart,
Join in the universal strain
That fills yon radiant orbs above
With one vast hymn of grateful love!

JAMES BALLANTINE.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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THE LIGHT-RAY (*Concluded*).

HAVING occupied so much space in considering the laws of Reflection and Refraction and their effects, it is needful that I pass on to other matters. Before doing so, I would briefly mention two results of those laws, which cannot be uninteresting. The value of the microscope and the telescope, as the means of enlarging our acquaintance with minute structures and distant creations, is universally acknowledged. These instruments, however, could never have been constructed, or, if constructed, would have been utterly valueless, had not the light been made subject to reflection and refraction. The mirror and the lens bring the light to our eyes under conditions resulting from these laws; and by enlarging the angles under which we look at near or remote objects, they give us amplified views of them that at once fill us with delight and astonishment. And lastly, wonderful as are all the ordinary reflections and refractions of light, there is something which impresses us even more strongly in those that are named extraordinary. I can only very briefly allude to them. The atmosphere is both a reflector and a refractor; and, in its varying states, its action upon the light frequently becomes so eccentric that things are seen under most unusual and surprising aspects. Objects far distant below the horizon are brought into view; colossal spectral forms are seen walking upon the mist of the hills; and armed hosts are visibly marshalled in the sky. As instances of these effects, may be named the mirage of the desert under its various presentations; the well-known spectre of the Harz Mountain; the cloud-borne ghosts of Ossian; and the shadowy cohorts which were seen for many days fighting in the air over the city of Jerusalem during its memorable siege. It is usual to speak of these presentations as illusions; but they are illusive and deceptive to those only who are unacquainted with all the disturbances that modify the operations of a permanent law.

We now pass from consideration of the light as the mere illuminator of the earth, and contemplates it as an all-pervading energy working powerfully throughout the material world, and exercising a healthy and holy influence on the body and spirit of man. Light is the eldest born of creation; and from this priority we infer that it was called forth to be an agent in the evolution of the things that came after it. Such an inference is warranted by what we see and know of its comprehensive action. Life, beauty, and successive order are dependant upon it. We cannot penetrate into the deep mysteries of the inner earth, and learn in what manner the absorbed light kindles into lustrous beauty in the gem, or stores itself secretly in the buried flora of an arctic time; but we see the consummated work in the jewelled chaplet of the bride, and in the more homely yet invaluable product of the coal measures. It were vain to speculate concerning the operations of the light that enters into and permeates the chambers of the world beneath our feet. There is enough beside us and around us, and that falls within the compass of our knowledge, to fill the mind with admiration and exalt it to reverence. The functions of vegetable life are maintained and directed by the light; and according as the plant or tree is favourably or unfavourably located with reference to the sun, it flourishes or dwindles to decay. The floods of radiance that are poured over tropical regions produce luxuriance and arborescent strength; while in high latitudes and less genial climes the tree is dwarfed into a shrub, and floral beauty becomes less gorgeous; and on lofty mountain crests and under polar skies are found only a few lichens and mosses—the lowest forms of vegetable life. Vegetation withers in unrelieved shade, while in perpetual darkness its very nature is changed. Plants entirely deprived of light secrete a deadly poison—the solanine—and are at once repulsive and unwholesome growths. The flowers of every clime bear silent yet impressive testimony to their dependence on the sun for development and support, in that they turn towards his rising beams, and close their petals at his setting. To the animal kingdom the light is no less indispensable. The physical structure of man and the lower animals presents marked differences in different climes; but, speaking of the beasts of the earth generally, and of our own race almost without exception, we may say that the bodily form is perfected in those temperate regions which are equally removed from the cold and long darkness of the Pole, and the extreme heats of the Equator and the Torrid Zones. It is true that in northern lands and seas we find large animal structures, and creatures of vast power and sullenly savage dispositions; and that in the middle regions of the earth are also found magnificent beasts, of great strength, fiery and impetuous in their nature, and cruel in their hatred of man and of each other. But we are to bear in mind that the development of animals differs materially from that of plants. Equinoctial light and heat give grandeur to the tree and brilliant colouring to the flower; but they produce in the beasts of the earth a beauty indeed, yet a beauty that is terrible; while they kindle strong passion in man, and make him merciless, vin-

dictive, and sensual. As regards animal life, we cannot separate the effects of light from those of heat and cold; and as these do not affect plants and animal structures alike, we have to seek in temperate climates for the just balance of the forces that operate most favourably towards living creatures in their relation to each other. I admit that many exceptional cases might be urged against arguments so general as the I use, but I cannot pause to consider them.

The influence of the justly-tempered light on the spirit of man runs parallel with its effects on his physical structure. This is confirmed by daily observation. The mind is depressed and the body paralysed by long continued gloom, and both become buoyant and vigorous when the light returns. But let us take an extreme case in illustration of the indispensableness of light, and also of the ameliorating circumstances that mitigate almost total denial. We live in times and in a state of society that do not permit the incarceration of a prisoner for months and years in the impenetrable gloom of a dungeon; but such extremity of punishment was common occurrence in past ages, and the enormity exists in countries where the will of a despot is the law, and where the sentence of the judge is not righted by retribution, but stern and cruel revenge. Instances are familiar to all of us in which a man, for some crime supposed or real, is suddenly snatched from social life and the blessings of the light, and made the living companion of a sepulchre. The noisome air and thick darkness poison his physical frame, and fill his mind with hideous imaginings. The moving wheel that conveys to him his daily morsel of bread and draught of water has been so artfully constructed that it turns in no ray of light to relieve the tedium of hours, and days, and weeks, and months of utter isolation from all human sympathy. He sleeps from excess of weariness and torture, but not rest. Night visions of liberty, and home, and friends, and the cheering sun, make his slumbers a feverish excitement; and, when the cold dank atmosphere of the prison-house awakens him, the mockery of his dream becomes a superadded torment. Outside his dungeon day follows day; but what knows he of their succession! what measure can he apply to time who is but alive with the worm, and condemned to the unbroken weariness of inaction! Endurance under suffering and affliction may be protracted, but it must at length come to an end. The overworn mind and frame advance step by step to the cold obstruction of death. But ere this point is reached a reaction may take place; by what the philosopher calls a law of Nature—by what the Christian acknowledges as an instance of the all-prevailing mercy of Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. A long period of unbroken gloom has dilated the pupil of the eye; intense anxiety has made the nervous sensation acute; and the captive, in his extremity, becomes sensible of the presence of light.

'Tis but a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam that hath lost its way;

winding through chinks and crevices that had escaped the jailor's strictest search; but the pulse of the free man quickens, and his heart gathers strength, and

watches its transit across the dungeon wall. That thin thread of light, so valueless to the outer world, comes with an angel's mission to save one human spirit from despair.

Contrast with the picture we have drawn the quietude and happiness of the summer sunset hour. Man has been forth to his work and to his labour until the evening, and returns to seek a season of repose. During the day, all Nature has partaken of the light, and it now rejoices in the calm and promise of eventide. Eastward and to the mid-sky the heaven is serenely beautiful; but in the west magnificent cloud-forms gather and combine into towering structures, revealing through their open gates vistas of unutterable splendour. An isle of amethyst, rising from a sea of molten gold, sustains a throne, curtained with tapestries of the living-light. And He who sits thereon is veiled in cloud that tempers to weak mortal vision the Majesty Divine. The happy voice and laugh of childhood; the salutations of honest, kindly hearts meeting at close of day; the thankful utterances of age for one day more of strength—all these unite in a vespers song of praise to Him who made both day and night. And then succeeds a mellowed and departing glory that calms all passion, and gives peace to every trusting heart. Infinite Beneficence smiles upon the parting day: a loving Father blessed his children as they sink in sleep.

As the sundown, and as the darkness increases, the Light is presented under an aspect which suggests the questions,—Whence comes it? And with what velocity does it travel? As we look up to the shining hosts of heaven, we feel an intense desire to learn somewhat concerning the magnitudes of the various bodies, and their distances from the earth; and to understand the deep mystery connected with the streams of light which are continually coming down from them. Of the distances and magnitudes of the orbs forming the solar system, we have a certain knowledge, but not so of the stars. All that we can learn in relation to them is that they rank in magnitude with the sun, and that the nearest of them cannot be separated from our planet by less than millions of millions of miles. And I will tell you how this is proved beyond all dispute. The diameter of the earth's orbit is not less than 190 millions of miles; and when we look upon the stars from one extremity of this line, we are 190 millions of miles nearer to them than when we survey them from the other. Now if their distances were not immense, they would appear much larger at our nearest approach to them; and would, moreover, be altered in relative position to each other. But they exhibit no such change; viewed from either extremity of the earth's orbit, they present fixed points of light of no sensible magnitude, and their relations are in no way disturbed. Of distances so vast, we can form an imperfect conception only by comparing the transit of a ray of light from a star, with the interval required for its passage from the sun to the earth. Among the planets of our system, one of the largest, Jupiter, is attended by four moons, which suffer frequent eclipse as they enter the shadow which he projects into space. Now, the times of these eclipses are accurately calculated and tabulated for the sun's place, and with

respect to him their occurrence is regular. But Roemer, a Danish philosopher, made the grand discovery that these times differ by about seventeen minutes with reference to the earth in the two extreme limits of its orbit. When the earth is nearest to Jupiter, the eclipses take place about seventeen minutes earlier than when it is most distant from him. Hence it is proved that light requires this interval of time to transit over one hundred and ninety millions of miles; and one half of this interval, or about 8½ minutes, to pass from the sun to the earth; and if we take this last as a standard of measure by which to gauge the depths of creation, so far as the telescope has revealed them, the mind is overwhelmed with the results that necessarily follow. A ray of light requires more than four hours to travel from the planet Neptune to the earth; eight hours to pass across our system; upwards of ten years to come from the nearest stars; many years to traverse the space intervening between us and the feeblest luminaries visible to the naked eye; hundreds of years to reach us from the stars which moderate telescopic power brings into view; thousands of years to come from the remote depths penetrated by the telescope of Herchel; and thousands of thousands of years must that ray travel, ere it strikes the earth, that sets forth from the unresolved nebulae of the Rosse telescope. Your minds, like mine, must sink under the weight of statements such as these. Time permits me to press upon you only one thought with reference to the habitation and velocity of light. It must be evident to you that when you explore the stellar heavens, even with the naked eye, you look back into the past. You are the cotemporary of a bygone age; and the question naturally arises to each of you,—Am I looking upon distant suns which still exist, or upon mere memories of departed glory? If such a question arises on contemplation of the heavens, so comparatively near to us, how intensely interesting it becomes in its application to those distant fields of radiance opened up by the telescope. Are those morning stars still shining as in the day of their creation, when the sons of God shouted for joy, or have they fulfilled their purpose and disappeared? Are they, at this day, only long lines of light, which every instant shortens, and a few years shall exhaust? Is the time nigh at hand when new heavens shall be revealed—when old things shall pass away, and all things become new?

Through many ages man has been pursuing the inquiry, What is light? And some philosophers have said one thing, and some another. Doctrines have been propounded, and mathematical formulae applied to them, in apparent forgetfulness that a consistent theory may stand upon an initial error. That we have arrived as yet at no certain knowledge concerning the light must be admitted, since extended observation of its effects and properties is opposed to the hypothesis of Newton, and is daily undermining the one that has taken its place. 'Where is the way where light dwelleth?' is a question proposed of old; and it still waits solution. I venture to think that the philosophic eye too frequently seeks to discover the deep mysteries of creation—as we are all too much disposed to seek its Author—rather

in the whirlwind and in the fire than in the still small voice. It is the infirmity of the human intellect to connect complicated agencies and laborious effort with great effects in Nature; and, measuring the Infinite by the finite, to forget the sublime simplicity in working of Him who spake and it was done, who commanded and it stood fast. It cannot be denied that before truth, as before honour, is humility; and that we make our nearest approach to truth, not when we build up imposing theories, but when we substitute for what is cumbrous and perplexed, a simpler conception more in harmony with what we have learned of God's doings. It may be that earthly man shall never learn the true nature of light; indeed, all probability assures us that he will not; for a perfect acquaintance with a sunbeam would be the revelation of all the mysteries that surround the material universe.

Let us take a final glance at the manifold operations and wonders of the light. So pure and excellent is it, that God Himself hath made it the similitude of true wisdom and holiness:—'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.' And again:—'The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' So necessary is the presence of light, that God makes its withdrawal a portent of His coming wrath:—'Behold the day of the Lord cometh! cruel both with wrath and fierce anger. For the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light; the sun shall be darkened in his going forth; and the moon shall not cause her light to shine.' And again, at the opening of the Sixth Seal:—'The sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood, and the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together.' It is to the light that the earliest gaze of infancy is turned; and age takes leave of earth in a last look upon the sun. The flowers absorb his beams, and put on robes of beauty and of gladness; the forest tree rises in majesty and spreads its boughs, sustained and strengthened by the orb of day; hill-tops and vales, and woods and fields, all streams and rivers, and the lordly sea, are subject to the sun; and insect myriads, and creeping things, and fowls that fly, and beasts and cattle for the use of man—all creatures that abound on earth, in air, or in the ocean's depths, live and continue by the threefold light. And ever-circling change and orderly succession; all processes of nature, first and last—the beating of a pulse; the body's growth; its nutriment; its vital force; continuance of food for man and beast; all wondrous operations in the deep, or in the buried terraces of earth—all are committed to the threefold power of light, and heat, and chemic force residing in the sun. What can man hope to learn of the essential nature of a force so mighty in operation! Deeply as we are interested in its effects, it is our duty to observe and study them; but it is our best wisdom to be temperate in inquiry concerning the cause, and very diffident in pronouncing judgment. And, when we are led, by the ever craving of the mind to learn some new thing, to look into the mysteries of the light, and find such knowledge too high for us, well is it if the wearied and

unsatisfied spirit can retrace its flight—can come back across the shoreless ocean—the wide waters of speculation, where no abiding-place for the foot is found—and seek a rest and refuge in the sublime announcement of infallible truth,—that 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth;' and that then went forth the primal fiat, 'Let there be light: and there was light.' 'And God saw the light, that it was good.'

T. R.

AN ENGLISH CLASSIC REVIEWED.

THIS is an iron, practical, and statistical age. Poetry is at a discount. Had Byron lived in these matter-of-fact times, we doubt much whether he could have exclaimed, 'I rose one morning, and found myself famous.' The love of poetry, however, in the human mind can never become extinct; and even in this prosaic era many are to be found who delight to spend their days with the poets. Great statesmen and orators employ their leisure in the perusal of Homer; but they have taken degrees at Oxford. Those who are unacquainted with Greek—whose knowledge is confined to the vernacular—can resort to the English poets. Chaucer, perhaps, they might pass over, being rather obsolete in language and quaint in style; but there are the mighty Shakspeare and the sublime Milton. Numerous are the commentators on Shakspeare; and there are even blockheads who have attempted to amend and improve the text of this transcendent and unparalleled genius. Critics, too, small and great, have tried their acumen on the works of Milton, especially on his great epic, 'Paradise Lost.' Addison, in the 'Spectator,' expatiated on his sublime creations; and the most brilliant of essayists, Macaulay, discoursed on Milton, as he alone could do, in the *Edinburgh Review*. It has occurred to us, however, that many noble poetical productions have been overlooked. We stumbled the other day upon one of the right sort, which had the genuine ring of true poetry. The poem is no doubt brief; but is not brevity the soul of wit? and why should it not also be the soul of poetry? It commences quite in an original strain—

'Hay diddle diddle.

The repetition here is admirable, and reminds us of another great poet—'Ye iales of Greece—ye iales of Greece!' This, we should say, is after the manner of the ancients—an invocation to the Muses. It is the battle-cry which precedes the conflict—the pluming of the eagle's wings before he takes his upward flight—the overture to prepare for what is to come. Hark! Do you not hear the clang of the instruments—the confusion of sounds produced by the mingling chords of violins, clarionets, French horns, trombones, cymbals, and, last, although by no means least, the big drum? But the music has ceased, and the curtain has risen. The school to which this poem belongs may be characterised as the suggestive. It does not deal in epithets and glowing descriptions. The action is never disturbed by episodes.

'The cat and the fiddle.'

The cat has long been a favourite with ladies of a certain age, and it may be with solitary bachelors—who must have some living entity to love. But does not the mention of the cat suggest a family scene? It is a winter night, bitter cold—the wind blows a hurricane—the rain descends 'in torrents'—your umbrella is useless—you are drenched (we hope not exactly to the skin); nevertheless,

be bold of heart—struggle through the storm; you will soon reach the desired haven—home.

'Home, sweet home,
There is no place like home.'

Enter your snug parlour. The fire blazes cheerfully—pussy sits purring with satisfaction on the hearth-rug—the presiding divinity, your 'better half,' neat and tidy and happy, smiles a hearty welcome, and presents your slippers, which have been toasted nicely before the fire—and then tea is ready, with jam and marmalade not bought from the shops, but warranted genuine home manufacture. Let the tempest howl without, you are comfortable; and surely you will not go to your club to-night, especially as her ladyship has suspended the interdict against smoking. The cat is of the feline tribe: so is his majesty the lion who roams in the deserts of Africa. You think of that wondrous country—ancient Egypt—where stand the Pyramids, upon which you may now gaze, although they were old and belonged to the long past in the days of Herodotus, the father of history; you will be reminded of that adventurous mariner, Vasco da Gama, creeping with his frail barque along the African coast, doubling the Cape of Good Hope, traversing the great unknown ocean, and arriving at India, near the spot, perhaps, whence Solomon procured his silver and gold and precious stones for the Temple. Speaking of Africa, we are also reminded of our great and enterprising travellers—Mungo Park, Belzoni, Caperton, Dr. Livingstone; and, if you are commercial, you cannot help speculating upon the probabilities of obtaining cotton from the countries watered by the Zambesi.

'The fiddle.'

If you have any 'music in your soul' the word will electrify. True, your dancing days are over; and, undoubtedly, it is high time, seeing that you weigh sixteen stones avoirdupois. But you have seen the day when you could 'trip it on the light fantastic toe' with the best of them. Well, do you remember the ball, when you became enamoured of Maria, the girl with the auburn ringlets and sylph-like figure? You could not, by any persuasion, and you tried all your eloquence, get her to waltz. 'Ma,' she lippled, 'said it was naughty;' but you reeled and quadrilled and whispered 'soft nothings' in her ear, which made her blush, and simper, and call you, to your great delight, 'a sad wild fellow.' You were fairly infected with the love fever. You commenced to write execrable verses about 'sparkling eyes,' and 'ruby lips,' and 'rosy cheeks,' and 'golden hair.' This was all very well, if you had thrown them into the fire, or even sent them to your charmer, but it was atrocious to send your trash to the local newspaper. How did you feel when the following appeared in the Notices to Correspondents?—'A lover is no poet. We suspect he is a tailor. Let him stick to his goose.'

'The cow jump'd over the moon.'

'The cow.' This plainly speaks of the rural. A cow in town is certainly not a cow in its right place. It is pleasant to retire to some rustic spot, away from the bustle of the city and turmoil of business, with no bills to pay and no presentation of 'small accounts.' In a cottage—we think of the Elizabethan style, with a flower-garden in front, evergreens clinging around the door; the river, not far distant, 'rushing o'er its pebbled bed;' fields of golden corn (it was autumn) waving with the breeze; and of course, to complete the landscape, 'hills in the distance'—you passed the honeymoon with the cheerful and tidy

lady who produced the marmalade and suspended the interdict against smoking on the winter evenings. Maria, your first love, had been long married, and was the mother of little girls with tiny parasols and incipient crinolines. You have reason to congratulate yourself on your escape. Maria was a sad flirt as a girl, and as a wife has turned out a very Xantippe.

In the days of your youth, you were probably told that there was 'a man in the moon;' and doubtless you have seen him in your 'mind's eye,' with a melancholy aspect, gazing down from his solitary residence. Zimmerman descants with great power and eloquence upon the delights and advantages of solitude. We confess we have our doubts upon the subject, and have always thought that solitary confinement was a punishment too severe even for the greatest of criminals. Man is gregarious, and likes companionship. Robinson Crusoe in his island, when he could pronounce himself to be lord of all he surveyed, was perhaps tolerably happy, especially after his man Friday appeared upon the scene. To have an island to one's self is all very well; but to be the sole occupant of a world is rather too much. We have no doubt, therefore, if the cow had jumped ~~into~~ in place of ~~over~~ the moon, her advent would have been hailed by the lunar hermit with inexpressible delectation. The ancients—even that acute people the Greeks—knew little of astronomy. They thought that the firmament—sun, moon, and stars—revolved round the earth every twenty-four hours! The true method of philosophic inquiry was then unknown; and, during the long dreary period of what are called 'the dark ages,' knowledge was kept in abeyance, and little was achieved either in science or art. The illustrious Bacon inaugurated a new era. He despised the dreamy, subtle speculations of the schoolmen. He could not see the sense or utility of discussing such questions as 'How many angels can stand upon the point of a needle without crowding?' He said—'Interrogate Nature, and she will answer; get facts, and with these build your structure.' So the great Newton, following in the same course—from seeing an apple fall to the ground—pursued his investigations until he established the law of gravitation, which explains the motions of the heavenly bodies; and to the moon, being our next-door neighbour, he first directed his attention to test and verify the truth of the theory. Take an excursion into the realms of space. At the velocity of light, you will soon reach Mars, pass Jupiter with his satellites, Saturn with his belt, then Uranus, and arrive at Neptune—that lone outpost of the solar system. The splendour of the sun has faded, and his apparent magnitude has become greatly diminished; the stars, however, 'twinkle, twinkle' as observed from the earth—no brighter, no larger—although you have gone far. Millions of millions of miles you must travel before you can reach the nearest fixed star. You had better, however, now return to sublunary scenes; lest, by pondering on the infinitudes of space, which must be believed but cannot be comprehended, you become lunatic—which, you know, or ought to know, comes from the Latin word *luna*, the moon. Moonlight flittings are not uncommon; but moonlight courtships have been from time immemorial. How often has it been said—'Meet me, meet me in the evening!' and if you have heard Sims Reeves sing the favourite song—'My pretty Jane!' you must know the satisfactory reason for the invitation—'The moon shines bright and clear.'

'The little dog laugh'd to see such a sport.'

The dog—the friend, the slave, the worshipper of man. In adversity, your so-called friends may desert you, but the dog remains steadfast even unto death. We do love that sagacious, affectionate animal, a Newfoundland dog. You may have seen his portrait, by a first-rate artist, with the inscription—‘A member of the Humane Society;’ and no nobler member belongs to that philanthropic institution. Far up in the Alps, in the regions of glaciers and perpetual snow, the dog of St. Bernard’s speeds his way—on his message of mercy, in darkness and in storm—to search for, to succour, and to save the exhausted, benighted traveller. Good dogs! good monks! Brutus, in his quarrel with his brother conspirator, Cassius, says—‘I’d rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than such a Roman.’ Had you been a dog, Junius Brutus, you never would have been treacherous—never have stabbed your benefactor. The probability is, that at the very moment the cow made the extraordinary ‘jump,’ the ‘little dog’ was busily engaged in baying the moon; and certainly nothing could be more provocative of laughter than such a grotesque performance. Let us tender a little advice. If you keep late hours, and steal in by means of a latch-key, don’t keep a Skye terrier in the house. There is more wisdom than some people are apt to suppose in the aphorism, ‘Laugh, and grow fat.’ Shun the man who does not laugh—he is dangerous, especially ‘in his cups.’ There are various kinds of laughter—the horse laugh, which speaks of vulgarity; the vacant laugh, which tells of insanity; the sympathetic laugh, which indicates a kindly disposition; the Satanic laugh, which is a mockery of laughter; the hearty laugh, which all delight to hear; the giggle, which is confined to misses ‘in their teens;’ but, of all sorts of laughter, commend us to the clear, ringing, innocent laugh of childhood, to which angels may listen with approval.

‘The dish run after the spoon.’

We are aware that in some editions the dish is made to ‘follow,’ not to ‘run after.’ We are satisfied, however, that ours is the true reading. The spoon, it may be observed, was useless until the arrival of the dish; hence the dish hastened, or ‘run after.’ To follow, might imply lapse of time. It is obvious too, we think, that it was not an empty dish, but one which contained savoury viands; or, as another great poet expresses it,

‘A dainty dish to set before the King.’

The juxtaposition of a dish and a spoon means dinner. Well, do you remember the dinner given to Jenkins? In the name of wonder and common sense, what had Jenkins done to entitle him to a dinner, and a gold watch with appendages? He had gained no laurels in the field of literature; for he could never make a verb agree with its nominative. He was not amiable or generous. He was not even a ‘jolly good fellow;’ but a bully, who wished always to be ‘cock of the company.’ In short, no man with greater truth could have been ‘written down an ass.’ We confess that we have never been able to understand these dinners and presentations given to obscure individuals. To us they have ever been involved in inscrutable mystery. As you were behind the scenes, however, please disclose the secret. Ah! we have hit it. Jenkins himself was the prime mover! He was the getter-up of the dinner and presentation, and you men of the committee were dupes and ninnies! It was on that memorable evening that you delivered your maiden speech. A person of whom you had no

knowledge, and who was unacquainted with you, proposed your health. He told the company that you were a gentleman of great intelligence—a steady friend—an excellent convivial companion; that your ‘heart was in the right place;’ and that the longer you were known the more highly would your merits be appreciated. You rose quite overpowered by your feelings; you could not find words adequately to express your gratitude; but it was the proudest day of your life, and you would cherish the remembrance of it to the latest hour of your existence. On that occasion, too, you essayed to sing ‘I’m afloat, I’m afloat,’—a song exceedingly appropriate, considering that you were then ‘half-seas over;’ and, at a more advanced period of the evening, you bawled out like a ‘bull of Bashan,’ ‘We’ll not go home till morning;’ and, alas! that it should be recorded, you did not ‘go home at all!’ You are now an elder of the Church, and a Justice of the quorum; and it is stated that you are exceedingly severe upon poachers, and publicans who infringe the Forbes Mackenzie Act. Remember, however, that justice should be tempered with mercy, and although ‘Tis excellent to have a giant’s strength, ’tis tyrannous to use it as a giant.’

H. M.

THE TOWER.

To the westward of the town there stands a little hill,
Where long ago the Romans built a Tower;
In the valley to the north, a streamlet murmurs forth,
As it murmur’d when the Cæsars were in power:
But the grinding tooth of Time hath pierced the Tower’s sublimity,
And not a stone remaineth at this hour.

For, after many years of sovereignty and wrath,
The Romans went, and other races came;
And other walls were built, and other blood was spilt,
And other martyrs perish’d in the flame:
Then how it came about I could never well make out,
But ’twas on this hill my fathers won their name.

So, here they built their Tower on the dark eternal rock,
Impregnable as Glory in his might;
And many a shock it stood in the days of bale and blood,
When Truth was dawdling grimly on her height:
But when the foe was quell’d and his wickedness inbell’d,
The Tower’s shadow’d with feasting and delight.

Many a day, and many a month, and many a year—
Five hundred years, I think, it must have been—
Did my fathers reign, elate, in their Tower with brave estate,
Loyal-souls, yet easy lords of the demesne:
Then how it came about, well I know, and could give o’er,
How they fell, and almost perish’d from the scene.

One cold December night, when my father was at sea,
As we huddled round the spectre of a flame,
My mother told the story of our house’s ancient glory,
And its fall into the hollow trough of shame:
How the Tower and all its lands were grasp’d by alien hands,
In the midnight and the ruin of our fame.

There, sitting mid the chill bewitching glamour of the night,
Sick and sad with all the burden of the rede,
Sudden as wing’d fire flash’d a vision of desire
On my soul, and bore it up with eagle speed:
The vision grew and grew, till my heart was strong and new—
And I swore to work redemption for our seed.

Now write my mighty vow, steel-eyed Angel of Resolve,
In thy volume of heroic oaths of power!
And while the unswerving stars, led by red-mantled Mars,
Win the Eternal’s bloodless trophies hour by hour,
Let me, from this ledge of time, with a sword unsain’d by crime,
Fight the demons, and regain my father’s Tower!

WILLIAM FREEHOLD.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE recent trial of Mrs. M'Lachlan, at the Glasgow Circuit, for the murder of Jessie M'Pherson Richardson, has raised a considerable amount of discussion on the question of evidence:—What evidence is sufficient to warrant a verdict of 'guilty' being returned on a criminal charge? The respective merits of *direct* and *circumstantial* evidence have been freely criticised; but, in much that has been said and written on the subject, there has been displayed an all but total ignorance of the true nature of circumstantial proof, and the rules applicable thereto.

All evidence is divisible into two classes—direct and indirect. The former goes at once to the question at issue, and asserts either the affirmative or negative. It has no intermediata. This is illustrated by a witness confidently asserting that he saw the prisoner commit the offence charged against him; and that he (the witness) entertains no doubt of the prisoner's identity.

On the other hand, indirect evidence—which includes evidence of a circumstantial and presumptive character—is a *factum probatum*, from which we infer another fact, the *factum probandum*, by a process of reasoning, or by classification. For instance—A. is found dead with a gash across his throat, evidently caused by a razor. He was last seen alive in the company of B. B. has in his possession a razor stained with fresh human blood. The inference here is that B. murdered A. The *facta probata* are that B. was the last person seen in the company of A., and that a razor stained with fresh human blood was found in his possession; and from these *facta* we deduce the inference—the *factum probandum*—that A. was murdered by B. This illustration will serve to show the difference between direct and indirect evidence.

But we have said that the term *indirect* evidence embraces presumptive as well as circumstantial proof. The expression 'presumptive' is often used synonymously with 'circumstantial'; but they are different from each other. With circumstantial evidence, we arrive at the result by a process of reasoning applied to certain known facts (as shown by the A. B. illustration *supra*); whereas, with presumptive evidence, the result is obtained by observing that the evidence comes under a class from which a certain inference is in most cases deducible. Thus, when I see a person take a book from the library, I infer that he intends reading it; because, when a book is taken from the library, it is almost always for the purpose of being read; or, when I see any one put on his hat, I infer that he is going out, because people when going out put on their hats. In accepting these inferences, I am quite justified. In nine cases out of ten, the presumption would be correct. With presumptive evidence, therefore, we get the result by observing that the circumstance from which the presumption is drawn belongs to a certain class, from which a similar inference is usually deducible. If it cannot be so classed, it is not presumptive: it then comes under the head of circumstantial evidence, which

cannot be classed like presumptive, because each circumstance is peculiar—there may never have been, and may never again be, a similar circumstance. The result must be arrived at by a process of reasoning applied to these circumstances. There is no room for precedents—they do not apply. Many presumptions may be deducible from the circumstances, each one being as probable as the other. Thus, if a person is found having his brains blown out, and with a pistol lying beside him, we may infer suicide as well as murder. The one is just as presumable as the other. There is here no presumptive proof that a murder was committed, any more than there is proof that the person committed suicide. But, by taking into consideration the circumstances of the man's past life, we may deduce a credible inference whether or not the idea of suicide is warrantable. If the circumstances do not warrant the idea of suicide, we may then infer, with great probability, that he was murdered. But we cannot presume that this person committed suicide, because fifty, or any number of persons, were found under similar circumstances, and the fact of their having committed suicide was afterwards clearly established. Indeed, *presumptive* evidence is, or is nearly all but, inadmissible in cases of murder.

From these observations, the difference between direct and indirect evidence, as well as the difference between circumstantial and presumptive proof, will be seen. I shall now proceed to explain more fully the nature of circumstantial evidence.

There are few more important branches of our system of jurisprudence than that which embraces circumstantial evidence. As Lord Wynford truly remarked, * 'Most of the facts upon which courts of justice act, not only in civil but in criminal cases, even in those which affect the lives of individuals, are established by circumstantial proof.' A correct idea of what *circumstances* are necessary to establish any fact—where there is no direct evidence of such fact—or to warrant a verdict, is highly desirable. That circumstantial evidence is deserving of the utmost credence, and may be relied upon in the vast majority of cases with perfect safety, is admitted by every one who has carefully studied the subject; but before we can, with *any* degree of safety, give credence to the evidence of circumstances, that evidence must embrace and clearly establish certain *facts*—the only inference derivable from which is that they were the sequence, and followed from, the doing of that act which we desire to prove was actually done. If, however, there be two or more inferences deducible from these proved facts—the one being equally probable as the other—we cannot accept the evidence as conclusive. Nay, further, should one of these inferences be to a slight, or even to a considerable, extent more tenable than the other, still, we cannot hold the proof sufficient to warrant a verdict in favour of that inference; because, it is of the very nature of the deduction we make from the proved facts before us that

* In the case of Galbraith v. Galbraith, 1831—Wilson and Shaw's H. of L. Cases, vol. v., p. 87.

it be beyond reasonable doubt. If there be a doubt that the inference we have drawn is not the correct inference, then must the verdict be either a decided negative, or one which decides neither the affirmative nor the negative, but rests between them. Where there is a doubt—a reasonable doubt—there can be no decided affirmative verdict.

The question may be asked—What facts, aided by circumstances, will be sufficient to infer guilt? This is a question which it is impossible properly to answer. Each case must be judged of by its own attendant circumstances. But it may be stated as a general rule that, before an inference of guilt can be used to a prisoner's prejudice, there must be clear and undoubted proof that he had the *opportunity** of committing the crime charged against him. The fact of his being in the neighbourhood where, and at the time when, the crime was perpetrated—and also, that he had the means of perpetrating such crime—must be established; or, at least, that they are not irreconcilable with other proved facts. Thus, if a person is charged with having committed a murder—however strongly circumstances may point to him, and to him alone, as the murderer—it will be a sufficient answer to the charge, if he prove the fact of his having been at a distance from the scene of the murder during the time within which it must have been perpetrated. But though it be proved against a party charged with any crime that he had ample opportunity for committing such crime, this single circumstance is not of itself sufficient evidence of guilt. This is obvious, because most of the petty, and many of the more serious crimes which we read of daily, are committed by only one person, while many persons have had opportunities of committing them.

Besides opportunity to commit an offence, it must be clear that the party charged was capable of the act; as, for instance, it is impossible that a conviction of murder can pass against one who, by paralysis, or any other affliction, was, at the time of the murder, totally unable to commit such a crime.

It is not absolutely necessary—and, indeed, it is sometimes impossible—to prove *motive* for the commission of any offence. But motive is seldom wanting, unless in some of the more unimportant crimes; and there are few cases of any considerable magnitude for which more than one motive is not assignable.

Opportunity and capability are necessary to be proved in all cases; indeed, they form the foundation of every criminal charge. The other facts which are necessary to be proved, in order that we may draw the inference of guilt, depend, as we have already said, upon the circumstances attending each particular case. It would only be a waste of time and space to enumerate instances. Every case has its own peculiarities, which regulate the necessary proof.

* Opportunity to commit an offence embraces nearness in time and place to the scene, possession of the means by which it appears to have been committed, or of power to procure them, and the appropriateness of the means within the prisoner's reach to produce their supposed effect.—*Dickson on Evidence*, vol. 1, title 7, sec. 252.

I have endeavoured to explain the nature of circumstantial evidence, and in what respects it differs from evidence of a presumptive character. Before concluding, I would say a few words as to the degree of importance which is to be attached to circumstantial proof—how far it may be relied upon as a safe guide to a just verdict. Is it to be relied upon with the same confidence as direct evidence? Careful inquiry leads me to reply in the affirmative. All human testimony is fallible; but if this objection were permitted to deter us from believing such testimony, crime would increase unchecked, and the cords which bind society would be severed. Before any community or state can exist with any degree of safety or comfort to its members, there must be laws for the protection of the lives and property of such members. Without law there can be no order, and without order there can be no communion. Laws are essential to the well-being of society, and it is also essential that these laws be strictly enforced. Wherever large numbers of individuals are joined into one community or state, crime will always exist. But in order that crime may be prevented so far as possible, certain punishments are inflicted on the criminals—the punishment increasing according to the magnitude of the offence; and such punishments effect a diminution of, or, at least, act as a check upon, crime. If, however, the infliction of these punishments could be set aside by the plea of the fallibility of human testimony, the law would remain a dead letter, crime would constantly increase, and consequently society could not be maintained. But this plea of the fallibility of human testimony is inadmissible—such testimony is allowed to prove and to disprove, and so lead to the solution of any question.

But it is said:—‘Admitting the necessity which exists for the acceptance of direct evidence, we do not see there is any necessity for accepting an *inference* deduced from circumstances; and holding that inference as satisfactory proof, for circumstances often lie.’* To this I reply—Circumstances *never* lie. The risk which we run by adopting circumstantial evidence is, that a wrong inference may be deduced. It must be remembered, however, that that inference is deduced from *facts*. If the more serious crimes—such as murder—were not allowed to be proved by circumstantial evidence, the penalty inflicted by law would seldom be applied. Very few murders are committed before witnesses. They are all, or nearly all, secret murders; and, such being the case, without the aid of circumstantial evidence a conviction would seldom be obtained; the consequence of which would be a large increase in the number of such crimes. In order to show what would be the effect of such a course, take an illustration:—A suddenly becomes ill and dies. The symptoms are such as to arouse suspicion. A *post-mortem* examination takes place, the result of which is, that poison is found to have been taken by deceased. B, who was in attendance on A. before and during his illness, is arrested and tried for the crime of murder. He is proved to have been, during his attendance on A., in possession of the same kind of poison of which A. died. Farther, that, during the

* This is one of the principal objections offered by those who oppose conviction on circumstantial evidence—that circumstances often lie.

illness of A., B. alone attended to his wants. By reasoning upon these circumstances, or rather facts, we deduce the inference that B. poisoned A. The case seems clear; but as circumstantial evidence is inadmissible, and as there is no direct evidence to prove that B. poisoned A., the charge must fall to the ground, and B. escape unpunished. Does any one doubt the guilt of Palmer or Catherine Wilson? But for circumstantial evidence they must have escaped; and who can tell how many lives might have been added to their long lists of victims?

I am well aware that, as our law at present stands,* we are apt to deduce an erroneous inference, and consequently to punish an innocent person. That such is sometimes the case I am also well aware. But how few have been these cases compared with the number in which a correct verdict has been arrived at? And may not such errors be attributable as much to the manner in which our criminal trials are conducted as to the admission of circumstantial evidence?

For myself, I incline to the opinion that circumstantial evidence is equally credible with direct. The latter involves the risk of untruths—whether intentional or unintentional—being sworn to by the witnesses; mistaken identity,† &c.; while the former involves the same risk as regards the *facta probata*, and the additional risk of an erroneous inference being deduced from such *facta*. But, on the other hand, circumstantial proof is often far more trustworthy than direct as the two occur in practice; for, although false testimony,‡ or forged writings, may pass undetected when they are limited to a few simple facts it is almost impossible to fabricate successfully a complete case of circumstantial proof. Accordingly, direct evidence is preferable to circumstantial when the witnesses can be implicitly believed; whereas circumstantial evidence has the superiority of being more free from attempts at fabrication, and almost entirely beyond the risk of undetected concoction. —*Dickson on Evidence*, vol. i., title 7, sec. 280.

HERBERT GRAHAM.

*Allowing of trials by jury.

†The term 'mistaken identity' may appear somewhat paradoxical; but it aptly conveys the meaning intended.

‡A great many such cases are recorded by the authorities on Criminal law.

A KENTUCKY ADVENTURE.

It was during the autumn of 1861, in the very heat of the civil war, that I, managing clerk to an English mercantile house at New-York, was sent off west. Our firm—Denny & Holt, shipping-brokers and exporters—did a good deal of business with western men; and in this particular case we had burned our fingers. A great corn-dealer and general jobber had died insolvent at Cairo; and it became plain that the only chance of recovering our fair proportion of the dividend would depend on the presence of a representative of our house, ready to watch over that house's interests.

This duty fell to me. I had been in America but twelve months, and had seen nothing of the continent, save only the stock sights of Niagara and the highlands of the Hudson; but my employers preferred to entrust the affair to me, and I did my best to merit their confidence.

I was now on my return. Tennessee was full of warlike commotion, and the more southern counties

of Kentucky were infested by Confederate guerrillas; but the line of railway on which I was to travel was sufficiently safe; and I was as far from anticipating any but the most prosaic incidents of journeying as if I had been bound from Birmingham to London.

'Jump in, Mister Spry, if you please. Time's up, and a trifle more; but we'll catch him up, I guess.'

As the spruce conductor of the train said these words, he almost dragged into the car where I was sitting the passenger to whom they were addressed. He was the only white man waiting for the train; and, as the long carriages were nearly half empty, he and I were virtually almost the sole occupants of the car.

'Shove them darkies in, can't ye?' bawled the conductor. 'Chuck another log on the fire, Sam Davies; and you, Barney, stand clear with the cowcatcher. This child don't choose to be called unpunctual—not if he knows it. Right!' And, with a hoarse scream from the engine, off we went. Hopkinsville is but a petty place, where the gaunt white wooden houses—sun-cracked, and grievously in want of paint—glare blankly out upon the swampy meadows and weedy creeks. And in a short time—after running past fields full of gambolling colts and sluggish oxen, past barrens of worn-out brown land, past clearings where the stumps yet stood grimly in the midst of the maize stubble—we were again in the forest.

Tired of seeing hemlock trees succeed to the swamp pine, the dwarf oak, and the dark hickory, I turned my attention to my companion. The latter was a lathy, active-looking man, shorter than most of the tall westerns, but with an intelligent face and sparkling dark eyes. He was dressed in the national costume—with the swallow-tailed coat, black satin waistcoat, black trousers, black cravat, crumpled patent leather boots, and profuse jewellery. To guess his rank or occupation was of course impossible.

We fell into conversation, as is customary in that sociable country; and the new-comer, having discovered that I was 'a Britisher,' talked very freely and glibly. I was quite surprised at the boldness with which he criticised the military and political conduct of the North; and especially his contemptuous way of mentioning the President and his Cabinet. Once or twice he looked at me with twinkling eyes and an expression of quaint frankness, rubbed his hands together, and seemed to be on the brink of some confession of party faith; but checked himself as the incautious words were trembling on his lips, and relapsed into generalities. And when two ladies and a tall ungainly gentleman got into the car at Posawatchie Junction, and took their seats near us, the hitherto garrulous voyager became very silent indeed.

The line of country which we now traversed was new to me, since my westward journey had been made by steamer down the Ohio; and though I had been prepared for some peculiarities in a western railroad—especially in a Slave State, and in war time—I was startled at some of the features that presented themselves. We were on the single line

of rails of which the permanent way consisted, and our security from collisions depended on the punctuality, vigilance, and sobriety of the officials. But *that* was not what struck me with surprise; but the shapely iron rails, along which we had glided so majestically out of the Cairo station, had given place to rude substitutes of yellow pine wood, covered with a thin slip of iron, like the hoops of a cask; and that these were insufficiently secured we had evidence enough in the matter of bumps and jolts. Yet we went fast—tearing through brake and meadow, forest and maize field—the train bounding and leaping, the rails quivering and jerking—and fragments of blazing wood from the engine furnace flying past in picturesque profusion.

In one place our speed had to be reduced to a slow crawl, while a party of negroes, with hammers in their hands, and grinning at the importance of their task, ran on in front, nailing down the impromptu rails to the unbarked logs that did duty for sleepers. And two broad streams had to be crossed with extreme caution—the awkward bridges vibrating like spring-boards.

'Is the line *always* thus?' I could not help inquiring of my lately voluble companion.

'No sir,' was the reply; 'a few months back you'd have been whiked over as neat irons as any you ever saw, even to home in the old country. They've been tore up.'

'Tore up?'

The American nodded; 'Ay, sir. Taken up and told off by Confederate citizens. Iron is always useful in war, and to cripple the line was maybe necessary.'

Here the tall ungainly personage who had last got in, and who had expressed by sundry shrugs and inarticulate growls anything rather than approval of the other's tone in mentioning the devastation, broke in with—

'You see, sir, the fruits of civil war; you do. They burned the bridges, sir, and they stole the rails to patch up their beggarly Secesh lines in North Carolina; and they've run up a reckoning, sir, we wont shirk settling, dollar and cent.'

The eyes of my first companion flashed, but when he spoke, his words were smooth enough; and he deplored the madness and folly of the Secessionists, and predicted the patching up of the Union, until the taller Kentuckian was mollified into stretching out a lean, bony hand, gloveless, but with two or three rings to adorn it.

'Shake hands, mister. Your sentiments do credit to your heart and intellect. My name's Dr. Eli Hook of Frankfort, in this State; and I'm proud to make your acquaintance.'

There was a great deal of hand-shaking, bowing, and compliment. The other traveller announced himself as A. P. Hudson of Missouri, tobacco-merchant and coach-proprietor, and was formally presented to the ladies.

'My wife, sir. A matron who had the advantage of New England raising, and is too accomplished,

though I say it, for this comparatively benighted State. A charming poetess, sir. And this is my sister-in-law, Miss Jenner.'

I had just time to remark, as the fair persons alluded to exchanged a few words with Mr. Hudson, that while Mrs. Hook was pale, languid, and pretentious in manner, her dark-eyed sister had a handsome, clever face, that expressed little respect for her sententious brother-in-law. He was evidently a vehement Federal; while Miss Jenner's sympathies, like those of multitudes of Northern women, turned Southwards. The train came to a dead stop, just as I arrived at these conclusions, and the conductor came by, observing—

'Glasgow, ladies and gentlemen! Refreshments are procurable, and a bang-up hotel dinner at seventy-five cents. Twelve minutes time.'

There was no refreshment car attached to the train; indeed, the service had been disorganised by the war and the harassing assaults of guerillas; and several passengers were eagerly availing themselves of the chance of obtaining either the three shilling dinner or the cheaper sustenance of a beef-sandwich and a draught of lager beer. The Hook family, being provided with a hamper of 'home-raised' eatables, declined to get out, and would liberally have imparted of their abundance to Mr. Hudson and my less regarded self, but we slipped out of the car with some expressions of polite thanks.

'What a relief to get away from that pompous, nasal-voiced Yankee!' said I, quite confidentially; for my earlier fellow-traveller was quite a kindred spirit in comparison with Dr. Hook. Mr. Hudson laughingly assented; and we sat down to the hurried dinner, excellent and plentiful enough, had only time been allowed to eat it. As I discussed venison, wild turkey, and boiled 'cobs' of Indian corn, I noticed many soldiers in torn and muddy blue uniforms, with muskets carried anyhow, knapsacks slung on sticks, cooking-tins, bundles, and other portable property, pass the windows hurriedly, singing German songs or indulging in Irish howls and halloos that said little for discipline.

'Who are these?' I asked.

'Soldiers—they call 'em so—going to reinforce the Potomac army. Drafts from Grant's command. Some of Uncle Sam's bad bar—'

'You must jump, gentlemen. We're off,' cried the conductor, thrusting in his head. My acquaintance leaped from his seat.

'I stay here, Mister. Don't vampoos with my baggage. My greatcoat, too, is in the car I left. I thought you were good for half-an-hour here.'

'Hi, Snowball! Jube! Cato! look in 72 car for a gentleman's coat. A Canada cape, eh?'

'Yes; just so. Canada or Inverness as you please,' said the traveller, smiling. 'Thank you, my lad,' as the black porter ran up with the garment. 'Luggage check is in the pocket. Here it is. Good-day, Mr. Britisher. Hope we may meet again.'

We shook hands and parted, and I regained my place in the car. By this time the train was so packed

with soldiers bound for the North that room was precious; and, but for the precaution of leaving my greatcoat behind me, and the Hooks' good nature in laying it on a vacant seat when upset by a boisterous intrusion of troops, I should have lost my chance of proceeding.

Although the soldiers were rough and uncouth, they were not uncivil; and we had favourable spectators near us—a quiet young Prussian officer, and some six or eight privates who spoke little or no English, but conversed in their native German on the events of the campaign. I addressed them. I happened to be familiar with their language, having been brought up at a German university; and it was curious to see how their stolid faces brightened at the sound of the old tongue of the fatherland.

'You are fortunate, sir, to be able to colloquialise with the Dutchmen,' said Dr. Eli Hook, gravely. 'I hope they feel the patriotic fire, sir, as adopted children of the States—Uncle Sam's children, sir?'

I laughingly informed him that the thoughts of the Germans ran, so far as I could discover, much more on the musty biscuits, bad coffee, ill-sewn shoes, and other shortcomings of the commissariat, than on the privilege of shedding their blood for the Union. The doctor took this statement in great dudgeon, gave me an indignant snort, and was silent.

About an hour later, a chilly breeze from the east began to blow; and we all experienced the effects of those abrupt changes of temperature common to continental climates. Mrs. Hook—who was evidently very sensitive to cold, as most city-bred American females are—shivered and complained, in spite of her shawls; and I at once offered her my cloak as a reinforcement.

The offer was made as a matter of course, and as a matter of course accepted. American ladies are too well used to claim attention from strangers as a rightful homage to their sex, for so trivial an act of politeness to require much acknowledgment. Mrs. Hook said, 'Thank you;' spread the gray Inverness cape over her own and her sister's knees, and there was an end of the matter. The young German subaltern now addressed me, asking some question which led to a prolonged chat; and it was not till a considerable time afterwards that I remembered my other neighbours.

I was startled by the voice of Mrs. Hook, who thrust back my cloak upon me with the following cold speech, coldly spoken—

'Sir, I return your property. Thank you.'

Somehow I had offended her; that was evident, though how I could not conjecture. Dr. Eli Hook, who eyed me with no friendly scrutiny; while, stranger still, I could trace a mixture of alarm, vexation, and interest in the dark eyes of the younger lady, as they met mine. I made one or two efforts, by great humility and deference, to efface the odious impression which I had manifestly, though mysteriously, made on Mrs. Hook, but in vain.

'You are wasting your words, sir,' said that accomplished matron, very sternly; 'I beg to let you know

that I would die for the Union, and am an Abolitionist too.'

Was Mrs. Hook mad? or, if not, why should she make me the recipient of such a declaration of political belief. I had nothing to do with Yankee faction or party, and had risked no unpalatable expression of opinion on the slavery question.

One thing was plain. Both the doctor and his poetic spouse regarded me with altered and hostile feelings; and, after two or three ineffectual attempts to set matters right, I gave up the Hooks as the victims of a monomania, and relapsed into silence.

It was late and dark when we rolled into the station of Harrodsburg. Here, all was bustle and stir. Two trains were being loaded with recruits from the North-west. The station was blazing with light, and full of civilians and military men of all ranks, conversing, giving orders, or hurriedly rushing to and fro.

Scarcely had we come to a stop, and the active conductor arrived to announce the name of the place, when Dr. Hook sprang up, drew the man aside, and whispered in his ear—what I know not, but the effect was astounding.

'Whew!' exclaimed the conductor, with a shrill whistle of surprise, 'this is serious, Doctor; you take the responsibility, eh?'

The Doctor nodded, and they left the carriage together. I thought little of this, but kept my seat, my ticket being for Lexington, where I was to pass the night. Presently, four or five officers in uniform, and a larger number of citizens in plain clothes, came up and stared into the car, as if attracted by curiosity.

'Artful critter!' 'Younger than I thought him!' 'Well, he's a gone coon, now!' were the only scraps of talk that fell upon my ear—perfect enigmas to me. Dr. Hook came up.

'Please to alight, my love,' he said to his wife. 'Come, Titia Jenner; it might be unpleasant for ladies when the caption's made.'

What he meant I knew no more than I do about the cuneiform character on the sun's parallax; but as Miss Jenner passed me she bent forward and said, in an impressive whisper—

'Rash man, fly!—for your life, fly!'

Before I could gasp out a question, she was gone, and had joined her relations. I looked after her with a stupid, puzzled face, that must have been very comic; for a light laugh broke from some of the bystanders, and then there was a hum, and a cry of—

'Here he comes! Here's the Deputy Provost-Marshal!'

And, in sober earnest, a stout, pale-faced personage, with epaulettes stitched on the shoulders of a gray coat, but wearing a cocked hat and sabre, came bustling up, followed by a guard of soldiers with fixed bayonets. With him was the conductor.

'Collar the varmint! Give him the butt-end if he resists!' cried the marshal, pointing me out to a file of his men, 'he with the gray cape!'

And before I could really convince myself that I was the unwitting cause of all this hubbub, I found

myself dragged out, handcuffed, and in military custody.

'Citizens! we may thank the intelligence of a lady for this! But for Mrs. Hook, the villain might have escaped capture,' cried the triumphant Doctor; and there was a roar of applause, while I loudly expostulated against the treatment which I was thus receiving at the hands of the authorities.

The Provost-Marshal looked at me with a sort of admiration, and remarked that I was the 'brazenest rowdy unhung.'

'Look at him!' cried another; 'knows he's snared; knows he's booked for Fort-Lafayette, and perhaps the gallows, and see how cool he takes it!'

'Of what am I accused?' said I, angry with the consciousness of innocence.

'What's your name? Where do you hail from?' asked the Marshal rudely enough.

'My name is William Lookley Burgess. I am a native of Northampton, in England.' There was an absolute yell of scornful laughter.

'Your name is Catesby Latch of Shaftesbury County, North Carolina; and you're the most accused spy and traitor that ever plotted against the Union!'

Now it was my turn to laugh.

'Prove your assertions,' said I.

To my horror, the Provost-Marshal put his hand into the pockets of the gray Inverness cape which I had thrown, half-an-hour ago, over my shoulders, and pulled out a number of letters.

'Here's proofs in plenty—umph! One letter directed to Major Butler, one to Colonel Ashton, one to Randolph Stewart, one to Mrs. Blake, a fifth to Dr. Bartletop—all known sympathisers with the bloodthirsty rebels down South.'

The mood of the bystanders was gradually turning from irony to ferocity. They began to clamour for my execution, or, at least, that I should be lashed with a cowhide until I made a full confession. Former escapes of mine were quoted, and I was evidently regarded as a most hateful individual.

In vain I pleaded—in vain I protested. I was utterly borne down by the weight of evidence. My coat, the luckless gray cape, was torn from my shoulders that I might read the owner's name—'Catesby Latch'—neatly written on the lining. This unlucky name had been read by Mrs. Hook when I lent her the cloak, and hence had arisen the denunciation and the whole awkward affair. Very slowly—for I was confused by the noise and threats—I began to catch a glimpse of daylight. I sprang forward.

'Gentlemen, Provost-Marshal, I am not Catesby Latch, nor any other rebel. I am what I seem—an Englishman. If you telegraph to New-York—'

Their outcries drowned my voice. In vain I protested that my late fellow-traveller, who had left the train at Glasgow, must no doubt have accidentally exchanged his cloak for mine—both being of a gray colour and an identity of cut. I was bidden to produce the brass 'check' for my baggage, and when, after a search, it was found in a pocket of the dreadful Inverness cape, the result was no pleasant one.

I had a black portmanteau, the commonest article of bachelor luggage in America; and Latch, spy or whatever he was, had probably a similar valise, which

still remained in the train, and proved to contain correspondence that incriminated me worse than ever. As for my trunk, no doubt Latch, having my brass ticket, had accidentally carried it off along with my cloak.

I never spent before, and never wish to spend again, such a half-hour as that which succeeded these discoveries. That I was Catesby Latch was as well established in every one's mind as that Washington founded the Republic; and while Mrs. Hook was flattered and cheered as a patriot heroine, I was cursed, cuffed, taunted, and banded to and fro amid a furious throng.

At last I was lodged in jail, thankful for the shelter; and it was not until I had been a fortnight in the cramped limits of the little Harrodsburg prison—full of mutinous soldiers, or suttlers under sentence for smuggling whisky—that I persuaded a warder to allow my telegraphing to my employers at New-York. Holt & Denny acted promptly and kindly; and an interview with Secretary Cameron, then chief of the War Department, procured my freedom. This might not have been so easy; but that a full account of the affair—written by Catesby Latch himself to a friend in Baltimore, and taking a most jocular view of the case—had fallen into the hands of the officials on the frontier. And thus my release was indirectly brought about by the very man to whom I owed my arrest. But I had had enough of American life; and, soon after my return to New-York, I resigned my situation, and embarked for Europe.

'EEP 'EEP!

BY ALLAN PARK PATON.

DEAR old Chester—that concrete of dovesots—how enjoyed my first ramble there *after* getting out of jail! for that was no easy matter. Such a place with up and downs and alongs, and dusky nooks and crooks and corners, I never saw. Why, one's neck would soon become as supple and rotatory as an owl's in the twisting and keeking and peering about that it requires there! It should have been called 'The Maggie's Paradise,' as more than once on meeting, in an obscure lobby, one of the waiters, 'lighter-footed than the fox,' with a glinting silver spoon or fork in his hand, I felt assured that the villain was going to secrete it.

Well, after a dozen false turns, and being obliged to greet many people for information that was of no earthly service to me, I had emerged into the open air, and taken a long stroll round the walls and over the Doe, and was on my way to the Cathedral; when, as I went, lo! Eager street in excitement, and its Rows burdened with people of every class! A fine sight Chester as it may have been at its great historical points. I, too, determined to look over. So I left the fashionable side—which would be better seen from the other—and got up with the humbler folk; and, fortunately, among several jannies.

Here I first did the amiable to three little girls, by getting them poised by the waist upon the old, grotesque oaken balustrade; and then I cultivated and succeeded in securing the acquaintance of a gentleman in a black

When I addressed him, he was poised on the tender region, and straining a pair of fine large green eyes up the street. He wore a long, loose waistcoat of corduroy, a tight pair of trousers of ditto, and a coat of worsted cap, with a brass plate in front, telling, in the days of abolition, whose slave he was; and he had a black bag under him, and flourished a brush in one hand.

This was the young gentleman with whom I opened a conversation, of which the following will give some idea.

'What are they expecting, my boy?'

'The Merican Circus, sir.' A hitch, and an eager gaze along the street.

'Is it a large one?'

'There's fotty 'ouses in one karridge.' Another hitch.

'Will they soon be here?'

'Yes. They was to be between 'alf-past 'lev'n and twelve.' An interval.

'Did you become a sweep of your own accord? Did you want to be one?'

'No; my father put me to it.'

'What is your father? Is he a sweep?'

'No; he's a bricklayer.'

'What's your name?'

'Bury Richard.'

'Have you any brothers or sisters?'

'Yes; I have two brothers and two sisters. My brothers are learning to be bricklayers, too.'

'Do you like your work?'

'When do you get up in the mornings—five and six?'

'Shake of the head. 'One and two, sir.'

'But then you'll get done soon?'

'Shake of the head. 'Sometimes don't get our tay till in clock at night.'

'How old are you?'

'Le'n, sir.'

'Be you'll not be bound as an apprentice?'

'Shake of the head. 'Seven years.'

'That's a long while. And how much is past?'

'One and half.'

'And what wages do you get?'

'Mate and clothes.' A pause.

'Oh, never you mind, Henry. It will soon wear away, and then you'll get into some trade you like better. Can you read and write?'

'Yes.' A pause. 'My father's going to take me away from it soon.' A hitch, and an eager gaze;—new hope.

'It's to be a great circus this, isn't it?'

'Yes; they've had big bills all over.'

'And just to be one night?'

'Yes.' Sad tone.

'Where is it to be?'

'On the Rhoddee.'

'Are you going?'

Sad tone. 'No.'

'How much is it?'

'Sixpence on the flat.'

'And have you not a sixpence?'

Silence, and a hitch on, as if he must make the most of it.

Here I gave him a sixpence; and, although poised tenderly, he touched his hat with his brush. A glorious piece of colour the little coin was as it lay in his wee, black, dry, pugy-looking palm! And now he had a personal interest in the coming cavalcade, and hitched so impulsively that I thought he would be over. It gave me true pleasure to put him in the way of it. He would see the hoops, and banners, and bare-backed steeds, and conjuring Arabs, and dancing Dervishes, and bounding Bedouins, and grinning Giasours; and all the rest of it. He would have the easiest seat in the throng, I warrant; and, at every joke of the clown, would so show his teeth as to make spectators exclaim, 'It lightens!' He would be powdering the by-lanes next day, making summersaults; and have secured a memory which would make many a

dark chimney bright. I declare, I feel as if I could write a chapter as sentimental as any of Sterne's upon it; indeed, one of 'Sterner stuff,' if I may be allowed the expression.

After this piece of good fortune, he was much more communicative; but, during his revelations, frequently forgot all the delight in store for him, and by a low tone and reddening eyelid showed me that he was sad at heart.

'Do you stay with your father?' I asked.

'No; with master, sir. There's four on us with him.'

'Is he kind?'

'Yes'—a little hesitatingly. 'Him over there'—his companion sweep—'has been with him since he was two year old.'

'And are you very busy?'

'Yes.'

'I suppose these houses are so old and crooked here it is a difficult place for you?'

'The chimneys of the old 'ouses is the widest, sir. The new chimneys is all narrow.'

'Indeed! I suppose,' looking over to the opposite roof, 'you know all these?'

'Yes, sir; we do.' Party pride. 'The Magpie's Paradise,' we'll call it; my inn.'

'And how often will you do it?'

'Oh, very often. They'll have it done whenever a person leaves a room.'

'After some stay, I fancy. And are you well paid?'

'Yes. Sometimes,' speaking a fortune, 'seven or eight pounds. We do Chumley Castle, and we gets seven or eight pounds there; and they gives us mate, and wont let the boys go up the chimneys. They must have the machine.'

'And do you still go up chimneys?'

'Yes.' Slow.

'Very sore, is it?'

'Yes.' Red eyelid.

'How do you manage it?'

'Elbows and knees.' Still sad.

'And does it hurt them?'

'Yes'—pause—'at first. Bathe them in salt and water.'

'Does that make them better?'

'Yes; hardens them.'

He was getting dreary; so I changed the subject.

'And have you ever been at Something Hall?'

'Yes. We do Something Hall; but it's such a skinny place, they wont give us mate—only a drink of water. And we go up there; and the chimneys of the house and of the stables is round.'

'Do you ever stick in the chimneys?'

'I have never stuck.' Proudly.

'But they sometimes do?'

'Yes.'

'And how do they get them out?'

Here there was a mysterious pause, which made me suspect that they must still occasionally kindle a fire below to 'start' them. However, he by-and-by answered, 'Breaks a hole for them.'

The crowd had evidently caught sight of something, and he hitched on again. Whereon, looking round, I faced a baker lad with his basket, whom I tackled to for the price of bread, bakers' wages, and some odds and ends; and we got such friends that he at last said laughingly, pointing with his floury hand to my little dark friend,

'A baker and a sweep! sir.'

'What, is there a saying about them?' I asked.

'Yes, sir. They say they can make their way through a crowd when other people can't.'

But THE PROCESSION was at hand; and, just as it came

below us, out rushed, from the shop behind, two or three Goldsmith-headed, intelligent-looking, aproned, shoe-maker lads, smelling dreadfully of leather; and they chattering, too, we made rather a mixture of it; while below, from East Gate to Water Gate, between the quaint, many-coloured houses—their queer Rows clustered with all kinds of people—came JONATHAN, 'going ahead' for the almighty dollar even through one of the oldest places in Britain. 'Howes & Cushing's Great U-nited States Troupe.' On they came. First, 'The Stupendous Apollonia, or Great Musical Chariot,' equal, one of the sons of Crispin told me—as he had doubtless learned from the bills—to sixty musicians. Then appeared Mr. J. P. Paul, 'the first reinsman in the world, driving, four in hand, his forty American cream-coloured horses,' which, with their bones sticking out of their bodies, looked as if they wished much to be 'put out of misery,' or be able to 'skedaddle,' to make an early use of the new verbal importation. Then came the Arabs, and the Red Indians, and one wonder after another; and I can only say this, that if my young friend in black had laid his waist upon his cap, with the brass plate down, he would not have needed that conspicuous patch which his master would ere long require to put upon his cordaroya. By St. Werburgh! how he wrigled! I hope the expectations of the poor little black diamond were fulfilled when he found himself actually 'on the flat' inside of 'The Colossal Circus Tent.'

POPULAR SONGS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

No. V.

THE vivid picture which Sir Walter Scott has given, in 'The Lady of the Lake' and 'The Legend of Montrose,' of Clan Alpine and the Children of the Mist, will be remembered by every reader. The terrible persecution which the MacGregors were subjected to—the cruel sufferings which for many years they had to struggle against, when their whole tribe was outlawed, their lands confiscated, and their very name proscribed—Sir Walter has made familiar to many who would perhaps have never heard but for him of the valorous endurance of the 'clan that was nameless by day.' That the great novelist has done justice to the indomitable energy, the terrible prowess, the courage, and the wild heroic fidelity of this much wronged sept, there is no one can venture to dispute. But certain warm-hearted Highlanders—who feel peculiarly interested in all the brave men who spoke the mother tongue of the Gael in other days—assert that the poet, to say the least of it, has fixed too exclusively on the fiercer and more savage attributes of the banished clan. It may be Sir Walter really did exaggerate, for artistic purposes, those harsher traits of character which must have in some degree existed among the MacGregors when subjected to such vile treatment as theirs was—unless they were actually something more than mortal; or it may perhaps as likely be that the kindly partiality of the modern Celts has closed their eyes, when they think so, on some of the ruder doings of the outlawed and exasperated mountaineers.

At any rate, there seems to be some force in the reasoning which the novelist has put into the mouth of Rannald MacEagh in Argyll's dungeon, when he says, 'I am a man like my forefathers; while wrapped in the mantle of peace we were lambs; it was rent from us, and ye now call us wolves. Give us the huts ye have burned, our children whom ye have murdered, our widows whom ye have

starved; collect from the gibbet and the pole the mangled carcasses and whitened skulls of our kinsmen; bid them live and bless us, and we will be your vassals and brothers; till then let death and blood and mutual wrong draw a dark veil of division between us.'

There is here a natural eloquence and logic of facts which cannot fail to find an echo in the most peaceful heart amongst us. If the Children of the Mist did not feel such sentiments, at least they are amazingly like the sentiments by which we can most readily suppose we would be actuated in their circumstances. But, however that may be, certainly the following song does not breathe the fiery energy of Rannald's hostility; nor is it at all tinged with the vindictive spirit which scandalised Captain Duggetty in the parting injunctions of the old cateran to his grandson, Kenneth of the Mist. I hope this is a fit place to notice one mistake which Sir Walter has certainly made, and to which he has given extensive currency. In all his works where he has introduced Highlanders and Lowlanders together, he represents the former calling the latter 'Sassenachs' or 'Saxons.' This the Highlanders never do; and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, never did. The Highlanders in the west of Scotland, at all events, would as soon think of calling their Lowland brethren 'Franchmen' as 'Sassenich.' They call themselves 'Gaidheil,' and the Lowlanders they call 'Gail,' words which have almost the same sound, but whose derivation and exact meaning I believe it is at present impossible to fix with certainty. Some people translate the word 'Gail' by 'Stranger,' but there appears to be reason to doubt if it ever had that meaning. Certainly it never bears it now. It is appropriated to the one use, standing always for 'Lowland Scot,' just as 'Gael' always stands for 'Highland Scot.' It is remarkable that this word 'Gail' forms the termination of several Highland names. Amongst others, that of the world-renowned hero, Fingal, who is better known in Gaelic however, as Finn. This seems to go rather against the rendering of 'Gal' by 'Stranger.' Besides, there was no reason why the Highlanders should call the Lowlander 'Strangers,' any more than the English, who are 'Sassenich,' or the Scandinavians, who are 'Lochlannich,' and very frequently introduced both in the tales and poems of the Gael.

I once met a native of the Isle of Man who had been long in Scotland, and who knew the Celtic dialects well. I questioned him on this subject, and he told me that they (the Manx) called all Scotchmen indiscriminately whether Lowland or Highland, 'Albanich'—that is 'natives of Albin;' and that they called Englishmen, or only Englishmen, 'Sassenich,' or 'Saxons.' To their own language, he said, they gave the name of 'Gaelic.' We speak of it as 'Manx.' I may add that the Highlanders never call the English language 'Sassenach.' 'Ch neil Sassenach,' which I have somewhere seen put in the mouth of a Highlander for 'I have no English,' is the most inefable nonsense. The Gaelic for the English language is 'Beurla,' pronounced 'Bairla'—a word which I cannot explain. English seems to have been early in use in the Highlands. I once observed a tombstone, in the old and roofless church of Kildalton, Inlay, bearing date 1622 or 1624, with the inscription on it in English. It lies over the grave of a noted champion and strong man, still well remembered, whose name was MacArthur.

How that ludicrous dialect, which passes for the uneducated Highlandman's English, took its rise, I cannot conceive. I have conversed with Highlanders of all ages

and degrees of education, and I never heard one of them calling himself 'she,' or 'hur nainel,' in my life.

In the recent volume of Scottish songs published by the Messrs. Chambers, this curious custom is gravely accounted for in this absurd fashion:—"The Highlanders, it is said, have only one pronoun, which to Lowland ears sounds like 'she;' and so they are humorously represented in Lowland songs speaking of themselves as 'she.'" This is not the case. The Highlanders have three personal pronouns, just like other people; and none of them sounds particularly like 'she.'

In her 'Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland,' Mrs. Grant of Laggan has given a most elaborate history and analysis of 'MacGregor o' Ruara,' which now follows. She says:—"There is every reason to suppose, from the intrinsic evidence contained in this song, that it was composed during Montrose's wars"—the very period at which Sir Walter makes such a powerfully poetic use of the Children of the Mist.

The verses form the elegy or lament for Macgregor o' Ruara, sung by a comrade—foster-brother and clansman—who had survived a recent and bloody skirmish, in which MacGregor himself and most of his followers had perished:—

There is sorrow and sorrow now fills me,
Poor pitiful sorrow no man can redress;
His sorrow and sighing and sadness that thrills me,
Oh! terrible sadness I cannot repress.

MacGregor has periah'd—MacGregor, pine-banner'd—
MacGregor, beloved in Glen Llobhan the green—
MacGregor, the brave, by whose foes ever honour'd
The threatening roar of our pibroch hath been.

His badge was the pine—known the steep hill ascending—
His arrows were wing'd from the "true bird's" brown side;
Twas a joy for a prince when the hero was sending
The smooth poliah'd shafts from the bow of his pride.

By that strong hand well aim'd, son of Murdoch the fear-
less—

Swift, silent, and deadly they darted from thee;
Then, if wrong e'er was done us, MacGregor the peerless,
Soon our foes saw thy standard, and trembled to see!

But now when they hurt us, we bear uncomplaining—
MacGregor and all that would help us are gone;
And the thoughts of our sad hearts with them are remaining
In the chapel that stands near the valley alone.

My kinsmen co-nurtured! O you that could right me!
It grieves and it wounds me the blank you have made;
Your death and your absence for ever affright me,
And the dark narrow bed where your heads low are laid!

Now in shirts of pale linen so lovely you're lying,
No hands and no silks and no tartans you wear;
Ourselves sew'd your white robes, with sorrow and sighing;
No gentle dames wrought with us—wept with us, there.

Now this counsel of me, who your safety am seeking,
Take you for your guidance, young clansmen of mine;
When you go to the inn where the strangers sit speaking,
More than one draught, for your life's sake, decline.

Take the dish which they offer; be cautious and wary—
There is no man you meet with but may be a foe;
While you drink, remain standing, and then do not tarry,
But turn round and haste ye—delay not, but go.

For summer take spring-time—for autumn take winter—
And away and away to wild solitudes hie,
Where the heat and the cold the crag shiver and splinter,
And see you sleep lightly wherever you lie.

* The true bird (see for eun) is a poetic name for the eagle. The common name is 'Fiolair,' a word rather difficult to pronounce with a right accent.

The squirrel is rare, but the hunters deceive him,
And draw him away from his nest in the tree;
And the falcon is noble, but men will not leave him
His daring, his speed, and the blue heavens free.

'More than one draught, for your life's sake, decline.' At this place, Mrs. Grant makes the following remark:—"The single draught in this verse is particularly expressive of the constant apprehensions which haunt the mind of him who knows that his life is hunted with malicious diligence. The ancients tell of dogs on the borders of the Nile who always drank running, for fear of the crocodile. This is one of the liveliest images of habitual terror.' There are other parts of the song equally expressive. The mention of a bow and arrows reminds us again of Captain Dalgetty, and his pleasant surprise at finding such antiquated weapons still in use among the Children of the Mist. Ah! that Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket should live to see men fight with bows and arrows! The immortal Gustavus would never have believed it—nor Wallenstein, nor Butler, nor old Tilly.' There was no man could ever lay out his old-world knowledge to such advantage as Sir Walter, either for giving pleasure to his reader or verisimilitude to his narrative.

While speaking of the charge which has been brought against him, of rather exaggerating the revengeful spirit of our poor Highlanders—whom I am sure he loved as much as any man, and delighted with his kingly genius to honour—I transcribe another song, which contains the lament of a woman over the body of her murdered husband. It is probably two or three centuries older than the preceding, as it is found in the Dean of Lismore's book, and was considered ancient at the beginning of the sixteenth century. But neither does it manifest a ferocious or vindictive spirit; though it speaks with energy enough of 'the hound from Mull' who killed Connal. This little poem is rather peculiar in its structure:—

Alas! alas! is this the head
Where knowledge and where sense were bred—
The lovely and the handsome head
Of the blue-bladed Connal!

Alas! alas! is this the eye
That beam'd around so generously—
The manly and the clear blue eye
Of the kind-hearted Connal!

Alas! alas! are these the lips
The bards could not for wit eclipse—
The honey-sweet, the thin red lips
Of the fair mouth of Connal!

Alas! alas! is this the hand
That could the force of foes withstand!
Oh, strong in battle was the hand
Of my first-loved—my Connal!

Alas! alas! is this the side
By which I stood a happy bride!
Peaceful lying on his side,
The hound from Mull kill'd Connal.

Alas! alas! is this the foot
That oft was fleet in the pursuit;
But ne'er from warrior turn'd the foot
Of my round-shielded Connal.

Alas! alas! my chief! my love!
The field was gain'd where'er you strove.
My tale is done. I've lost my love—
I dwell in tears for Connal.

In the following ballad, an old Highland tradition, still well known and often repeated, presents itself in a lyrical

form. A distinguished chief of the MacLeans, who was known as Sir Lachlan Mor, on account of his great size and prowess, was killed in a bloody battle between his own clan and the Macdonalds, which took place in the year 1598, on the shore of Gruinort, Islay. The story says that he was killed by a deformed and very diminutive man named Dubh Shee, who had offered the chief his services before the fight commenced, but met with rather a contemptuous refusal. The man immediately went over to the other side, whose leader, Sir James Macdonald, received him gladly. Dubh Shee was unfit to mingle in the strife of strong men. So it is said he took up his position on a tree which overlooked the field of battle, though I believe there are no trees growing there now. He was a famous archer, and he watched his opportunity till the chances of the fight brought Sir Lachlan Mor within his reach, when he shot him dead at the head of his men. The MacLeans were completely defeated with heavy loss. A day or two after this, it is said that two females, of whom different accounts are given—some calling them strangers, some clanswomen, some relatives of the dead—grieving to think that the body of so notable a chief as Sir Lachlan Mor should lie unburied and uncared for on the moorland, came from a distance in search of it. They hired a rude vehicle—the only one to be had in the neighbourhood—and having found the corpse, proceeded to carry it to the nearest burying-ground, about six miles distant. The way was rough, and the driver looking behind him saw the head of the great chief, which extended beyond the car, nodding to him at every jolt, as if it had life, and were giving him directions. Boor, or perhaps enemy, as the fellow was, he laughed when he saw this. At the next heavy rut he looked again to please his savage soul with the same ferocious enjoyment. But this time the elder female, who had watched him, acted as described in the ballad. She killed the brutal driver with the chieftain's dagger. Then along with her companion she brought the mortal remains of Sir Lachlan to the place where they still lie buried. A spirited gentleman of the clan recently endeavoured to raise a sum sufficient to erect a monument over the grave of this chief, the most famous and the ablest the MacLeans ever had; but unfortunately he did not succeed to his satisfaction.

Slowly from the field of slaughter
Do they bring Sir Lachlan Mor;
Slowly o'er the weary moorland,
From the dank and deadly shore.

Slowly, and in bitter sorrow,
Through a rough and rugged way,
With the yellow beams upon it
Of the sickly setting day.

Ah! how lowly lies the leader;
See how pale his face is now;
Never in the hall or highway—
Never on the mountain brow—

Shall his step be laid majestic;
Shall his stately form be seen;
Shall his voice inspire the council,
Or the fight his manly mien.

Never shall his clan behind him
Gather in the joy of fight;
Never draw their cold blue weapons—
Hard and deadly—glancing bright.

Poorly is the chief attended,
Rudely is the hero led;
Yet he wakes not from the slumber
Of yon red and mossy bed.

For the sad stamp's on his features
Which Dubh Shee's hard arrow bore;
On the moor Clan Gillian reddened
With their brave and boiling gore.

Only two are with the driver
Of a rolling, rocking car,
Stretch'd whereon the dead man's carried
From the fiery field of war:

Two that walk in silent sorrow—
Ladies of his kindred are—
Mourning to the field of slaughter—
Come to seek him from afar.

As they drive him slowly onward,
O'er the bad and broken way;
His head, with all its matted tresses,
Nodded where he lifeless lay.

Then the driver laugh'd who saw him,
Large and massy, lie along,
Senseless, soulless—him so lately
Foremost in the martial throng.

Laugh'd! and quicker drove him onward,
Yet again to see the head
Nodding, without will or reason,
With its light of manhood fled.

Fast then rush'd the ladies to him,
While more bitter was the flow
Of the tears they rain'd in anguish
On the manly face below.

And the elder dame answer'd—
'Laugh'st thou at my fallen chief?
May thine own vile carcase, castiff,
Fill thy mother's heart with grief!

Out she drew the chieftain's dagger
As the angry word she said;
Out, and struck the scorner sternly—
Struck him on the moorland, dead!

Struck; and, bleeding, left him lying
Stretch'd before the sunbeams there,
Like a wild fowl by the falcon
Swept from out the fields of air.

Then, alone, their dead they carried,
While one nursed the manly brow—
Nursed it on her bosom gently,
Like a holy, heavenly vow.

And one—tenderly she drove him
To the sad and solemn ground,
Where the hero's dust reposes,
With the mouldering ashes round.

Soft and slowly there we leave them—
Chieftain! may thine ashes rest
Peaceful as the voice of prayer
From a calm untroubled breast!

Long as sound the breezes o'er them,
Sound the voice of psalms beside;
And spread Christ's peace-inspiring Gospel,
From thy green sod, far and wide!

Sir Lachlan Mor MacLean is buried in the church-yard of Kilchoman, Islay, near the south wall of the church. This serves to explain the reference to psalms, &c. in the concluding lines.

THOMAS PATTISON.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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EDDERWICK'S MISCELLANY

No. 16.]

SATURDAY, JAN. 17, 1863.

[PRICE 1d.]

AFRICAN HUNTING: FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI*.

It has been the misfortune of African travellers, from 'Abyssinian' Bruce to 'Gorilla' Chaillu, to have their stirring narratives of adventure by flood and field doubted, cavilled at, and, *sans ceremonie*, declared by our stay-at-home-at-ease savans to be neither more nor less than modern Munchausenisms. Time has avenged Bruce against his detractors, and vindicated the truth of his 'strange, eventful history;' but Chaillu is still undergoing his literary and scientific purgatory, at the hands of Gray, Walker, Reade, and other pugnacities, who seem determined to throw discredit on the whole work because, in some cases, Chaillu or his Yankee editor has been caught tripping. Gordon Cumming's book was also discredited, almost universally at first; but it is an established fact, and well authenticated by Moffat the missionary, Dr. Livingstone, and others who knew the circumstances, that some of the most exciting and daring adventures of that redoubtable hunter were actually suppressed. And why? Simply because the publisher felt assured that, although *true*, they would look like an attempt to impose on the credulity of the public, and would thus throw doubt on the whole narrative, and in all probability ruin the sale of the book. The announcement, by Mr. Bentley, of the publication of another African hunter's adventures, seemed therefore to many to be a bold and hazardous experiment, as they considered the public mind had been filled with that pabulum *usque ad nauseam*. However, we did not agree with that opinion, for divers good and weighty

* 'African Hunting: from Natal to the Zambesi; including Lake Ngami, the Kalahari Desert, &c. from 1852 to 1860. By William Charles Baldwin, Esq., F.R.G.S. With Illustrations by James Wolf and J. B. Zwecker.—London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.—1862.'

reasons, but, on the contrary, looked forward to the publication of 'Baldwin's African Hunting' with a lively interest, which has been more than justified by the result.

In his introductory chapter, Mr. Baldwin says:— 'When the following pages, taken from my journals, were written—sometimes in ink, but often in pencil, gunpowder, tea, &c., in Kaffir kraals or waggon bottoms, and chiefly for a brother's eye—I little thought that they would ever come before the public; and it is only now, at the earnest solicitation of my friends—and almost promises made to many I left behind me in Natal, who noticed the once short trips grow longer and longer, till, in my last, 2,000 miles of an almost unexplored country had been traversed, and the Zambesi reached—that I am now induced, with some diffidence, to publish them.' A perusal of the book amply confirms the genuineness of this *modus operandi*; and we feel assured that no reader of this most interesting work will be impressed with any other idea than that it is the faithful chronicle of the events narrated, without any attempt at garnishing or mere book-making; indeed, this apparently literal transcription of the original journal is carried out to an extreme; and we have no hesitation in saying that considerable alterations and improvements in style and composition might have been introduced, without in the slightest degree affecting the fidelity of the work.

Mr. Baldwin informs us that 'the love of sport, dogs, and horses was innate in him; and, from the age of six, he had his two days a-week on his pony with the neighbouring harriers.' Being placed in a large mercantile establishment, it was found that quill-driving did not suit his 'roving disposition,' and he was sent to Forfarshire to learn farming; but, having 'a difficulty with the master,' he 'changed the location to a West Highland farm,' where, as he says, he spent the happiest days of his life. It was, while revelling in the pleasures of the 'land of the mountain and the flood,' that he made up his mind to emigrate to some country where he would find free scope for his vagrant, sporting propensities; and Gordon Cumming's book, which appeared at that moment, at once induced him to decide in favour of Natal. Accordingly, having laid in a stock of guns, rifles, saddles, seven deer-hounds, *et id genus omne*, he set sail for that 'paradise of South Africa,' where he landed, after a passage of ninety-two days, in December 1851.

Within three weeks of his arrival, Mr. Baldwin started on his first hunting trip into the Zulu country, along with a great hunter known in the colony as 'Elephant White,' and others. This excursion, made in the unhealthy season to the unhealthy district about St. Lucia Bay, was a most disastrous one. 'Out of nine hunters,' he says, 'who went out full of vigour and hope, in all the ardour of enterprise, Gibson and myself alone returned, enervated and prostrated, after months of insensibility in Kaffir kraals.' After his return to Natal, in a most debilitated state, he was received by Mr. W. M. Collins,

Postmaster-General (formerly of Glasgow), and for three or four months remained under his hospitable roof. He observes, 'It is to Mrs. Collins' nursing and care—and all the little delicacies, so grateful and refreshing to a sick man, which a woman's forethought can alone supply—that I am indebted for my eventual recovery, after a very long illness.' It might have been thought that this miserable result of his first hunting trip would have sickened him at such a life; but having had 'a taste' of hunting elephants, hippopotami, lions, and other such small game, 'he thirsted after their blood,' and after a tedious convalescence, during which he indulged in cattle-dealing with the Kaffirs and other native tribes, he started—on the 15th of July 1853, accompanied by Gibson, the survivor of the former trip—on his second expedition into the Zulu country.

Having proceeded to the kraal of Panda (the King of the Zulus), in order to pay their devours, they learned that his Majesty was asleep. Impatient to pursue their journey, they accordingly set off; but before they had gone two miles, they were overtaken by one of Panda's captains, who swore awfully by the bones of Dingaan and Chaka—the former bloody and cruel Kings of the Zulus—and ordered them at once to return to propitiate his sable majesty. This they had no alternative but to do, under somewhat humiliating circumstances. On the whole, however, the excursion was decidedly more successful than their previous luckless venture; and while they had, of course, to put up with many discomforts, they had, nevertheless, good sport, and sufficient variety to satisfy the most fastidious.

On the 10th April 1854, our author left Natal Bay on his third trip, his destination on this occasion being the Amatonga country, beyond the Zulu. In his narrative of this enterprise, we have the usual routine of killing and slaying, together with some amusing incidents pleasantly described—such as his essay at shoemaking, a novel warm bath, plucking live fowl, and his peculiar notions on Sabbath observance and short commons.

Mr. Baldwin's fourth and fifth trips were commenced respectively on the 31st March 1855 and 7th October 1856—the Zulu country and the *ferre nature* thereof being the favoured objects on these occasions. We have, in this part of the book, a dash down-hill of his waggon and fourteen, by which his driver's skull got fractured; and the following recipe for a stew, which we recommend to the attention of housekeepers—advising them, of course, to first catch the hippopotamus:—'Take 1½ lbs. of breast of sea-coat well stewed, cut up small, about 3 table-spoonfuls of inside fat rendered clean and white as snow, a few red peppers, salt, a handful of rice, a handful of fine flour, a couple of pickled walnuts, with a few sprigs of thyme, or some such herb!' The description of Mr. Schroeder, the Norwegian missionary, as well as of his church and congregation, is very amusing. Mr. Baldwin found himself much more respected by the Kaffirs on this than on the previous journeys, being evidently richer in waggons and other substantials.

properties—for your Kaffir, like your civilised man, is a great worshipper of wealth. Mr. Baldwin pays a tribute to the scrupulous honesty of the natives; and gives a vivid account of the frightful massacre of the Zulus at and after the battle between Panda's two sons, when it was estimated that one-fourth of the Zulu nation was destroyed; when the land for fifteen miles was covered with fetid corpses; and when the Tugela was choked with the bodies, and its waters reddened with the blood, of the slain!

The sixth chapter is occupied with an account of Mr. Baldwin's expedition through the Transvaal Republic, and the Merico country, with an account of the Doers, the Bechuanas, and their great chief Mosilikatse; and is full of interest and novelty. In this chapter, he pays a well-merited compliment to the colony of Natal, which he says, viewed from the Drakenberg, 'looks beautiful, well watered and wooded, and like a large well-kept garden;' while, further on, he remarks,—'Natal is the garden of South Africa.' *En passant*, he describes his meeting with the second instance in this quarter of abject poverty, in the person of an Irishman with seven children; and this man's father was said to be an 'Honourable,' with a rent-roll of £12,500 a-year! We have also an account of 'a night in the open veldt,' which, as Jonathan would say, 'is a caution to make.' He subsequently falls in with and engages Kleinboy, Gordon Cumming's after-rider, whom he finds 'a most amusing dog, but incorrigibly lazy.' A Hottentot beauty next attracts him, and here is her photograph:—'She is one of Pharaoh's lean kine, unusually tall, straight as a kitchen poker; long, lean, scraggy neck; the smallest little pig eyes in the world; no nose, but two huge nostrils; high cheek bones, sunken cheeks, wide mouth, very thick lips just the colour of the mulberry juice, low forehead, and very small head, with about the eighth of an inch long of woolly hair, between 50 and 60 years of age, generally with a short black pipe in her mouth; wears ear-rings and armlets, and the gaudiest-coloured shawl and handkerchief; is of a yellowish copper-colour, with breast as flat as a deal-board; but with all these she has the most perfect, delicately-formed, and smallest hands and feet in the world!' Mr. Baldwin describes a singular custom of the Boers 'in the days when they went courting.' 'If you admire any one in particular,' he says, 'you take the first opportunity that presents itself of asking her to *upset*. Should this be accorded—when the old people and all the rest of the household have retired, a curtain being all the partition between the sitting and bed rooms—the chosen one again appears with a candle, short or long according as she fancies you or otherwise, and remains as long as that burns—all conversation being carried on in whispers, and the fair one being obliged to sit very close, and talk low, for fear of disturbing the inmates on the other side of the curtain. These *upsets* frequently last far into the morning, and the happy swain is at great pains to trim the candle—not to let it flicker or flare, or get into a draft—and so keep it burning as long as possible, for it is imperative to

retire when that is out.' This is a new version of 'the old, old story;' but whether our young lady friends think it 'a corrected and improved edition,' we leave them to determine. What would they say to trying it by way of experiment? As a set-off to this pleasant *upset*, we have our author's unpleasant *downset* to his Christmas dinner in the desert, his 'bill of fare' being 'a bit of rhinoceros—cold,' and so fat as to make the strongest stomach bilious—and a small portion of half-baked dough, and a cup of coffee to drink the health of absent friends'—rather an unfavourable contrast to the roast-beef and plum-pudding of old England.

The seventh journey which Mr. Baldwin undertook, in 1858, had for its *Ultima Thule* the celebrated Lake Ngami; and comprised a tour through the Orange-river Free State (a fine country, which our Government foolishly handed over to the Dutch colonists a few years ago); and the Transvaal Republic—both of them Dutch colonies, and at war with each other at the time—and also the Merico country. His arrangements and *proviand* for the journey consisted of three Kaffirs, two Hottentots (a driver and after-rider), a waggon, eighteen oxen, a cow and a calf, five horses, and seven dogs; with guns, powder, and lead; beads, wine, and supplies of tea, coffee, meal, &c. for a twelvemonth at least; add to these a dozen of brandy and a cask of good Madeira, with a goodly supply of eland and giraffe bell-tongue hanging up to dry. A Kaffir brings him an old musket to be mended; and he tries his 'prentice han' at tinkering the lock, but makes a mess of it; and the native insists on getting another gun for his used-up 'shooting iron.' Our traveller is compelled to give him one worth three of it, in order to keep him sweet. However, he subsequently manages to exchange the old gun for a Masara boy! and for this, and some other similar acts of kind-heartedness, Mr. Baldwin was accused by some humanity-mongers in the colony of slave-dealing! His five Kaffirs leave him most unceremoniously in the lurch, in the midst of the desert; and, after a fearful and wearisome time they are hunted up, and induced to return to their allegiance by his remaining servant. The following incident in elephant hunting shows the exciting and dangerous nature of that sport:—'I rode close under the stern of the largest bull elephant, and he cleared a path for me. He turned to see who had the audacity to ride so near—for the horse's nose touched him—when I gave him a bullet behind the shoulder, and cleared out of his path. In reloading I lost him; and, cantering on his spoor, he very nearly caught me, as he had stopped and turned round just where the path turned suddenly and sharply to the right; and I was almost under his very trunk ere I saw him. He was lying in wait, and made a terrific charge, trumpeting furiously. The horse was round like a top; and away I went, with both rowels deep in his flanks as I threw myself on his neck. It was a very near shave. His trunk was over the horse's hind quarters. I went through bush that, in cold blood, I should have pronounced impenetrable; but did not come off

scatheless; my poor hands are sheekingly torn, and my trousers, from the knee, literally in shreds, though made of goatskin.' *En route*, he met the Chief Sechele's daughter, with a white-brown picaninny, by an English trader of the name of Wilson, to whom she was married, but whom she was leaving in consequence of ill usage. He subsequently came up with her again, and gave her 'a lift' in his waggon to her father's kraal, as she was thoroughly done-up. Old Sechele, however, in true barbarian fashion, not having his amiable son-in-law to wreak his revenge upon, victimised poor Baldwin, by levying black-mail on him, in the shape of a horse and powder and lead, vindicating himself by declaring 'an Englishman had thrown away his daughter; and, as they have treated me so will I treat them.' Sechele is one of Moffat's converts, and 'professed to be very religious, saying grace before and after meat, holding forth to his people, and singing half the day.' Mr. Baldwin says that 'Moffat has all the Kaffirs under his finger and thumb, and can do just what he likes with them. He has been living very long amongst them, educates the different chiefs' children, and has thoroughly gained their confidence.'

Our author's description of Lake Ngami is exceedingly meagre, leaving almost everything to be desired. He says, 'The country all around appears to be a perfect flat—very unhealthy and uninteresting—with a lot of rubbishy reeds at this end; but it is wooded to the banks on the other side, and most of the way round. I gather from the natives that it is a three days' ride round the lake; but that the *tectee* render it impassable for horses. The natives are afraid to cross in their frail canoes—as when a wind rises the water is very rough. Three canoes were swamped not long since, and their crews drowned. Not far from this southern point—the road the waggons take to Walvisch Bay—there is a high ridge of rocks, Letchulathebe's stronghold in case of an attack from Sebituana. I could only get a very bad view of an end of the lake; but, I must confess, that I was disappointed in it. To-day, I measured two trees called Mowain—one was 27, and the other 28 yards round the bole. At about 6 feet from the ground they spread into four immense stems, all bending outwards, and leaving in the middle a spacious apartment, exactly one foot between each stem when they branched from the main bole, widening upwards; and, at 18 or 20 feet from the ground, the circumference of the tree must have been 40 yards at least.' Our mighty Nimrod indulges in a sentimental apostrophe to a dead horse *à la Sterne*. The loss of this faithful animal seems to have put him in the dumps, for he concludes his *in memoriam* by saying, 'I have now lost all heart for the hunt, and care not how soon the trek comes to an end.' Mr. Baldwin has a return of his old enemy fever and ague, and the Kaffirs wonder to see him swathed in blankets, in the hot sun and before a rousing fire, shivering, and chattering, and icy cold. He makes a first essay at wagon-mending, and succeeds better than with the old one. He has a narrow escape from being burned up

by the grass on fire, which they check, by firing the grass in a dozen places under the wind, so that, when the fiery-sirocco came up to this friendly trench, it was stopped for want of fuel.

The eighth chapter is occupied with the description of his second trip to Lake Ngami. Our traveller has a repetition of 'skedaddling' on the part of his Kaffirs; has a narrow escape from drowning in crossing the Tugela; meets a Mr. and Mrs. Thompson from the Cape, *on a wedding tour* to the great lake; overtakes the far-famed old Boer hunters—John Viljoen and Pet Jacobs—who have bagged 93 elephants! and has himself the usual allowance of sport, and about 5,000 lbs. of ivory.

Mr. Baldwin's ninth and last journey, in 1860, was the most important, as far as extent and interest of country traversed, and dangers encountered, give it a claim to that distinction. The Zambesi Falls were his destination on this occasion. When he arrived at the frontier, he found that the whole of the Boer officials had gone off to a public sale of sheep, cattle, and land, some eighty or a hundred miles away! He comes to the conclusion that gratitude forms no part of the Kaffir character; and declares—'For the future, I will lavish my kindnesses on the two much superior animals—*horses and dogs*, in spite of the missionaries dunning it into me that a black man is my brother. I could see, yesterday, that the good Samaritan (the missionary Zimmerman) was secretly annoyed and displeased that I would not shake hands with a parcel of his baptised singing heathens.' Incidentally, he mentions—'I have a very poor appetite, and live almost entirely on dry toast, cold roast Guinea fowls, partridges, pheasants, korans, dikkops, and ducks.' Good gracious! If this is his bill of fare with 'a very poor appetite,' what must it be when his molars and gastric juice are doing full duty? He is amused and annoyed with the vagaries of his drunk and half-mad 'Tottie,' suffers through horse-sickness and extremes of heat and cold—burning sun by day, and ice at night; is humbugged by Kaffirs; has narrow escapes from elephants and lions; comes on a Macara encampment—a miserable affair; shoots about 400 antelopes, besides other *feræ nature*; and calculates he has travelled 15,000 miles during the last three years. The chapter is altogether most interesting; but, although there is much that we had marked off for quotation, we find that we have already exceeded our limits. We accordingly confine ourselves to the account of the Falls of the Zambesi, which we give in the author's own words:—

'August 4th.—Zambesi Falls at last! I set off resolutely on the 1st, being determined to find the Falls; walked all day and all night, and towards morning I heard the roar of them. I never rested till I threw myself down, just before daybreak, within 300 yards of the river; and I spent yesterday at the Falls, which far exceeded all I had been led to expect. Rougher travelling I never encountered, but I had the benefit of the full moon. I struck the river first about two miles above the Falls; and there it is not less than two miles wide, covered with islands of all sizes—on at least ten or twelve miles round—wooded to the water's edge—mowain trees, palmyra and palms and

plenty of wild dates; some of the former measuring twenty yards round the bole. The river is the finest and most beautiful I ever saw. It is rocky and shallow; and, just above the Falls, about one mile wide. And now for the Falls. I heard the roar full ten miles off, and you can see the immense volumes of spray ascending like a great white cloud, over which shines an eternal rainbow. The whole volume of water pours over a huge rock into an enormous chasm below, of immense depth. I counted from 16 to 18 while a heavy stone of about 20 lbs. weight was falling. I could not see it to the bottom, but only saw the splash in the water. I stood opposite to the Falls, at nearly the same elevation, and could almost throw a stone across. The gorge cannot be more than a hundred yards wide; and, at the bottom, the river boils turbulently boiling. You cannot see the largest Fall for more than a few yards down, on account of the spray, and you are drenched with rain for 100 yards round from the falling mist. It is one perpendicular fall of many hundred feet, and I should think there are no less than 30 or 40 different cascades, of all widths. The gorge cannot be less than 2,000 yards long, and the outlet is not certainly more than 40 yards wide. This outlet is not the end of the gorge, though how far off I cannot say; the streams meet, form a wild, mad whirlpool, and then rush helter-skelter through the pass. Looking up the gorge, from that point, is the most magnificent sight I ever beheld. It is as if streams of brimstone were ascending high into the clouds. There was a never-ceasing rain for 50 and in some places 100 yards on the high land opposite; and the rocks are very slippery, and the ground, where there are no rocks, is a regular swamp, where the buffalo, hippopotamus, and elephant come to graze on the green grass. There is one grand fall at the head of the gorge, which you can see to the bottom, about 80 yards wide, but not so deep, as the river forms a rapid before it shoots perpendicularly over the rock. Below the Falls, the river winds about in a deep, narrow, inaccessible gorge—a strong, swift, rocky stream. I followed its windings for some distance, and, after all, was not more than two miles, as the crow flies, from the Falls. It is one succession of kloofs, valleys, and mountains, and the worst walking I ever encountered. The river through this fearful gorge seems not wider than a swollen Highland torrent. The greatest drawback to the otherwise magnificent scene, is that the dense clouds rising from below render the main Falls invisible; and it is only the smaller cascades you can see to the bottom. There are some 30 or 40 of these, spreading over a space of at least 1,500 yards. The Makololos are very jealous, and very much alarmed at my having found my way hither, and cannot account for it. I show them the compass, and say that is my guide, and they are sorely perplexed. The baboons here are out of all number. 8th.—I saw the Falls from the opposite side yesterday, and also from above. No words can express their grandeur. The view from above is, to my mind, the most magnificent; the water looks like a shower of crystal, and it is one perpendicular fall of immense height. There is only one outlet, and it is marvellous how such an immense body of water squeezes itself through so small an opening. I have punted for three days, in all directions, in the Makololo canoes, and could spend half my life on the waters. Dr. Livingstone is expected here to-day, and I am waiting to see him. 9th.—I had the honour yesterday of cutting my initials on a tree on the island above the Falls, just below Dr. Livingstone's, as being the second European who

has reached the Falls, and the first from the east coast. Charles Livingstone says they far exceed Niagara in every respect; and the Doctor tells me that it is the only place, from the west coast to the east, where he had the vanity to cut his initials.

With this graphic extract, we conclude our notice of this agreeable book, from the perusal of which we have derived a large amount of interesting information; and we have only to add, that we have the best reasons for knowing, from friends in the colony of Natal, that Mr. Baldwin is a gentleman whose veracity is unquestionable, and whose reputation, as 'a mighty Nimrod,' stands second to none among those in the best position to judge. R. M.T.

A SOLITARY WALK IN NUREMBERG.

NUREMBERG is as old and as interesting a town as Prague; but its stamp of antiquity is completely different from that of the Bohemian capital, and the interest attached to it is also of another kind. The past of Prague makes us sympathise deeply and painfully with a people, once foremost in European civilization, struggling for freedom and self-government, and ultimately despoiled of all their rights. The past of Nuremberg is not that of a people, but of a brave industrious little community. It toils on simply for its own weal, and the independence of the free town. Now, this independence could only be secured by the protection of one powerful ruler or another; and some wariness and shiftiness were necessary to obtain it. Thus, the community, like all commercial bodies, was a little selfish now and then, seeming not much to care how the wide world wagged outside its walls and gates, except inasmuch as matters affected itself. But the truth is, with all its wariness and shiftiness, the little world of trade, and science, and art, within those walls and gates, was braver and honestest than the German world outside them. For, outside the free towns and the Swabian towns, what was Germany? A great battle-field for scheming Electors, brave nobles, and oppressed peasants, roused from time to time into a fierce avenging of wrong.

Nuremberg, then, although it is so ancient—with moat and wall around it, and scores of towers—looks in no respect like Prague. It wants altogether the aristocratic, nay, the regal look of the other—that aspect which we cannot see without recalling how, 'with deep scars of thunder, it was once intrenched.' But Nuremberg, on the contrary, tells at once that it is a burgher city. It reminds you of a burgher—very old-fashioned in his attire, which yet cost him a great deal of money. He has his two gowns, and everything handsome; and, I can tell you, he is one who has had his losses, too. He did not spare any cost on the fashions of the day that he might be like his neighbours; in fact, it was necessary that he should be like them to be respected. However, in that way, he sometimes followed the multitude to do evil; and with all he could not get rid of his old-world cut. But to leave metaphor, I will set out on my walk.

It is winter; and snow has fallen. I take my afternoon's ramble outside the town, by the walls. For miles around, the level plain on which it stands is all dazzling whiteness. Out of this, it rises with its churches, castles, high-peaked roofs of houses, towers, gateways, and bastions, in quaint and fantastic show. The sky is cloudless and blue as in summer; and the sun pours a flood of light

on the masses of buildings—all their peculiarities being etched out by the lines of the snow which has lodged on every point, ridge, and cranny. On the level, glittering road, ladies, in fashionable hats, appear from time to time. Nursemaids push along little sledges, in which lie little children, made very snug with feather-quilts and furs. Peasant women follow, who scorn crinoline, but do not scorn the orthodox Parisian standard of lady-like bulk, only that theirs is made up of solid quantities, by half a dozen woollen petticoats of different colours—a border of each being displayed. And, then, what waists! Name them not! for now come some of those little Bavarian dandy officers, so-wasp-like in figure that one expects them to faint with horror as the honest countrywomen trudge past.

But all these take their way, by one gate or another, into the town; and I go on until the brilliant sunlight has faded, and is succeeded by the misty frost of evening. Everything is still, and I am alone. Now, as I look on the old town, it retreats from me three or four centuries into the past. The antique stone life of walls, and towers, and bastions remains, but the human beings whom I saw in the glare of day exist no more; and nothing is, but what is not!

Who comes? I hear the galloping of horse and the clang of arms. A gallant body of knights and soldiers, with an Emperor at their head, rush by—an Emperor seeking, within the walls of the free town, refuge from a rebelling son. And he will find the refuge he seeks. The burghers of the imperial free town will stand by him. He and his brave troop have passed me in the twilight; they are crossing the drawbridge, entering by the gateway under that heavy round tower; they are welcomed by the imperial bailiff who holds the castle within the walls for his Majesty, and receives the moneys paid him by the prosperous citizens for his protection. Now are matters so reversed that they are protecting him. But let them look to it! The rebel son will not long delay the pursuit of his father, and Nuremberg will have to stand a siege. He will take the town by storm, making bloody work of it.

I brushed aside my vision at this point. Leaving Emperor and Prince with their followers, and the friendly or frightened burghers, to the repose into which they sank five hundred years ago, I continued my walk. Yet on my lonely path I still reflected on the vicissitudes of old days. I passed towers round and square, pointed and turreted, of all sizes and forms, and again I feel I am not alone—airy tongues begin to syllable men's names to my ears; and actually one of the tongues had a peculiar Scotch accent. It seemed to frame words like these:—‘If we got into this rich town we shall have good quarters, and good quarters are always acceptable, and are only to be postponed to good pay or good booty—not to mention the honour of a cavalier, or the needful points of commanded duty.’

Right! Ritt-master or Major Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket. I know your voice. Often on my walk do you, in all your bright steel trappings, flash by me on your stout war-horse. But you are not alone now. I hear the heavy tramp of an army. At a certain gate I see coming forth, to hold a parley with the leaders of the approaching troops, a party of the burghers of the town. They are no longer young, have nothing military in their appearance, but are of very honourable demeanour. These are their Excellencies the Town Councillors; by whom all matters are so well and wisely managed in Nuremberg,

that they look on it as a mirror for all other cities, and rejoice in being freed from the control of the Emperor's bailiff. Much wisdom do their Excellencies need now. Earnestly do they talk with one another. My friend Dalgetty has got as close to them as he can, and tries to understand their rapid German utterances.

Gustavus or Tilly—the Swedes or Wallenstein's dragons? Which will ye choose? ye men of Nuremberg! A difficult question to decide; feeling, as they do, as if the daggers of all the three great leaders were at their throats. By turns they have had Swedes and Imperialists in their town, and have had trouble with both parties; yet their hearts are with the Protestants and the Reformation. While they are hesitating now as to whether they shall leave their gates open or shall close them, I become as interested in their decision as the hungry Scotch Ritt-master, and think that I hear nearer and nearer the heavy tramp of the Swedes.

Have they bells at the necks of their horses? Bah! My vision of the men of two centuries ago passed away like my first one of an older time. It was dissipated by the loud ringing of the bells of a horse, which was drawing a heavily laden cart, driven by a stout countryman. Startled, I looked up, and was struck by a change in the sky and in the appearance of things. I had continued my walk for the last few minutes without giving heed to my steps; and, not following the bend of the road by the walls, had kept directly forward on a path which joins it, and leads to a very ancient burying-place. Its pointed gateway stood out at this moment in dark relief, for the sun was setting, in a broad field of lurid red, on the horizon behind it; and above, dark clouds looked heavy with coming snow.

On the right of the entrance to the cemetery, rising high above the low wall which encloses it, are three stone crosses, with the figures of our Saviour and the two thieves. The varying lights of sunset have glowed and faded century after century on their three faces—for the representation of the Crucifixion was erected three hundred years ago, by a renowned sculptor of the time. Worn as the stone is, by age and exposure to the weather, and much as the figures have lost of their original expression, no one could behold them for the first time without emotion. There still remain the majesty of work, meek in its greatness, of the central form; the hatred, anger, and torture of that on the left, turning away in scornful upbraiding; and the writhings of suffering in the one on the right. The scene, wrought out with such truth of heart and hand by ancient faith, arrested my step and led me into a train of thought, awakening feelings too deep for words—feelings which all seemed to merge into a sense of awe mingled with dread. This was caused perhaps, in some degree by the peculiar lights thrown on the level snow-covered space around the cemetery, and on the tombs and dark crosses in it. The fiery glow of sunset had passed away, and the lingering brightness of the horizon was dulled and streaked with black. A looked eerie in the increasing twilight; and I gladly hastened back to the town, to the comforts of coffee by the stove; yet, out of the frosty dusk from which I had come, the hearth and the English open fireplace would have more genially dispelled the mood which had gathered on me.

The awe and dread passed away, and with them those emotions that seemed to quicken the soul to a surer sense of the bond between it and the invisible. But as all the concerned only self vanished from the mind, I ceased to

indulge in fancies on the curious old town in which I was, and gave way to some questioning reflections, such as—What had been for it the end of, all its centuries of toil and change?—of its stout battling for the Reformation?—of the uprooting of Catholicism within its walls?

The end is, that, by the tender mercies of Napoleon, confirmed by the treaties of 1815, the good old Protestant town was handed over to Bavaria, a Roman Catholic power; and that it has had verses made in praise of its picturesque antiquity by King Ludwig, of Lola Montes renown. Shade of Dugald Dalgetty! thou dost it more honour!

M. M. L.

LOVE AND THE MUSICIAN.

'Thou canst not charm me,' said the lady;
'So, weary not thy bow-strings so.'
'Yet shall I surely charm thee,' said he,
'When to the silent land I go.'

'Your love songs, sir, I vow,' she said,
'Are neither sad nor gay to me.'
Deep to his heart the sore thrust sped;
Said the musician, 'We shall see.'

The lady loved a warrior knight,
Who soon his well-sworn vow forgot;
For hasty love takes hasty flight,
And so at last he loved her not.

He loved far more the bustling camp;
The noisy, loud, carousing hall;
The ribald jest; the charger's tramp,—
But cared not for his lady's call.

And she, alas! despairing, sigh'd
On her lone couch from dawn till eve;
And, as each luckless aid she tried,
The more her stricken heart did grieve.

She bade her maidens bring with speed
Music, which they might sing and play;
And, in her passion, said, 'Take heed
Ye drive my wretchedness away.'

They sung to her as angels sing,
And long'd to wile away her grief;
And, as each maid her harp did bring,
One play'd, another turn'd the leaf.

Their songs did please her willing ear,
But roused to wretchedness her heart;
For, in each note which she did hear,
She knew her minstrel-lover's art.

She turn'd away, with look of pain,
The fading brightness of her eyes;
The thought of him had overtaken
Her heart amid these melodies.

'Go, bring the minstrel here!' she cried;
'Far better he than fickle lord,
Who all his love-oaths hath denied,
And loved his wife less than his sword!'

'Alas!' replied her maidens fair,
'Thou lovedst him less than did the world,
Which freely praised each mystic air
That from his wrapt brain forth was hur'd.'

While he, alas! did love thee more
Than fame, or wealth, or aught could bring;
Thou wert to him the jewell'd store,
The loss of which was everything!'

'Then lives he yet? For, by this hand,
I do regret I spurn'd him so;
But if his young affection stand,
I for that love shall begging go.'

'Too late! too late!' the maidens said;
'Thy first fond lover is no more;
And, where his broken heart is laid,
The winds repeat their dirges o'er!'

'Too late!' the lady said. 'Vain life!
How vain to live when life is pain,
And hope is gone, and troubles rife,
And peace shall ne'er return again!

Then, since he's dead, and ne'er these eyes
Shall by his presence lighted be,
As by the sun the clouded skies,
Or by her pearls the sombre sea;

I pray you, maidens, kind and fair—
Since you do know what 'tis to grieve—
To find for me an artist rare
Whose skill the senses can deceive;

And bid him cut, in marble white,
The likeness of that minstrel boy;
That in my room, by day and night,
To gaze thereon may give me joy.'

'Twas done, and in her chamber stood,
With look all life and form all grace,
The minstrel of the loving mood—
A smile upon his placid face.

One eve, when rose-leaves kiss'd the pane
Through which the dying sunset gleam'd,
The lady look'd, and yet again,
Upon that face,—the while she dream'd

Of love's bright sun in clouds of jet;
Of love's sweet song, touch'd with that hand
Within whose grasp a viol set
Told memory how she'd seen him stand.

hen sleep, as 'twere some playful sprite
Stealing around her with a spell,
Held shut her eyelids, as the night,
With summer short-lived mildness, fell.

And as she lay, at breaking day,
Her soul was wrapt with music sweet.
Good heavens! she heard the minstrel play;
And, eager, leap'd upon her feet!

She knelt before the statue low,
As oft that form had done to her;
She pray'd, in bitter tears of woe,
Once more these notes her soul might stir.

'A lonely lady, here I lie,
And clasp thy marble limbs so cold;
Wake forth thy music ere I die;
Nor count me, heavenly spirit! bold.'

Repentant-like there at his feet,
No sound to her petition came;
The day dawn'd out on white wings fleet,
But she was kneeling still the same.

Her maidens came to braid her hair,
But, kneeling yet, she did not wake;
They thought her wrapt in holy prayer,
And back retired, for pity's sake.

The false knight came from field of gore,
His fiery eye with wine all pale;
At frightened maids he smiling swore,
And bade them quick their mistress hail.

They call'd aloud—no answer yet!
He went and touch'd her once soft cheek—
In marble cold her form was set,
And gone the life-blood's purple streak!

And in that chamber still, they say,
That marble group, from hour to hour,
Reminds the gazer—well it may—
Of alighted Love and Music's power!

R.

A CHINESE TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

TI-TCHONG-YU was a young student, whose family resided in a city situated about 250 miles from the capital. He was a beautiful youth, of a hasty and eager disposition; but who redeemed any of his natural defects by a wonderful generosity and desire to oblige and assist his fellows. His father had the title of Censor; and was distinguished by his integrity, and the boldness with which he used to speak to his master the Emperor. Knowing well the impetuous character of his son, he did not allow him to reside at Peking. At the age of sixteen, our hero was desirous of choosing a wife; but he was obliged to submit to the remonstrances of his father, and to defer the happy occasion.

Ti-tchong-yu continued to devote himself to study till he was twenty years of age. One day, in the course of his reading, he fell upon the history of a famous statesman, mentioned in the annals of his country, who became a victim to the great boldness with which he used to reprove his sovereign. Reflecting upon this event, he dreaded that the same misfortune might perhaps happen to his father; and, in his fear, he resolved to set out for the capital.

On the way he heard, in a village where he remained to pass the night, the story of a young student like himself, from whom a powerful noble had by force taken away his intended bride. Instantly, he took up his cause and defence—transmitted the written evidence to his father—and resolved to carry, in person, a petition to the Emperor.

On his arrival at Peking, our hero found all his fears realised. The zeal with which the Censor had defended the cause of the poor student, whose case appeared to him a hard one, had displeased the Emperor. The case had been carried before the Criminal Council; but the guilty noble was so powerful that he had succeeded, by his wealth and influence, in obtaining an acquittal, and in persuading the Emperor that the Censor had only deceived him. The father of Ti-tchong-yu was then degraded and imprisoned. Our hero penetrated into the prison, where lay in misery the author of his being; whom he surprised agreeably by showing him the memoir of the young student on whose account he was a prisoner; and which narrative was sufficient to justify the whole conduct of the Censor.

The Emperor, to whom he afterwards transmitted this document, returned him his thanks, and, according to his request, a secret order for the arrest of the noble. Ti-tchong-yu armed himself with a weapon of brass, and entered the palace of the noble, apprehended him after sufficient delay, and set at liberty the lady who had been carried off. The Censor regained his rank, and was raised to dignity by the Emperor, who punished the noble, and loudly praised the courage and zeal of the young man for being able to manage the affair so cleverly. The Censor, fearing lest his son should suffer from the praises which were being heaped upon him from all quarters, sent him off

upon a journey into the interior of the empire, hoping that he might at the same time gather wisdom and knowledge.

In a district of the province of Chan-tong there lived a member of the military tribunal of Peking, who had one daughter, named Choui-ping-sin, endowed with wondrous beauty, and with virtuous qualities not less admirable. It was to her that he entrusted (his wife being dead) the care of his property, when the duties of his office called him to the capital. An unworthy brother of this mandarin, called Chou-yun, who had three sons and one daughter (the latter very plain-looking), had entertained for a long time past a covetous desire to possess this property, which, moreover, he thought could not fail to come into his possession if his niece should marry. To this end, therefore, tended all his efforts. Encouraged by the absence of his brother, who had been banished to Tartary for having committed an error in his duties, he attached to himself a young, debauched nobleman, who became desirous of marrying with Choui-ping-sin. The lady, after having delayed some time in the matter, ended by persuading her stupid uncle to give his own daughter to the young nobleman; and the latter, of course, became furious when he perceived that he had been cheated. Chou-yun succeeded meanwhile in calming him, by making him a proposition which at once laid bare all the baseness of his character. He indicated to him the means whereby he might possess Choui-ping-sin, namely, by taking her for his wife, and by reducing his real wife to the condition of concubine. The plan was so well conceived that it appeared impossible that his niece, in her youth and innocence, should not immediately fall into the dragon's mouth. Here the interest becomes exciting; indeed, one cannot, but admire the art with which Choui-ping-sin overturned all the machinations of her two persecutors. They went about their business with great energy, forming the plan of seizing her on her return from her mother's grave, to which she had gone to perform the customary rites of the autumn season. Warned in time, however, she had changed her dress, and entered the carriage of her attendant, having filled her own with rubbish and stones, closed it, and withdrawn herself. The young nobleman arrived, and opened the carriage, in presence of his companions, who gave utterance to loud shouts of laughter on perceiving his disappointment. This second misfortune, instead of discouraging the incorrigible libertine, only, on the contrary, increased his determination.

As Choui-ping-sin shut herself up in her house, and refused to receive any strangers, the young nobleman despaired of being able to seize her forcibly. He therefore had recourse to a deception; and, to enable him to attain to the object of his passion, he manufactured a decree, which he pretended would be able to recall her father from exile. He entered her house, accompanied by a numerous retinue of attendants. The lady, finding herself a prisoner, demanded to be taken before a magistrate; and the magistrate, although proving to be the parent of the young noble-

man, saw no difficulty in agreeing to the request of Choui-ping-sin, and resolved to give her case a hearing.

At this moment, Ti-tchong-yu, whom we left to his journey, entered the city. On turning the corner of a street, he met the procession, and was hurt on the leg by the carriage which contained Choui-ping-sin. Irritated thereby, he was inclined to be angry and violent; but, after receiving the apologies of the attendants, he was about to withdraw himself, when a woman's voice, gentle and touching, fell upon his ear. She said—'I am wronged, and a prisoner. I rely upon your courage to succour me!' So, as every other knight-errant would have done, Ti-tchong-yu laid hold of the entire company, and led them before the magistrate, whom he found already seated, and about to give a decision in favour of his own son. Striking upon the great drum which was placed at the door, he entered the court, and spoke face to face with the astonished judge, who instantly decided that Choui-ping-sin should submit to her cruel persecutor. Our hero, indignant, demanded a hearing; and the magistrate was obliged to ordain that the liberty of the daughter of the mandarin be instantly granted her. Ti-tchong-yu became suddenly startled with the extraordinary beauty of her whom he had been the means of saving; and Choui-ping-sin, on the other hand, became sincerely attached to him by the bonds of gratitude. In the meanwhile, the young nobleman formed a project for revenge. He induced some unprincipled priests, belonging to a Buddhist monastery, to seize, and shut up in one of their cells, our young hero; and gave them instructions that no food should be given to him but what was first mixed with a slow and deadly poison. Choui-ping-sin, knowing well what her pursuer was capable of doing, charged her emissaries to render her an account of all that took place. As soon as she learned that her liberator had taken ill, she conceived the resolution to have him suddenly recaptured, and brought to her own house, for she saw no other way of saving his life. Our hero consented to her request with considerable scruples, lest he might, by so doing, cause her trouble. Very soon he recovered his health, and was upon the point of going away from the house, without even having seen his fair protector (for, in this matter, Chinese decorum was rigorously observed), when his rival, grown more and more furious, sent Chou-yun to address some remonstrances to his niece on the subject of the imprudence which she was committing. Choui-ping-sin excused herself by pleading the urgency of the case, and the gratitude she owed to her liberator. Her uncle retired, after placing near her dwelling a spy, who, however, rendered him a most favourable account of the conduct of the young lady. Seeing that he was unable to satisfy the young noble by such means, he set about arranging other devices.

Ti-tchong-yu, completely cured, left at last the house of the fair lady, whom he was, in turn, able to call his liberator; and returned into his own province, for the purpose of preparing for the next public examination of candidates for degrees in literature. The

indefatigable persecutor of Choui-ping-sin profited by the absence of Ti-tchong-yu in gaining over a commissioner newly arrived from the court, where he had been protected by his father. This depraved functionary delivered to him a written authority to marry the young lady in her own house, in virtue of a particular right sanctioned by the Chinese laws. Choui-ping-sin, who having heard of this, and having sent a messenger to the Emperor, secretly, with a memorial, demanded of the commissary assistance to free her from her persecutor; and, upon his refusing, showed him a copy of the petition which she had sent to the court complaining of him. The commissary, confounded, immediately set about stopping the celebration of the nuptials; upon which, she herself sent an express to recall her messenger.

Ti-tchong-yu was not long of learning all the evil which his sweetheart was enduring; and he hastened to arrive at the province of Chan-tong, that he might be able to protect her. The two wicked fellows, having seen him arrive, sent to him a little cunning boy, with a forged billet-doux from Choui-ping-sin, in which she granted him an interview. This message—being so thoroughly in opposition to the character of the young lady—awakened the suspicions of our hero, who, threatening the boy, managed to obtain from him a confession of the perfidious intentions of his enemies, and what trick it was which they meant to play upon him. These were not yet discouraged; their inventive genius furnished them with another shift. The young noble presented himself at the domicile of Ti-tchong-yu; and, on being refused admission, he left his card with the attendant. Ti-tchong-yu fancied himself, by ceremony, obliged to return this visit. On entering his enemy's house, he found assembled a numerous company, with whom he was obliged, in spite of himself, to mingle. According to a plan arranged between the young noble and his friends, the latter immediately began to make a quarrel, so as to be able, in the *mêlée*, to fall upon the lover of Choui-ping-sin, and maltreat him. But the latter conducted himself with such address and courage that he escaped from this vile plot without injury.

Some time after, our hero was in a position to render a signal service to the father of her whom he loved, which had the effect of recalling him from his exile and reinstating him in his honours as of old. Upon this, the two families decided together to contract an alliance, by uniting, in marriage, the two young people. The scrupulousness of the school of Confucius, whose principles Choui-ping-sin and Ti-tchong-yu professed, inspired them meanwhile with mutual doubts on the subject of their marriage, and they resolved at once not to carry it into effect, lest the purity and disinterestedness which had dictated all their actions might be misunderstood. These scruples ended, however, in clearing off. But, at the very moment when the union was about to be concluded, Chou-yun and his worthy friend appeared, bringing with them new obstacles.

In consideration of the elevated rank of the young lovers, the matter was carried before the Emperor himself, who summarily punished both the persecutors; and, addressing a high eulogium to the youthful couple, ordered the marriage ceremony to be consummated.

MRS. SPOKESHAVE AND HER LETTERS.

'ANY letters for me to-day, Mary?' cheerily inquires my venerable mother, Mrs. Spokeshave, as she passes from her bedroom to her parlour, in the rosy light of early morning—'any letters for me?' 'Yes, ma'am,' as cheerfully responds the faithful and attached domestic, 'there are no less than four letters for you to-day.' 'Ah! let me see them.' They are handed to her. The first opened is from her eldest son, John, who is a merchant in Calcutta. After glancing it over, she remarks—'How faint and dim his handwriting is; he writes on very thin paper; and his letter is almost wholly occupied with details about the cotton crops, indigo, flax, rice, the Government and the talookdars, and the Income-tax! I must put it aside, and read it more carefully afterwards.' The next is a joint epistle from her daughters Grace and Margaret, who are engaged in teaching in a large ladies' seminary in Edinburgh. It is full of news—as usual, a perfect budget of home intelligence. They inform her that they visited their friends at Newington on Saturday last, and found them tolerably well, although some of the children are troubled with pertinacious colds and coughs. They attended lectures at the Philosophical Institution on 'Fossil Animals,' in which they witnessed the complete demolition of the development theory. One is working a prudence cap, and the other a scarlet jacket for their old maiden aunt Jane. They have been reading Christopher North's Life, by Mrs. Gordon, and are quite delighted with it. 'Good kind girls,' their mother says, 'how active and how industrious they are! I can do very little now in the way of sewing or knitting myself, but they are young and hopeful, and can do anything.' The third letter is from her brother, Mr. Robert, who is an invalid, and resides at Cheltenham. He is a little better in his general health, but complains grievously of pains in his back and breast—in his head and feet. 'Poor bachelor uncle!' she remarks, 'he will never be quite well again, I fear. He should have taken my advice, and married forty years ago—marriage would have cured all his complaints.' The last letter contains marriage cards. 'Mrs. Thomas Simpkins—Mr. Thomas Simpkins. At home on the —.' 'Ah! they have made it out at last! It was a long engagement, and I was afraid it was going to be broken. I am glad it is now *un fait accompli*. I have a dread of long engagements. But Simpkins is a fine fellow, and I daresay the delay arose from a conscientious desire on his part to make his home more comfortable for his wife.' Thus the old lady soliloquises and moralises over her letters in the parlour, ere yet the family are assembled to breakfast.

Surely a pleasant letter is a signal blessing, for which we ought to be prepared to return thanks. Like 'a thing of beauty' it 'is a joy,' if not 'for ever,' at least for a reasonable time. There is in the nature of it (if written as it should be) a charming ease, a fine familiarity, a noble abandon, a glorious disregard of conventionalities (not to be found in a

lecture or speech, or in a sermon or an article), which engages the affections and captivates the mind. Like choice wine (say champagne, Topham's best) it refreshes the heart and causes the face to shine. It soothes the troubled soul, sends up the spirits, and rekindles afresh the fading fires of hope. How a man, on receipt of such a letter, dives with renewed alacrity into business, seeming to make a mere pastime of it! He goes into it singing. Even a note from a friend in the city, as thus:—'Dear Phil,—If you mean to go to Mr. Spindle's introductory lecture, favour me in passing with the light of your countenance, and I'll accompany you.—Yours, H. M.' has a cheering effect, like a small electric thrill. Good stories circulate in letters, and give birth to agreeable thoughts and pleasant talk. From special friends, whose mental idiosyncracies we know and admire, letters are doubly welcome. It was no ordinary fellow-man who wrote the above quoted note. How the correspondents of Charles Lamb must have exulted when letters, addressed in the old familiar handwriting of Elia, were put into their hands! How involuntarily they would bless and thank the persons who brought them! With what high expectations and dawning smiles they would open them! Ere long, the quaint jest, the serio-comic phrase, the startling hypothesis, the plays upon ideas and feelings, would convulse them with laughter, and perhaps awaken those graver thoughts which 'do often lie too deep for tears.'

So is it with Mrs. S. She dotes on a letter: a miser dotes on a guinea—a joker on a joke. It is her hobby. Though verging on fourscore, she receives a letter with all the enthusiasm of youth. Oh! could her numerous correspondents behold the cheery looks, the sunny smiles, the dimples on the cheeks, the glistening of the eyes, which their letters produce, they would write far oftener than they do to their old friend. Why, it seems as if she had got due intimation of a very rare thing—a legacy. How complacently she takes her seat at the breakfast table, and presides with enlarged urbanity! How cheerfully she tells us the news as she tops her egg—'Cousin Grace has got another baby; and Jones' eldest boy has gone to college,' &c. She muses much on her absent relations and friends, conjecturing what they may be doing or saying; and nothing delights her more than to hear, either *riva voce* or by letter, of their welfare. Heaven (notwithstanding all our efforts to detain her here) will soon take her from us; and yet I cannot conceive how she will manage to exist there without her letters; and can almost fancy that she will frequently ask some of the celestial people whether there are 'any letters from the earth to-day?'

Mrs. S. has set days for receiving and answering letters. When letters do not arrive at the appointed time she may be heard to exclaim 'No letters to-day!—very strange! Something must have happened.' This is rarely the case, because her correspondents, knowing her partiality for letters, are studious to send them punctually. In replying, she is very

exact; and her letters are short, precise, pointed, and full of matters of fact. No elaboration and no false sentiment. She writes as she feels. Her small, jagged, somewhat rough writing is slightly marked with the tremulousness of age. The lines are far from being level, and exhibit a tendency to wander to the top or to the bottom of the page. Sometimes she requests the present writer to answer her letters for her. He tells her that he knows not what to write—that he has no news. 'Oh, tell them anything,' she says. 'You can have no difficulty in framing a letter; tell them that I have knitted another stocking—that I lost my spectacles for an hour last night, and found them in my pocket amongst a lot of letters.' So he, unwilling to disoblige so dear a friend (the sun of his life and the anchor of his soul), begins the letters; and, falling short of domestic news, fills his sheets with reflections on the weather, the present distress, the war, and other such general topics. The old lady does not stint her approbation when due, but frequently remarks, 'you have omitted to tell them so-and-so;' and thus a postscript requires to be added. In many cases letters beget letters; and where, as in female correspondents' letters generally, a host of queries are put, one is less at a loss to make a suitable reply.

In her repositories, Mrs. S. has a large store of old letters, which are carefully taken out and read once a year. There are the love-letters of her youth, written to her by my father when with his regiment in the Spanish Peninsula. How anxiously looked he, how eagerly read, how dearly prized were those letters! They are somewhat dim and faded now, and yet the light of love lingers about them still—a ray of that larger light,

'Which never is on land or sea;

and Memory, as she reads them, can light them up with a portion of their former splendour. They were written in happy times, bright with hope and joy, when

'Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;

Every moment lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all its chords with might—

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.'

There, too, are the sweet, artless, primitive letters of her early girl friends. How their hand-writings differ!—some being small, sloping, faint; others bold, rough, uneven. They are nearly all full of crossed writing, so that one wonders how she manages to read them. They express the hopes, joys, fears, trials, and amusements of budding girlhood; and in some of them, between the leaves, are locks of hair and faded violets. Then come letters from members of her own family, full of mingled lights and shadows—successes and disappointments. All are religiously preserved. They are to her as voices of the past—utterances of friends, many of whom have long gone into the silent land. In reading them, her bygone life comes in review—the friends of her youth cluster around her. Almost she fancies she hears them speak. Surely the minds which caused the hands to trace these lines are not gone for ever? At all events, they live to her in those letters. They are more precious to her than all 'the wealth of Ormus or the Ind.'

Some people affect to despise letters, saying that they are mere words and phrases. They sigh for the more substantial gifts of friendship, such as a hare; or a jewel, perhaps, or a brace of partridges, or a bagg, or a sum of money. Certainly, these presents

are not to be rejected when offered; and yet do they not all perish in the using? Words fitly spoken or written sometimes produce more solid and lasting benefits than all material gifts whatever. Such largesses from a rich friend are not so cheering as a kind letter. The former are as nothing, in his wealth, from him—the latter is from his heart. The letter of a truly honest friend is above rubies. Why? Because it is a piece of himself—a bit of his mind—his heart. Can he send you anything more valuable than a slice of his intellect—of his humour—his pathos—his observation—or his experience? We would rather have from (friends unknown in the flesh, yet well known in the spirit—familiar as the stars) Mr. Thackeray, or Mr. Tennyson, or Mr. Carlyle, a letter, than any other gift they could bestow, except their photographs. But their books are their letters. Then there is the fact that your friend when writing was also thinking of you. 'Light is sweet,' says Solomon or somebody; 'and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun.' True, O king! more especially after a fortnight's obscurity in such fogs (happily unknown in ancient Jerusalem) as those which in winter settle down on our modern cities. These dispersed, the rising luminary—the illustrious stranger—is hailed with joy. Akin and next to this is the joy with which we perceive the smiling face of a particular friend. But friends cannot always meet in this rickety and shifting world. Space separates them. They can communicate, however, quite freely, mind with mind, by means of a letter. They may be far distant from each other, and yet a letter brings them nigh with that nearness with which spirits converse in the land of dreams. Across wide continents and over yawning sea-gulfs they shake hands mentally—they embrace and fall into each other's arms.

Therefore, O beloved reader! if any of your correspondents' letters remain unanswered, reply to them immediately. Nay, whether you owe your friends letters or no, write to them. In a poetical epistle to a friend, Burns says,—

'I long ha'e thought, my youthful friend,

A something to ha'e sent you;

Though it should serve nae ither end

Than jist a kind memento.'

Consider how much of the sweetness of life is made up by minor charities, small benevolences, cheap gifts like letters, which, thanks to Sir Rowland Hill, cost in the transmission only one penny. The finest models of letters are at your service for direction and help. The gossipy letters of Walpole—the passionate letters of Burns—the playful letters of Cowper—the acute and sarcastic letters of Pascal or Junius—the lively letters of Plymley—the classical letters of Gray—the profound letters of Foster—or the pithy letters of Lamb, are all before you. But the best letters, I sometimes think, like the most interesting biographies, never find their way into type. Letters, like talking, should be easy, concise, and unaffected. Those from the common soldiers in the Crimea, during the war—simple, rough, off-hand productions—were most interesting. The daily and weekly journals now-a-days discuss many of the ideas and speculations floating through the general mind—they are, in fact, letters on a larger scale; but many good topics—even the choicest—which cannot be discussed in newspapers, remain for private letters. Cultivate letters, then, as Mrs. Spokeshave cultivates them. By doing so, you cultivate yourself, 'improve your mind' as the phrase is, and, what is of much importance in this correct and decorous age, your style.

PHILIP SPOKESHAVE.

OLLA PODRIDA.

How much one envies those people who can summon sleep at will; who no sooner draw a cheque upon the Bank of Rest than it is honoured; who enter every night into immediate possession of a still chamber, shady curtains, a quiet pillow, and unbroken dreams! Silence, twin-brother unto Slumber, hangs over them his softest canopy. The pulse of Time, as it beats in the tickings of a watch, or, haply, the subdued music of the tuneful nose, but confirm the peace, hallow the nocturnal calm, and resemble, so to speak, the cries of distant sentinels on the outposts of Repose, proclaiming that all is well with the main body. Meanwhile, the sister hours pace noiselessly through the room; the slumberer hears not one single footfall. He takes no note of time, not even from its loss. For him the minutes of this waking world have no existence. He counts his days by another calendar; the almanack of his dreams knows not that of Green-wich.

Alas! when I set out upon my travels into the land of Nod, my mind has to traverse many a weary length of wakeful consciousness before it emerges into that shadowy region. Even then I can never penetrate far—never make a thorough satisfactory acquaintance with the inhabitants thereof. I suppose I can't get used to the customs of that country. I have unlearned the language. My friends tell me that when I was a child I conversed in its most abstruse terms with the utmost facility. Certain it is, that of late years my nightly wanderings have been confined to a sort of border land between sleep and waking. Hence, though I am all anxiety to pay homage to the goddess who sits on the ebon throne, binding her heavy brows with poppy, yet, after all, my allegiance is more often paid to a restless pillow, a lighted candle, and a never-absent book. 'Tis in vain that I bind darkness round me by means of an extinguisher and a resolute blanket. I sleep not, and yet am not awake. The incidents of the day dance disorderly through my puzzled memory—a train of metaphysics runs into an apple-cart—Bishop Colenso turns into a jockey at a horse fair—the Athanasian creed boils over in a coffee-pot—and I give sixpence to a tramp who spouts the elegiacs of a New-Zealand!

Hark! Is not that the rush of a thousand chariots driving past the house, carrying afar the reverberation of their echoes—dying, dying, dying! Pshaw! 'tis but the wind's long melancholy howl down the chimney—a few chords of that equinoctial symphony which, on these dark nights, is played so often to the dull ears of shipwrecked mariners; who, as they cling to the sea-tossed wreck, or utter their last cry before they disappear beneath the wave, hear not or shudder at the dreadful music. God be with them!

How silent now is all around me! as if Time himself were asleep, and one might hear his breathing. Was that two which struck last? Have I been sleeping three hours? I know not. Some interval divides me from the party I have just left. *Just left!* That

cannot be. 'Tis half a lifetime since I was there. There is my good friend, with beaming face and hospitable waistcoat, presiding like a very gentlemanly Jupiter, in this modern Olympus of a dining-room. There, too, are the shining rows of glass and plate, gracing the snowy table-cloth. There, too, more shining still, glance on each side bright eyes, bare shoulders, and rose-tinted cheeks. Fie! What have I to do with these? Let me improve my mind by listening to my right hand neighbour. I wish one could catch knowledge, like a fever, from contiguity. How closely would I press to his learned sides! I am silent, it is true, but I know how to laugh; and see! our hostess laughs too. Yes; we all laugh. Laughter is catching; but what!—Stop, stop, for pity's sake, that horrid jingling of bells, the rattle of those leaping plates! What Apollo has maddened this delphic ware?

Hulloa! I've been asleep, it seems. It's only the wind again. Hark to its distant muttering! Now it gathers strength, swiftly advancing this way, with a sound as of the great Judgment travelling towards me. I wonder what that pretty woman across the table thinks of it? Why does she not talk to me? I have sat in her drawing-room, and eaten at her table. She might have held out if only the little finger of recognition to the silent young man opposite. She has black eyes; but now, I confess, there's a haze, a film over them, which destroys not their brightness, but communicates the wavering uncertainty of short sight. She was a woman of wonderful faith, certainly; for, after she had prayed, so heavy a fall of snow answered her petition that all Cumberland, part of Westmoreland, the Irish Channel, and the north-eastern headlands of Man were covered by it. No; I can't have said *covered*. The sea couldn't have covered the snow, you know. But that sounds like nonsense. What did I say? or did I only think of saying? Oh, I remember. *They* said the gentleman was deaf and dumb, and the lady deficient. But how? Not blind! Sight is the sound of the dumb alphabet. She *must* have seen. I wonder how he proposed to her? Did he work out his feelings on a slate like a sum? or play Pyramus in dumb show to her Thisbe? It's a queer question; but—how will they quarrel when they want to—a fiao for the phrase. Never mind; go on, sir. If one is in a passion, the other won't know it. I should hate such a dead calm of the matrimonial waters. Now, a breeze—

But in this breeze I fell at last fast asleep, and slept, without more rocking, till the morning.

Now, if this is to be the penalty of my dining out, let me dine out no more, or only with a few old friends of my childhood, to whom my habits are a very part of the *me me ipsum* of the man they love. They will forgive my involuntary quadragesimal winks. They know me well enough to believe that I have a meaning in a heavy eyelid and a listless look. What if I am not *vain*? Besides, speech is silver, but silence is golden. I prefer the nobler currency.

But to be forced to talk when you want to digest; to keep up the witty dignity of your first character

to strangers or half acquaintance—ay, there's the rub! I never see that twin picture of the ploughboy defeated by a dismantled pie-dish, without envying the bucolic attitude. Somewhat more of grace, indeed—yet that's a mere matter of form. You have the reality, the quintessence of satisfaction. I would I were as unrestrained! Like him, I conquer, but am myself vanquished; an empty platter gets the better of a full stomach; the *disjecta membra* of fish, flesh, and fowl mock my futile triumph, for they know they will lie heavy on my soul for the next two hours. Alas! even now I have the lack-lustre eye of the stupid man, the stammering tongue of the modest man, and the dull wit of an unfeed'd lawyer. I confess my torpidity. Norfolk dumpling shall have his heavy jest at me, and I will not answer; jokes as flat as his own fields shall not stir my bile; I will hear without understanding—I will smile without knowing why; comprehension shall not even rise to the height of a cow story, which, like a fox, is filthiest at its tail.

It, at such a time, I possessed imagination enough, I would curiously divide my stolen wits among the dishes that have appeared on the table. Here, a piece of salmon ran away with my best joke; there, a slice of beef blunted the point of an extra smart saying; 'twas the thread of an argument amongst the nice intricacies of a partridge's wing; and was reduced to plain 'yes' and 'no' in the battery of a damson cheese. If any one accosts me, my brain lumbers up heavily in reply; if I attempt a pun, 'tis nothing but a crash in the pan; and, while the piece hangs fire, my questioner turns to his neighbour, and, in a whisper, asks him who that silent gentleman is. Then, as I sip my wine, and hear politician-tinkers boasting of their power to mend the old state-kettle—young men impudently flippant, old men lugubriously dull—I think, shame be to me! of nothing but sleep. Yes, I think also of roses, and waterfalls, and little birds singing their madrigals, and fountain-heads, and pathless groves, and a soft couch in the meadow-grass, if it be summer, or of a loving lounge on my own sofa before a clear winter fire. By-and-by, these after-dinner voices come to me as from a distance. My mind enters the vestibule of sleep, and catches only the far-off echoes of a prosaic world. Then I make odd blunders in connecting the dim sounds which reach me. A sober piece of philosophy ends by declaring that Miss — has fine legs, and I catch a line of poetry industriously proving the advantage of sewage water as manure. Somehow or other, the question of who did what? and what somebody else said, mingles itself with the constitution of the sun and the last news from America. Words, too, cease to be signs of thought, or shape themselves into preposterous meanings. Napoleon III. last week knocked down Otho, King of Greece, in the Strand; and the Prince of Wales, three days back, pitched Abe Lincoln into the crater of Vesuvius, where he began to talk of the Herculean papyri, and asked 'after his poor feet!

But it is when I am alone in my own chamber that I mostly relish these after-dinner reveries. Power-

fully convinced of the impotence of my reasoning faculties, I yield entirely the direction of my thoughts to the random guidance of fancy. Patience fails me in pursuing an idea to any length, and I am conscious of passing from one state of dreamy imagination to another, with a celerity that would appear ridiculous to me were I not absolutely incapable of being surprised at any mental inconsistency. Sometimes the hedge which separates the two strips of Fairyland is a short doze, a true sip of Lethe; or, it may be, a noise in the street or a knock at the door. Sleep, however, at such an hour is an inconstant mistress, anon kissing your eyes in all the ecstasy of declared affection, anon coyly retreating from your embrace; now summoning the sad dirges of the wind to lull you into the preparatory hush of supine slumbers; now in an instant forsaking you, causing you to start up, take an idle glance at your book or newspaper, and straightway subside into your former dreaminess.

But in such an hour, so unthoughtfully languid, so melancholy sweet, have I pressed the remembrance of years into the limits of a fleeting dream. Then have I waved back the shadows of the too busy present, and stood face to face with my other self—the self of the past, the vaguedreamer of those heathy wilds, or cleaving the blue lake waters, or rambling with thee, O Col, thou brave and kindly heart, together frightening the green gods of those antique woods by wild laughter shouts at our impossible German. Ah me! what blissful memories rise up and do obeisance in the charmed circle of youth! Love was not all madness or delirious transport of the senses, fair —, when in those wild tangled woodlands thine eyes of clearest azure, launched with every glance an argosy of hope upon my sea of life; thy sighs, the winds which filled the sails; thy eloquent blushes the sunbeams striking a radiant furrow to that fair haven—thy sweet self! Shipwrecked I remain; and the dust of years hath passed over thy head, soiled the amaranthine locks of youth, and buried thy beauty in the tomb of one short memory. Well, perchance it is better thus, that we may learn to discover in our dearest thoughts, in all enchantment of our feelings, the winding-sheet and epitaph of their death. The fiat of their decay is but a seal to the charter of their more glorious resurrection.

And now, sigh softly, ye summer breezes! and sing your faint melodies, ye mystic horns! For I am wrapt into unreal remembrances, the trance of unearthly memories, the dreams of some mysterious past. I think nobly of the soul, and believe with Plato in its pre-existence. Else, why these recollections of a life of which this seems but an after-birth? For methinks, at some vast interval from this unsatisfying consciousness of things, I have lain upon the slopes of wondrous hills, turreted by flames of sapphire and of gold. Sweet voices mingle round me in the liquid music of immortal song. White hands are clasping mine, soft cheeks offer their pure roses to my lips, and I feel the tide of a celestial life passing from her breast into a heart that cannot contain the precious flood; but feels already, oh! how sadly, the barren sands of mortality rising above its melancholy ebb. So passes that dream away.

Sometimes I can only remember myself as a little child, running alone down a leafy lane. I come to a white cottage, cold in the fiery flashes of hot noon. But who stands now at the gate? what little hands are linked around my neck? whose the soft kisses showered upon my lips and cheeks? I see a face these mortal eyes have never seen—I hear a voice these ears have never heard in Time; a graceful shadow runs in my path, or chases with me the undisappointing bubbles of the fairy hour. At last we stand together at the western gate, mournfully looking on the falling day. I feel her sorrowful face pressed close to mine—strange antenatal tears fall from my eyes. The sun that is setting before us calls me to follow over those blue horizons into other lands. But she is left behind. Does she think of her immortal playmate now—bond-slave of Time and Sense?

I am willing to account for some of these fancies by supposing them to be chance recollections of books read to be forgotten. It may be by the help of my own imagination I prolong the delusions. Yet whatsoever they be, I would not exchange them for all the prosaic grandeurs of kings and princes. They are my *terra incognita* whereon I rule sole lord—my fortunate isles whose seas are ever mild, whose skies are ever blue. They are centres of deep quiet in the vert Bermoothes of this world—the true succedaneum of life's toothache—the elixir of youth's decrepitude—the shadowy sunshine of a departing day.

Let ill-natured people sneer, and call them the frocks of an idle fancy when reason sleeps; the giddy frolics of children in an empty house. I am too happy to care; for these my dreams—if dreams they be—are sworn friends and fairy playmates with other beauteous children of the mind; and, as I wave my ideal wand, I see, through half-shut eyes, the landscape of a fairy world; a lovely maiden lying by a singing stream; a meadow sloping downwards to a lake; forest ground cross-barred by magic moonlight; a silver swan reposing on its silent image in the wave; a city in the clouds; the wet feet of the pilgrim; and the glimmering gates of pearl beyond. Still rides the brave knight with his visor up; still heavenly Una leads her milk-white lamb; still shines the treacherous heaven of Armida's smiles; still dance—

'Eh, eh! What! Rhoda? Coffee? Yes, you may bring me a cup.' A. S.

POPULAR SONGS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

No. VI.

THERE is another song of the Children of the Mist, which may be called 'Cruchan a Cheathaich; or The Braes of the Mist.' It is in print, and well known. But I translate from a copy taken down from the singing of an Islayman, who is a smith, and well acquainted with the traditional poetry and legends of the Highlands. Neither this man nor the transcriber knew that the song had ever been published. Each thought he was doing his best to save an ancient fragment that was just about to perish. This again serves to show the care with which Tradition watches over the few prized treasures which the tyrant Time leaves with it. The ballad is sung to a wild and melancholy pibroch tune, to which the translation has been adapted. The story connected with it is interesting. In the last line of the poem the singer speaks of her father, but the tradition says it was her husband and two sons, whom she had concealed in her house when some of the bitter enemies of the MacGregors were observed approaching. They were already close at hand. There was no time for escape.

The woman concealed her friends in a bed, and then sitting down at the fire or at the door proceeded to sing this song. She represents herself waiting in solitude for her persecuted kindred; and saying, since they had not then returned, they must either yet be at Loch-Fyne—as when she last heard of them—or far away in the glens of the Mist, hunting and fishing; and consequently, as it was now so late, obliged to pass the night in a poor hut, where she had left some tokens of her presence, and it is to be inferred some rude preparations for their reception. She then concludes, praying for their safety, and expressing her own sadness on account of their many dangers, some of which she enumerates with the minuteness of intimate acquaintance. In such circumstances, that prayer must have come emphatically from the singer's heart. It was answered to her wish on that occasion at least.

The people outside listened as the woman sang, and, believing what she said, passed on without disturbing her. A very good subject surely for a picture this woman would make, singing so at her fireside, in the hearing of her friends and her enemies—her heart's most precious wishes depending on the effect produced by her ballad.

The song represents her sitting on the highway—her most cruel foes not unobserved, though unnoticed by her; her dearest friends in the power of those foes if they only knew it; and she—with the twilight, and the dim, misty mountains looking down on her—their deliverer, if she could sing her lyric in the right character to the end. Seldom, indeed, has song or ballad been composed or chanted in circumstances of such intense excitement.

THE BRAES OF THE CEATHACH.

I sit here alone, by the plain of the highway,
For my poor hunted kin; watching mist, watching by-way.
I've yet got no sign that they're near to my dwelling;
At Loch-Fyne they were last seen—if true be that telling—
Drinking wine with the nobles, the street proudly stepping
With Gregor òg Rua—that hard hand behind weapon—
And Gregor Mor Malmach, my household commanding,
Son of him of Strath Startall, round whose hearth, often stand-

ing,
I've heard the bards harping, and oft seen them playing
With the dice, and with chess, and the fiddle's mirth swaying.

In the Glen of the Mist is the stag from you flying?
On the moor are you leaving the bonny bird lying?
For the raven a prey do her bloody plumes quiver?
Or draw you its dark blue sock from the bonds of the river?

You must pass this long night in a hut low and narrow,
Where the dagger I left, and the belt and the arrow;
May the King of the Universe save you for ever
From the flash and the bullet and store of the quiver;
From the keen-pointed knife, with the life-blood oft streaming;
From the edge of the sharp claymore, terribly gleaming.

In Braigh Bhaillie, on Sunday, they won without fighting,
But since then no smile my sad face has been lighting;
Small wonder I say so—greater shame 'twould be rather
Not to say so with grief when they call thee my father.

From internal evidence, this song may be pronounced at least two hundred years old. It forms a fit companion for 'MacGregor o' Ruara,' belonging to the same clan and the same era, and having been produced under somewhat similar circumstances. The next are a good deal more modern.

Laments or elegies are called in Gaelic 'Marbha Ranna,' or 'Death Songs.' The proportion which these elegies bear to the other kinds of Highland poetry is immense. The time has been when perhaps every man had his coronach or lament sung over him. No man of note could die without several bards singing at least one tuneful

strain, expressive of the sorrows of the living and celebrating the virtues of the dead. Even yet, Marbh Ranns are commonly composed, and not unfrequently published. Many of these used to be the not improper channels by which a real, melting, noble, and becoming sorrow passed from mind to mind. Perhaps some of them may still be so. But many would probably originate in the feeling of their being creditable or profitable exercises of the poetic faculty. Some of them are prodigiously long. Of all these it may with considerable safety be averred that not one of them is good. Those which are likeliest to the popular songs—like 'MacGregor o' Ruara' and 'Connal,' already translated, and which seem not to have been composed by the regular bards at all, but to have been the outburst of irrepressible and unaffected feeling—are much the best. They are not, however, the commonest. The usual style is more like the following, which is the production of Robert Mackay—generally called Robb Donn, from the colour of his hair, which was brown. He was the author of a vast number of elegies, satires, and songs. This Marbh Rann has been made choice of partly in account of its shortness. It forms one of two composed by the same bard for Mr. Murdoch MacDonald, a minister who was in Durinis in the land of Mackay:—

Dreary and dreary—oh, dreary am I!
So dreary and lone at the head of the year;
Since Murdoch has left me I grieve, and ask why
Was he not left for an age or two here?
Heart of reason—mouth that could good things say!
Wise head, in pious knowledge taught!
Even hand, and open in the time to pay!
O face above the board, with bounty ever fraught!
They faded—these faded when Death vanquish'd thee—
This year takes the glory of wisdom away;
Now the boons, unrestrain'd, without fear wander free,
God gives them so loose a rein since that doleful day.
For me, I am lone as a desert is lone;
I feel without use, and I laugh now no more.
How can I chant, or sing, or speak in cheerful tone,
When thou canst never hear again my mirth or lore!
Alas for thy household—thy children bereft!
Alas for the tunes thou couldst sing with such glee!
Alas for myself, with this empty praise left!
Alas for the sod that now rests upon thee!
Many they are who wept when thou wert dead,
But in a month their weary grief went by;
My grief at least has not so quickly fled—
At the head of the year, oh dreary am I!

Robb Donn was born in Sutherlandshire in the year 1714, and died in 1784—his life being thus divided into two equal portions by the year of the battle of Culloden. There is little or nothing in his works, however, to remind us of the romance of that period. The spirit of chivalrous devotion, the generous ardour, the enterprising valour and forgetfulness of the selfish interest of the moment, which certainly belonged in a very striking degree to the Highlands at that time, seem to have passed beside or above Robb Donn. He was less distinguished for the high imaginative effect of deep sentiment, acting on a naturally fee intellect, than for the clearness of his perceptions and the pointed vigour of his thought and expression.

The following pithy satire, with its peculiar form and even though covert mockery, is certainly philosophic and original enough, but not what we should most readily expect to come from a Gaelic bard immediately after the peer of Charles. It is entitled, 'The Greedy Man and the World complaining against one another.' The Greedy Man opens the dialogue:—

'Grudging art thou, O World! and always art so;
Parting with those who have no wish to part so.
The man whose greedy passions tie a string to thee,
Falls on his back with nothing when he pulls it free.'

'Tis you, ye fickle-men! who always start so.
I'll do ye keep by me who would not part so.
My sod supports you underneath, as you see;
But away you flit at once—and well may you be!

'Oh, if thou wouldst keep me, I'd be thine indeed!
Since beneath the sun lies all the good I heed,
How canst thou let me go, perhaps to endless pain,
When of heaven than of thee I am far less fain!

'Nay; but thou shouldst set thy wishes much more truly
Where lasting pleasure in return comes duly.
Although the boor I nourish for a season,
To keep him long I've neither might nor reason.'

There were a great many songs composed by Robb Donn. Some of these are not considered of a very high quality, and some of them are not of a very pure character. One which took its rise on the poet's being forsaken by his sweetheart is the best of the number. Robb Donn was at one time a drover. Following his vocation, he was absent on a certain occasion for more than a year from his native district; on his return he found his sweetheart engaged to a fair-haired Lowland carpenter. The song is descriptive of his feelings on making this melancholy discovery. But Robb Donn must have been a man of a buoyant temperament, for he tells his grief with unmistakable smartness as well as feeling. He was the author of the music as well as the words of the song. Its title is

THE SHIELING SONG.

Oh, sad is the shieling,
And gone are its joys!
All harsh and unfeeling
To me now its noise,
Since Anna—who warbled
As sweet as the merle—
Forsook me—my honey-mouth'd
Merry-lipp'd girl!
Heich, how I sigh;
While the hour
Lastly, loneliness,
Sadly, goes by!

Last week, as I wander'd
Up past the old trees,
I mourn'd, while I ponder'd,
What changes one sees!
Just then the fair stranger
Walk'd by with my dear—
Dreaming, unthinking,
I'd wander'd too near,
Till 'Heich' then I cried,—
When I saw
The girl, with her lover, draw
Close to my side—

'Anna, the yellow-hair'd,
Dost thou not see
How thy love unimpair'd
Wearieth me?
'Twas as strong in my absence,
When banish'd from thee—
As heart-stirring, powerful,
Deep as you see—
Heich! it is now,
At this time,
When up like a leafy bough,
High doth it climb.'

Then, haughtily speaking,
She airily said,
'Tis in vain for you seeking
To hold up your head.

There were six wooers sought me
While you stay'd away;
And the absentee surely
Deserved less than they.
Ha! ha! ha!
Are you ill?
But if Love seeks to kill you—bah!
Small is his skill!

Ach! ach! Now I'm trying
My loss to forget—
With sorrow and sighing,
With anger and fret.
But still that sweet image
Steals over my heart;
And still I deem fondly
Hope need not depart.
Heich! and I say
That our love,
Firm as a tower gray,
Nought can remove.

So Fancy beguiles me,
Fair Anna MacNee!
But the carpenter wiles thee,
False speaker! from me.
Yet from Love's first affection
I never get free;
But the dear known direction
My thoughts ever flee
Heich! when we stray'd
Far away,
Where soft shone the summer day
Through the green shade.

The airy, haughty, heartless coquette of this little ballad is sketched with considerable spirit.

'Ha! ha! ha! are you ill?' is a touch of Nature. One sees the poor disconsolate bard standing bewildered before her without a word in his head—so utterly cast down is he at the ill-placed mirth and cruel triumph of his worthless fair-haired beauty. He has contrived, however, to make the lady show a little pique too—'If Love seeks to kill you—bah! small is his skill!'—as if to console himself with the idea that his old favourite was not so utterly destitute of feeling, nor her old love after all so easily cast off without leaving a trace behind.

It would not perhaps be unsatisfactory to know that 'Anna, the yellow-hair'd,' met with some little bit of a disappointment herself in the end, in spite of her vaunted powers of attracting six lovers around her in one year. There is another lady mentioned in the original whose name was Isabel; but as she makes her appearance only in one line, and as her business even there seems to have been merely that of St. Peter in Master Stephen's verse,* I have taken the liberty of omitting her altogether.

There is another well-known Highland song by a for-

* Stephen—'Shld! I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Knowell—Nay, do not weep the loss. Hang it! let it go.

Stephen—Oh! it's here! No; an' it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring Mistress Mary sent me.

E. Knowell—A jet ring! Oh, the poeie! the poeie!

Stephen—Fine! faith.

Though fancy sleep,

My love is deep.

Meaning that, though I did not fancy her, she loved me dearly.

E. Knowell—Most excellent!

Stephen—And then I sent her another; and my poeie was—

The deeper the sweeter;

I'll be judged by St. Peter.

E. Knowell—How by St. Peter! I do not conceive that.

Stephen—Marry, St. Peter to make up the metre.

E. Knowell—Well, there the Saint was your good patron—he helped you at your need. Thank him—thank him.—*Every Man in his Humour*; Act II. scene 2.

saken lover, which may be compared with the preceding one, though it deals with its subject in a very different style. This is an Islay song, and called 'Och! mar tha Mi.' I give it verse for verse with the original, and in its rather peculiar metre, exactly as it was sung to me by a lady well acquainted with, and much interested in, Highland popular poetry. It must be noted that words of two syllables are in Gaelic invariably accented on the first; the second syllable becoming frequently little more than a mere breathing. There are also far fewer monosyllables in Gaelic than in English. This will serve to account for Gaelic verses ending as they so often do—not with a long syllable as in English, but with a word of a long and short syllable, as in this song—what the ancients called a trochee.

It is very difficult to give verses constructed on this principle a metrical sound in English at all; but, to adapt words to a great number of the Highland melodies, such a form is absolutely necessary. Every one who has heard Gaelic songs sung by those who give them the raciest intonation, must have observed how prone they were to dwell on the second last syllable of each line, and drop the last almost inaudibly. That is the right style for singing 'Och! mar tha Mi'—the air of which is very pretty.

OGH! MAR THA MI. *

Och! mar tha mi! here so lonely,
Despair has seized me, and keeps his hold,
Oh were I near thee, in Islay, only
Before thou'st taken that man for gold!

This doleful morning, how sad my waking!
My eyes with tear-drops fast running over,
For old love leaving and old vows breaking—
Thy banns are call'd with that other lover.

When sleeping sweetly the rest are lying,
Wild dreams of anguish my mind is weaving.
I'm like the swan that drops wounded—dying;
My love exhausts me with bitter grieving.

Alas! thy kind eye, so brightly shining;
Thy neck so comely, like cannach blowing;
Those ebon eyebrows thy forehead lining;
Thy cheek like berries on rowans glowing.

Though all earth's maidens my heart were seeking,
I'll love no more from this doleful morning,
Thou spirit-thrilling! thou sweetly-speaking!
Since thou hast left me, and without warning.

Since thou hast left me, and without warning,
Alas! and taken a man for gold!
Had I been by thee, false wisdom scorning,
Thyself, my dear one! thou hadst not sold.

Thy love could raise me from wasting fever,
And fill my pulses with health abounding—
Like the strong salmon that leaves the river,
And leaps rejoicing where waves are sounding.

Och! mar tha mi! here so lonely
Despair has caught me, and keeps his hold.
Oh were I near thee, in Islay, only
Before thou'st taken that man for gold!

THOMAS PATTERSON.

* The *th* being silent in Gaelic, and the *i* sounded as in all other languages except English, these words are pronounced 'ha me!' This is an exclamation of grief, and means literally 'Och! how am I!' or, rendered more freely, 'Alas! what a state am I in!'

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN.

CHAPTER I.

NINE o'clock p.m. struck, and I jumped off my stool in the office of the respectable Messrs. Jeremy and Diddler, Writers to the Signet, Edinburgh. I was glad the hour for closing had come. I was tired with the day's work; my wrist was aching with long-continued writing; horrid legal words—'said,' 'foresaid,' 'these presents'—were chasing one another through my wearied brain; and I was longing from the bottom of my heart for a breath of fresh air. One month of 'Auld Reekie' had not made me forget the breezy slopes of —shire, nor accustomed me to the confinement of a town life. On this night in particular, I felt more than usually disgusted with the prosaic and monotonous task of copying law papers—always so distasteful to one of my temperament. For be it known, at that time I was, or fancied myself to be, a poet. I read Tennyson and Byron; I had a great disrelish for the practical; I had fallen in love over and over again; I had even written verses which had appeared in a local paper; and if all these things do not constitute a poet, I am very much mistaken.

To resume:—As nine o'clock struck, I jumped off my stool, locked up my desk, and with a 'good night' to my fellow-clerks (a sadly unpoetical set they were), sallied out into the cool refreshing night air. I walked out by the west end of the town; and the fineness of the evening tempted me to go farther than I had at first intended; for, on looking at my watch, as I turned into Moray-place on my way home to my lodgings, I was surprised to see it was between ten and eleven o'clock. My watch deserves more than a passing mention, as it plays no unimportant part in my story. It was a solid, substantial gold watch, of the size that watches were in the good old times and clocks are now-a-days. It had been given to me by an aged aunt when I left home, and many had been

the weighty words with which she had endeavoured to impress upon my youthful mind a due sense of the responsibility connected with the custody of so precious an heirloom. Modesty forbids me to say more than that, as yet, I had been very faithful to the trust reposed in me.

I returned my watch to my pocket, and after a momentary glance at the fine appearance the Square presented—illuminated as it was by the brilliant light of a clear, full moon—was passing on, when I was suddenly startled by hearing a slight scream. I turned round in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and, by help of the moonlight, saw, at a short distance behind me, a young lady struggling to free herself from the grasp of a man who had hold of her by the arm. There was no other living creature but myself near them, and of course I rushed back to her assistance. The fellow did not wait for my coming up, but on hearing my footsteps made off as fast as possible, and I was left at liberty to attend to the object of his attack. I went forward to her and politely expressed a hope that she had not been hurt. The tone of her voice, as she assured me that she had escaped uninjured, and thanked me for my opportune arrival, sent a thrill of pleasure through me; it was silvery and musical to a degree—its sweet notes would have charmed the mighty bard who thought a gentle voice an excellent thing in woman. Her eyes were turned downwards when she began to speak, for she was putting to rights her shawl, which had become disarranged in the slight struggle; but as she finished, she looked up, and—ye scoffers at love at first sight, be as derisive as you please!—I was a victim, a helpless victim, bound in the chains of Cupid's forging.

Reader! bear with me for a little. Picture to yourself the scene and its surroundings; put yourself in my place, and then blame me, if you can. Imagine a magnificent moon overhead—its soft and tender light disclosing to your gaze a sweet young face flushed over with a blush of mingled confusion and gratitude, and a pair of bright eyes—the one moment looking timidly into yours, the next cast bashfully upon the ground! Add to these attractions the suddenness of the apparition, and the peculiar, not to say romantic, nature of the meeting; and, male reader of mine! I ask you, could you have resisted the combined force of all these charms? If you say you could, I have done with you. Like the Greek philosopher of old, you are not a man, but a stone. I could not. The lady was fair; and, by the 'weird moonlight,' doubtless appeared even fairer than she really was. I was young, soft-hearted, unsophisticated—and I succumbed. From the first glance she gave me, I was in love with her—I was her slave. I can well imagine now how stupid I must have appeared to her; for I was startled, dazzled out of my self-possession, and thrown into a state of nearly passive awkwardness. I, who could have thrown myself at the lady's feet, and in dumb show declared the passion that had so suddenly sprung up within me, could not find, as I stood upright before her, words with which to frame

the most commonplace observation—even the formal Good night, I should have said, stuck in my throat. The only distinct feeling of which I was conscious, beyond a cold thrill all over me, was an insane wish for some enchanter's wand, with which I might fix her to the spot, and, unseen by her, gaze for ever on her face. Foolish, foolish I! Pardon me, reader! I was but a young man, and not very long from the country. I was, however, soon roused from my inaction. The lady bowed, and seemed to be on the point of moving away. Was this to be the end of it all? Was the fair apparition to depart as strangely and as suddenly as it had come—the memory only of its beauty abiding with me? It must not be. A desperate thought seized me, and I gave expression to it, although how I summoned up courage to do so even as well as I did, I cannot yet understand. I asked 'If I might be allowed to see her home, the hour was so late.' At least this was what I intended to say, but I am afraid I made a sad bungle of it. The words I stammered out must, however, have had some coherency in them, for the lady understood their meaning. She stood still again for a minute, and I knew by the gentle tapping of her foot upon the pavement (oh! how each little pat went through my heart!) that she was considering my proposal. The result of her deliberation, which did not last above a few seconds, was favourable to me. She murmured something about 'the hour being indeed late, and that she accepted my offer, and . . .'. The rest of the sentence was spoken in so low a tone that I only caught the words 'stranger' and 'trust. Trust me! well might she. What danger would I not have run for her! From what peril would I not have defended her! I am not a Hercules by nature but I am confident that at that moment I could have scattered a whole host of ruffians, for I felt my arm nerved with the strength of a Sir Galahad. My self-possession did not increase in the same proportion, for, to tell the truth, the success which had attended my proposition was rather unexpected. I managed, however, to mutter a few words about proving myself worthy of the confidence reposed in me, and, without more ado, we sallied out of the Square together. As we walked on, I got rid, partly at least, of my embarrassment; although, for some little time, I could hardly shake off the impression that the whole affair was but some pleasant dream. I was brought to myself by the sweet voice of 'the fair unknown' calling my attention to the route it would be necessary to take. I had not yet bestowed a thought on anything so prosaic. Why could we not just wander on wherever fancy led us! She informed me that she lived at a considerable distance from where we then were—at the very other side of the town indeed—in a street in Lauriston. 'Too far out of my road? oh certainly not!' I spoke in answer to a doubt the lady had expressed; and I thought of adding that I would go with pleasure to the world's end with her, but contented myself with a less vehement protest. At the same time, I had to confess that I was a coun-

partive stranger to Edinburgh, and therefore totally unacquainted with the locality named. My companion, however, knew the road, and that was enough for me. I surrendered myself to her guidance.

We walked on in the proper direction, and arrived safely at Princes-street. A slight interruption occurred here. Two or three students, possessed of that sense of humour common to the tribe, had been amusing themselves by thrashing an unfortunate policeman, and the result was a regular riot. The street was almost blocked up by a restless crowd; and, as we were both very much jostled in the crush, and, indeed, almost separated, I offered the young lady my arm. I thought the urgency of the moment warranted me in doing so; and I suppose my companion thought too, for she very readily passed her arm through mine, and, even when we had fairly got out of the press, did not withdraw it. It only needed this to complete my happiness. I felt as if I trode upon air, as if I could have gone on for ever, with the little hand resting on my arm, with the fair face looking up to mine, with the silvery voice making sweet music to my ears. It was about common every-day subjects that she spoke, and I suppose no very great degree of ~~eloquence~~ or talent was either required or exhibited; but the most gifted orator that ever was had never a more attentive listener than she had. I hung upon every word she said. I treasured up in my heart her most trivial sentences. She was certainly not talkative, but she yet spoke more than I did. I was too happy even to think, much less to talk; besides, every time I opened my mouth I felt as if the sound of my own voice, so uncouth compared with hers, would break the spell under which I lay. I was happy only when I listened. I gathered from her conversation that she, like myself, was almost a stranger to Edinburgh (I was glad that there was at least one point of sympathy between us); that she had been on a visit that evening to a friend's house at the west end of the town; and that she had waited for 'some one' to call for her to see her home, but that 'some one' had never appeared, and she had been obliged to set out alone. How grateful I felt to that 'some one' for its negligence. Who could it be? Was it he or a she? It might be her brother—it might be her — oh horror! I felt the sting of jealousy already. The walk did not last for ever, as I would have liked it to have done. We passed the Castle; we admired the moon and the moonlight; and I thought of speeches which I could have spoken glibly enough to many a young lady, but which, addressed to her, would, I felt, have been nothing but impertinence. We reached the south side of the town; we threaded our way through many streets which I had never been before; and we finally came to a stand in one, at the foot of a common stair, the door of which was open.

The pleasant drama of the past hour or so was nearly over—the last scene of it had come; and I held with the lady's hand in mine, bidding her adieu. Oh, how I longed to raise it to my lips!—it

felt so soft, it looked so small and tempting. I restrained myself, however, and let it fall again; although I did try to please myself with the idea that she had allowed it to remain in my grasp a little, just a very little, longer than was absolutely necessary.

'Good-bye!' How powerless was that little word to express all the feelings of my heart! I tried to make it sound tender and melancholy. I only succeeded, I am afraid, in making it dismal, 'Good-bye!' I pulled my hat over my eyes and turned away.

'Mr. —'

The fair unknown still stood upon the steps. It was her voice that had called me back.

'Mr. —'

'Browning,' I mildly suggested.

'Mr. Browning! if you are ever passing this way again, I am sure papa, Captain Burnham, will be glad if you will call up; he will thank you better than I can for your kindness to me to-night.'

I bowed assent: the lady passed in; and the envious door closed behind her and hid her from my sight.

O dear, dear young lady! how happy these last words of yours had made me! for, had they not removed from my breast the dreadful thought that I would never see you more? How bright, for the next few minutes, did everything round about me look! The very dull gray street assumed, in my eyes, a beauty that was not its own. My heart, too, felt brimful of 'universal brotherhood.' Supremely happy myself, I could afford to feel benevolently towards my less favoured fellow-mortals. I could have hugged a passing policeman; I could have forgiven my greatest enemy; even if Plimmer had stood before me—that odious fellow-clerk of mine, who but a week ago had laughed at some of my verses—I could have taken him to my bosom—I could, indeed;—at least, I think so. In this benevolent state of mind I proceeded on my way. I stopped again at the corner to have another glance along the street. It looked dismal, now that her presence was no longer there. Clouds, too, were gathering in the sky, and a slight easterly *haar* creeping up. So, repressing a desire that prompted me to return to kiss the bell-handle her fingers had doubtless so often touched, and to gaze up at a lighted window, which might have been hers or any other person's, I walked hastily onwards.

It will be needless to describe the blissful feelings that occupied my mind on my way home;—they were such as have possessed all lovers since the beginning of time. I will only mention that, having given vent to them at a moment when they were very deeply excited, by singing wildly,

'I love thee! I love thee! Is all that I can say.'

I succeeded in frightening an old cinder-woman, who was crouching at the side of the pavement, into using abusive language. I did not resent it, however. I, who could have taken a Plimmer to my bosom, found it easy to pardon a perhaps natural ebullition of feeling in an unlearned child of the Cowgate. It took

me about an hour and a-half to walk home; for I lost my way more than once, and only recovered it after a good deal of plunging about. One o'clock was sounding forth, from a neighbouring church steeple, as I stood, at the foot of the stair, in the respectable street, on the north side of the town, in which my lodgings were situated.

I had never been out so late before, and I ran quickly up stairs—intending to let myself quietly in with the pass-key, so as not to disturb either my landlady or my fellow-lodgers. But Fate was against me. My landlady, Mrs. Parsons, met me at the door, with a very small candle in her hand, and a very large nightcap on her head. Oh! how intensely unromantic she looked! Her whole appearance clashed so terribly with the train of my thoughts and feelings at the time, that the very sight of her prosaic and unprepossessing exterior ruffled my nerves. I felt like an Abyssinian suddenly brought face to face with an Arctic iceberg. Her voice, too, was the reverse of soothing—it did grate terribly on the ear in which the silvery notes of the fair unknown still lingered.

'We're late to-night, Mr. Browning! We're late to-night!' and between each clause she smacked her lips, as if she were tasting something peculiarly nice. Of course, I could not but assent to this very mild statement. She was not done with me, however.

'You'll be wanting your supper, sir. The kitchen fire is nearly out; but I dare say I could do you a bit of toasted cheese.'

Yes, these were her exact words. She offered toasted cheese to me!—to a man in love!—to one who would have thought the nectar of the gods too solid food! Oh, Mrs. P.! Mrs. P.! if a glance could have withered you up, root and branch, you would not have been this day in the land of the living! I did not trust myself to speak; but, with the next thing to a rush, made straight for my bed-room door. I was not fated to reach it in safety. I had hardly taken one or two steps forward, when my foot caught in the leg of a chair, which the darkness of the lobby prevented me seeing in time; and chair and I both came to the ground with a tremendous clatter. Now, there is probably no man living who would consider it a very pleasant thing to have to lie out, full length, in a lobby, at one o'clock in the morning, with a chair on the top of him. For a lover to have to do so was peculiarly humiliating! I felt very much annoyed. I could have risen and thrown the offending piece of furniture at Mrs. P.'s head. The old aggravator! Before I had time to pick myself up, I heard the shrill treble of her voice sounding forth.

'Easy! easy! Mr. Browning. Young men will be young men, I dare say; but you might try and not disturb the other *ludgers* in the house.'

She meant to insinuate that I was drunk. This insult, coming so quickly after the toasted cheese, was too much for me—the patience even of a Job would have given way. I sprang to my feet, determined to rebuke her in a dignified and gentlemanly

manner. With my hand on the handle of my own room-door (he was a wise man that said 'discretion is the better part of valour'), I turned at bay.

'Woman!' began.

I got no further. She burst on me like a whirlwind.

'Woman! woman!! ye'll woman me, you will! Keep your "woman" for your fine leddies out o' doors; they'll —'

I did not wait for the finish. I made a dive into my own room, and shut the door in her face. Behind that breakwater, I heard with composure the muttering and rolling of the storm outside. As, however, I was now fairly out of reach, it soon subsided; and with the passing reflection that if she were a woman I was not to blame, I dismissed the irate landlady from my mind.

For a full hour I walked up and down my bed room, occupied with pleasant memories and golden castle-building. I need hardly say who was the central figure in all my thoughts. A hundred times repeated over to myself every word she had spoken a hundred times I recalled with rapture her voice, her face, her hand, her eyes. I had almost forgot to mention that these last were brown (I had noticed this as I stood opposite to her bidding her good-bye); and brown eyes had always been my delight. Black eyes may be beady and staring; blue eyes may be insipid and weak; but brown eyes can never be anything but beautiful.

I had often been in love before, but had never experienced anything at all compared to what I now felt as far as regards intensity. All my previous affairs of the heart had been merely boyish flames, and

'In the light of deeper eyes
Seem'd matter for a flying smile.'

but this present one, I was convinced, was the passion that was to influence for good or ill my whole future life. No thought of a rival ever crossed my inflated brain; I was determined to win her; the first step had been already gained—I had been asked into the house, and what obstacle could prove insurmountable to an ardour such as mine? I would do or die.

Animated with this high resolve, I began to think of bed, for in truth I was getting sleepy. Cupid, in the long run, is no match for Morpheus; and love notwithstanding all that poets say to the contrary cannot altogether dispense with blankets and pillows. I threw off my coat, and then put my hand into my pocket to take out my watch; but, to my utter astonishment, *no watch was there!* I looked hastily down—a short piece of broken chain, hanging loosely from a button-hole, told the tale! A practised hand had been at work; and my watch, the treasured heirloom had passed into the possession of some common thief in my pocket! I stood petrified. My first thought was, 'What would I say to my aunt? My second, when and where could I have lost it? Many vague surmises flitted through my mind; and then a terrible suspicion flashed across me. I caught up my coat;—my purse had been in the pocket, on the side that had been next to the

I felt for it. *It was gone too!* I grew faint; my head swam round; I had to hold on by the bed to steady myself. My suspicion was gaining ground. There was one way of either verifying or disproving it. The Edinburgh Directory lay upon my table; in a minute more my trembling fingers were turning over its leaves. The name of the street she lived in? She had mentioned it. Quick! O treacherous memory! had it escaped thee? Yes. Ah no! I remembered it. Cardigan-street was the name she had given. For Cardigan-street, accordingly, I looked—but looked in vain; there was no such street in Edinburgh! There was another chance still remaining. I turned to the list of residents, and, with a beating heart, run my eye down the pages. Burn—Burness—Burnside; but not one of the name of Burnham! My suspicion was a suspicion no longer; it had passed into a conviction—into a certainty. I threw the book from me in despair. Everything appeared in its true light to me now; rapidly, all the incidents of the evening passed in review before my mind; and I saw, attached to each one of them, an importance and a meaning which till this moment had been concealed from me. The pretended assault in Moray-place—the readiness with which she had accepted my proffered escort—the cautious route we had taken—the out-of-the-way street she had led me to—me, a confessed stranger to the town,—the open door at which we stopped—all had been but the successive steps in the conspiracy of which I had been the unsuspecting victim; and she, who for the last few hours had been the idol of my heart, was nothing but a most accomplished pick-pocket!

'And with brown eyes, too!' I faintly murmured, as I sank into the nearest chair, exhausted in body, crushed and humiliated in spirit.

CHAPTER II.

Time rolled on; and, although it brought few changes to me outwardly, I trust that, profiting by the lessons of experience, I became, if not a better at least a wiser man. Of course, I never heard more of my watch; indeed, to tell the truth, I never took any steps in the matter, I was so ashamed of the foolish part I had played. Neither did the fair unknown ever again cross my path. For long, I kept a sharp look-out on the streets—for long, I read every price report; but all to no purpose—I neither saw nor heard anything of her. She seemed to have departed as suddenly as she had come, leaving not a trace behind. Even the very street to which she had taken me I could never afterwards clearly identify, as I had been too much excited on the memorable evening to take particular note of the landmarks of the scene. Did the love—for the young woman, shall I call her?—also disappear as completely from my heart? I don't know what to say to this question. When I thought of her fair face and silvery voice, then I am afraid the answer must be 'No.' But when her degraded life and all its terrible accompaniments

rose up before my mind, then it must be 'Yes;' for love passed into pity. Somehow, it was only pity I felt. I never felt angry at the deception which I concluded had been practised on me.

I soon made my peace with my landlady; and—with shame I write this—I had often to tell lies to my aunt about my watch. I know that the end does not justify the means; but if I had revealed to her the whole truth, I am sure it would have brought her gray hairs in sorrow to an earlier grave than Nature had marked out for her. Poor old soul! may she rest in peace! Her funeral notice at this moment lies upon my table.

One winter evening, between one and two years after my adventure, I sat in my own room, considering what answer I should send to a note I had received, inviting me to an evening party. Now, I was not fond of dancing, and, in consequence, had hitherto as a rule declined all such invitations; but I was half inclined to make an exception in this case. The 'blow-out' (as I have heard some of my fast friends call it) was to be given by the Austins—a family with whom I had become very intimate within the last year or so, and one of the members of which, Frank by name, was my most particular friend. If I sent a refusal, I would more than likely give offence, and I did not certainly wish to risk that. Would I be self-denying, and go? I was saved the trouble of deciding for myself. In the midst of my cogitations I heard a ring at the bell, followed in a minute or two after by a knock at my door. I had hardly time to say 'Come in,' before harum-scarum Frank Austin, *in propria persona*, was shaking me by the hand.

'I say, old boy! how are you? I declare it's a perfect age since I saw you last; that's our note in your hand, isn't it? You are coming? Of course, you are! You couldn't refuse, you know.'

This was either a cool assumption on Frank's part, or else he saw indecision written on my face; for he had not given me time yet even to open my lips. Without heeding me, however, this second Lavater rattled on.

'And you will not repent it; for although I say it that shouldn't, it will be a "swell" affair. My cousin from England is to be there. By-the-bye, you have not seen her yet. She is a little stunner, and no mistake. And there will be a whole lot of other jolly girls. Dost like the picture, Charlie?'

(Before going further, I must protest against some of the terms made use of by Frank. I cannot approve of them. I would never call any young lady either 'a stunner,' or 'a jolly girl;' nor a number of young ladies 'a lot,' as if they were drapery or hardware goods put up to auction. Such expressions are not respectful; and, moreover, they are not poetical. Tennyson would never use them.)

What could I say to Frank? His vigorous onset struck me dumb; and, as silence is always held to mean consent, I was forced to go to the party.

* * * * *

One or two quadrilles were over, and I sat down

in an out-of-the-way corner of the room to rest myself, and take a general survey of the company. It was a brilliant assemblage; but not an interesting one to me, for I could see but few familiar faces among the many present. Remembering Frank's words, 'however, I kept a sharp look-out for the 'stunners' and the 'jolly girls;' but my search was so fruitless, that I began to think they had existed only in that young gentleman's rather vivid imagination. Sitting by myself, I fell into a sort of dreamy state; and, half unconsciously, allowed my eyes to rest on the figures of two young ladies, engaged in conversation at the other end of the room. I say figures advisedly, because, from the position in which they were both sitting, I could at first see neither of their faces. Just, however, as I, suddenly recollecting myself, was on the point of taking off my eyes, one of them looked round in my direction. At the very first glance, it struck me I had seen her features before; I stole another look, and then they all came back to me—that face! those eyes! that smile! The room swam round with me; for there, before me, I saw in substantial flesh and blood the heroine of my night's adventure! Were my senses deceiving me? Was I dreaming? I shook myself, to make sure that I had not fallen asleep, and then fixed my eyes once more upon the lady. She smiled again to her companion, and I knew that I was not mistaken; for, by that smile I could have picked her out from among a hundred others.

It was a most astounding discovery. I sat gazing at her for some time, with a strange beating at my heart, and, it must be confessed, no little confusion in my head; till at last our eyes met, and I noticed her give a slight start. I was sure she had recognised me; and I was confirmed in this belief by seeing her almost immediately afterwards rise from her seat and leave the room.

In the midst of my perplexity, I was greeted by Frank.

'How are you getting on, old boy?'

The sound of his voice was like music to my ears; for it immediately occurred to me that he was the very person to help me to an explanation. I opened on him at once.

'Frank! there is a young lady in the room'—

'Two or three of them, I rather think, Charlie!'

'Well; but, joking apart, there is one in particular—one with brown hair, brown eyes, a sweet smile, and a voice that's'—

'Do draw it mild, please! You do not mean to say you have fallen in love with my pretty cousin already. Never mind. It's nothing to be ashamed of. Come away, and I'll introduce you.'

I rose from my seat at once to accompany him, with my courage screwed to the sticking-place; but, just at that moment, a servant came up, and whispered a few words in Frank's ear.

'I will have to leave you for a little, Charlie. They have got into no end of a mess with the negus, and I must go and look after it. Ah, Mrs. Webster! allow

me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Browning. I'll be back in a minute or two.'

And he was off, 'like an arrow from a fatter's bow,' leaving me to the tender mercies of an old dowager, who seemed to think her daughters—their beauty and their accomplishments—the most interesting subjects upon which she could speak even to a stranger. I am afraid that at first I made rather random replies to her various observations; for Frank's words were ringing in my ears, and making the confusion in my head worse confounded. His 'cousin,' he had said. Could it be possible? The matter seemed only getting more and more complicated; but I contented myself at last with the reflection that all would soon be explained. For half-an-hour, I had to listen patiently to the terrible old lady's account of how deeply young Smith had been impressed by the beauty of Ellen (a flaxen-haired doll of over thirty), and of what old Jones had thought of the talents of Mary (if the girl was not a fool, her face did her a grievous wrong; but at the end of that time, Frank re-appeared. Instead of leading me off to be introduced to the young lady, he, much to my surprise, desired me to step aside with him for a minute or two, as he had something particular to say to me. I, of course, on the tip-toe of expectation, followed him at once, and we ensconced ourselves in an out-of-the-way corner of the room.

'Charlie! I have been informed by my cousin,' said Frank, seemingly half-amused, half-puzzled, 'that she and you have met before; and that, on the occasion when she was in your company, she—ahem! to state the case mildly—lost her watch!'

The reader may imagine, but I cannot well describe, the varied emotions that passed through my mind during this short speech of Frank's. In the first place, it removed any lingering doubt as to the young lady's identity. The heroine of my night's adventure and Frank Austin's cousin were, in truth, one and the same person; and in the fact, also mentioned by Frank, of the young lady having lost her watch, I saw the first glimmer of light cast upon the mysterious circumstances connected with the disappearance of my own. Of course we had both been robbed while entangled in the crowd in Princes-street. Fool that I was, never to have suspected the truth before now! I turned to Frank, and abruptly asked him if his cousin had related to him all the particulars of our meeting.

'No, she had not.'

Begging him not to interrupt me, however ridiculous my statements might seem to him, I then gave him a full, true, and particular account of our rencontre in Moray-place; of my escorting her to her own house; of missing my watch on my return home—of my suspicion—my fruitless search in the Directory—and the precipitate conclusion I came to. I told him everything. No, not everything; whatever he might suspect, I was silent on the subject of my passion for Miss Burnham. That was now too serious a matter to be needlessly exposed, even to his eyes. Friends—

male friends at least—do not very often make confidants of one another in their love affairs. Several times during my narration, I noticed that Frank was very much amused; and the moment I came to an end he began his explanations.

'In the first place, Charlie! I must tell you—that at the time you met my cousin in Moray-place, Captain Burnham and his family were only residing temporarily in Edinburgh, and therefore occupied furnished apartments. That explains why his name was not in the Directory. Then, secondly, the name of the person with whom they lodged was Cardigan; the street they lived in was certainly in Lauriston, but is called — street. And, finally, you never hardly had a chance of seeing Kate again, because it must have been almost immediately after your rencontre, that one of my younger cousins having been suddenly ordered by the doctor to a milder climate, my uncle and all the rest of them went with her to the south of France; and they only returned from the Continent about a week or so ago. I have now told you all I know about the matter; but I think I have made everything very plain. Can you read the riddle, Charlie?'

Had the riddle! Ay, indeed! It would take no time to solve it now. He had made it *too* plain. I gazed in spirit; for I could only repeat the verdict my own judgment had already passed upon my confidant. 'What a fool I had been!' Of course, Miss Burnham had told me both the name of their land-lady and of the street they lived in. In my excitement, I had forgotten the first and substituted for it the second. In the light of this explanation, how slight the mystery looked; how contemptible my own suspicions! I felt heartily ashamed of them. I despised myself for ever having entertained them.

After a few moments' silent cogitation, I ventured to remark to Austin—

'What a fool your cousin must think me!'

'Oh, no!' he said with a wicked smile, 'not quite so bad as that; she only thinks you are a pickpocket! But never mind; come with me, and I'll introduce you to her, and make everything right in a minute or two.'

I at once declined the honour. I could not face the young lady, knowing how I had wronged her, in thought at least. Indeed, I felt sorely tempted to rush from the room and from the house, and be a cynic, and shun society from that hour. Just when this impulse was strongest, I heard the rustling of a lady's dress behind me. Frank, who, from the position in which he was standing, could see the wearer of the dress, slyly desired me to look around at her. I unwittingly obeyed, and —; but I cannot give a succinct account of what ensued. I met the glance of soft-brown eyes! I heard my own name pronounced in Frank's voice, followed by what I now suppose must have been words of explanation. I saw a sweet and gracious smile vouchsafed to me. I felt a little soft white-gloved hand in mine; and I was happy—very happy.

I have little more to say. As Captain Burnham is

now a permanent resident in Edinburgh, I have very often met his daughter since the evening of the party—about a year ago, now; and it has so happened that my first moonlight walk with the young lady—that walk which will dwell for ever in my memory—has not been by any means the last, nor the night on which I rescued her in Moray-place the only occasion on which I have had to act with her the pleasant part of escort. A word to the wise is enough; so I will only add, that some day, and that at no distant date, I hope to have the right to call Kate Burnham by a dearer name than that of 'friend.'

R. W.

POPULAR SONGS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

No. VII.

I ONCE knew an old Highland woman who used to lavish a set of most endearing terms on a child of her master's—a fair-haired boy of whom she took a particular charge. One of her expressions, I remember, was 'Laochan mo ghaol,' that is, 'Hero of my love.' There was a well-known piper in a certain district of the Highlands with which I was at one time very familiar. He was a tall, straight, and handsomely made man, with high and bold features. He had dark sandy hair, retaining all its old strength and colour though he was nearly seventy years old; and great staring eyes, whose meaningless and prominent orbs were oftentimes reeling under the combined effects of drink and insanity. Everybody knew this man. He used to wander about, attending fairs and all sorts of gatherings, playing with immense spirit, and dancing barefoot on the village streets, or on the hard highway, in a splendid fashion. He could both dance with extraordinary agility and play the chanter of his pipe cheerily at the same time, so great were the power of his lungs and the strength of his hardy limbs. I have heard this 'Pìobaire Mor,' as they called him, or Big Piper, address a favourite, or indeed any one whose good will he wanted to propitiate, as 'a ohiail mo chridhe,' that is, 'reason, or soul of my heart.'

Such a word as 'fheudail,' pronounced *aidal*, or 'my treasure,' is quite common, and used by all sorts of people. A race, among whom exclamations like these have sprung up, and become parts of the most ordinary conversation, must have a language well adapted for lyric compositions of the most affectionate nature. Let that race, at the same time, be distinguished for musical and poetic genius, and it needs no prophet to tell that their literature will at least be rich in love-songs, and in strains expressive of every kind and degree of ardent attachment. In the Highlands this is eminently the case. Of Gaelic love-songs, which have been published or which still exist only in the mouths of the people, there is probably a sufficient number to form several volumes. These have very frequently the great fault of being much too long. Not seldom, perhaps, they are chargeable with some slight sameness in their descriptions, especially of the admired object. But they are often so natural, so tender, and graceful—they are composed in such a variety of measures, and with such unaffected feeling—that a very large proportion of them is of really high worth.

The Highland bards, whatever their defects in point of culture or artistic tact might be, have none of them weak hearts, at any rate, or watery eyes or whining voices; they are none of them in the habit of being led astray

by wan Will-o'-the-Wisps, which they take for house or heaven light. We feel, in fact, as we read them that we make ourselves acquainted, not only with the real sentiments of men and women, but with what deserved to be such. We may, perhaps, sometimes fancy that those men and women were not in all respects so learned as ourselves; but we never have good reason to suppose them a bit more foolish, or in any way feebler than ourselves. So much we can safely say of them, and it is more than can be said of all other verse-makers.

The Gaelic lyric bards, indeed, sung according to their own condition, just because their circumstances happened so to prompt them. Their condition and their circumstances were real things. The mode in which they acted on them were plainly intelligible and respectable. They spoke in their own familiar language, right out from their own beating hearts. It was not their fashion to strain their fancies for novelties in imagery, nor tax their faculties to string together words that did not represent actual, and tangible, and sensible realities. Their thoughts and words are always the thoughts and words of people of this world; so are their passions, and so are their affections.

These qualities, along with their musical numbers, form their excellences. Their faults, as I have already said, are their occasional prolixity, and the slight sameness which is sometimes perceptible in their descriptions.

The love song which I now offer is a celebrated composition of Duncan Ban's. It is addressed to his wife, Mairi Bhan Og; and is redolent throughout of such grace and manly tenderness and delicacy, that it really seems to deserve the character given it—of being the finest love song in the Gaelic language. If it be compared with Spenser's epithalamium on his marriage with his Elizabeth, I do not think the Gaelic bard will be found much inferior to the great English poet and cultivated gentleman, in beautiful luxuriance of fancy, in manly affection, or in cordial respect and nobly becoming admiration for his spouse—though she was but Mairi Bhan Og of the ale-house, and he was but the Earl of Breadalbane's forester, or the sergeant of Highland Fencibles, who never in his life could decipher a single sentence of the lettered page of knowledge.

A SONG TO HIS SPOUSE, NEWLY WEDDED.

BY DUNCAN BAN.

Mairi Bhan Og,* thou girl ever thought of,
Still where I am may thou be,
Since the clerk-given right, so long wish'd for,
I've got, dear wife! o'er thee.
With cov'nants and bands strong and lasting
A knot now ties thee to me;
That thou'rt mine, with thy friends all consenting,
Fills me with health and with glea.
When sick, in our courtship's beginning,
To me none in kindness came near;
'Twas then, at the board of the ale-house,
I mark'd the good girl now so dear.
I drew to her side, and she promised
My life with her love to cheer;
Oh! the joy when I won her, and with her,
A part of the old baron's gear.
Monday morning—long though the journey
I travell'd to meet with my bride;
I ran like the wind to be bound in
The knot that will ne'er be untied.

* 'Mairi Bhan Og' means 'Fair young Mary.' The *ai* in Mairi is pronounced like the *a* in father, or in the first syllable of the Italian singer's name—Mario.

I took her aside for a moment,
To speak of my love and pride;
And my ear caught the fluttering tumult
Of my heart beating fast on my side;—

For Cupid had shot a whole bundle
Of sharp-winged darts in my breast,
That dried up my pulses, and downward
My strength like a burden press'd.
Then I told the sweet cause of my anguish,
How no leech could give me rest;
But my wounds with her virtues she cured them,
As myself she gently caress'd.

Then kiss'd I the round and soft maiden
Who'd grown up so mild and sweet—
So comely, so tall, and so curly,
So womanly, graceful, and neat.
In many a way am I favour'd,
Such a love as hers to meet;
When her vows and herself she gives me,
A cheaply bought bargain I greet.

I went to the wood with its saplings,
Radiant it glimmer'd around,
My eye caught a spray, all surpassing,
High in the dusky shade found.
It was cover'd all over with blossoms;
I bent it down to the ground,
And I cut it—a sad sight for many;
But my fate with it was bound.

Once casting a net in the true waters,*
I strove to draw it to land,
And I brought to the bank a bright sea-trout
That lay like a swan on the strand.
Pleased was my soul with the fortune
That came with such joy to my hand.
My spouse! thou'rt the star of the morning!
Blest be thy slumbers and bland!

Thy manners were womanly ever;
Gentle in word and in deed;
So genial, so kind, and so glowing—
Free of grudging, and closeness, and greed:
Alms-giving, liberal, pitying,
Humans with all that had need;
On the good thou hast done, I'm persuaded,
Thy spirit for ever shall feed.

While I studied to form thy acquaintance
With words that were mirthful and gay,
Thy breath smelt as sweet as the apples
Golden and ripe on the spray.
There was not a thing worth the telling
But thou couldst soon wile me to say;
And shouldst thou now leave me, the linen
And grave would hide me away.

Thy talk and thy singing are pleasant,
Thy nature is charming always—
Mirthful, and noble, and free from
A shade of reproach or disgrace.
For three months I suffer'd a death pang;
But once thou hadst heard of my case,
A treasure of solace thou gav'st me—
Of sorrow it left not a trace.

Since last year I've risen in value,
With the calves thou broughtest and kine;
Now a choice sheaf of wheat, ripe and rustling,
With the best of corn is mine.
But what makes me rate thee the highest.
Is that firmness in good which is thine;
Yet thy beauties delight every becom,
So sweetly and softly they shine.

* Water that comes from a spring is called 'true water' in Gaelic.

Thy fair hair, close set and excelling,
Rolls in curls and wavelets free;
Thy features are mild, modest, womanly,
Fine eyebrows, where frowns never be;
A winning blue eye, full, smooth-lidded;
No fault in thy face I see;
Thy teeth are strong, white as ivory;
Thy still mouth speaks modestly.

The lone shieling glen canst thou traverse,
Where the wandering cattle stray;
At the fold of the river to milk them,
While the calves around thee play.
Nor less is thy worth near the candle,
In the room that shines like day;
Sewing thy bands and plain seams,
Or working embroidery gay.

Thy breast's like the fresh and smooth pebble
That lies on the shore day and night;
Thy body, so slender and stately,
Like cannach, is pure and white.
Soft and thin is thy palm, fine thy fingers,
The lady's warm hand, shoulders bright;
Thy foot in its shoe is close fitting;
Graceful thy step is and light.

Mild art thou, wife! come from Mam-Charai;
Thy love steals my senses away;
For a heart such as thine is, oh surely
Small was the price I'd to pay!
The blood of great nobles and famous
Rolls in thy blue pulses' play—
The blood of the King and MacCallean,*
And him who in Sleat held the sway.†

Oh! could I but take thee and hide thee
In a place well secured from decay;
For now, should death leave me without thee,
I'd love not another for aye;
But ne'er shall the hearth's harsh wrangling tease thee,
Or ruffle thy temper so gay;
Thou shalt hear but the choice of sweet measures
My mouth can or sing or say.

I'd plough or drive in the spring-time for thee,
When the young horse in harness is dress'd,
Or seek on the shore with the fishers
Whate'er to the hook wileth best;
I'd kill for thee swans and seals and wild geese,
And birds on the boughs that rest;
Nor e'er shouldst thou want while a forest
Lay near with one antler'd crest.

In the following sentences we have an interesting account of Duncan Ban, as he looked when he travelled, with his Mairi Bhan, about the Highlands, collecting subscriptions for the third edition of his poems. Duncan Ban is said to have been remarkably handsome in his youth. He must have been a very fine-looking old man also.

'The Rev. Mr. MacCallum of Arisaig saw him travelling slowly with his wife. He was dressed in the Highland garb, with a checked bonnet, over which a large bushy tail of a wild animal hung; a badger's skin, fastened by a belt in front; a hanger by his side; and a soldier's wallet was strapped to his shoulders. He was not seen by any present before then, but was immediately recognised. A forward young man asked him "if it was he that made Ben Dourain?" "No," replied the venerable old man; "Ben Dourain was made before you or I was born; but I

*MacCallean, or, more frequently, MacCallean More—that is, the son of Colin the Great—is the patronymic of the Duke of Argyll. It is sometimes erroneously written MacCallummore.

†He who in Sleat held the sway was one of the chiefs of the Macdonalds.

made a poem in praise of Ben Dourain." He then inquired if any would buy a copy of his book. I told him to call on me, paid him three shillings, and had some conversation with him. He spoke slowly. He seemed to have no high opinion of his own works, and said little of Gaelic poetry; but said that officers in the army used to tell him about the Greek poets; and Pindar was chiefly admired by him.'—*Mackenzie's Beauties of Gaelic Poetry.*

The next song also belongs to wedded life. It forms, however, a striking contrast with the preceding, and I give it now accordingly. Here, it is a foolishly ambitious and absurdly deceived woman who sings. The verses, though only a mere sketch, serve to explain her situation. The hero of the ballad she calls Braigan Binneach—words which may be translated, 'The litting little Liar.'

BRAIGAN BINNEACH.

I went away with Braigan Binneach
And MacGregor Clairry.
He told me of his splendid house,
His kitchen, and his dairy;
But not a house or hall saw I,
Save, on the hillside airy,
A little bothy where he lived
With his sister Mary.

He has got but one dun cow,
Though he bragg'd so rarely—
It hardly gives enough of milk
For himself and Mary.
In my father's barn at home
I could lie as fairly
As in this bothy by the hill,
Which is so damp and airy.

I would leave it fast enough,
If my sire forgave me;
I would work, and work enough—
Do anything to save me
From the Braigan Binneach's tongue
And his sister Mary;
I'd thrash, or plough, or tend the cows,
Or cart, or keep the dairy.

I give this song, as it was sung to me by a lady who was a good deal amused with it, though a little ashamed of remembering such nonsense so well. It belongs to a class of songs of which there are a considerable number in the Highlands, though they seldom find their way into the printed collections. It would seem that both the genius and the taste of the people lead more to melancholy than to mirth in their compositions. At the same time, when they happen to be cheerful, their efforts are not the less effective, while their grave face still keeps masking the quaint humour and cordial mirthfulness which their words embody.

THOMAS PATTISON.

CONCERNING A MUSTACHE.

It is amusing to notice the powerful sway which Fashion holds over us, the poor children of men. How we trick out our poor bodies with glorious apparel! How sensitive we are to the cut of our coats—the polish of our boots! How different our common parent Adam—toiling in the Garden of Eden, in his 'beauty unadorned, adorned the most'—to those Beaux Brummels of society—those exquisite tailors' advertisements that we know so well, and meet every day in the fashionable promenades! Verily, Adam would not recognise his own children! But it is all

Fashion. Nature has no voice in the matter at all. Do you possess a well-turned, shapely limb? Then don't let the world see it on any consideration. Skintights have long ago been considered indecent; but clothe them, if you will, in bags of flapping cloth, till all traces of their symmetry be lost. Do you possess a white and delicate hand? Perhaps it is the fairest gift Nature has bestowed upon you. No matter. The world must not look upon your naked flesh. Cover it with kid-skin. Have you long curling love-locks sporting around your shoulders? Vanity of vanities—we will have no Absaloms here! Have you a beard? Cut it down!

Looking over a photographic album, the other day, with some lady friends, our eyes fell upon the carte de visite of a gentleman who was present in the room. The likeness was not very striking, for lately he had taken unto himself a terrific beard and mustache, which did not appear in the portrait. My friends lifted up their hands in mild horror; and, glancing from the shadow to the original, exclaimed, 'What frights men will make of themselves! How much better he would have looked without these horrid things!' And then turning to me, hoped that I would never have a beard. I, who have hitherto shaved like a martyr, reply—'Madam! I can assure you I intend to let myself grow all over—beard, mustache, and everything else.' 'Well! well!' exclaims another, 'have a beard if you choose, but don't get a mustache.' And this brings me to the point. Don't get a mustache! And why not, pray? Why not get a mustache? Why should we be obliged to draw the sharp edge of a knife over our skin every morning till it becomes ruffled and inflamed, and smarts as if rubbed with sand-paper? Echo answers—Why? But no; we hear voices, and clamorous enough too, and they speak in this wise—'Do not hesitate, we beseech you. For goodness sake! make yourselves like Christian men, and don't give yourselves the appearance of as wild-looking gorillas as ever roamed in the African forests!' Who utters these words? Follow me, kind reader, and we will see.

My friend Jones once tried to grow a mustache. How tenderly he watched over a few weak white hairs, till gradually a tinge of colour appeared, deepening and deepening as each week flew by, until they ripened into a flaming red. But ever since the birth of Jones's mustache, it had been assailed with the bitter winds of sarcasm and mockery, until, finding the atmosphere too severe, it went abroad. But not to die. It prospered on the Rhine; it sprouted in Brussels; it flourished among the Alpine hills; and triumphed in the broiling streets of Paris! Jones came home. Again the same bitter winds assailed it. Jones could not stand it. It was cut down in the glory of its prime! *Requiescat in pace!* Jones is now most bitter on those more persevering than himself; and I heard him say, just the other day, that 'None but cads and volunteer officers ever wore mustaches!' Reader, is this fair? Is this generous? I trow not. And yet there are many Joneses in this world.

As a general rule, the married lady whose husband is above all such hirsute appendages, is a violent opponent to mustaches. Either she has imbibed such sentiments from her better half (who is very bitter on the subject), or she feels that such ornaments are all for the benefit of those maiden daughters of Eve, from whose circle she is withdrawn for life; or, perhaps, her ideal of manly beauty is already realised in the man to whom she has given her heart; and what does not become *him* can become no one else.

Then there are maiden ladies whose hobby is scrupulous cleanliness. They have a horror for anything which may present a dark or dingy appearance. They like to dote upon boys of sixteen or so, whose faces are as smooth as a baby's; and nothing pleases them so much as a clean, polished, shining complexion, which tells of frequent applications of soap and water. If you are cultivating a mustache, you feel afraid to go near them, for their irony cuts deeper than the blade of the sharpest razor.

But this is not all. We must encounter the wrath of the generation of business men who are passing away—men who have shaved religiously for upward of fifty years, and who insist upon their children doing so too. They look upon a mustache and business matters as utterly antagonistic; and if the one increase, so must the others decrease. I once heard an old gentleman arguing with his son upon business matters. The dispute was waxing very hot; and when it became evident that arguing would have no effect, the old man, in a loud tone of indignation exclaimed, 'Boy! boy! you will never be worth a farthing for business till you take that hair off your lip!'

Reader! do you also side with the oppressor? Would you seek to abolish for ever

'The exquisite graceful things?'

At any rate, what does it matter? Appearance is but a matter of taste; and, after all, comfort is the main consideration. If we try to please every one, we will succeed in pleasing no one. What although people talk and grumble over the follies of the rising generation? let Nature take her own course, and habit will in the end overcome the most stubborn resistance.

J. A.

YANKEE PHILOLOGY.

UNCLE SAM and Brother Jonathan have long been terms familiar as household words on the lips of John Bull; but it may safely be affirmed that, within these few years, the British knew less of their vivacious cousins across the Atlantic than they knew of the British. Many travellers have visited them from hence, and we have now and again seen books recording the results of their experience, stating how much we differ from them, not only in political life but in social life as well. The States have a history of their own, which, though brief, is as ignoble, and comprises annals of self-denying virtue and heroic courage equal to that of any country. Travellers have dogmatised upon their institutions

and judged them by a particular standard—condemning them only because they diverged from their own, and therefore setting them down as inferior and generally as failures. Political life there, more especially in the local Houses of Representatives, is characterised with much of what they themselves term 'Rowdism;' and rough and ready arguments, in the shape of revolver and bowie-knife—when other persuasives of a milder nature fail in effecting the senator's object—are apt to be used: a species of knock-down logic being a frequent resource of the opposition benches. In the social aspect of American life, too, there is little of what is considered in this country as one of the happiest issues in a man's life—we mean the fireside or home-life, which all right-minded people love so much, and is so eminently characteristic of our own land. In the larger cities of the Union, preference is often given to living in a hotel or boarding-house to living in a house of one's own. No doubt every country has its own peculiarities, and no one so comparatively new, this cannot but be looked for, and still less can it be wondered at. 'Ours is a great country,' say they, 'and we are convinced that it can't be beat nohow, and that it can't be dithered neither; in fact, we are some pumpkins!' Great as they may be, however, they are sufficiently thin-skinned enough when a Dickens finds fault with or ridicules their idiosyncrasies, but generally enjoy a laugh at them when shown up by a native author.

That special one of which we wish to say a little, is only to be considered as a result of the different circumstances and wants of a new country making new terms necessary. Several of these novelties are becoming familiar with us, and though they may be anachronical enough, still they are simple, expressive, and apt to this age of telegraphs and express trains, which is 'fast' in every sense of the term; and, remembering that simplicity is the main element of strength as well as of beauty, though of the latter there may be little, yet many are strong in their expressive significance. Even in the coining of these words we can recognise the ready mind of the people. There is no circumlocution with them. 'They are born in a hurry, and educated at top speed—make a fortune with a wave of the hand, and lose it in like manner. Their bodies are locomotives, travelling ten leagues an hour; their spirit a high-pressure; their life resembles a shooting-star, and death surprises them like an electric shock.'

When it is considered that the original and main body of the settlers were British, and among them all kinds of provincial dialects, with whom were occasionally associated French, Germans, &c., it is astonishing to find so little real change in the spoken language of the States. We have said the *spoken* language, because, with American authors, nothing of this peculiarity is to be detected, and the number of really new words is comparatively small. Indeed, the works of their writers have in many cases gained to this country a most deserved popularity, and have mingled with the productions of our own authors as

if they were indigenous to the soil to which they have been transferred. However, it will be better for both countries that the language of the two should continue as much the same as possible; and though all deliberate innovations are to be ignored, still it will be difficult, if their political and commercial activity continue to 'prö-gress' as it has hitherto, at least prior to the civil war, to expect that a complete identity will long continue. In those places where a foreign-speaking population has settled, there has been a kind of reciprocal isolation; and thus the proximity has in no wise endangered the English tongue, it never being overmatched, or degenerating into a *patois* embodying a mixture of any other language—but rather otherwise, they generally using a number of English words.

Comparatively few of these philological novelties, to which we refer as being peculiar in their application to the Yankees, have hitherto domesticated themselves on the British side of the Atlantic; and such as have are in a manner so suitable to their adopted purpose, that they are fast becoming common to everyday use. 'Go-ahead,' for instance—no doubt derived from the oft-reiterated cry of the captains of those immense river steamboats which are so common in their country, and noted also for the speed at which they sail—is expressive of a general characteristic of the people. This compound, together with that of 'posted-up' for 'well-informed,' is becoming of familiar use here. But there is one other word which bids fair to outlive these; indeed, it may be said to have already done so. It is a remarkably well-fitting word—the right thing in the right place, and hits the proper nail on the head with remarkable precision—a substantive which qualifies another in a very expressive manner. This is the word 'sensation,' which gives utterance to whatever is attractive to the prevalent spirit, or pandering to the taste of the mob. Thus we have sensation comic songs, sensation dramas, and sensation stories, with sensation pictures to illustrate them; and very popular these latter would seem to be, as a glance at any small bookseller's shop would evince, certainly exciting your wonder, if they don't make you buy. For the verb 'to think,' each section of the Union seems to have a rendering of its own: in New England—true Yankee-dom—it is 'guess;' about the Mason and Dixon line of States, it is 'expect;' New-Orleans and the Slave States, 'allow,' or 'reckon;' and to the West, they 'calculate'—four synonyms for a word they already use properly in print. With one section of the country a stone is a 'rock;' with another, a rock is a 'stone'—in either case always irrespective of bulk. A trace or mark of any kind is always a sign—Indian or Injun-sign, bear-sign, &c. In many parts 'creetur' is almost the only name for a horse. The Northern, when he is making a positive assertion, is 'as sartin as preaching;' the Southern is 'as shure as shooting.' Principle is frequently changed to 'princerpel;' and 'do' comes before us as 'dew' or 'du.' When a man gets into a towering passion, he is said to be 'all

wrath.' 'Clever' is often used for whatever is amiable or good; and 'smart' is used in our sense of the word clever. A 'dogger' is a grocery where spirits are sold by the 'small'—that is, by the glass. Whatever may be allied to political cowardice is stigmatised as 'doughfaceism.' When a man is said to be 'ugly,' it does not imply that his personal appearance is in any way faulty, but that he is cross-grained or ill-tempered. Our Old Lady of Threadneedle Street might consider it a personal affront and derogatory to her dignity, were her 'promises to pay' characterised as 'shaving-paper,' 'green-backs,' or 'shin-plasters,' as 'dollar-notes' not unfrequently are in the States. 'Skedaddled' (whence its origin would be hard to discover) is one of the newest coinage, and has of late been much applied to those 'who fight and run away.'

A genuine Yankee avoids, as far as possible, the sound of *r*, and ignores a final *g*; omits the *h* in such words as while and when, and frequently reduces *au* to *ah*. The vowel *a* is sometimes given a close sound—as 'hev,' for have; at other times it is broad—as 'hawnsome,' for handsome. In general, also, his conversation is adorned with a peculiar monotonous drawl, which none but ears accustomed have the nerve to endure.

With regard to the 'let's liquor' propensities of the Yankees, none of their concoctions have found their way to this country, if we except the sherry-cobbler; and even that is not as yet very popular. 'Gin-slings,' 'egg-noggs,' 'cock-tails,' 'smashes,' 'bald-face whisky,' 'red-eye whisky,' 'whisky reverend'—this latter being synonymous with what our toppers here term 'neat'—and such like compounds, being never heard of here till lately, as there is now what is called an American bar in London, where any of their curiously-named 'drinks' may be had, from 'a flash of lightning' to 'a moonbeam.' In the Federal camps, wherever temperance is enforced, their ingenuity finds ways and means to procure the prohibited indulgence; and so we find it disguised in doubtful tin volumes of 'Common Prayer' and 'Sacred Poems.' Stimulating patent medicines, such as 'liniments,' 'embrocations'—to be taken internally?—and 'cough mixtures,' have been devised, and find ready sale—no doubt being found useful in promoting a certain degree of Dutch courage. Or should one give to a visitor the usual form of invitation, 'Let's have a drink,' he may not be quite prepared to sit down and discuss a bottle of 'Prepared Bear's Grease,' as the outside label purports the contents to be of the bottle which has been set before him.

The Americans, who speak much of our complicated system of titles, have still a craving after such like honours themselves; and although hereditary distinctions are dispensed with, the deficiency is amply compensated for in the abundance of governors, generals, majors, captains, judges, &c., who are as plentiful in the States as blackberries in England. Not content with this much, however, they take delight in conferring nicknames, in addition, on those who have

achieved a certain degree of popularity—these being generally ironical, but seldom malicious. 'Gin'ral' Scott, of whom we have lately heard so much, had two different nicknames—one being Chippewa, given in consequence of a victory obtained by him at a place of that name; the other, 'Hasty Plate of Soup,' was derived from an expression in one of his hurriedly-written bulletins from the seat of war in Mexico. Gen. Houston got the name of San Jacinto from a similar source as that of Scott in the case of Chippewa; and General Taylor was popularly known as Old Rough and Ready. Daniel Webster received the cognomen of Big Black Dan. General Jackson's—not 'Stonewall' Jackson—inflexible disposition procured for him the designation of Old Hickory. So with the States themselves—each has a name apart altogether from its real one: New-York is the Empire or Excelsior State; Texas, the Lone Star State; Louisiana, the Creole State; Virginia, the Old Dominion; Kentucky, the Dark and Bloody Ground. The settlers in the States, too, possess names characteristic of the particular State to which they belong. Thus, a man from Florida is a Cowboy; one from Indiana, a Hoosier; from Ohio, a Buckeye; from Wisconsin a Badger; from Vermont, a Green Mountain Boy.

Each city may be said likewise to have a 'slang' of its own; but it is principally in the political world that this tendency to call people out of their proper names is most frequently shown. The party name and epithets they thus bestow on each other is sometimes amusing, but often degrading. There was at one time a section in Congress, whose leading tenet was termed the '54° 40' or fight' doctrine, referring to the disputed boundary-line between Canada and the States, which they insisted should run along the parallel; and they were popularly known as the '54° 40' or fight party.' The President, finding that the States' claim to this was untenable, anxiously sought to withdraw, and this was characterised as an attempt to 'crawl-fish'—that is, 'knock under,' or give in. The two great parties of Whigs and Democrats are divided and split up into ever so many minor branches, each of course possessing a distinctive name. There are amongst these—Hunker Democrats, Barnburners, Locofocos, Hocopocos, Softshells, Blue Lights, Knownothings, Hardshell Hunkers, Wildcats, &c. Of the peculiar tenets of all these parties, little is satisfactorily known in this country. Some are liberal in their principles as can be; while others are highly conservative, and opposed to every kind of social and intellectual progress.

There is one department of the subject in which the Americans have not displayed anything like the usual ingenuity, and that is in the choice of names for their various cities. Turn to what part of their country you may, you find the same names repeated over and over again. The faded glory of ancient and classic names of cities of the Grecian and Roman empires are resuscitated, and conferred upon paltry townships—perhaps a dozen log cabins, as if they thought the success and splendour of the latter would atone for

the lost renown of the former; and modern cities of note in the old world have received like honours. Of the first, there are Atticas, Spartas, Corinths, Troys, Romes, Carthages, by the dozen; while, of the second, we have Venices, Bombays, Calcuttas, Delhis, Cantons, Londons, Paris, Berlins, Edinburghs, Viennas, Glasgows, &c., in similar abundance. We find, also, Arcolas, Lodis, Marengos, and Waterloos. There are Swedens, Norways, Polands, Switzerlands, Caledonias, and Hibernias. A species of hero-worship assigns, also, the names of great men, and of heathen gods as well: as Jupiter, Mars, Ceres, Diana; and also Brutus, Cicero, Hannibal, Wellington, Washington. Scripture names have been extensively appropriated, and we have of these, several times repeated, Eden, Jerusalem, Jericho, Bethlehem, Lebanon, Goshen, Mount Carmel, and Mount Zion. There are, too, Harmony, Unity, Amity, and Friendship; Fairplay, and Fairdealing; Philanthropy, and Economy; Home, and Sweet Home. The following names of towns are copied *verbatim* from one of their official directories:—Number One, Number Two, Why Not, Wild Cat, Uncle Sam, Usquehatch, Lucky Hit, Marrowbone, Oat Meal, Buggaboo, Liss, Little Muddy, Joe's Lick, Bug Swamp, Candle Snuff, Hartshorn, Coffee, Haystack, Gentry, Half-acre, Dirt-town, and Henpeck. In some parts there is a reversion in favour of the old Indian names, which have an innate beauty of their own, and are preferable for various reasons. Names derived from Britain are, however, by far the most common; and it may be said that there is scarcely a town of any consequence north or south of the Borders, whose name has not been conferred upon some place on the other side of the Atlantic.

The newspaper press of the States is of great bulk but little dignity—their editorials being often characterised by fine-spun 'hyperflutinated' bunkum—and present, from time to time, specimens of Yankee humour and philology which are thoroughly enjoyable; and closely allied with it not a little of that 'bouncing' 'tall-talk' which attaches to the gasconading stories of the French. They evidence occasionally a sharpness and keenness of wit quite characteristic of so shrewd a people, and just what might be expected from a country which abounds in all kinds of moral and physical wonders. Their newspaper columns are open to all and sundry. Long windy essays, sensational senatorial speeches, poetical effusions, and political disquisitions, from any who choose to send them, are all received; and the more libellous an article is, especially if treating of a person of local fame, the more willingly it is accepted. Reports of public meetings, &c., are full of self-laudation, bunkum, and brag, from a debate at a hotel-bar to a secretary's despatch. When an election is about to take place, the papers 'hoist the ticket' of their favourite nominee; and the bitterness and vituperation with which they attack the opposing candidate—entering into gross personality, and invading the sanctity of private life—lead often to personal collision. Their editors not unfrequently carry a good-sized walking-stick, and, in the coat

pocket, one of those beautiful 'persuaders,' or 'bunch of sprouts,' manufactured by Colt; and is generally ready and willing to give every satisfaction for his articles—not to say that they will always flog or fight, but just 'pitch in like a thousand of bricks.' A great portion of their newspapers are more prejudicial than advantageous to healthy public morals and tastes. If their energies were rightly directed, and resulted from good principles, the press in America, from its great influence, would soon undo much of the mischief which has already followed from its vicious direction, and work a cure where there is now little else than social disorder.

We conclude with a quotation from a paragraph in a recent Boston paper, which shows in how curious a manner they sometimes use words. A correspondent, writing from the camp of Santa Rosa, detailing the attack upon Pensacola, describes the approach of a 'Secesh' steamer, and uses the following sentence in regard to her being eventually compelled to retreat:—'Any how, the tug turned tail, after being warned off in a formal manner by having several shot *shoved* at her, and put off for Pensacola like a scared hound.'

D.

A ROYAL VISIT TO BUTE.

It was in the summer of 1536, one bright morning, that the hereditary Sheriff of Bute, Ninian Stuart by name, stood at the window of Rothesay Castle surveying the fair scene before him. In front lay extended the beautiful bay now so much frequented, though at that period all but unknown to the burgesses of Glasgow and Edinburgh; the distant mountains of Cowal appeared very grand in the clear atmosphere, while the ripple of the crystal water fell cheerfully on the gravel beach not far distant. How different then from now! No busy hum of an active population then sounded on the ear; no stately edifices and princely hotels then reared their heads to interrupt the view from the Castle windows; no quays and docks and graving-yards extended their dark fronts to occupy the shore; no cotton-mills, no cab-stands, no steamers, with their ever-sounding rush of vapour and throng of passengers; no villas stretching round the Ardbeg and Bogany shores, proclaiming the wealth and refinement of a thriving neighbourhood. But, notwithstanding that all these were wanting, still there were few of the inhabitants of the royal burgh who would have sung second to any community; the hereditary Sheriff kept baronial style within the walls of the Castle; and the town itself promised fair to become a very Novogorod for the population of the Western Highlands, and even aspired to a foreign trade; while, seaward, the burgh extended its boundaries from the Cloch to Pladda, so that the provost was admiral, as it were, of the Frith, and bailie of the Clyde. Besides all this, the lands of Bute, long held in yearly tenure from the sovereign, had, thirty years previously, been confirmed by King James IV. to the then occupiers of the soil; and the island was possessed by a body of freeholders having their titles

direct from the Crown, each a 'Baron' within his own jurisdiction, and with every inducement to improve the land.

Such was the state of matters in Bute at the period mentioned. The Sheriff, as has been said, was standing at the window, calmly surveying the beautiful scene—cribbed and confined no doubt by those thick walls; and small scope was there for the free ingress of the balmy air at that tiny loophole. But his fine face reflected the sunshine without, and the stentness of his domicile being a source of no small pride to him, he cared not a fig for the inconveniences which modern improvers might find in the massive walls of the old Castle. At the time referred to, he had just finished the morning repast, and was calling aloud to his good wife Elizabeth—whom he had espoused from the family of Blair—to see what she might think of the lovely prospect, and pass a joke on the unusual serenity of the weather.

'Indeed now,' said he, 'ladye mine, I have business for an hour or two, to settle some bickerings between the lairds of Bransare and Kerremenoch; but, after that, what say you that we ride over hill to Kilquhattanmore before sundown?'

Right glad was she, worthy dame, to hear the proposal to visit their friends at Kingarth, and merrily went she to arrange for the day's proceedings. Before, however, she had gone many paces, her step-son made his appearance, causing the heavy door to creak on its massive hinges, and swing open wide against the solid wall. It was evident that something of importance had occurred. Young Stuart was breathless, and it was a few seconds before he could well express himself; but at last he broke out with the exclamation and intelligence—

'Here is Gallachane, come from the south end, with a report that a goodly number of ships are off the Garrochhead, sailing up between Margnaheglis and Kumbra-beg! He says that filled they are with great folks and men of war; and who knows but that the King himself be there, as the Red Lion flag looms through the haze?'

'Haye at you, there,' replied the Sheriff; 'that cannot surely be the case; you might have "knavin" that no King was there; he is in France e'en now, courting some foreign fair one. Did not Argyle tell me so, not many days ago, when Camys and I were down upon him at Dunhoun for a settlement anent the burning?'

'That may be so,' interposed Kinneburgh, Laird of Gallachane, who now made his appearance, and seconded young Stuart in his explanations; 'but a few hours will tell how the truth rests, unless there be more wind, and the ships carry on up the way to Dunbrittain.'

'How then saw you them?' interrogated the Sheriff.

'At early dawn,' replied the Laird, 'I was on the hill over St. Blain's when first the ships caught my eye—a goodly array, with a fair wind from off Broadwick. Nay now, thought I, here are goodly ships—orders for wine or velours, but warlike, and not

seen every day in Kilbrandon waters. The Lairds of Kilwhinlick and Garrachty were on the hillside with me. I warrant before long you will see the fleet on your own side the hill; for the tide has turned, and, although the wind is away, if the ships get round Ascock Isle, and reach Bogany, you may rest assured they will not pass Rosey Bay this night.'

'Hey, then, good Bess!' quoth the Stuart, addressing his spouse, who had stood all this time in mute astonishment at the unexpected news, 'we must put off our excursion to Kilquhattanmore. See you well, good lass! to your maidens, that they be active, for this matter is something I thought not of; however, I'll see to it myself, and haste to the hill-top by the soonest path, to return forthwith.'

Thereupon the party sallied out from the Castle, and sped along the strand—the shore then being close to the Castle walls—the fortress at that time standing on a sort of isthmus, between the water of Rothesay on the one side and a small bay on the other—the space now occupied by the harbour and buildings adjoining being covered with water at high tide, which flowed beyond where Montague-street now is. Hurrying across the drawbridge, the Sheriff soon reached the hill-top beyond Crossmore; and sure enough there was seen a goodly flotilla, such as had not been on the waters of the Clyde since Haco, the Norwegian, came to claim the inner Hebrides as his own.

'Ay, marry is it,' quoth the Stuart. 'Sure enough I am much distressed to account for these great sails; but in case need be, let us call to arms and be ready whether for friend or enemy. Gallachane, you must go south, warn Scoulagmore, the M'Wererdy, the MacConochies, the Glasses, and all thereaway. I'll take in hand myself to call in the Stuarts, the Bannachtynes, and the Spences; no doubt the Jamiesons, M'Neils, and M'Caws, will be in town; let us have a rising, and meet in the Castle court before nightfall—all haste!'

'I'll warrant me,' said the Laird, 'that we will have a fair gathering; and unless the wind come out, we will see nought of the fleet in Rosey Bay till eventide.'

Thereupon the party broke up, each to warn their respective neighbours—young Stuart the most active of them all; and, as such a rising was not unusual, either for purposes of defence or aggression, there was no time lost in summoning together an assembly of the barons of Bute and their retainers—the Brandanni, who had shown such good fight in many a well-contested field.

Before long, the great ships were seen standing over towards the Cowal shore, when an air from the east decided their course; and the huge sails, hitherto flapping idly on the yards, expanded their great bellies to the wind, and the lofty hulls glided smoothly into the bay of Rothesay. Truly, indeed, there flaunted proudly the Royal flag, with the Red Lion of Scotland pre-eminent! And the gilt poops of the vessels showed that they were no ordinary craft;

while the display of gorgeous trappings, silks, and lace, which adorned the goodly throng who appeared in sight over the rails, proved that it was something more than a trading expedition which brought the fleet together. By the afternoon, one after another of these large vessels dropped anchor, and swung heavily round to the wind; and soon thereafter the women were actively engaged bracing up the sails, and making all snug for the day, as if there was no intention of sailing again before nightfall. It seemed, however, that the whole party wore an aspect of seriousness which was most unaccountable. No shouts such as might have been expected greeted the ear—no exclamations of joy or excitement;—all was quiet and dismal in the extreme. Before long, however, a boat came ashore, carrying a messenger to the Sheriff, announcing that the King James V. was on board the Royal ship, with his Court; and would, ere long, be on shore, to take up his apartments in the Castle. By the time the announcement arrived, the Sheriff was prepared for receiving his illustrious guests; and said that right glad would he be and highly honoured in admitting himself to his liege lord, the King of Great Scotland.

By this time, all was bustle and activity as well within the Castle walls as without; the burghesses appeared in good display, and were in no degree behind their country friends, the 'Barons,' in showing loyalty to the Sovereign. Unfortunately, history is silent as to who were the leading personages in the burgh at the time; but, be that as it may, certain it is that the townsfolk thronged the shore, and occupied every available space within view of the landing-place, which was a little way up the creek which has been referred to; and, when the Royal barge came alongside the small stone jetty, there was waiting to receive the young King a full muster of the great lords of Bute—conspicuous among whom were the Sheriff himself and Jamieson the crowner. No sooner did the King and his followers stepped on shore, than the Stuart advanced, and, lifting his broad hat, in better fashion, saluted his Majesty on bended knee, welcoming him most heartily to the old home of his ancestors.

'Right good and trusty friend,' said the King; 'you no doubt little expected so many visitors; but indeed am I to find myself on shore with such an excellent councillor as my kinsman of Bute. These party-loons have played me a sorry prank, but by my trick, I shall hold a court of justice here; and if to-morrow morn sees not some traitor coward hang by the neck, my name is not Stuart.'

'Nay, now, my liege lord,' said Hamilton, who was close behind, and stepped on shore immediately after, 'take counsel well with our excellent friend the Sheriff of Bute; be not over hasty, for rest assured that we, your loyal followers, have acted for the best; and the "shipwreck" are not so much to blame in turning the ship's course hitherward.'

'Peace!' cried the King impatiently. 'Thy advice I'll have none of it. I must enforce the law; and

unless there be such within the walls of this my Castle of Rothesay, I'll have you to Edinburgh, for I know what has been done, and will ere long try who is to have the power—you or I.'

Thus speaking, James moodily walked up the slight incline, passed through the massive doorway, and entered the Castle, scarcely deigning to acknowledge the hearty reception which was accorded to him on all sides; or to do more than give a slight inclination of the body, showing that he observed a bevy of fair Buteshire dames assembled in the Court, anxious to have a sight of his Majesty.

No sooner had he been seated within the timeworn halls of Rothesay, than he called again for the Stuart, and entered into a long narrative, explaining how his most cherished hopes had been frustrated by the machinations of the nobles who attended; how he had sent an embassy to France, which had concluded the terms of marriage with the Duke of Vendome's daughter; but that, unwilling to place entire confidence in the representations of Lord Erskine, or to rest satisfied with the 'vive-like picture' of the lady which he had received, he had resolved to proceed in person to have an interview with her; and, accordingly, had embarked with such of his courtiers as he thought could be depended upon; that, after great preparations, they had set out for the Continent, but that his retinue had played him false, inasmuch as, when the ships were within a day's sail of France, one night, when he was asleep, the course had been diverted without his authority; so that, when he awoke and came on deck in the morning, he observed that the high land of France, which he had seen the evening before, right ahead, was nowhere to be discovered; that, notwithstanding his most urgent commands, the ships had continued their voyage homewards; while Hamilton and the other attendants represented, in glowing language, the dangers and inconveniences of landing on the shores of France, so little prepared as they were for the gay scenes of courtly halls—the object of the expedition not having been explained before setting out. They further urged that it would be desirable to return to Scotland, in order that the King might make other arrangements, and appear in a state more befitting the occasion, and with retinue suitable to his dignity. He, however, did not fail to perceive that other motives lay concealed under these representations, and that this pretended anxiety for the preservation of his dignity was little better than a sham; that a strong party had been formed, who were anxious that he might make an alliance with some maiden nearer home. This, however, he had resolved not to do, and emphatically expressed his determination to carry out the original expedition.

The first burst of anger had passed over before the ships had reached the Clyde; and James, although wayward in the extreme, could not but perceive that the utmost degree of caution was necessary. It had been strongly urged, no doubt, that, even if a foreign marriage were decidedly resolved upon, he might

aspire to a more dignified and powerful connexion than with the Duke of Vendome's daughter; that, indeed, he might look for a union with the Royal House of France; and, from the intercourse which had recently taken place, he could not fail to see that any advances in that quarter would be met with a cordial response. Such reflections, and the temperate counsels of the Sheriff, it is to be supposed gradually soothed the irritated monarch, and induced him at length to yield to the necessity of circumstances, and give himself up to the enjoyment of the beautiful climate and right pleasant company around him.

Soon, therefore, the halls of the old Castle of Rothesay rung with sounds of wassail and festivity—the King having yielded to the persuasion of his followers, and withdrawn the uncompromising threats of vengeance for the slight which had been put upon him. At no time a model character, but prone to give loose to those passions incident to a half-educated mind, the revulsion of feeling was quite remarkable; and it was with difficulty he could restrain himself from exhibiting his great joy in again finding himself on land, and among those whom, he fondly trusted, would counteract the evil influences of the courtiers inimical to the French expedition. The evening wore on, and the trusty Barons of Bute over and over again pledged to the health of their Sovereign, till at length night came, which terminated their demonstrations of loyalty. The following day, however, the King hunted in the forest; and in the evening the same festivities were renewed, with even greater display. Thus passed the time while the Court remained in Bute. Certainly it was a happy period for all, and chiefly for James himself, who testified a strong partiality for the island and its loyal inhabitants. But anxiety about his foreign courtship outran all other considerations, and it became necessary for the Royal party to leave, which they did by crossing over to the opposite shore at Toward, and taking horse to Stirling—the ships proceeding north about to Leith.

What follows is a matter of history: how the King remained at Stirling until a second fleet was equipped, with which he sailed to France, in company with a gallant band of the first nobility in the realm; and how, notwithstanding the most favourable intercourse with the Duke of Vendome and his daughter, the beautiful Marie de Bourbon, James changed his plans, and espoused Magdaline, the sickly daughter of the French king—a princess who died within two months after landing upon the shores of her adopted land, to the intense grief of all true-hearted Scotchmen. Melancholy and untimely as her fate was, it seems that both James' sweethearts were rather of the delicate school, as, according to Pitcottie's chronicles, 'The Duik of Vendonis dochter tuke sick displeasour at the king of Scotlandis marriage, that She deceast immediately thairafter quhairat the king of Scotland was highlie displeased, thinkand that he was the occasioun of that gentilewoman's death.' But for all that, he soon got quit of his 'displeasure,' as not long after he married Mary of Guise, who survived him,

and became favourably known as Regent during part of the time her infant daughter, the unfortunate Mary, was a minor.

James the Fifth never forgot the pleasant sojourn which he had in Bute in 1536; and, in acknowledgment thereof, two years after, granted to the good old Sheriff, Ninian Stuart, and James his son and heir-apparent, and his other son Archibald, all the dues of the lands, lordship, and forest of Bute for five years, for payment, according to use and wont;* and that over and above the lands which the family then held in Bute—a goodly possession which, through many changes of circumstances, still pertains to their descendants, and has been vastly added to. The Sheriff did not long survive; as in 1540, when the King again visited Rothesay, the old man was gathered to his fathers, and his son was Sheriff in his stead, and welcomed his Sovereign to Bute. Instructions had been given to James Hamilton, Lord Evandale, to have certain repairs made on the old Castle, with the view of the Court paying an annual visit; but he appears to have betrayed his trust, as, among other charges brought against him, hastening to his downfall, was the keeping up of money given for improving the Castle of Rothesay. The King's untimely death, however, in 1542, occasioned the suspension of the alterations, and the old walls have not since then formed the residence of the Court. A proposal, however, has been mooted within these few weeks past, of renovating the grounds and forming pleasant walks for the good people of Rothesay—a very excellent design; and although the old building will not likely ever again be a Royal residence, still there is no reason why a locality having so many interesting associations, and from whence is derived the highest Scottish title of the heir to the British Crown, should not again attract a Royal visit.†

* 'Origines Parochiales,' vol. II. p. 228.

† It is but fair to state that the preceding sketch is only founded upon the well-known fact of the Royal visit of James V. to Bute, and that many of the details are not vouched by authorities.

TO LILY F—

O DEAR little lady, with earnest eyes
Of wondering, beautiful blue—
I see you are struck with a sweet surprise
That we should be looking at you!

You know not the joy which a primrose bloom
Gives to a dweller in towns—
Bringing him visions of sea-dipped gloom,
And fragrance of breezy downs.

You know not the beauty of those blue eyes;
Or the sudden, electrical flush
Which laughingly up to your sweet face flies—
Too simple and pretty to blush.

Your father is one of those poets, my child,
Who were born in the woodlands to roam;
Yet why should he sigh after flow'rets wild,
With such a sweet Lily at home?

WILLIAM BLACK.

*. The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention, but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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SUB-EDITORIAL PHILOSOPHY.—No. II. ON SOME POPULAR JUGGERNAUTS.

IN my casual glances at the paper during my nocturnal attendance, I often find myself reading over—with a blissful unconsciousness of what it is all about—column after column of printed matter, which come under the general denomination of 'Ads;' whether relating to increasing sacrifices on the part of philanthropic linen-drapers, robberies by confidential young men in the hat line, salvage stocks of shoes, bankrupt stocks of umbrellas and frying-pans, lists of subscriptions to distress funds, announcements of new banks with fabulous rates of interest, notices to parents and guardians or to parties about to purchase pigs, or to parties who have pigs and don't know how to feed them, or startling queries as to whether I powder my salt or sieve my mustard, or bruise my oats, or peel my potatoes, &c. &c. &c. I am addicted, occasionally, to reading through these announcements without having the power, if I were suddenly pulling myself up, of recollecting what was the subject of the last advertisement, or even the last line which I have just read. This I can only account for by the fact that tired Nature's sweet restorer is inclined, at that time, to commence the knitting operation in my ravelled sleeve of care, before the rip of that sleeve has reached to the cuff; which felicitous poetical expression, signifying that I am inclined to get sleepy before my work is done, brings me to the subject of my paper sooner than I anticipated. The allusion to the ravelled sleeve is borrowed from Macbeth's mouth—Macbeth suggests the Swan (of Avon)—the Swan suggests the legitimate drama—and the legitimate drama suggests that part of the advertisement column of the paper which treats of the amusements of the masses.

That the legitimate drama has been on the decrease for the last two or three years, a reference to the entertainments

at the London theatres during that time will make palpable. That the legitimate drama is not dead yet, but only sleepeth, is apparent from the prospectus of the manager of the Lyceum Theatre. The thin end of the wedge has been re-inserted by a *Frenchman*! (The wedge had been withdrawn, a few months ago, by the retreat of Mr. Phelps from Sadler's Wells.) This chivalrous little Frenchman has armed himself with sword and spear; and, moved to pity at the forlorn condition of the British drama, has forgot the old rivalry existing between his country and our own, and come over to do battle with that shameless ogre—that stupid Juggernaut before which we have all been prostrating ourselves lately—that vile asinine compound of stage machinery, gaudy daubs of water scenes (with a high priest of the monster as a foreground piece, flinging himself down from a painted block of wood on to a bag of straw below)—that brainless bully and monopoliser of the metropolitan histrionic talent—to wit, Sensation Drama. Already has this detestable tyrant been stalking through the length and breadth of our beloved country, and forcing votaries to come and worship him by eating up everything else. But he is beginning to quake—dissensions and schisms among his high priests have commenced—and there is a good prospect of his altar being overthrown at last. The public are ashamed of the reverence which they have been paying to such a palpable impostor; and when the valiant Frenchman has opened his Temple of Janus, and proclaimed to the world that his campaign has commenced, we will swell his battle-cry, and pray that other temples may also be opened, to assist in demolishing the great painted, tinselled, wooden idol.

But there is another idol which it is hoped this Gallic hero will bring down—an idol which we have been bending before too long. Alas! too long;—for, as I recall it, behold a whole array of demon types range themselves in the white smoke before me into a ghostly paragraph, which I cut not long ago for insertion in the paper—a paragraph which, as I cut it, cut into my heart with shame and sorrow—a paragraph, recounting how a poor maimed-for-life woman had been released from the London Hospital, whither she had been borne, a few weeks before, from a late temple of this other Juggernaut—this Juggernaut of the rope—Blondinism and Leotardism, to wit. The case I refer to was that of the Female Blondin, who fell from the rope while performing her acrobatic feat at Highbury Barn, in the summer of last year. Had that woman been killed—and only a miracle saved her—the public who patronised the entertainment that evening would have been morally as guilty of murder as the proprietor of the gardens who allowed the exhibition to take place; and not only the public who patronised it that evening, but the public who have on any single occasion attended exhibitions of the same description. I congratulate the directors of the Crystal Palace on the escape of this woman. I congratulate the tens of thousands of visitors—aristocratic and plebeian, lay

and clerical—to the Blondin feats on the escape of this woman. I congratulate the authorities, who have the power to put an end to these exhibitions, and who have not yet done it, on the escape of this woman; but I warn them that they are still risking the guilt of murder so long as it continues; and I would point out the latest instance of their escape from this guilt, by quoting the subjoined paragraph cut from the *Liverpool Mercury*:—

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—At Bell's Hippodrome, which is at present in Liverpool, Mr. Delevanti, Jun. was, on Monday night, going through 'Omar's extraordinary feat,' which consisted of some remarkable trapeze movements, executed upon a horizontal bar suspended within a few feet of the roof by a rope on either end. Soon after the performance commenced, one end of this horizontal bar broke away from its fastening, and precipitated Delevanti from the dizzy height into the arena below. In his fall, he grasped at a guide-rope suspended from the ceiling, and at others which were stretched across the building; and though in some degree they mitigated the violence of the fall, the young man came to the ground upon his right shoulder and side with a dreadful shock, and was immediately afterwards carried in a state of insensibility into the retiring-room, where it was found that he had sustained such serious injuries that his immediate removal to the Northern Hospital was deemed advisable. It was then ascertained that, in addition to the serious concussion of the whole frame, he had sustained a fracture of one thigh and of one or more ribs. We understand that the young man's life is not in danger.

I would also recall to the recollection of the authorities and of the public, the case of the unfortunate man who preceded Leotard at the Alhambra Music Hall, and who was killed while performing the trapeze feat—killed before thousands of spectators, many of whom, I dare say, have forgotten his fate, and have again and again applauded Leotard to the skies for risking the same death. Surely, for the credit of humanity, this Juggernaut will be speedily demolished, before more blood is spilt! Surely our children and grandchildren will not have to say—'Lo! these our fathers, with all their boasted humanity, were worse than the savages whom they endeavoured to civilise. The Hindoo priests, who urged the poor devotees to prostrate themselves before the ear of Juggernaut, were not so bad as they, because it was with the conscientious belief that human sacrifices would propitiate the deity, and ensure eternal felicity to the victim, that it was done! But the enlightened people of Great Britain, who read with a shudder of the gladiatorial combats of ancient Rome—who looked with horror at, and condemned, the Spanish and French bull-fights of their own period—were less wise and less enlightened in their generation. They flocked in thousands and tens of thousands to see, and urged on, with a rabid thirst for blood, those wretched acrobats. They did this one day, and attended church the next; they did it although warned repeatedly, by the death and mutilation of the poor victims, of the grievous sin of so doing.'

Another Juggernaut which has risen up lately is

the Sensation Song Juggernaut, before which much valuable time is prostrated. 'The temples of this idol are shared in common with the Leotard Juggernaut, and attended by the same orders. This is a less sanguinary Juggernaut, in truth; but the evil effects of its influence are great.

A great controversy took place not long ago between the London theatrical managers and the proprietors of music halls, as to the right of the latter to have represented on their stages duologues or small farces, in which the characters appeared in costume. This, the managers said, was poaching upon their manor without a licence. The managers succeeded in getting it put down to a certain extent; but it had no effect in decreasing the popularity of the music halls. The principal attractions at those places are the sensation songs and the acrobatic feats. It is of the former that I should now wish to discourse, as it has occurred to me, on the perusal of some of those sensation songs, that neither the public who hear them, the music-sellers who exhibit them in their shop-windows, nor the piano-playing public, who buy them for binding in their collection of popular pieces, have the slightest idea of the nature of those songs; otherwise, I should hope, in the sake of morality, they would neither listen to them to be sung, consent to receive them on their shelves, or pollute their collections by giving them a place among respectable music. In a printed sheet which I have before me, I find a few of these songs which I recognise every day in music-shop windows, with highly-coloured frontispieces—in music-shop windows in the most fashionable thoroughfares. I will instance three, which are marked very prominently, 'copyright.' The first is entitled 'The Girl,' which, on account of the extraordinary evolution of the artist who sings it, combined with a certain smart melody in the tune, has become one of the most popular songs of the day. Are the non-musical public, who admire it so much, aware that the words of the song are so silly and immoral that it is utterly impossible for me to quote even a single verse of it? The same may be said of 'Didn't she seem to like it?' which is also ticketed in the shop windows with a glaring frontispiece, representing the heroine, a gaudily-dressed *Asteriac*, and her victim, a silly-looking middle-aged man, grasping his umbrella mechanically, and opening his eyes wide, in astonishment at her desertion of him for the arm of another younger individual, foppishly dressed, and with a cane in his hand and glass in his eye. The background of the Great Globe in Leicester-square, with a glimpse of the Alhambra Music Hall, where, it is stated, the song is nightly sung with enthusiastic applause. The frontispiece bears the author's (?) name, with a grandiloquent dedication to one of his friends. The next is entitled 'There goes another Guy,' and is even more disgusting in words and plot than the second one, and only on a par with the first.

To me there is something egregiously absurd, ridiculous, and contemptible in the sight of two or three broad people, three-fourths of them intoxicated,

drinking, and smoking, and laughing, and enjoying such twaddle as this:—

I tried with every stick
To knock Sally on the nose,
Forgetting, quite, how quick
Both time and money goes.
I must have play'd for hours;
The man 'longside kept tally;
And said, 'I've more sticks left,
To shy at old Aunt Sally.'
Kind friends rally
Around me all you can;
And pity poor Aunt Sally,
Who has lost her fast young man.

'I'll trouble you for two pounds,'
Said the man to my surprise;
'For your young man's levanted!'
I opened both my eyes.
Having the money to pay,
I didn't stand shilly-shally,
But the boys called after me—
'How do you like Aunt Sally?'
Kind friends, &c.

I grant, kind friends, that there is a time to be sad and a time to be merry; but is this the way to make merry? Certainly not! you would answer, if you were sober. But you are not sober; you are dazzled by the lights; you have smoked too much; this is your fourth tumbler. A man at his fourth tumbler will laugh at anything. I can see Jenkins there at the second table. I know Jenkins is at times a sensible man (and I am addressing those of the audience who are supposed to have some common sense). I would say to Jenkins, 'Halloo, Jenkins! this is all very well, you know; but you ought not to be here. You have a wife and children, Jenkins. Your wife requires a new bonnet. The children, you know, are beginning to run slightly to seed. Mrs. J. wanted you to take little Timothy out for a walk last Sunday, after dinner, and you excused yourself on the ground that the roads were damp and his shoes too far gone. You said that you couldn't afford to get him a pair for another fortnight, when you would at the same time walk as far as Timms's with her, and select a bonnet. You have said that for the last two months, and always put the walk off because 'things were tight in the city.' You know, Jenkins, that the reason is solely because you have been spending too much money about the music halls. You wanted to treat Littleton, a customer of yours! That won't do, though. Littleton is not with you to-night, and you have been here three times this week. You must have some excitement, you say—something to keep up your spirits after the worry of business! That's all nonsense. You must acknowledge that you suffer trebly for the excitement on the Sundays, when you observe your wife and children bare and shabby in their dress. You are positively ashamed of their appearance, and begin to walk alone. When you go out in the morning, you tell your wife that you will be certain to be home early; and you scarcely ever keep your word. You come home in a cab as far as the end of the road; and you then fling away the half of the sixth fourpenny cigar which you have had that evening, swallow whole gusts of

night air to purify your breath (seriously endangering your health), and walk up with an affectation of being weary and footsore; and then you sigh, when you get inside, and look as haggard as possible, with the remark—'Eh! dear, dear Annie! I've had such a day of worry! Money is so difficult to get in. I've been after a customer till now. How are the children?' And then you walk up stairs as straight as possible, where the innocents are sleeping, and pollute their apartment with an odour of rank tobacco and whisky toddy. *You* do this—you, that half-an-hour ago were stamping and shouting at 'The Cure,' or 'How's your poor feet?' or 'Aunt Sally!' For shame, Jenkins! You are a perpetual walking lie; you make the lineaments of your countenance lie; you make your legs lie, when you affect that fatigued, ambling gait along the lobby (you have been cabbing and 'bussing it all day); you make your arms lie, when you stretch them out with pretended fatigue, in order to blind poor Annie; you make your very nose to snore a lie, when you throw yourself upon your bed and go off at once into a pretended slumber! For shame! And then, when you are occasionally found out, you flare up, and take merit to yourself because you don't *strike your wife!* 'You never catch me drunk, Annie, do you? I don't come reeling home in a beastly state of intoxication, and lift my hand to you (Oh, you miserable coward, Jenkins!) like Barkins—do I, Annie? Answer me that. I don't require to be brought home in a cab every night like him, and then roll into the easy chair, and make you pull off my muddy boots—do I Annie? Of course not; I ain't such a beast. You make too much fuss, Annie; you do, upon my word!' You flare up when you say this, Jenkins, and really imagine yourself ill used. Oh, you selfish fellow! You don't strike your wife, I grant—you dare not do such a thing; but what shall I say about a man that takes merit to himself because he doesn't strike his wife? I leave this to the public. I don't like to venture an opinion, or I shall get too strong in my expressions. Think over it; think over how many times you could have bought that bonnet for your wife, and those clothes for the children, with the money spent about saloons and singing taverns; think how often you have bragged—yes, bragged about being able to stand three times the quantity of liquor it would take to make Barkins drunk! and how often you have, as you express it yourself, drunk Jones, Robinson, and Brown off their legs! Beware, Jenkins! give your conduct consideration. On my faith, thou art in a parlous state, Jenkins!

I see Tomkins there, also; but I excuse Tomkins, because, if Tomkins were to go home now, he would find his wife engaged reading the last sensation novel, the house in the most wretched disorder, and the children, dirty and squalid, fighting in the nursery under the charge of a tawdry maid-servant, also with a taste for the sensational in story-writing. Surely this is a great Juggernaut—perhaps the greatest—this Juggernaut of Sensation Story-writing. Surely the writers who waste their talents to pander to the taste

of the public in this respect are much to blame—are, in a manner, the high priests of this idol before which so many bend prostrate. These writers attempt to excuse themselves on the grounds that it is the public taste, and that they must bow to the public taste or else starve. Who created this taste in the public? If they were to stop this ephemeral writing, the public would not cry out because it was lost to them—they would return to more wholesome diet. They will do so, assuredly, whether sensation story-writing is stopped or not. A wholesome reaction is certain to take place. The public will not always have a relish for mysterious murders, social conspiracies, intricate law-suits, or clandestine marriages. Such things pall upon the appetite. A criminal court, during the progress of a trial for murder, possesses a sort of morbid attraction for many persons; but to the reporters, advocates, and others connected with it professionally, the feeling is more that of disgust. The case is analogous. The public will assuredly get disgusted with sensation accounts of murders and conspiracies. The public who read this class of novels, read them, not for any particular beauty in the writing, but solely for the elucidation of the mystery which commences in the first chapter; and which is rendered more or less tantalising in every succeeding one, according to the constructive skill of the writer. There are no great truths to be derived from the perusal of such books—no great originality of character—no wit, humour, or pathos; such are not aimed at. The reader does not linger fondly over some favourite character; or mark some passage which strikes him as being particularly good—which suggests some train of reflection tending to throw a new light on any social question. No. Characters, description—everything is subsidiary to the plot. If good passages did exist, they would be passed over in the intense excitement to reach the grand finale—the trickery of the story—its shallowness: only discovered when the last chapter is reached. Surely the public are very easily gulled who rush through three volumes of such writing, merely for the purpose of finding who was the heroine's father—the result of a commonplace law-suit; or whether the plebeian villain who clandestinely married the heroine, and then disappeared mysteriously, will turn up again, to blast her future prospects, or be silent for ever; or whether the outwardly angelic heroine has all along been nursing a serpent in her breast, in the shape of conscience, and will confess, at the second last chapter, that she is the murderess. Several friends have assured me that, with a wonderful self-denial (for which they take great credit), they have refrained from buying those novels, when they were appearing in a periodical form, solely for the purpose of enjoying the luxury of *reading them through in a night!* The charm of these sensation novels is gone when the last chapter has been read. The charm is curiosity, than which no greater power exists till it is satisfied. The charm of a novel by Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, or Bulwer Lytton, is

not gone when we have read it through. We are, it is true, interested in the plot; but it is not of such intense and exciting interest that we skim over the book with bated breath, keeping only to the mere chain of the story, and casting it aside for ever when the last chapter has been reached—casting aside, also, as much as possible, all recollection of the characters and incidents, as cumbering our brain. The plots of stories by those authors are merely pegs on which to hang characters, incidents, descriptions, bits of philosophy, pathos, pure wit, and, humour, which we can read again and again—read slowly, luxuriously, bit by bit, and with a tendency to read aloud to our wives, mothers, fathers, brothers, friends; with a tendency, also, to illustrate our conversation with scraps from them, and emphasize our written remarks by referring to some of these characters or sayings—characters and sayings which will remain green in the memory for ever. Who is to create other characters for us? Who is to delight us with humour, pathos, philosophy? A new school of writers is rising up; but if they lay all their talents prostrate before this Juggernaut Sensation, it will be sad indeed for the reading public, and for their own chances of living again, in generations to come, among the English classics of the nineteenth century.

Another Juggernaut, which — but stay, the gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night. The printer's assistant, like a drunkard, reels in with a flabby sheet, which I look over and hand back. The ravel has reached to the cuffs. Four Juggernauts will lie heavy on my soul this morning, and retard the knitting operation as much as they conveniently can. When the sun has advanced his burning eye this day to cheer, I shall be here again at the stern behest of another Juggernaut—mighty, potent, before which Kings, Emperors, Presidents, and Sub-Editors alike bend and will bend to the end of time—the Juggernaut of the Press.

R. L. G.

POPULAR SONGS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

NO. VIII.

THERE is another Gaelic song of wedded life, differing much both from 'Mairi Bhan Og' and 'The Braigan Binneach.' It is the wild wail of an unhappy woman, whose friends had forced her to marry against her inclination; or who had allowed herself to be more influenced by the sense and worldly policy, than she found afterwards consistent with the tranquillity of a powerfully sensitive heart. There is a good moral, not only in this song and 'Mairi Bhan Og,' but even in 'The Braigan Binneach.' In the last, we are amused at the ridiculous disappointment of a stupidly ambitious woman, who was little better than a fool before harsh experience schooled her into repentance. Of her class, are those ladies whose visible weakness is still the sport and prey of the needy swaggers, who pass themselves off for Counts and great men in their own country. 'Mairi Bhan Og,' again, is the beautiful emanation of a pure and confiding nature, satisfied more than could be told with its own soft affection and its sweet return. It displays the enviable condition of a well-regulated mind, content with what it

possesses—not over-fearful to have less, nor over-greedy to get more.

The third song tells of that intensest misery, which is perhaps felt among us more frequently than it is spoken; and which oftener, it may be, than either, lurks darkly, like an inexorable Fate, where it is never acknowledged, even in the shape of a distinct feeling, by the dull and dreary heart that counts for years the heavy hours with sad and listless beatings. All marriages of interest, by whomsoever planned, cannot turn out well. Some of the parties in them have surely reason to sing, with this miserable Highland woman:—

HOOG ORIN, O!

I am married,
Hoog Orin, O!
Married! worried!
Hoog Orin, O!
They took me from my own lover—
Gave me to the western drover.
Where I hated
I am mated,
Hoog Orin, O!
Wife ill-fated.
I am married—I am worried,
Hoog Orin, O!
Mated! married! wearied! worried!
Hoog Orin, O!

They gave me to the clumsy drover—
Like my father, not my lover.

I am dreary
In his dwelling!
Hoog Orin, O!

I am weary
Of the knelling
Of my heavy heart!
Hoog Orin, O!

Of the tears for ever swelling
From this heavy heart—
Sadly swelling, faintly knelling—
O my soul! depart—
Leave this strife
With weary life!

Hoog Orin, O!
Ill-fated wife.
I am married—I am worried,
Hoog Orin, O!
I am mated where I hated,
Hoog Orin, O!
Mated! married! wearied! worried!
Hoog Orin, O!

Equally unhappy with the ill-fated wife of 'Hoog Orin, O!' was the unmarried heroine of the next song. Her lover was long absent. She looked out for him, but she saw him not. She watched for him, but he came not. Hope deferred made her heart 'Sick! sick! sick!'—forcing the sad conviction on her that she was wilfully neglected; and she became 'awear, aware,' and even thought he 'wished her dead.'

Sick! sick! sick!
Oh the pain! oh the gloom!
He has no wish to save me
From the cold tomb.

Love! love! love!
The fair cheek, the dark hair,
The promise forgotten;
'Twill go with me there.

False! false! false!
Oh youth is false for ever;
He loves far more than living me
The lifeless heather.

The hunting field,
The greenwood tree,
The trout, the running deer, he loves
Far more than me.

He loves—loves—loves
To stalk the frighten'd doe;
He never heeds the pain he gives,
His skill to show.

Oh the dark blue eye—
A flower wet with dew;
Oh the fair false face—
Too sweet to view.

Fare thee well—well—well!
Though thou'st forsaken me;
May every good thing follow—
Follow—follow thee!

A very sensible literary lady, commenting on the conduct of Mariana in 'The Moated Grange,' who was 'a-weary, a-weary,' and wished that she was dead, said that it would have been better for Mariana to have minded her household duties, and given over singing. And so, perhaps, it would; and better for our unfortunate Highland singers, too. It is easy, however, for the kettle on the hob to tell the kettle on the fire not to boil. When their souls were pierced through with bitter sorrows, and their poor hearts were full and overflowing, how were those tuneful females to accommodate themselves to the sedate proprieties of their cool and undisturbed sisters, whose feelings had perhaps never in their life given them much trouble in the grand concern of looking after themselves? Nothing more, perhaps, remained for the tender lyrists than to speak or die; or, it may be, speak and die. Their language betrays no guilt, at least. If anything was wrong in them, it was merely an excess of feeling—neither a great nor a common fault. Whatever cool-headed ladies may think of these poor sufferers,—of our sex, at all events, it may be said, that those of us who do not value a true and unaffected sensibility more than any amount of practical good sense in a woman—who do not intuitively prefer a Mary to a Martha, in fact—will possess but little sensibility, or sense either, themselves.

The title of the next song is

CUMHA MAIGHDINN—A MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

My heart is broken! broken!
What was bright in it is bleak.
Its joys are gone, and gone away
This many and many a week.
They are gone away with him
Who was fairest of us all—
Fairest, whitest, whiter
Than the snow-flakes as they fall!

He was manly; he was nobly brave;
He was first in every need.
I loved him, and I loved him not
In word, but all in deed.
Too well, too well I loved him;
For now I can but mourn—
I mourn and waste my heart away,
And pine till he return.

My heart is like a lump of lead—
I walk, but feel a stone;
I eat not, drink not with the youths;
I always feel alone.
My soul is black with sorrow;
Why should I lay it bare,
Or tell 'tis he who left last week
That causes all this care.

When he rein'd up a prancing steed,
How waver'd his curly hair!
How confident he look'd and proud!
How manly was his air!
Not like a boy or woman
Did he discourse with men—
His words were choice and pretty.
As if written with a pen.

He was to me a gem—a gem
Like the bud the brier wears;
He was as choice as is the tree
Bent with the fruit it bears.
And I was willing secretly
To wed—wed him alone:
He should have laid me, ere he left,
Beneath the cold grave-stone!

Ah me! 'tis little wonder
I grieve that he's away,
When I think how we two loved and lived
For many and many a day.
The sweet, sweet love we cherish'd—
The wandering alone—
Oh the chagge, if he has cross'd the sea!
Oh my weary, weary meane!

The number of boatmen, fishers, and half-sailors in the Western Islands, is out of all proportion to the rest of the inhabitants; especially on the margin of the thousand creeks and inlets and arms of the sea that calmly rest in the land. When night is falling on the long and winding loch that leads to a murmuring fishing village, the heavy sound of oars is heard incessantly along the silent shores; or in the summer twilight, when the wind is favourable, many and many sailing-boats may be seen gliding silently, as ghosts, over the smooth, bill-sheltered floor of the fresh western sea-way. Then the far-carrying sound of voices comes to the wanderer on the bank, and reminds him, as he looks into the dim gloaming where they issue, of the mysterious paths that are on the great ocean. Sometimes wild storms overtake the fisher, and anxious hearts wait for him at his home. Sometimes fierce mountain squall leaps like a wild beast upon him as he passes by in his careless security, and drives him far away from his warm and blazing hearth; or, as I have known more than once to happen, overturns his frail bark and sinks him in the hissing, tumbling waters. Where the fishers have large boats, they occasionally go a great distance, and remain for days and weeks away. Very frequently they take a voyage or two to sea, and all of them are at least half, and some of them thorough-bred, sailors. The fishing population and the agricultural population differ a good deal in their dress, and a little even in their appearance; of course their associations are dissimilar. The fishermen are a very much respected class, however, and no doubt they think a good deal of themselves. It is one of them the following very popular song treats. The 'Man of the Boat' had gone over the sea, and was long never to return. He had left some one behind him, who mourned his absence greatly.

THE BOATMAN.

How often haunting the highest hill-top,
I scan the ocean thy sail to see.
Wilt come to-night, love? Wilt come to-morrow?
Or ever come, love! to comfort me?

My soul is weary; my heart is breaking;
With frequent teardrops mine eyes o'erflow.
Wilt come to-night, love? May I expect thee?
Or, sighing sorely, the door put to?

I question fondly thy friends, and ask them
Where last they saw thee? where thou art now?
But each one, jeering, some answer gives me
That sends me homeward with burning brow.

They call thee Fickle! they call thee False one!
And seek to change me; but all in vain.
No; thou'rt my dream yet throughout the dark night;
And every morn yet I watch the main,

Do not thou remember the promise made me—
The tartan plaidie—the silken gown—
The ring of gold with thy hair and portrait?
That gown and ring now I'll never own.

For not a hamlet—too well I know it—
Where you go wandering, or stay awhile,
But all its old folk you win with talking,
And charm its maidens with song and smile.

And yet I dare not deny I love thee;
And not a month, oh nor yet a year,
But thee for ever, since first in childhood
I stroll'd beside thee, and thought thee dear.

My friends they warn me, and oft advise me
To let thy false vows forgotten be:
As vain their counsel, as if they order'd
Yea little streamlet roll back the sea.

Here I wander a tearful mourner—
A stricken cygnet, with music-moan,
That sings her dirge-note by grassy fountain,
When, all forsaken, she dies alone!

Maltri went to the moor to hunt, and falling over a
stone was killed. The following verses, as if by a flash of
inspiration in a dark night, give us a vivid glimpse of the
emotion and grief which attended the accident. The lines
are very slight and sketchy; but they serve their end
better, perhaps, than many more elaborate things.

There's a sound on the hill,
Not of joy but of ailing;
Dark-hair'd women mourn—
Beat their hands, with loud wailing.

They cry out, Ochoni!
For the young Monaltri,
Who went to the hill,
But home came not he.

Without snood, without plaid,
Katrina's gone roaming.
O Katrina, my dear!
Homeward be coming.

Och! hear, on the Castle
Yon pretty bird singing!
'Snoodless and plaidless,
Her hands she is wringing.'

This song reminds one a little of 'Bonnie George Campbell'. It treats of a similar misfortune; is equally rapid in its narration, and catches as successfully the right tone in which to deal with its kindred sorrow. If it falls short, in some other respects, of the rare masterpiece it resembles, that need not surprise us, for 'Bonnie George Campbell' carries as much of a sad tale and a wild lamenting in a very small compass as probably any song whatever.

THOMAS PATTISON.

ROUND A TUFT OF MOSS.

I WAS reading Keats, just at the line 'There was a awful rainbow once in heaven,' when that patch of green moss met my eye. In a pastoral luxuriance like that of the golden age, I was stretched under the shade of leaves not altogether sunbeam proof; for it let through little silver butterfly-like patches of light

to flock the grass. The world seemed, indeed—the world the poet painted—dressed in auroral radiance, young and fresh and ever beautiful, full of flowers, lush grass, golden fruitage, and golden moss as soft as sleep. Keats' earth is a habitation fit for the gods. An eternal halcyon day broods over it; and beauty, which is truth, is ever singing divine songs, and bathing its slopes in prophetic lustre.

Books, generally, are things unnecessary in the wood; for there is always, to those that think and see and hear, much to see and hear and think on. There are sweet sounds, with sweeter echoes innumerable, wonderful effects of light and shade, the bustle of insects, the exuberant animation of the birds; there are sweet delicate flowers, that nod and tremble and seem to talk to each other beneath the trees; and how easy to fancy what they say? There is a spirit of happiness in every leaf that dances to its own music, and in every wind that stirs—an unseen presence around—music, life-beauty, everywhere. But, then, how a book can be enjoyed in the wood! The world is distant—the harassing, perplexing, struggling world. A truce is asked in the battle of life—the armour is unbuckled—the sword, the spear, and the shield are laid idle in the tent—and the noise of the conflict is forgotten. The book is 'little worth if it is not here the passport to another world—its own peculiar world—and opens wide the cage door of the mind.

One is frequently, however, diverted from reading. A bird's song, the flutter of leaves, a flower, or blade of grass, leads to unheard of wanderings. Or a spider attracts attention by scampering across the page on stilted legs, and moving off as quickly as possible, as if he knew it was no place for him. The 'long-legged spinner' is often followed by a beetle in armour of malachite—like 'a mailed angel on a battle-day'—who walks at his ease athwart the lines of print, surveys them leisurely, and then drops among the grass. Such a beetle pretergrinated the open pages of Lamia, first straight athwart the leaf, then along the medial line, next he ran along the edge, doubled the corner, once more across the black and white, and on to a blade of grass that threw a long linear shadow across the page. Here he paused, and seemed lost for a moment in thought; for he appeared, like Wordsworth's horse, to be a *thinker*. He ascended and descended the grass blade, and was soon lost in the herbage beneath. But was I to lose sight of him thus? His movements had become strangely interesting to me, and I could not afford to let him go so soon. In solitude it is wonderful how the little things of creation affect the heart. We all know the stories of the prisoner in the Bastille, and his affection for a spider; and the traveller in the African deserts taking heart at the sight of a green tuft of moss. The brave man, spent with toil and frequent battling, has grasped his sword more firmly, and clothed himself in renewed vigour, from observing the patient enterprise of an insect. Great men have been observed concentrated on the balancing of a straw; others in watching with

breathless interest the fate of a paper boat upon a stream. I often fancy these self-forgetting moments are among the best in our life. We are not always the wisest or truest to ourselves, when we most seem or when we most think so. They are to be pitied who boast they have no time to spare for letting a moment pass untasked—no time to spare to allow the fancy a roving commission through the heights above and the deeps beneath, or to feel a self-forgetfulness sweeter than Nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep.

The beetle had many ups and downs in his progress; but I observed he struggled stoutly on in one direction—a most persevering beetle. He had a great heart, that little beetle: he set bravely to overcome difficulties, and bravely he overcame them. On surmounting a somewhat difficult object, you could observe a certain marked elation in his air. Once or twice, on such occasions, he raised up his little shining elytra, that ran into shades of purple and golden green, and spread out his glittering wings to the sunlight, proud as a conqueror. I blessed the little beetle from my heart. I believe, were the incidents of a beetle's life chronicled, there would be many things related more fame-worthy than the deeds of Alexander.

At length a period came to his wanderings, and I found that he had ensconced himself in a tuft of moss, perfectly happy. Perhaps there was a family of young hungry crescent beetles awaiting his coming anxiously—eyes that would look brighter when he came, hearts that would beat quicker, and little antennæ quiver with soft emotion. Perfectly right, my entomological friend; we had forgotten there are no crescent beetles. *Paterfamilias Beetle* has not the trouble of filling a dozen clamorous mouths; for when a beetle sees the light as a beetle he is already full-fledged, full-sized, and able-bodied—capable of providing for himself, and of making grand excursions to the summit of grassy culms and flower-stalks, in blessed ignorance all his days of the troubles attendant on juvenility and hobbledehoyhood. He awakes one fine morning in a snug chamber under the earth, and finds himself fully equipped for a sojourn above ground, and thereto he instinctively pushes forward to taste the sweets of beetle-life. A few inches under ground what wondrous changes are going on! Here is the green-room and tiring-room of creation. It is not necessary for a spirit-guide, as in the ever-remembered tales of youth, to lead us down to earth's centre to find ourselves in Wonderland: let him but introduce us to the immediately sub-superficial realms of the earth, and he can amaze us sufficiently. There are roots ever extending their delicate fibrillæ, and from the black soil, in patient, silent ministering, sending life to the branches in air; bulbs filling their coated cells with leaf and flower for the rejuvenescence of the spring and the demands of summer; cradled seeds dreaming of sunshine, or germ-leaves bursting their sheaths and with soft fingers feeling for the light; creeping things that men loathe, slumbering in aurelian folds after a gourmand's life among the green things of earth, until the

wand of the Great Magician touches them, and they slough themselves of their coverings and meet the glad resurrection winged creatures of light.

The moss-tuft was a paradise to our beetle—a paradise where no stern-browed angel guarded forbidden joys, where no black-hearted angel tempted him to death—it was all his and no other's; and Oberon could not desire a daintier paradise. How can I describe it, now that the bright summer day is gone, and remembrance alone remains? for, while I write, with slippered foot beside the fire, November is trampling the leaves in the mire, and the fern grows pale in the valley as winter stares it in the face. How can I describe it? or why need I describe it? It was simply a patch of moss—what everybody knows—that can be seen any day, and almost anywhere. Thank Heaven! its mercuries are not in one place, or in stinted measure growing. There is on all sides, and upon the commonest things, a prodigality of beauty lavished; and the mosses—deep-tinted, many-hued, with filaments of amber and ruby flowers—are little gardens that never fade nor grow dim with years. Meek and lowly, they do their work in their humble sphere, with a bright smiling face unfeignedly. Little daughters of the earth, they watch over her tenderly and continually. Would that we all, when the Master comes, might be able to give in an account of duty as faithfully performed as can these fragile lowly organisms!

What do we know of them? If the facts be stripped of their technicalities and Greek, and show themselves in currently available knowledge, they will appear few and meagre enough. The fruits of many years' study of hard-working naturalists might be summed up in a few sentences.

They spring up around us on every hand, ripening their seeds at all seasons; yet we know not whence they come. It seems as if a happy fortuitous course of atoms called them into existence; or, since the theory of spontaneous generation is not found to be tenable—as if the air kissed the brown earth until it became instinct with life and clothed itself in beauty—doubtless, the winds are impregnated with the imperceptibly minute spores, and thus scatter these germs far and wide. They were long considered from want of observation, to be destitute of seed; but this is easily disproved, by sowing the spores found in the capsules. The result will be a crop of mosses similar to that from which the seeds are taken.

Although small—and chiefly on account of their smallness—they have given a great deal of work to botanists to distinguish their parts; and hasty observers have rushed to generalizations regarding them that more extensive views showed to be wrong. Nature is continually breaking through our generalizations—*opinionum commenta delet dies*. We cannot lay the line and compass to her doings, or may be several regions; and doctors have strangely disagreed regarding the fructification of the mosses—a subject that yet remains in the chapter of things little known.

Dillenius, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was among the first to consider mosses as possessed of barren and fertile flowers; but he mistook the one for the other, as did also Linnaeus, who adopted his opinions. Hill, by sowing the germs

found in the so-called barren flowers of Linnaeus, and raising a crop of mosses from them, crushed the error for ever. But he erred in considering all mosses to be hermaphrodite, having the sexes united in one flower. Others regarded the whole as a myth, when Hedwig appeared, and, after years of patient research and experiment, described the flower and the functions of its several parts—the barren flowers being the buds or disks at the extremity of the branch; the fertile, those terminated by the filament and capsule. Living botanists do not altogether agree with him in the supposed functions of the parts of the flower; but he deserves praise for the brave philosophical way in which he has accomplished his work. According to him, mosses are *hermaphrodite*, having the sexes combined in the same flower; others are *monœcious*, having the sexes separate in the same plant; and others *diœcious*, the sexes separate, on different individuals. To these, we may add some *aspermous* ones, as several of the genus *Hypnum*, which propagate by shoots and buds. There are at least 445 species of mosses indigenous to the British Isles. Into how many variations Nature, the artist bold, can mould a single type!

The more we know of these the more we love them—contraverting the one-sided old piece of nonsense—'Familiarity breeds contempt.' To me they are a perpetual source of wonder. But wonder is everywhere. Everything around us is fearfully and wonderfully made. From the poor beetle that we tread upon, to the man with thoughts wandering through eternity—from the grass blade and tuft of moss and lichen-cell up to the mammoth tree of a thousand years—from the pebble to the mountain—from the dewdrop to the sun-world, a fearful wonder meets them all. We look upon the surfaces of things—we compare, and classify, and experiment—we weigh the sun, measure the earth and stars, shake us with the glittering lightnings, play in the lighted clouds;—and yet we have only extended our horizon of wonder! Else what were Science worth? Who would care for a world of which he could answer *why* how, and what, and where, and whence, and when, and why that could be asked regarding it? 'Wonder,' says Bacon, 'is broken knowledge.' Looks, then, to Infinity, wonder shall never cease; for in this boundless universe, though the ever-probing soul of man shall reap ever-golden harvests of knowledge, when shall the sphere be complete? When Infinity ends, when we are able to comprehend latitude, then and there shall wonder end.

REUBEN K.

PORTRAITS IN OUTLINE.

CHAPTER I.—HEROES.

Less than thirty years ago, there came to London two poor lads—a clerk and a mechanic. They came from one of the central counties of Scotland; and, like most of the thistle-bearded Northmen (albeit these youths were still unbearded), they were great men of vision of conquest, of which they could only profitably and safely delivered in the fat-soiled, frost-climated south. But, unlike a great many heroes of romance, especially those of the Whittington type, they did not expect to find the streets paved with slabs of gold. A certain sobriety of hope and expectation, combined with an incalculable capacity for work, based on a firm half-concealed sub-

stratum of self-reliance, were leading features in the character of especially one of these young-footed adventurers—as they are in those of a large number of their countrymen. I have been told, and I begin to believe the statement, that a Scotchman's dreams, if such they can be called, have a marvellous substantiality in their composition. They walk on end, casting a shadow, and seem to be endowed with the power of fulfilling themselves to any extent, and with a sort of mathematical certainty. Another characteristic of these invaders lies in the vulgar power they possess of living like beggars while working out their greatest and most cherished schemes. One could almost fancy that frugality was their god, and extravagance their devil.

Only one of these youths, however, came fully up to the true Caledonian standard. Peter Rowantree, the clerk, was nearly perfect, excepting in one very serious respect.

Peter was the son of excellent parents, who had early trained him to habits of cleanliness, industry, frugality, and godliness. His father, who had been the wheelwright of Irondale, the birth-place of both my heroes, was a Calvinist of the Calvinistic stamp—none of your make-believes. He was a man of principle, and, therefore, a man of power. His voice was heard among the elders, in the Deacons' Court, sometimes in the Presbytery, and, on two celebrated occasions, in the General Assembly itself. With, perhaps, the exception of his marriage, these two Assembly exhibitions were the grandest epochs in Elder Rowantree's long and spotless career. He bequeathed the glory of them to his son Peter, whom he had reared according to a special ideal of his own—an ideal which moved on the most unswerving lines of rectitude. It was the opinion of his friends that, as a disciplinarian, Elder Rowantree was unexcelled within the bounds of his parish; although other people maintained that his style was a degree over rigid, and was based too much on principles of repression.

Peter's mother was also a Calvinist; but in her the acrid blood and granitic severity of her husband met with more genial currents, and manners more supple and agreeable; so that the domestic skies of the Rowantrees, though habitually sobered by the gravity of the Elder, were considerably relieved by the moonlike presence of his tender-breasted and excellent spouse. If there was one weakness in Elspeth Rowantree's character, it seemed in the Elder's eyes to consist in her emphatic love of good dress. Her taste was high and pure; but, according to the Calvinistic simplicity of her husband's ideas, any particular patronage of the mantuamaker or milliner savoured too much of the carnal and the vain. He maintained that the mind should restrain the desires of the eye—which usually acted as the subtle diplomatist of a foolish heart in its attainment of illegitimate ends. Elspeth, being a good wife, was willing at all times to learn wisdom at the feet of her husband; but in this matter of dress, her natural desire and good taste, although painfully circum-

scribed, were never wholly extinguished. Again and again, would Nature break out in open rebellion against the rigidity and tight-lacedness of a system which regarded colour and ornament as agents of the darker powers. But the Elder was master of his own house, and consequently these insurgent ebullitions of his wife were uniformly preached down. The good lady was, in the end, always compelled to hoist the Calvinistic colours—sober, solid, and solemn; so that Elder Rowantree ruled, sovereign at home, till the Reaper came, and lopped every bough and berry from his unbending trunk. He was a man whom Death alone could conquer. Respected he lived, and lamented he died; and we record with admiration and wonder the fact, that his tombstone was undisturbed by a single chiselled lie. The Elder's memory left no blot upon the chastity of the sculptor's fingers.

But as the fool is not wholly incapable of wisdom, so neither is the wise man wholly incapable of folly. He is a wise man, it is said, who knows his own father; yet many a man has known his father, and been foolish enough after all—in truth, been not one whit the wiser for his knowledge. Knowledge can never make a fool wise; it can only make a wise man wiser. But the wisest men are foolish in some point; and the foolish point in Elder Rowantree's character lay in the system of repression which he practised towards his wife's innocent and legitimate tastes. He ought to have known that desires or tendencies which are forcibly suppressed, or denied just expression, in one generation, almost inevitably break out in the next, or third following, with irrepressible intensity. Hence it was that the very natural desire to be tastefully and attractively dressed, which he denied satisfaction in the character of his wife, appeared with redoubled force, and also with an obliquity, in the character of his only son, Peter, and made him a coxcomb of the first water.

This was the one imperfection in Peter Rowantree's character. In him his mother's chains were flung indignantly aside; and he revelled in such a mass of broad cloth, flowered vests, speckless boots, studded shirts, hair-brushes, tooth-brushes, sinecure razors, soaps, and scents, and miscellaneous jewellery, as would have struck his father, the Elder, dumb with a horror of coming judgment. A most serious imperfection, indeed! When a Scotchman's body becomes, in a millinery and tailoring sense, an object of adoration to himself—the Devil, or worse, is sure to be in it. Yet Peter was an excellent clerk, so far as ability and industry went; had a large share of ambition of a kind; and therefore was it that he gave up a good situation in his own country for one in London, which seemed to offer a better chance of making a spring into the wool-sack of some nebulous little empire which began to swim into prophetic ken.

Peter's fellow-adventurer, the mechanic, was moulded of an entirely different metal from Peter. Allan Gray was what might be called a model Scotchman—quiet, confident, shrewd; with less hope than faith; and with a more unshakable belief in the logic

of well-planned and sustained action than in the rhetoric of sudden luck or splendid accident. With both, the possibility of success seemed large; but Allan more amply, if not alone, possessed the power of changing the possible into the probable. Peter's visions were high, but appeared to be hung in the air; while the dreams of Allan, although not less lofty, seemed to be fixed on a series of solid ascending pillars. Peter darted into the heaven of his great desire on wings; Allan climbed wearily up to his heaven on stairs of granite. Had both these Scotchmen been sent to Australia during the gold or money mania, Peter Rowantree, on his arrival, would have darted off to the diggings before breakfast; while Allan Gray, after looking to his inner fortifications, would have sat quietly down, and, in his mind, challenged the whole southern empire, until he had found, among its brilliant phenomenal shadows, the solid and unshifting soil wherein to plant the acorn of his future oak. It is probable that, while Peter was vainly hunting his great spectral nugget, Allan would have stocked a farm, planned a harbour, or founded a city.

These are mere hints of portraiture; but may serve, perhaps, to indicate the peculiar character possible to each youth in the fuller development of time and experience. Peter Rowantree was one of those singular mortals with whom Fortune is frequently capricious. This old lady may, in such a case as his, unduly delay her benefits; but, on the other hand, she may send them before any particular effort has been made to deserve them—they will appear to come without any adequate reason, and without demanding any equivalent in sweat or suffering. Such men as Peter sometimes sink into early oblivion; but they as often stumble on fortune—though pretty much in the same manner as a wandering beggar may stumble in the dark upon a well-lined pocket-book.

Allan Gray's hopes of fortune were based on entirely different principles; or rather, of the two, his alone were based on principle. Nothing came to him by chance, but everything as the consequence of some visible cause. Norman Gray—when alive, the manager of Irondale Agricultural Implement Forge—had taught his son Allan to depend wholly upon the honest exercise of his own wits and fingers for present subsistence and future success. He warned him against the delusive devil-dream of luck. Nobody, he was wont to say, had ever prospered, or deserved to prosper, who waited on the fickle largess of what fools are pleased to call by the name of chance. Such people he sternly set down as lying beggars—men whose whole life was one continued attempt to swindle Heaven out of what rightly belonged to those who bent their backs at honest labour in the hollows of the world; or sweated brain-sweat, in hidden chambers, in the service of humanity; or endured the galling epithets of *traitor*, *self-seeker*, *no-patriot*, from the very country, in the upholding of whose constitutional freedom they lived a life of agony and endless toil. Then he would impress upon Allan that, if he were true to himself, and believed, and acted as if

he believed, in the honesty of the material and the heavenly laws, and in the honesty of God, he would be sure to get into the right track, whether that track led him to the palace of Fullwell, or merely to the hut of Wellenough.

Under the influence of such rough, fragmentary teaching did Allan Gray grow up, till he reached his twentieth year, when his father died—leaving him almost nothing in the shape of fortune, excepting a good knowledge of practical and theoretical mechanics; the example of a steady, self-reliant life; and a few scraps of that eternal lore which angels, as well as men, might listen to and grow wiser.

If Norman Gray left his son any other blessing, it was a mother whom princes might have desired to be the mother of their sons. She was a woman of singular calmness and sweetness of temper, great natural sagacity, and a range of intelligence which is somewhat rare among her class. I should state that the families of both my heroes belonged to the same religious profession, and attended the same church. Let the religious ideas of Norman Gray and his wife be a wider, and what might be appropriately called a more heavenly, orbit—a characteristic which, in a woman, was quite compatible with a milder humanity. In all that pertained to the hard practicalities of life.

These, then, are the homes and progenitors of Peter Rowantree, clerk, and Allan Gray, mechanic; and these are the gentlemen themselves whom you may imagine to have reached London in that career of conquest which, I verily believe, every Scotchman regards, in some form or other, as intensely imperative, if not simply inevitable. When the thistle desires heat and nourishment, whither can it turn for it but to the sun? and where can the sun be found excepting in the soft-blowing, genial-spirited south?

CHAPTER II.

SUCCESSSES, WITH A DIFFERENCE.

On their arrival in London, Peter had the advantage over Allan of having a situation cut and dry for him in one of the great wholesale mercantile establishments. In little more than two days, therefore, he sat down upon his stool, took pen in hand with the Caledonian courage, and fell upon his accounts as one of his savage ancestors might be supposed to have fallen upon a herd of wild boars in a primeval forest of the north. Peter also got into good respectable lodgings in Kentish-Town; and, considering the amount of polish, of a sort, which he had absorbed in the "north contrie," together with his agreeable, insinuating style, it was not long before he contrived to ingratiate himself with his employers, his companions of the countinghouse, his landlady, and decidedly with his landlady's rather presentable niece, Polly Swanbill—a tall, fair-haired lady of eighteen years, an elegant dancer, a sweetish singer, a pretty pianist, mistress of three-fourths of the French language, and thoroughly proficient in the art of flirtation.

Could Peter Rowantree's lines have fallen in pleasanter places? It was hardly possible. His masters were rich and able to pay; his fellow-clerks were excessively clever, and perfectly qualified to initiate the northman into the divine mysteries of London life; and his landlady's niece, the exquisite Swanbill, was overflowing with charming accomplishments, and abundantly able, therefore, to cozen the open-hearted Peter into the belief that he had dropped into the ultimate paradise of his life. With such materials and such an atmosphere to assist in his development, it was little wonder that the handsome Rowantree burst almost at once from his Caledonian husk into the full-blown metropolitan gent. He became a mighty favourite with his class, and also with another class of whom careful, honest, and virtuous men never do make favourites.

Yes, Peter loved Swanbill, and the inimitable Swanbill gave her affections to the all-conquering Rowantree, on whose delicate, white-vested bosom she was eager, on every possible opportunity, to lean her languishing eye-lashes, and calm the heaving ecstasy of her spotless heart. As sweetest joys are fleetest, I shall leave the charming couple in their happy sculpturesque attitudes as long as I can, and take up Allan Gray for the rest of this stage.

Allan, it must be confessed, arrived south with unquestionably sober prospects. Unlike his companion, Peter, he did not come to leap into an empty stool, but to compete for a very modest position in one of the Government establishments. Allan was by no means so handsome as Peter. At first sight, there was something singular in his aspect. His large deep eyes—looking out on the world from their calm recesses, under broad square brows, surmounted by thick shocks of half-curved black hair—gave him, now and then, an appearance of dulness and simplicity, which invited the inspection as well as the criticisms of the humorous and impudent, whose jests were yet more keenly edged by the breadth of Allan's Irondale doric. But the temper of the young barbarian was not brittle, but tough and malleable; so that both laughter and jest fell from him flattened, as leaden balls fall from the surface of iron targets—the greater the force the flatter the lead.

When Allan reached the Government chambers, on the day of examination, he was put into a room among about a dozen other young fellows in the same condition as himself—in want of employment, and ready to be questioned as to their qualifications to fill the vacancies. Allan was the only Scot present, the rest consisting of two Irishmen and nine Englishmen. Previous to the examination, there was a good deal of chaffing among the candidates—the nationality of each being the most popular theme of attack and defence. The English lads had naturally the greatest abundance of chaff, and they blew it about in a liberal, though, generally, in a good-natured enough manner. By the two Irish adventurers, the happiest and most grotesque single allusions and hits were contributed; while Allan, perhaps the slowest and

most silent in the company, did nevertheless, when hotly pressed, plant by far the deadliest blows, so that even the most daring word-coiner of the company, Percy Hyde—who was nephew of Sir John Hyde, one of the examiners—was made to reel before the Scotsman's single-gunned battery. In consequence of this, Percy was the only one who became slightly offensive towards Allan, whose personal appearance and nationality were never before so mercilessly handled. His chances at the forthcoming competitive examination were also sneeringly alluded to, and set down in the vicinity of zero. Percy Hyde's intentions were, of course, to tempt Allan Gray from his silent intrenchments, in order to spear him in his passion. But Allan knew a thing or two which Percy had yet to learn, and he had the advantage, besides, of having been born pretty far north—an advantage, I have observed, which contributes as much to increase the resistive powers as it does to sharpen the observant soul of the tactician. Allan was generally capable only of great angers—against all which, however, he had been much warned by his father; the shrewd old gentleman impressing upon his son the deep truth that anger, being altogether cruel and unscientific, was destitute of any power of true conquest over its object. Percy Hyde's most provoking sallies failed, therefore, to disturb Allan's apparently stupid equanimity.

The examination at length began, and all that I have to report of its results is comprised in the simple statement, that of the round dozen, Percy Hyde alone made a disgraceful figure; so bad, indeed, was it that Sir John Hyde, his uncle, indignantly sent him back to learn some of the most elementary principles of mechanics; that the others, or the whole, passed honourably, the two Irishmen and one Englishman especially so; but that Allan Gray made so satisfactory a figure in replying to the most puzzling interrogatories that, in addition to a first-class card, he won the publicly expressed recommendations of all the examiners, which had the effect of at once gaining him admission into one of the most important Government establishments in the vicinity of Woolwich.

Such was Allan Gray's preliminary success; and it was the result neither of luck, chance, friendship, nor cunning; but of well-digested theoretical and practical knowledge in the department in which he was by Nature best fitted to conquer some position. He fixed himself down, therefore, in his quiet place, and intrenched his heart against the fascinations of the mighty city—determined to work out whatever destiny was possible to intelligence, honesty of purpose, and persevering endeavour. Like most men who make similar resolves, and possess sufficient patience and dogged power to carry them out, Allan succeeded beyond his original hope. From being a mere mechanic, he advanced into the highest regions of practical and inventive engineering. Out of his rough, rock-like brain, many a beautiful and useful plan has sprung, by which the naval power and resources of England have been improved and vastly

increased. As a man, and as an inventive engineer, there is at the present moment few men more loved for themselves or admired for their genius.

But, in the earlier years of his career in England, Allan Gray neither walked nor slept on roses. He brought his mother to Woolwich; and at first the management of their meagre resources taxed to the utmost their financial ingenuity. I never knew a more loving mother and son. They were worthy of each other. I became acquainted with them shortly after they settled so near the city; and I openly confess that if ever frugality was, and deserved to be, exalted to the quality of the godlike, it was so in the wonderful management of Allan's limited salary by his mother. These two had the courage to live within their income; and they did so without a particle of that ostentation which not unfrequently accompanies even very honest poverty, especially among the Scotch. Their domestic establishment, it may be imagined, was altogether a humble one, from the fact that not one of their rooms was adorned by an inch of carpet. They were content to tread bare deals, until for them the mystic year of carpets should arrive.

CHAPTER III.

ALL'S ILL THAT ENDS ILL.

Of the courtship, marriage, and doom of Peter Rowantree, Esq., I have not much to relate, as that little is altogether unpleasant; but as it is curiously interwoven with cursed visions of carpets and other household splendours, I shall epitomise the matter for the benefit of those who might be in danger of catching the fatal heresy which dragged poor foolish Peter down to social, as well as to the brink of eternal, perdition. That heresy, which worse than all modern theological heresy, is contained within this detestable formula:—That it is necessary to live showily, in a showily-furnished house, in order to be respectable. The Prince of Evil now constructed a falser or a more insidious creed. Men and people will fill their eyes with pious light, and sanctify on their tongues, and innocently ask, *What* believes in such doctrine? I reply, Nobody. Everybody knows its falsehood—will with their lips admit its falsehood—and in their hearts they will be unable to see it in any other light; yet all the while the deeds of their hands will give the lie to the beliefs of their hearts and the professions of their lips. If men and women acted on their sincerest, or at least on their professed beliefs, they would seldom come to sorrow. But the curse of large numbers is, that socially, as well as religiously, they live and act, not according to their own knowledge, but according to the standards of their neighbours. Such weak, though perhaps reputable people, follow 'leaders' both in religion and fashion; and in both (like sheep who are also led by leaders) not unfrequently to their own destruction. Religiously, they walk open-eyed in the inner hell of respectable insincerity; and socially they plunge deliberately into the inner hell of respect

able debt; whence, in both cases, they are almost inevitably hurled into the outer hell of bankruptcy.

Peter Rowantree and Polly Swanbill, although not altogether unsuspicious of being in the wrong track, were at least ardent practical believers in the creed of 'show.' Peter, false to the teaching and memory of his father, threw in his eternal interests with a certain fashionable church, in which Elder Rowantree would have sworn that only the skim-milk of the Word was procurable; Polly also reposed her little soul in a fashionable church on Sundays. Peter worshipped the beautiful ideal hero of manhood, which his mirror revealed to him in the millinery splendour of his own personage; Polly was as often on her knees before an ideal heroine of womanhood revealed in a similar manner. Peter was an idolater of a long roll of fashionable saints; so was Polly. Peter's tastes were dainty, select, and costly; so were Polly's. In truth, whatever Peter was, Polly was sure to be; and never these singularly harmonious conditions, the courtship of the inimitable couple proceeded.

Yet, let it not go unremembered that Peter was an excellent hand at his business. Indeed, had Polly Swanbill transported herself to one of the Pelican Islands and had Peter lived a good deal under the steady rein-hand of his fellow-parishioner, honest Allan Gray, it is not quite improbable that he would have acquired a handsome fortune, made a solid and desirable marriage, reared sons and daughters, and died quietly and respectably in his bed in some western villa. But Polly had marked Peter for her own. Before he was well aware, she had transfixed him with the mesmeric lightning of her languishing eyes, and brought him to her queenly feet—an act of sublimation which the gracious lady was not long in repaying, by twining the adoring Peter in her long elastic arms—the whole of which process being accomplished just as a beautifully subtle serpent might incinate and involve a peacock with all its vanity and splendour.

In the course of five years, Peter was advanced stage by stage by his employers, until he reached the most responsible position in the house; and before the end of the fifth year, Polly Swanbill was advanced to the position of Mrs. Rowantree, to the mingled admiration and envy of her neighbours. Amid the merry twangling of the marriage bells, the ominous croak of a raven was audible. Polly had enemies as well as friends; and while the latter were not wholly discreet as to her failings, the former clouded their brows, and assumed the functions of fatal prophets. The evil that women do in their days of maidenhood is published on the day of their marriage. But although Polly did not escape calumny, Peter did not escape her; and for the strokes of the one she considered herself sufficiently indemnified in the possession of the other—the more especially as she and her husband, after a delightful honeymoon spent in Peter's native valley of Irondale, took up their abode in a more fashionable suburb of London than Kentish Town is generally regarded.

Rowantree Villa, St. John's Wood, was by no means a large, but good judges pronounced it a very elegant thing of its kind. Its young occupants were of course altogether unknown in that select locality; but as they exhibited first-rate appearances, gave most parties, maintained a pretty piece of horse flesh and a sweet barouche, they were not long in establishing or conquering a position in the affections of their neighbours. Their life was a gay one, and they swam in affluence and elegance.

But did Peter and Polly ever visit Allan Gray in his quiet home at Woolwich? Many a time and oft. But on every occasion, that stylish couple took leave of Allan and his mother much depressed in spirits. The engineer's abode was necessarily a humble one—for the grim Scot was still wearily and bravely winding his way up the granite staircase of the world's regard. Allan, like most men of his character, was visited by periodical fits of gloom; but in him these visitations were proofs rather of strength than of weakness, as, from their solemnity and depth, could be calculated the calm and almost heroic height of his nature. At these, as at all times, his mother was at hand; and in her he found unwrought sources of strength and assistance. Hence came it that, although often gloomily reflective in the fiercest rage of the battle, he never fainted, but wielded hammer, and screw, and file, and whipped his inventive brain in the higher departments of his craft, in a manner which showed that for him there could be nothing but ultimate success. As I have already mentioned, Allan did actually attain very considerable success; but, in the meantime, he and his mother were content to live on *lenten fare*, and dispense with the softening and relaxing elegancies of modern society, and that to an extent which absolutely horrified his two city friends, Peterkin and Polly. Both before and after their marriage, these dainty-footed and tender-eyed turtle-doves felt it a great deprivation, when they visited Woolwich, to be compelled to tread on uncarpeted pine deals, and to gaze on walls comparatively little beholden to any of the finer arts. Peter, for very shame, could not, for a long while, be brought to cut his *mechanical* and *unrefined* countryman, as sweet Polly Swanbill was wont to designate Allan. But, then, it was so unpleasant to come so far, and fare so ill; for Allan could never afford to feast Polly and Peter according to the pattern daily followed at Rowantree Villa, St. John's Wood; and was it not also, if anything, a little vulgarish to hold intercourse or correspondence with people so awfully unskilled in the divine mysteries of fashionable life? In brief, after a deal of peddling and tricking with their better thoughts, and the creation of a score of Devil's syllogisms as a battery of defence against the insidious attacks of conscience, these precious darlings of lady Fortune paid a concluding and most unwilling visit to Woolwich; and although they could hardly fail to perceive that the tide had begun to flow with Allan Gray and his mother, they made their bow to the dismal locality and its people,

never again to soil their superfine feet, nor offend their moteless eyes, by walking its domestic planks or looking on its barren and vulgar walls.

These stars are meant to indicate a gulf, the merest whisper of whose name were sufficient to make the soul of honesty shudder for a week, and grieve for ever after. In that gulf, the ship of Peter Rowantree, Esq. and his fashionable lady-wife, after careering gaily about for some time, flashing with golden sails, sank suddenly out of sight, as if shot by a bolt out of heaven.

The secret was simply this:—Peter and Poll maintained a style of life at St. John's Wood which demanded ampler funds than Peter's already excellent salary could supply. Indeed, the income of the foolish wretch could no more cover the debts he created than a fourpenny-piece could cover a crown-piece. A dozen honest schemes were vainly attempted to meet the importunate hunger of creditors, and to maintain unmodified the glory of Rowantree Villa. These schemes failed; and, after much coquetting with the fiends that wait on folly, Peter by inches approached that doubtful gulf of forgery, in which his barque at length went down hissing to the sharks of hell!

Poor Peter! Poor Polly! They were a foolish couple; and, in order to support their folly, they became a wicked and a criminal couple—were detected in their crimes—and banished to climes beyond the sea.

Little did Elder Rowantree, and his good wife Elspeth, dream that the small white hand which they had handled, and kissed a thousand times, and taught to turn over the leaves of the holiest Book, should one day plunge itself into the inkiest trench of infamy; and, with one master-stroke of crime, bespot the simple splendour of a name whose purity was the old man's only boast.

CHAPTER IV.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

If 'all's well that ends well,' it will perhaps better 'well' to end the account of 'all' with becoming brevity. This, in the present case, will be the more easily performed, as the quiet yet brave life-deeds of Allan Gray are happily not attuned to the brazen clangours of modern trumpeters; but, more especially, as he himself is still living—still energetic, fresh, and inventive, and now lustrous with a halo of unfamous fame. Among the best of his class, and among certain 'highest authorities,' Allan has won a name which wise men might virtuously covet in their honest pursuit of similar eminence in their profession.

After Mr. Rowantree's downfall—an event which shocked Allan terribly—the progress of the young engineer was continuously steady, if not rapid and brilliant. What brought him first under the special notice of those in power, was a simple but extremely useful invention, which has been introduced into every war-ship in the British navy. This was the means of placing Allan in a greatly advanced position, in which his opportunities for working at the higher branches of engineering were intentionally increased. He repaid this advancement by new inventions in

various directions, which gained him the friendship of the best and the most responsible men in the kingdom. His most recent invention, however, is one of so singular a character that were I merely to mention its name, the reader would at once be able to point out the man whom I have thus imperfectly outlined under the colour of Allan Gray. But this I must not do, having almost reached the last line of these in-artistic figures.

In conclusion, however, I may state, without committing any breach of confidence, that if Allan Gray has attained conspicuous success in remembering and following the advice of his father, he has been no less successful, by shrewdly digesting the wise counsels of his excellent mother, in finding a true woman for a wife. Helen Hope—the youngest daughter of Sir Arthur Hope, one of the most popular landed gentlemen of Surrey—is a lady possessed of the twin-virtues of beauty and good sense—a combination of excellences that are supremely irresistible by accomplishments which render her the paragon of wives—a wife who might have inspired the soul of Shakspeare to create a new drama, for the sole purpose of making her immortal.

There is no house which I have more pleasure in visiting than that of Allan Gray; there are no people whom I admire more than Allan Gray and his beautiful and truly accomplished wife; and, I speak it with perhaps more vanity than discretion, there is a little maiden whom I love so dearly as large-eyed and rosy-lipped Julia Gray, the one treasure of a daughter among four sons of the Scotch engineer and his English wife. Were I fifteen years younger—

But go to! What am I babbling about, and the great case coming on to-morrow in which I am a act as junior counsel? The law is a hard and exacting mistress; and, what with coming, conquering in the House of Commons, and visions of possible woollucks there is neither time nor room for the softening and delicious visions of love—*elce, O Julia!*— F.

HOW HE WON HER:

A STORY IN SEVEN LETTERS.—BY WILLIAM BLACK.

LETTER THE FIRST.

MRS. LESLIE to her Son, WALTER LESLIE.

MY DEAR BOY,—We have been positively shocked with your letter. I could hardly believe my eyes. I am sure when your poor dear father left you in charge to me, he never thought the result of all careful training and watching over you and Anne should come to this. It was with many misgivings that I allowed you to leave home for a city life. I thought the resolute spirit of the Leslies was strong within you, and that you would keep aloof both from the follies and vices of the companions you might meet. Yet you ask me if I would countenance your marriage with an actress! 'As modest as she is beautiful, and as graceful as she is intelligent!' That is language she has taught you, possibly. And can assume modesty as easily as she can assume other virtues! can she? Really, Miss Vernon may be a very clever actress indeed! I know my Walter was always willing to have his dark curls patted by a soft white hand; but I never thought—Well, Walter! I suppose I need hardly say anything

about it. Sister Annie is sitting crying. And you, who were getting on so well—whose pictures were being talked about—who was making a name—thus to destroy your prospects, when they looked most inviting and encouraging! But stay, Walter. Has not your artist's devotion misled you? The glare of colour—the brilliant lights—the gorgeous dresses,—have they not fascinated you with but merely a foolish wonder, which will wear off in a week or two? You say you still visit the Greens; and I have some hope of you, for I understand Lilian Green to be a *decent* girl, who would be *proud* to be an honest man's wife. As soon as Aunt Johnson returns from York, I shall run through to see you, and shall probably stay with the Greens; until which time, I trust you will do nothing that either I or yourself may be sorry for afterwards.—Ever your affectionate

MOTHER.

LETTER THE SECOND.

From MISS VERNON, of the *D— Theatre-Royal*,
to WALTER LESLIE.

SIR—I regret being compelled to return you the accompanying bracelet, which you did me the honour to send me, as I have ever made it a rule to refuse such presents. I also regret that it is impossible for me to grant you an interview. But as you mention your acquaintance with Mr. Green, it is possible that I may be at his house some evening. That is the most I dare promise; and believe me, most respectfully yours,

MARY VERNON.

LETTER THE THIRD.

From ANNIE LESLIE to KATE SYLVER.

DEAR KATE,—Do you ever read poetry now? Our Walter has sent me a song which he wants me to sing, and I can't find music for it, and so I send it to you—that's the song, not the music—that you may copy it into your album and return it to me. It's beautiful—whatever you may say. Walter says he wrote it after coming home from a party at the Greens; so I suppose it refers to Lilian Green. But it's pretty; and you mustn't say it isn't. On second thoughts, I'll copy it at the end of this note, in case you might lose Walter's writing, and then I should never forgive you. Good-bye, dear, dear Kate.

ANNIE LESLIE.

P. S.—Here is the

SONG.

Oh, I know a face so sweet, so sweet,
That no one around me knows;
With a crimson bloom like the tender heat
That dwells in the heart of a rose—
A rose
That in the warm June wind blows!
And I know blue eyes so deep, so deep,
So limpidly cool and clear;
They seem to be sleeping a crystal sleep,
And wake but to brighten a tear—
A tear
For one whom they hold so dear!

And I know a hand so white, so white,
So little, and white, and shy;
It only peeps out to meet the light
Of a bright and welcoming eye—
Her eye
That smiles when nobody's by.
And I know a voice so mild, so mild,
Like the sounds that the night-winds move;
Like the murmur'd laugh of a cradled child,
And that is the voice of my love—
O love!

Come hither, my foam-white dove!

Isn't it pretty? Good-bye again.

A. L.

LETTER THE FOURTH.

From Mrs. LESLIE to ROBERT GREEN, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have to trouble you about a matter which is always nearest a mother's heart—her son's welfare. I know the *influence* you have over our poor Walter, and I am glad to hear that he still visits at your house; but will you, my dear sir, believe me when I say, that from my poor boy's own handwriting, I learn that he seriously contemplates marrying an actress! I have still some hope that you may be able to show him the *wickedness* and *folly* of such a step, and that you may yet be in time to save him. It was the wish of his dear father—as he often used to tell you—that Walter should marry your Lilian; and I am sure she must now be as *handsome* and *good* a young lady as she promised to be when I saw her many years ago. I really wonder what has so *infatuated* poor Walter about this Miss Vernon, when he is enabled to number *Lilian Green* among his friends. I am sure she must now be a *beautiful* girl; and you must be happy, dear friend, in having an *obedient* child. I shall take a run into town this day fortnight to see how matters stand. Meanwhile, I ask you, as a father, to do what you are able towards averting my boy's ruin. Kindest love to Lilian and her mother; and believe me, affectionately yours,

MARTHA LESLIE.

LETTER THE FIFTH.

From ROBERT GREEN, Esq. to WALTER LESLIE.

MY DEAR WALTER,—I have just had a letter from your mother, which reveals to me a secret of which I had never even dreamed. I need not refer to it more plainly than by saying that it is simply impossible you should ever again meet Miss Vernon at our house. I have every confidence in her, and she will always, I hope, remain as much a friend of our family as yourself; but after receiving your mother's letter, I feel it my duty to refuse any sanction I may inadvertently have given to your acquaintance by inviting you on the same night to our house. As you are aware, both Miss Vernon and yourself should have been at our little meeting this day fortnight; and I leave it to you, Walter, to say whether you will voluntarily remain absent, or whether Mrs. Green must cancel our invitation to Miss Vernon.—In haste, yours truly,

ROBERT GREEN.

P. S.—Have just received your note. After much

deliberation, I have resolved to grant your request; and though your scheme is a bold one, still I don't think any great harm can result from it, even though it should prove a failure. Your mother has not seen our Lillian for some years, and Miss Vernon may very easily personate her; but, further than this, remember I can have nothing to do with it. Miss Vernon is as much my guest as your mother will be on that night; and I cannot have her insulted even by my nearest friend. So, if you care to take the responsibility, I am willing; but I should as soon that you gave up the idea altogether. At all events, I shall keep Lillian out of the way for a certain time, and give Miss Vernon every chance of appearing to advantage in the character of my daughter. R. G.

LETTER THE SIXTH.

From WALTER LESLIE to his friend TOM HAMILTON.

MY DEAR TOM,—There has been such a lark here! and I am going to tell you all about it, and I don't know where to begin. In the first place, I was introduced at a party to Miss Vernon—you remember how spooney you were about 'My love is like a red, red rose'!—and, one way or another, have become very intimate with her. Seriously speaking, Tom, I believe she is the prettiest, most modest, and best girl I ever met. But, you must know, before this—(what a novel-writer I would make!)—my mother had got some word of my intimacy with Miss Vernon, whereupon she became very indignant, and said I don't know how many hard things about actors and actresses in general. Her letters got quite short, and I thought we were to have a regular family quarrel—you see, those old ladies retain such absurd prejudices; and we all know what the stage was in *their* youth. However, mother was to come in to town to attend another party at Mr. Green's, and she expected to settle the whole matter then. Miss Vernon was there, and there I was, of course; so that I had the honour of introducing her to my mother. But it so happened that I introduced Miss Vernon as Miss Lillian Green—whom my mother had not previously seen,—and the two of them got on so well together that it was really delightful to see them! Upon my word, Tom, mother was quite charmed with the girl—as, how could she be otherwise? and, when I introduced, *sotto voce*, the true Miss Lillian Green to her, she 'dropped' her, as the saying is. Upon my word, Tom—(I believe I said that before, but never mind)—if you had seen 'the little head, sunning over with curls,' looking so bewitchingly up in my mother's face, you would have sworn there wasn't a sweeter and prettier girl in Christendom! And then she sang; and you know how she can sing. The whole room was silent as night; and when she sung 'Though I leave thee now in sorrow,' or some such thing, mother cried! I was nearly crying myself; but I could have leaped and laughed like a girl to see it. But the dreadful scene came, when the ladies went to get shawled—for, of course, mother knew that 'Miss

Lillian Green' had no cause to change her dress. She reproached me only with a look; but, since then, I have never heard the end of it. I think, however, Tom, she is drawing well in the new harness—you'll understand that phrase—and, by-and-by, that she'll be quite reconciled to—What? you ask. Never mind, Tom; don't make a fellow blush!—*In spe cino*. Yours ever, WALTER LESLIE.

P.S.—I shall promise you a new riding-whip if you give up singing that absurd 'Old Towler,' and take to a decent song, such as this:—

Queen rose of the rosebud-garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls—
Queen, lily, and rose in one,
Queen, lily, and rose in one.
Shine out little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun!

Tom! there is, in all the earth, but one little head sunning over with curls that *could* be the sun to garden of roses. Remember the riding-whip, good-bye! W. L.

LETTER THE SEVENTH.

From TOM HAMILTON to his friend, GREGORY SMITH.

DEAR GREG,—Father and I are just going shooting, and I've only time to tell you that Les has got married to Miss Vernon, lato of the Theatre-Royal. Wont he fall into all sorts of *nerisms* in painting his female faces after this?—haste, yours, T. HAMILTON.

THE HAMELESS LADDIE.

Be kind to the bairnie that stands at the door;
The laddie is hameless and friendless and poor;
There's few hearts to pity the wee cowerin' form
That seeks at your hallin a beld frae the storm.
Your hame may be humble, your haddin but bare,
For the poor and the lowly hae little to spare;
But ye'll ne'er miss a morsel, though ama' be your ste,
To the wee friendless laddie that stands at the doo'.

When the cauld wind is soughin' aae eerle and chll,
And the snaw-flakes o' winter lie white on the hill;
When ye meet in the gloamin' around the hearthstane
Be thankfu' for haddins and hames o' your ain,
And think what the feckless and friendless maun dree
Wi' aae heart to pity and aae hand to gie;
That wee guileless bosom might freeze to the core
Gin ye turn'd the bit laddie awa' frae the door.

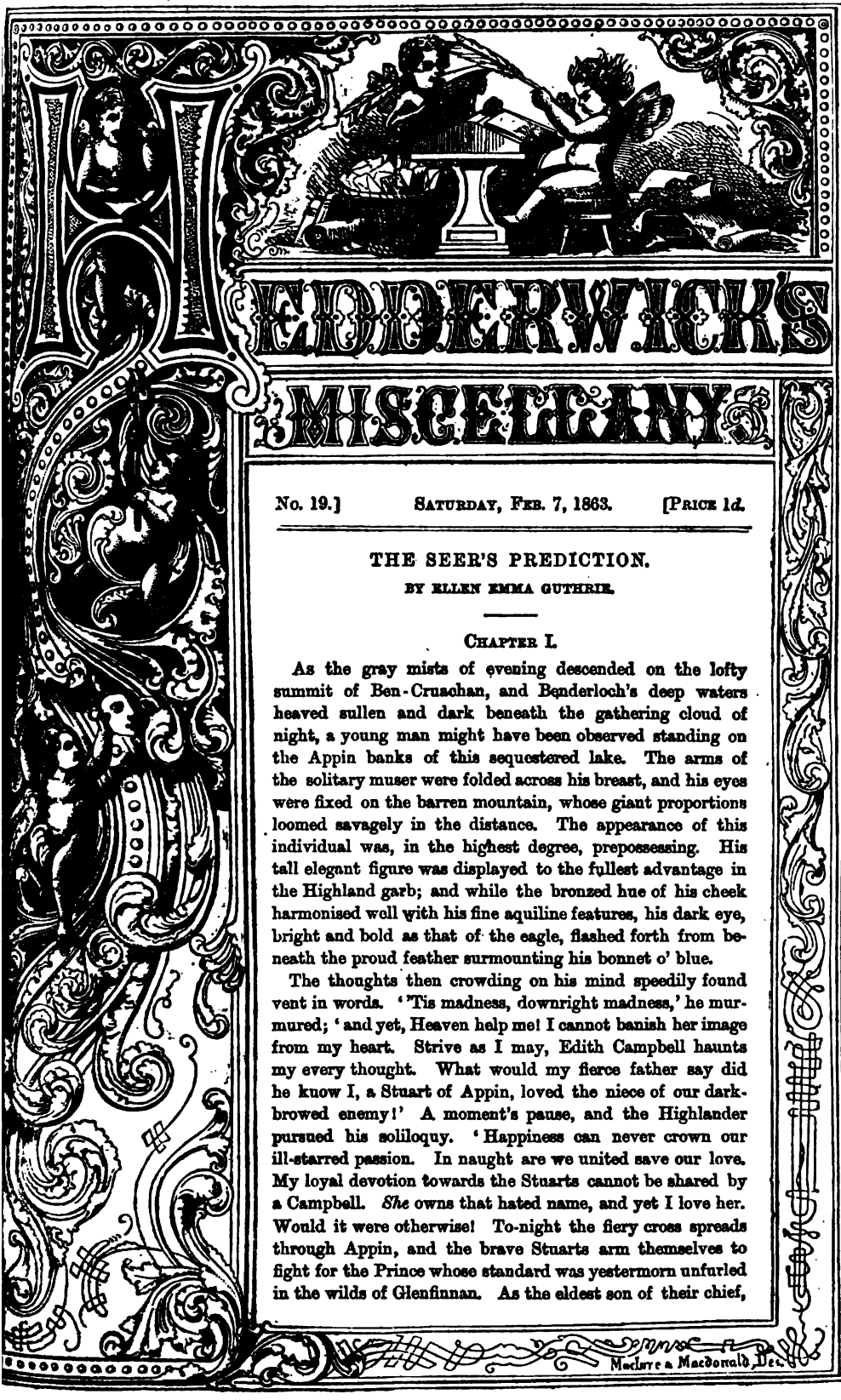
The bird seeks a beld o'er the wide ocean wave;
In the depth of the covert the fox has a cave;
And the hare has a den 'neath the wild winter's snaw;
But the wee friendless laddie has nae hame ava'
Then pity the bairnie aae helpless and lone;
Ilka gift to the poor is recorded aboon;
For the warm heart o' kindness there's bleasain's in
Sae be kind to the laddie that stands at the doo'!

Hawick.

J. THOMSON.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention, but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return considered unsuitable.

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THE SEER'S PREDICTION.

BY ELLEN EMMA GUTHRIE.

CHAPTER I.

As the gray mists of evening descended on the lofty summit of Ben-Crusachan, and Benderloch's deep waters heaved sullen and dark beneath the gathering cloud of night, a young man might have been observed standing on the Appin banks of this sequestered lake. The arms of the solitary musier were folded across his breast, and his eyes were fixed on the barren mountain, whose giant proportions loomed savagely in the distance. The appearance of this individual was, in the highest degree, prepossessing. His tall elegant figure was displayed to the fullest advantage in the Highland garb; and while the bronzed hue of his cheek harmonised well with his fine aquiline features, his dark eye, bright and bold as that of the eagle, flashed forth from beneath the proud feather surmounting his bonnet o' blue.

The thoughts then crowding on his mind speedily found vent in words. 'Tis madness, downright madness,' he murmured; 'and yet, Heaven help me! I cannot banish her image from my heart. Strive as I may, Edith Campbell haunts my every thought. What would my fierce father say did he know I, a Stuart of Appin, loved the niece of our dark-browed enemy!' A moment's pause, and the Highlander pursued his soliloquy. 'Happiness can never crown our ill-starred passion. In naught are we united save our love. My loyal devotion towards the Stuarts cannot be shared by a Campbell. *She* owns that hated name, and yet I love her. Would it were otherwise! To-night the fiery cross spreads through Appin, and the brave Stuarts arm themselves to fight for the Prince whose standard was yesternorn unfurled in the wilds of Glenfinnan. As the eldest son of their chief,

I must lead on my clan to battle; while the Campbells will range themselves beneath the usurper's banner. Even now, the enthusiastic daughters of Scotland are weaving white favours to deck the bonnets of those loved ones who espouse the Stuart cause; but no bright eyes will glance approval on me, nor weep, perchance, should I be destined to fill an early grave. She whom alone I love favours the Hanoverian dynasty, and regards as traitors those loyal men who refuse their allegiance to any save him whom heart and conscience both unite in proclaiming King of Scotland. Yet why will she permit diversity of opinion to separate us? Ewan Cameron loves her; and no clan is more devoted to the Stuarts than that of Lochiel. And does not the crafty Campbell smile approval on his suit; ay, but were he a Stuart of Appin, his red blood would stain the heather ere her uncle and evil-minded cousin, Ulick, saw him allied to their house. Ha! ha! the young rascal bears me bitter hatred, in return for the well-aimed blow of my dirk, which punished his insolence for questioning my right to address *his* Edith, as he styled her. Presumptuous fool! He has, it seems, discovered our stolen interviews; and, knowing his black nature, Edith is fearful of the consequences should we continue our clandestine correspondence. Hence must I depart without one word of farewell. She deems it prudent; therefore I submit; but 'tis hard to part thus when we may never meet on earth again!' A deep sigh followed these last words. When about to resume his soliloquy, the sound of a woman's voice caused him to pause. Sweet and irresistibly touching were the accents with which the singer rendered that most beautiful of the many melodies then so dear to the Jacobite party, 'When the King comes o'er the Water.' The words of this enthusiastic ballad, said to have been composed by the aged Countess of Maraschal, ran as follows:—

'I may sit in my wee croo-house,
At the rock and the reel to toll fu' droary;
I may think on the day that's gane,
And sigh and sob till I grow weary.
I ne'er could brook—I ne'er could brook
A foreign loon to own or flatter;
But I will sing a rantin' sang
That day our King comes o'er the water.

Oh, gin I live to see the day
That I ha'e begg'd and begg'd frae Heaven!
I'll fling my rock and reel away,
An' dance an' sing frae morn till even.
For there is one I winna name,
That comes the belginn bike to scatter;
And I'll put on my bridal gown
That day our King comes o'er the water.

I ha'e seen the gude auld day—
The day o' pride and chieftain glory—
When Royal Stuarts bore the sway,
And ne'er heard tell o' Whig or Tory.
Though lyart be my locks and gray,
And eild has crook'd me down—what matter?
I'll dance and sing asither day—
That day our King comes o'er the water.

A curse on dull and drawing Whig—
The whinla' rantin' low deceiver;
Wi' heart as black, and look as big,
And vauntin' tongue o' clishmasclaver.
My father was a gude lord's son,
My mother was an earl's daughter;
And I'll be Lady Keith again
That day our King comes o'er the water.'

A short pause, and melting pathos is replaced by lofty enthusiasm. Forth gush the words:—

'But there's a bud in fair Scotland—
A bud weel kean'd in glamourye;
And in that bud there is a bloom
That yet shall flower o'er kingdoms three;
And in that bloom there is a brier
Shall pierce the heart of tyrannye;
Or there is neither faith nor truth
Nor honour left in our countrys.'

On the singer's near approach, the young Chief discovered her to be Mary Cameron—a pretty maiden, whose lovely voice, and light figure in the dance, were celebrated throughout Appin. She was not alone. By her side strode a stalwart Highlander, in whom Edward Stuart had no difficulty in recognising his favourite henchman, Donald M'Kinnon. The native enthusiasm of this athletic Celt seemed roused well nigh to madness by the enrapturing strains of his fair companion. His breath came short and quick—he cocked his bonnet more fiercely—beat time with his feet—at length, wholly unable to restrain the loyal feelings swelling high within his breast, as the pretty Mary concluded her last stanza, he gave utterance to a wild halloo! executed a series of capers in the air; then, snapping his fingers contemptuously, sang, or rather shouted:—

'He's clappit down in our gudeman's chair,
The wee, wee German lairdie;
And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,
And dibbled them in his yardie.
He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
And broken the harp o' Irish clowns;
But our Scots thistle will jag his thumbs,
The wee, wee German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
Nae fitting for a yardie;
And our norland thistles wiana pu'
For a wee, wee German lairdie.
And we've the trenching blade o' wair,
Wad glibe ye o' your German gear,
And pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,
Thou reckless German—'

The concluding word merged into a loud hurra, called forth by the appearance of a ruddy light, which that instant streamed along the precipitous sides of Ben-Cruachan. Onwards it came, rending the darkness of coming night.

'O Donald! what means yonder flame?' breathlessly inquired the maiden; and she clung for support to his protecting arm.

'Tis the Fiery Cross!' said the young Chief, advancing towards them. Recognising his master in the speaker, Donald M'Kinnon saluted him respectfully, as did also Mary Cameron. With an exulting laugh, the Chieftain bent his flashing eye on the flaming signal, while it pursued its wayward flight—now breasting the rugged shoulder of some stupendous mountain, now lost in the winding labyrinths of some lonely dell. After a short disappearance, it flared along the savage depths of Glen-Dhu, then gleamed fearfully from the summit of one of the rugged hills lying to the right of Benderloch. 'God bless King James!' shouted Edward Stuart; and, removing his bonnet, he waved it above his head. Ré-echoing the prayer with stentorian lungs, his henchman half unsheathed his weapon; while the maiden, unloosing her

chieftain, permitted it to float in the breeze. As the Cross disappeared, a loud shout in their immediate vicinity caused them to look round. Joyfully they beheld a stalwart Highlander emerging from a ravine, bearing aloft another fiery messenger. Apparently overcome with fatigue, the fierce mountaineer staggered towards Donald, and, placing the dreaded symbol in his hand, pointed across the loch, then sank exhausted on the ground. Grasping tight the blazing torch, Donald M'Kinnon gave utterance to an exulting cheer. A parting embrace to his betrothed, whose expressive countenance beamed with loyal enthusiasm, and a single bound placed him on the shore. The fisherman swiftly obeyed his summons to make ready the boat; to loosen it from its moorings was the work of an instant; and anon rebellion's dread signal flashed over the dark waters of Benderloch. As long as the Cross was visible, Mary Cameron remained standing on the beach, waving her handkerchief to gladden her Donald, as he stood at the prow of the boat, chanting a Gaelic love song—his tall commanding figure seeming of gigantic proportions in midst of the ruddy glow. On its disappearance, the enthusiastic maiden stood for an instant motionless; then plucked an herb with which she was familiar from amongst the heather, placed it on the back of her head, muttered some words in a low tone, and then, turning her face towards the east, blew it away with her breath. This charm accomplished, she courted gracefully to the young chief, who had been an amused spectator of her proceedings, and then tripped lightly away in the direction of her home.

As Edward Stuart busied himself with the recovery of the prostrate Highlander, the sound of a bagpipe was borne towards him on the breeze. Straining his eyes to pierce the fast-gathering gloom, he beheld a shadowy mass filing through a narrow pass a little way on his right. The air, at first wholly indistinct, now swelled louder and more near, until Edward Stuart was able to recognise the pibroch of his clan; and soon the formerly colourless tartan shone red against the heather. Expectation having mounted to certainty, the young Chieftain hastily advanced towards the approaching Highlanders, and found, to his great delight, that they were headed by his favourite cousin, Duncan Stuart of Ardshiel. Issuing the necessary orders for the transportation of the utterly prostrate messenger, he placed himself by the side of the young leader; and the men continued their march towards Appin House, there to unite themselves with the main body of the clan. Possessed of a gay, hopeful temperament, Duncan Stuart was loud in his expressions of admiration of the gallant Prince who had thus thrown himself, unaided, on the loyalty of his northern subjects, and confident in his expectations regarding the speedy success of their efforts to overthrow the Hanoverian dynasty. Then, looking back in the direction of Lochneil, with a menacing gesture of his hand he burst forth in indignant tones—'Ride! ride on thy mission of treachery, thou false Campbell! But what avails thy speed?

The Provost may fret, and the honest Burghers may fume, as thou proclaimest in the Council that the rightful heir to auld Scotia's crown has landed at Borrodale; and that the gallant Lochiel, at the head of eight hundred men, has joined the standard which the loyal old Marquis of Tullibardine unfurled to the breeze; but that will not prevent our laying siege to the gates of their city—ay, marry! and stringing up these cross-eared knaves at the Market-Cross, to serve as a warning to all such like-minded traitors.'

'What mean you, Duncan?

'Simply, that Campbell of Lochneil is even now on his way to Edinburgh, in order to acquaint the Magistrates that they are likely to find ample employment for the pampered dragoons at the Castle.'

'Does Black Ullick accompany him?' eagerly interrupted his cousin.

'I know not,' said the volatile Duncan. 'Ha, ha, ha! Methinks I see the well-nigh distracted citizens flying down their dirty old Canongate as though they were pursued by the avenging shade of Montrose; while the Provost, in great tribulation, causes the bells of St. Giles to jingle an alarm, orders the gates to be closed and protected with cannon, disaffected persons to be placed under arrest; while all loyal subjects are to hold themselves in readiness to protect the just rights of his most gracious Majesty, whom God long preserve, in spite of the Highland rogues and traitors who seek to compass his downfall!' Scarcely permitting himself leisure to draw breath, the thoughtless youth rattled on—'And such arming there will be! Why, Edward, only imagine—if thy less fertile imagination can furnish thee with so ludicrous a picture—the fat old burghers squeezing themselves, and that with no small difficulty, into the ancient armour worn by their less corpulent ancestors! While the Provost fishes out of his lumber-room a time-honoured suit, which last saw service in the days of the Long Parliament; and his loyal dame furbishes up some neglected helmet to save the thick head of her spouse from our trusty claymores!'

'How came our enemy to be so soon informed respecting the Prince's arrival?' inquired the other.

Duncan Stewart replied, 'It is more than suspected Campbell had some secret agent in France deputed to keep watch over the movements of the Jacobite party; but so skilfully did the Prince carry out his plans that the spy was unable to inform Lochneil of his departure until too late to prevent the rising.' 'Sneaking rascal!' muttered Edward Stuart. 'Should we chance to encounter him or his nephew in the streets of Edinburgh, a stroke from my dirk shall for ever silence his ill-omened clamour; and yet —' he paused embarrassed, having for the moment forgotten his enemy's near relationship to her whom he loved.

His cousin took up the unfinished sentence. 'And yet to die by the blow of a Stuart's poniard were too honourable a death for a craven Campbell. No, rather would I see him suspended from that Market-Cross to which his ill-favoured ancestor sent the loyal

Montrose.' Not obtaining any response from his now thoughtful companion, the fiery young Highlander continued,—'Now that the Stuarts are taking the field in defence of their just rights, we will soon have it in our power to wipe off old scores with our deadly foes the Argyle faction. Such hatred do I bear them, that had I no more worthy motive for becoming a Jacobite, it alone would have sufficed, knowing I shall find myself opposed to M'Callum More and our treacherous foe of Lochnell.'

As young Stuart finished speaking, the Highlanders entered a narrow defile, hemmed in on either side by shelving mountains. Through this pass there brawled a rapid stream that a little way in advance terminated in a loch, in the centre of which stood an island, and thereon a ruined castle. Just as the cousins came within sight of their ancient fortress, the moon's pale disc struggled through the clouds, and cast a shadowy radiance on the fairy scene. Bidding the pipers strike up 'The Stuarts' gathering,' they motioned the men to precede them; and, resting on their claymores, surveyed in contemplative silence the ruined home of their ancestors.

Edward Stuart was the first to speak. 'Is it not strange,' he said, 'the superstitious should affirm that, when death hovers near the chiefs of our race, a taper's flickering ray, seen at one of the windows of that mouldering keep, gives warning of the mournful event?'

'Dost doubt the fact?' said his cousin, in a rebuking tone. 'The Macleans have their spectral horsemen—the Grants their bloody-handed female—and why should not we, the Stuarts of Appin, be honoured equally with them in this respect?'

'When was it last visible?' said his companion.

'On the night of your grandfather's death. It was observed by several shepherds while tending their flocks in this very dell.'

'When will it appear again?' murmured Edward Stuart, as if to himself.

His cousin, overhearing the side remark, observed, in a jocular tone, 'Why, coz, one would imagine, from the unusual length of thy face, that thou forebodest evil to thyself!'

For a moment, his companion looked thoughtfully into space, then observed, in a musing tone,—'It is strange what fancies suddenly possess people not prone to superstition; but the moment we came within sight of this castle, the thought darted like lightning across my brain—Soon shall the phantom ray, which foretells death to the chiefs of Clan-Appin, be seen glimmering from one of the casements of yonder ruined keep!'

'And whose end do you imagine this warning will foreshadow?' said Duncan Stuart, ironically.

'Perchance mine own.'

'Nonsense! nonsense, Edward! Do not abandon yourself thus to gloomy forebodings on the eve of our glorious enterprise.'

'Which may also prove a bloody one, dear Duncan! And why should I be spared more than others,

equally young and life-like, who must perish ere our King be reinstated on his throne? But 'tis mere fancy on my part,' he added, passing his hand across his brow, as though striving to banish some painful remembrance. 'Come! 'Tis over now. Let us join our men.'

Taking his cousin by the arm, he was about to hasten onwards, when suddenly, as though he had emerged from the ground, a tall weird-looking man reared himself before their eyes. This apparition—for he resembled nothing earthly—was clad in vestments of goat-skins, a long silvery beard flowed upon his breast, and his bony hand grasped an oak sapling, with which he pointed in the direction of the receding Highlanders, as he muttered in a hollow voice—'Woe! woe to the tartan! Dark is the cloud now overshadowing the land of the Gael! Before my fast-fading vision glares horribly the sword of the smiter, which is destined to lay the pride of the Highlands in the dust! Blood is everywhere! The heavens rain blood—it dyes our mountain streams—it stains our heather!'

'Prithee peace, good Alister,' said Edward Stuart in a soothing tone, fancying he recognised in the strange figure before him a half-crazy Highlander, who, originally a native of Skye, was endowed by the superstitious Celts with the faculty of second sight, and therefore regarded by them with reverential awe.

'Peace! who talks of peace,' exclaimed the seer 'when the Fiery Cross speeds on its terrible mission and the tread of an armed host falls on mine ear Peace! when the eagle scents the battle from afar and the vulture makes ready to feast on the eyes of the slain!'

'We fight in order that our rightful King may regain the throne of his ancestors,' broke in Duncan Stuart.

The old man tossed his arms wildly in the air. 'Behold not the throne of a conqueror,' he cried, 'be a crimson moor and a fleeing host; around me flows the blood of the Gael; while the thunder of cannon and the rasping of steel mingles with the dying groan of the plaided mountaineer, as he stretches out his limbs in the fierce agonies of death.'

'And what more glorious than to die in the arms of victory?' was the enthusiastic response.

A change passed over the working countenance of the seer; his voice sank to a whisper, and his arm fell powerless by his side, as he replied:—'No song of triumph is borne to me on the breeze; 'tis the coronach of my country, which rises with each fifth blast. In the south, rolls the triumphal car of the victor, and joyful acclaims greet the returning hero while, from the north, there arises an anguished cry over the loyal, the brave, and the true-hearted, who cold remains lie far away on the battle-field of the Lowlander.'

'But we shall triumph in the end!' said Duncan Stuart exultingly.

'Never!' shouted the aged Highlander. 'To you the future is veiled in impenetrable darkness; but me 'tis laid open as a scroll, and I read therein things dark and terrible. The cause of the Stuarts is doomed. The very heavens have declared against them. Last evening, when wandering among the hills, my ears in bibing mysterious revelations from the unseen world and mine eyes fixed in wondering contemplation of the star-gemmed firmament—suddenly, as I gazed the aspect of the sky changed. A howling tempest drove a dark battlement of clouds across the azure dome. On their disappearance, I beheld as it were

battle-field, on which two armies stood engaged. My blood ran cold in my veins; my hair stood on end, as the opposing forces rushed on to battle. Fiercely was the fight maintained. Soon horse and rider bit the dust. Still raged the deadly warfare, until the warriors of the north—too well I knew their plaided forms and eagle plumes—were mown down like grain beneath the reaper's sickle; then, on a given signal from one whose waving feather proclaimed him the leader of the victorious party, the combatants disappeared. Again a mass of tempest-tossed clouds swept overhead, and once more the heavens resumed their wonted aspect.

'Old man! thou ravest,' sternly exclaimed Edward Stuart. 'Think not to intimidate us by thy highly-wrought fancies, which we regard merely as the teeming of a disordered brain. If otherwise, and thou art an emissary of the traitor Campbells—sent for the purpose of terrifying us by thy ill-timed croakings—go tell thy base employers, that not by such idle warnings will a Stuart be dissuaded from embarking in a cause to which he is devoted heart and soul! Be the consequences what they may, led on by me, the Appin Highlanders shall go forth to battle. Should victory crown our arms, then will thy denunciations recoil on the heads of our enemies; and if, as thou sayest, we are doomed to experience defeat, at the head of my devoted clan shall I yield my life rather than my sword to the foe!'

A prophetic gleam shot from the frenzied eyes of the dauntless Highlander finished speaking, and, stretching his withered hand in the direction of the ruined castle, he replied, in a hollow voice, 'Young man! in the pride of thy heart thou boastest thyself of a future never destined to dawn for thee. Led on by other chief than thou, thy brave Highlanders shall rush to that fight from which few will return. More speedy the fate in store for thee. Even now, as I speak, the winding-sheet gathers round thy form, and the spectral light that foretells death to all of thy race glimmers in yonder tower.'

Grasping hold of each other's hand, the youths fled, horror-stricken, on the phantom-ray which for moment flickered in one of the windows of the fatal keep. On its disappearance, they turned once more towards the stranger. He was gone!

(To be continued.)

RUDIMENTARY IDEAS OF PRINTING.

Our discussions which have ever and again taken place among students of history, as to the priority of progress of the arts, have never been devoid of interest in relation to the general advance of humanity on the scale of civilization. One would give the first place in the chronological table to painting, another to sculpture, and so on; but still, amid all conflicting opinions, it is generally conceded that the least speculative and the most practical would be likely to be the first place. However this may be, there is no question but there has always existed in the minds of men a native germ, which was given forth to the world at a certain period of its growth, in accordance with the circumstances which aided or impeded that growth. Thus in one man, who might have expressed himself in flowing and flowery metaphors, there was a poetic germ; and another, who might prolong and amplify this cadence, and feel delight in its sound, would show that of music. One might have striven

to delineate some grotesque form upon the walls of his hut with a piece of charred wood, developing the primary idea of painting; and another, moulding in the clay some misshapen figure or ornament wherewith to adorn his dwelling, would show that of sculpture. Thus, the latent germ ever betrays itself with a power of its own, however much may be said of one nation borrowing from another preceding it—as Romans from Greeks, and Greeks from Phrygians—the germ growing in strength as it was nourished and moulded by the peculiarities of the people.

In like manner has it been with the Art of Printing, notwithstanding all the traditionary accounts which have been given of the 'lucky accidents' which led to its introduction, and to which so many are fond of tracing its origin—it being more probably the result of those general causes on which the progress of society seems to depend. The distinct line of advancement of this, as well as other arts, is along the same line as that of human civilization, descending from the primitive stock, in the valley of the Nile, through the semi-civilised Oriental nations; then westward till it reaches the broad and wide field of modern Europe—the rudimentary ideas gradually increasing in vigour and strength as time rolls on; often turned aside from their onward path, but still going forward with the tide of knowledge—ever flowing, never ebbing.

Turn we first, then, to the 'land of Egypt'—the remarkable civilization of whose early inhabitants has ever been the admiration of the modern world. This advance, so much anterior to that which the historic records of any other nation reveals, shown in their colossal works of art, their profound philosophy and religion, and the possession of a high knowledge of the arts and sciences in general—is evidenced in those bricks and cylinders which bear their history impressed upon them: the mere taking of an impression upon one material, by the imprinting of another upon it, being considered to be almost as ancient as the art of writing itself. Brick-making was an almost national occupation with the Egyptians; and on the soft clay of these, previous to their being hardened in the sun, were stamped, by means of blocks of one kind or other, those hieroglyphics which have preserved till now the history of their country and the records of their attainments—being at once manuscripts and pictures—illustrated books, speaking alike to the eye and the mind. Hieroglyphics were everywhere used by them: the Egyptian could not enter a temple, or explore a catacomb, but there would he find innumerable specimens of this kind of work; some merely names and dates—others religious addresses or records of historical occurrences. Wherever a memorial stone was set up, or a building erected, there was certain to be carved upon it an inscription, intimating its purpose. The ruins of Babylon and other Chaldean cities have given up, likewise, bricks stamped with symbolical figures. These impressions, as in those of Egypt, were produced with wooden blocks, which were hollowed out in the desired manner—the hollows being filled with

a coloured pigment, and then stamped upon the soft clay. This was a kind of rudimentary printing which, it is to be regretted, was not carried further with them, at least as far as that system which has been so long practised by the Chinese—the operation being almost identical, though differing in the desired result. In fact, in regard to the Celestials—according to a French writer—they only did on paper what had been done ages before on cotton, by the Assyrians and Indo-Persians. The bricks are not the only evidence we possess of there having existed an idea of the principle of taking impressions. The signet-rings of Egypt show this also; and we know that other articles besides soft clay were used for stamping on, such as smooth wooden boards, rubbed over with wax—leaves and bark of trees—skins and intestines—as well as the soft cellular tissue of the papyrus.

The Greeks and Romans also made use of stamps. One especially exists on which the letters are cut in low relief, which, if covered with ink, would leave an impression similar in effect to that of our modern type. We learn from Virgil, too, the surprising fact that brands, with the letters of the owner's name, were used in his time for branding cattle. Here the primary idea of printing was developed—born into the world, yet stifled in its birth; and the regret is still greater in this case than in that of the Egyptians; for had this rudimentary idea been followed up, we should not now have to deplore the loss of so many, and the imperfection of others, of the works of the great Latin authors.

History affords us little opportunity of knowing more of these crude and rudimentary ideas among the ancients. We can only surmise, from those tangible results which have been preserved and stood the brunt of ages—sufficient, however, to show that there really existed a germ of the art in the minds of the inhabitants of those lands, which only needed the impetus of an extra mental energy to set it forward on its onward path.

We revert now to that remarkable nation of the further east, the Chinese, whose extraordinary civilization had early reached a point far beyond that of any other nation, and with whom block-printing had equally early attained a settled position. They, as a nation, were fruitful in rudimentary ideas; but their apparently torpid mental energies never advanced these further, allowing them still to remain as crude and stunted as they were centuries ago. Gunpowder was known to them long before it was discovered in Europe; and yet this, which might have been an opening for a great military supremacy, resulted in nothing more than harmless fire-works. At a period equally remote, they had a glimpse of the path which leads to maritime success, in the discovery of the magnet and mariner's compass, but it only produced the coasting-junk. They had even a prototype of our banking system, for a paper money currency was established in China between the years 997 and 1022; and, long before printing was heard of in Europe,

they had invented a system of their own, but it also stagnated in stereotyped editions of the works of Confucius. Yet this singularly vain people consider themselves nearly perfect in everything, in printing among the rest, and therefore deem improvement impossible. Nothing, certainly, can be more simple or primitive than the means they adopt; nothing can, however, be more effectual except presses and movable types, of which they know even yet but little.

It is generally supposed that it was in the tenth century they first began to print; but a volume of the Chinese Encyclopædia contains a passage to the effect that on the eighth day of the 13th year of the reign of Wen-ti (593), it was ordered by a decree to collect the worn-out drawings and inedited texts, and to engrave on wood and publish them. 'This was,' says the work referred to, 'the commencement of printing from wooden blocks.' Nothing was said of the inventor or originator; so that we may suppose that it was known before this time, for if it had been an altogether new process, some notice, in all likelihood, would have been taken of its author. As early as the year 904, blocks of stone were used on which the writing had been engraved—a mode of printing by which the ground of the paper was rendered black and the writing left white. The general method, however, was and is still by means of wooden blocks, on which the text to be printed is first drawn, the surrounding parts then cut away, and the words left in relief. In fact, the compositor in China is rather to be termed a wood-engraver, only instead of pictures his skill is exercised in writing. The words in relief being covered with ink, the paper is laid on, a soft brush is gently applied, and the process is complete. Each page of a book by this method must, of course, require a new block, and can only serve for the one unvarying purpose; and are not, like types, susceptible of a new arrangement. An attempt was made, so early as the eleventh century, to introduce movable types made of a plastic gum, and for a time single characters were made of clay, baked hard; but this was soon abandoned—except for the Imperial calendar, issued once a quarter; and the older system of wooden blocks continued in use, as being much neater and also cheaper than the method by means of plastic gum. One almost insuperable difficulty exists with the Celestials in the way of movable types; and this is in their language, which has not, as in others, an alphabet made up of a few characters, by which any book may be printed. A separate type is required for every word; and the language being divided into classes of sounds, in all above one hundred, a case of types is required for each class, each case containing a great number of letters, thus making the labour of printing in this way a task of no ordinary moment. Notwithstanding these difficulties, about the middle of last century, on one of their emperors ordering a number of historical works to be reprinted in the usual way, one of his finance ministers drew up a report recommending the use of movable types made of copper. This advice was favourably entertained,

has been in some measure carried out, and is now gradually superseding the block process, which, with the characteristic conservatism of the Chinese, is still carried on to this day.

This method of printing from wooden blocks having been the first pursued in Europe, has very naturally led to the conjecture that the idea came from China; but this can hardly be the case, as, in those early days, there was little or no intercourse between that country and Europe. We can only suppose that, as in those other nations already mentioned, it was but the natural product of that latent germ which we think to have existed in the minds of men, and here now began to bud and blossom, and bring forth its own proper fruit. Indeed, if Europeans had been able to read and translate Persian historians in those days, the art might have been known to them 150 years before its discovery by the Germans, as it is fully detailed, so far as followed by the Chinese, in a Persian work of the year 1310. It was not till nearly a century after Marco Polo returned from the East, that the first attempts at block-printing were made, in the production of playing-cards for Charles VI. of France, the process having been applied to this purpose even before it was thought of for the production of books. A curious fact, which connects the history of this art with amusement with that of the most important and the highest exertions of human intellect. From this the transition was simple and easy to productions of another kind. The earliest prints of this nature were rather more artistic than literary; one only exists which has any certain date, and is a representation of St. Christopher carrying the infant Saviour across the sea, bearing the date of 1423, and was found in a convent of Germany, pasted within the cover of a Latin MS. dated 1417. Following out this, block-printing gradually progressed, prints being first issued; then came that curious work called the 'Poor Man's Bible,' of 40 pp., something like those children's picture-books so plentiful now-a-days, having an illustration, with texts and explanations scattered about each page. Some of these have sold, when in good preservation, as high as £250, the very worst generally bringing about £50. This was followed by the 'Image Books,' some of which are still extant, and are also of great value as curiosities. The cutting up of these blocks into their separate words was next thought of, so as to be capable of new arrangement, and thereby forming fresh pages.

This brings us down to Guttenberg, to whom this invention is generally attributed, and the year 1439. The Dutch, however, make out a good case in favour of Laurent Coster as being first in the field, and he is said to have invented the process so early as 1420 or 1426. Coster copied closely the manuscript-writing of the clergy, whose productions he imitated even to the abbreviations, and this may account for his name not appearing on his books. He worked in secret at first, till, his custom increasing, he required to take an apprentice, who, on Coster's death in 1439, purloined

his types, fled to Mayence, and gave the secret to Guttenberg. There is a proof at least of the independent nature of Coster's works, in the fact that the oldest printed books resemble the Dutch handwriting of the first half of the century; and also that his works are printed on one side only, like the first proofs of a beginner, while those of Guttenberg are in a more finished style, and are models of impression. Here the rough and crude rudimentary printing begins to disappear, and a new era commences, at a time when the great body of civilization was in a transition state. Since the destruction of the Roman empire, the nations which had sprung from it remained in subjection to the Papacy, which might be said to have inherited the government from that empire, but altered from an authority over the bodies of men to that of one over minds. So long as men continued to be the rough and thoughtless warriors and unlettered peasants they had been in the middle ages, in spite of the many abuses of the Roman Church, they never called this authority in question; but with knowledge, and the rise of a great commercial class, came a disposition to inquire into this assumed power. The art of printing came with an opportune aid, and helped to stir the torpid mental energies into that impulsive and throbbing life which ultimately resulted in the great Reformation.

Four names have figured in the controversy in regard to the first printer by means of movable types; and the city of Haarlem in Holland, and Mayence and Strasburg in Germany, all claim to be its birth-place. The probability is, in regard to Coster, that he was among the first to practise block-printing, but that he never attempted the system of movable types. It is to Guttenberg, Faust, and Schoeffer, the 'Grand Typographical Triumvirate,' as they have been termed, that we must look for the first use of movable type, primarily of wood and then of metal. Strasburg puts forth its claimant in the person of John Mentell or Mentellin, whose tombstone bears the following inscription, carved beneath the figure of a printing-press:—'I repose here, John Mentellin, who, by the grace of God, was the first to invent in Strasburg the characters of printing, by means of which a man may write more in a day than formerly in a year.' The goldsmith, Faust, according to one German antiquary, was first indebted for his ideas of the art to seeing the footprints of a horse on the soft mud of a road along which he was walking. He went home, thinking on this circumstance; and 'from that day printing was discovered.' In this, there is a parity with that to which the Chinese attribute the invention of writing characters, for which Puh-he, the first of the five Emperors of the mythological period, receives credit; and is said to have derived the idea from seeing the footprints of birds upon the sand. Whatever value may be attached to this tradition of Faust, it does not record a first discovery; and, in all trustworthy evidence, he only appears as the capitalist by whose pecuniary aid to Guttenberg the art was brought into operation. The goldsmith and his associate worked

long in secret at the wooden blocks with which Guttemberg commenced, till Schoeffer, an illuminator of MSS. and a confidential person in their employ, hit upon the expedient of the punch and matrix, by which types were cast in separate single characters—this being the greatest step in advance of the science of typography, and the fundamental basis of the new art. This, of course, set aside at once the necessity of carving new blocks for every page—each letter being now a distinct piece of metal, capable of infinite re-arrangement. The first book they printed on the new system was the Latin Bible; and they had expended 1,200 florins before they produced twelve sheets, and it was not completed before the expiry of three years. This, the first perfect printed book which was ever issued, was a folio in two volumes, consisting of 637 leaves, printed in large Gothic or German characters. The art began to be made public about 1462, and gradually spread throughout Europe; but, notwithstanding a thorough appreciation of its value, at the end of a century not more than 200 presses were at work: the pace with which knowledge travelled to and fro upon the earth in those days being comparatively slow, so unfavourable was the state of the Continent for the reception of even the most obvious improvements in the mechanical arts.

Thirty years had elapsed when, according to some writers, Louis XI. of France sent Nicolas Jenson, director of the Mint, 'to inform himself secretly of the cutting of punches and characters, by means of which the rarest manuscripts might be multiplied by printing; and to bring away the invention subtilly.' He, however, did not return to France; but established himself at Venice, and applied his skill as a graver of coins to the art of typography, resulting in the invention of the Roman character. In France was displayed the utmost resistance to the new art—the manuscript-writing clergy of Paris bringing all the influence they could to bear against it—fearing the loss of their power as well as their means of livelihood. They were successful for a time; for the king issued an *ordonnance*, by which printers were enjoined not to print any books whatever, under penalty of being hanged! This did not, however, remain long in force. The Sultan Bajazet II. of Turkey also issued a similar decree in 1483, under a like penalty. This decree was confirmed by his son, Selim I., in 1515, and implicitly obeyed by the Mohammedans until the eighteenth century; when the Turkish ambassador at the court of France, in 1720, was so much struck with the advantages of the art, that he resolved that his own country should participate in them, and shortly after introduced the art there.

Caxton, the first English printer, is supposed to have gained his knowledge of the art while in France—whether he had been sent on some State business—from some of the fugitive workmen of Faust—they having found it expedient to leave Mayence, owing to that city having become involved in some of the Continental wars. The first work published by him (1471) was 'The Game and Playe of Chesse,' and was printed in black letter. From that time, the art progressed with giant strides in this country. Saxon types were first employed in England by J. Daye, in 1567, for an edition of 'Asserius Menevensis,' and the Gospels. We copy here, from the end of one of his books, the *imprimatur* of Daye:—'Imprynted at London by John Daye, dwellyne over Aldersgate, and Wylyyam Sores, dwellyne in Peter Colledge.

These Bokes are to be sold at the Newe Shep by the Lytle Conduyte in Chapeysda.'

The earliest book in which both engraving and printing are combined is a Dante, published in Florence in 1481; and from that place came also what is known as *Italic* types, being imitated from the *curvier* character in use at the Roman chancery. They have also been called *Venetian letters*, from the punches from which the types were cast being made at Venice. Here also were published those celebrated Aldine editions, which are still highly prized by book-collectors, being distinguished for the remarkable correctness of their text, as well as the beauty of the type, forming an epoch in the annals of typography. Greek types were first used for a grammar of that language at Milan in 1476, and similar characters in England in 1543, the first specimen being an edition of 'St. Chrysostom's Homilies;' and, prior to 1599, Scottish printers possessed neither Greek nor Hebrew characters; where a word of either was introduced, a blank was left in the book, and the words afterwards filled in by hand when the sheets were printed. At Fano, on the shores of the Adriatic, Pope Julius II. established, in 1514, the first printing-press with Arabic letters known in Europe.

The earliest specimen of printing in Scotland is 'The Porteous of Nobleness, Translatit out of Ffrench in Scottis, Edinburgh, 1508.' A licence had been granted by James IV. to two merchants in that city to establish a press in 1507. The progress of the art could not have been great, since we find that in 1574, the Privy Council found it necessary to levy a contribution of £5 from each parish in the kingdom, to enable Thomas Bassendyne to print an edition of the Bible. He became bound under certain penalties to deliver copies 'weel and sufficiently bund in paste or timmer' for the sum of £4 13s. 4d., the remaining part of the contribution being detained for the cost of collection. Having 'guid characters and prenting irons,' the Council thought the work, great as it was, would go quickly on. This hope was not realised; for Bassendyne found it necessary to petition for longer time in 1576; and in the following year he was ordered by the Council to deliver up his printing-house and Bible to Alex. Arbuthnot, who finished the work, and had it in circulation in 1579. The sale of this work was rather enforced, for the Council soon after enacted that all persons worth £500 should have a Bible in the vulgar tongue, under a penalty of ten pounds.

It was some years after its introduction into Scotland that the art reached Ireland. The first printing in Dublin was in 1531, but its progress must have been slow, for it was not till one hundred years after (1631) that the first Latin work was published in that country.

It enters not into our purpose to trace further the upward and onward path of the art. It now passes from its rudimentary stage into one of more perfect growth; and we can only wonder what the effect its introduction would have among the people in those unenlightened times. Did they imagine that such results could not be brought about without supernatural and questionable agencies, and hold great debates thereupon? Did they gather at street corners, while the gamins and city Arabs loitered round the quaintly-gabled house, stealing furtive glances through windows, peeping in on tiptoes? It is not likely all curiosity would be repressed among the people regarding the labours of those unceremonious hands which were now thrusting aside the veil for the admission of new light upon the darkness which had so long shrouded the human mind, and which promised to change and benefit the whole form of social life. W. T. D.

POPULAR SONGS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

NO. IX.

WHILE there are abundance of songs, ballads, hymns, and all manner of lyric poems, in Gaelic; while there are didactic and descriptive compositions, heroic lays, and at least epic fragments, there is nothing whatever in the shape of dramatic achievement. Characters are certainly skilfully drawn; and conversation, of course, is frequent in the ballads and heroic songs. There are also several poems, carried on altogether in the form of a dialogue; but these are invariably descriptive, or, like the immediately following verses, reflective. To elicit human emotion, contrast varieties of character, develop a plot, and foster an increasing interest, up to a grand catastrophe, and all by means of dialogue, the Celtic bards never seem to have thought of attempting; consequently there is not even the germ of a drama in Gaelic. In this respect, the Highland and the Lowland poetry are alike. Rich and powerful in the production of narrative and lyric strains, the Highland and the Lowland mind seem each of them far better fitted for other kinds of composition than the pure drama; affording thus a strong presumption, both on the negative and the positive side, that the national genius of Scotland is one and the same in nature, in origin, in growth—north as well as south. Under its peculiarities arise from the mingling of many elements, or whether its most marked and decided qualities spring from the strong dash of Celtic blood which permeate the veins of all modern Caledonians, it would be more curious than wise, perhaps, to inquire. Lyrical poetry has flourished in the north and west of Scotland, and lyrical poetry has flourished in the south and east—its cultivators in all these parts having been in great measure the uneducated people. The same thing may be said of music as of poetry. There must surely be something more than mere coincidence in such resemblance. But whether it is race or place which has caused it, whether it has come from the Norsemen or from the Celts, or from the climate and the natural features of the country more than from either; or whether it rather depends on the habits and history of the people, such as their strong family attachments, their many long and arduous struggles with a neighbouring and superior power, and the stirring memories connected with their triumphs and their sufferings therein, it would be of very little consequence, at least to popular Highland poetry, suppose we could discover and point out with certainty. It must be noted, however, that the Highlanders, in their tales, are highly dramatic. A good story-teller will give a great relish to any narrative he has to give in Gaelic, by the skill and effect with which he makes the different personages he has to deal with speak in their own style and character. This is a more marked quality in pure Gaelic conversation now-a-days than the rhetoric of poetry which Highlanders are oftener represented as making use of in English works, though these also are in some respects still characteristic of them, and must have been much more so, I should think, at one time than they are now. I have been induced to make the preceding remarks, as the following poem is very peculiar both in its style and character. I know nothing very like it in Gaelic. The poem, a very ancient and noble one, in which an owl is introduced as an interlocutor, is the likeliest to it. But the Castle has the most part of the conversation; and the Hunter and the Owl, it is the former who

takes the lion's share of the speaking. The name of the author of this dialogue is not given in 'The choice Collection of the Works of the Highland Bards, collected in the Highlands and Isles, by Alexander and Donald Stewart,' from which the present translation has been made. The poem is entitled 'A Conversation between a Wayfarer and the old Castle of Inverlochy.' It is written in the Gaelic heroic measure, which has been followed closely in the translation.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A WAYFARER AND THE OLD CASTLE OF INVERLOCHY.

W.

Ruin, cold and pale and wan,
Oh the change that's come on thee!
Once the king's fit dwelling-place—
Great and lofty, high and fair;
Now the cattle's evening fold,
With thy mossy corners green;
Grassy is thy crested top,
Thy walls are bending earthward down!

C.

Solemn are thy words to me,
Who stand forsaken here like mist
Left in the corrie of the hill;
I face the scorn of all the world—
I face the sweep of every blast.
The slight and small men of the land
Ceaseless tear and wear me down;
They shame not when they pluck my wings
To prop their tottering bothies up.

W.

Well I see thy tale is true;
For all thy features certify
That every one reproaches thee,
Since thou art old and useless grown;
But why not smother up in dust
The unloving, unrespecting men
Who will not recollect the brave
Thou once didst in thy shelter hold.

C.

Easter said, alas! than done.
Hero! but a little shred
Hast thou seen of my reproach,
Since friends forsook me long ago.
Now my foes on every side,
Among this feeble, falling race
Are held in honour and respect;
Their very tongue's unknown to me;
Amid these hills they were not rear'd.

W.

It grieves me, I can say so too.
Oft I hear the unlovely sound;
Yet must we bear it as we may,
Now our arms are grown so weak;
But, alas! to see thee thus—
Age wasting thy unfriended side;
Hopeless of the heroic race—
Of gentle face, of stately tread!

C.

Thy speech of love wakes up my grief,
And drops run down my haggard eyes;
Dear is thy mention of the brave,
Though far from me their step has gone.
The time has been when, nobly new,
Kings and chiefs were in my tower;
Ah! if thou hadst seen that day,
Thou wouldst not wonder at my wall.
But me the courteous brave forsook;
They left me silent here and sad—
Not one in all the world to care
Though roofless, ruin'd I were seen.

But hark and hear me, little son!
And hide not from the race to come;
How I shall yet a king's house be
Before the world comes to an end.
But now farewell, and go thy way,
And tell in every land for me,
That here the heroes used to dwell,
Whose like is not beneath the sun,
Nor will be till their race return.
Farewell! thou'rt of their race thyself,
Whilst thou'rt in life, oft visit me.

The old Castle of Inverlochy, according to the Gazetteers, 'stands on the eastern shore of Loch-Eil, about two miles from Fort-William. The whole building covers 1,600 yards, and within the ditch there are 7,000 yards, or nearly an English acre and a-half. The walls in the towers are nine feet thick at the bottom and eight at the top.' The Castle is so ancient that all knowledge of its founders is lost. King Achaius is said to have signed here, in the year 790, a treaty, offensive and defensive, with Charlemagne. It was occupied by the Cummings in the time of Edward the First, and of Bruce and Wallace; and before them by no less a person than the ever-to-be-remembered Banquo, 'the blood-boltered' friend and victim of Macbeth, and the ancestor of the royal family of Stuart, and through them of the Queen. The Castle of Inverlochy, then, had good reason to speak out boldly, and also to use the old Gaelic heroic measure. Ossian himself might have almost seen its foundation; and bards must have often sung his strains within its thick-ribbed sides.

Something in the foregoing poem, at least the title of it, may remind us of Wordsworth's magnificent 'Address to Kilchurn Castle.' I don't know who the author of the Gaelic dialogue was, or when he lived; but, whoever he was, he could not have been indebted for even a hint to Wordsworth. 'Stewart's Collection' was published in the year 1804, and got together, of course, through some previous years. Wordsworth's tour to the Highlands, of which the 'Address to Kilchurn Castle' is one of the fruits, was made in the year 1803, and the poems that arose from it published some time after.

As another specimen of the Gaelic heroic measure, I give the following fragment, which is called 'Ossian's Address to the Setting Sun.' It is translated in Macpherson's 'Ossian,' but is a genuine piece of popular poetry, found in Stewart's collection, in MacCallum's, in Dr. Smith's, and in the Highland Society's report. The Rev. Mr. MacDiarmid, writing in the year 1801, says of this and some other fragments communicated by him to the Highland Society:—'I got the copy of these poems, about thirty years ago, from an old man in Glenlyon. I took it—and several other fragments, now I fear irrecoverably lost—from the man's mouth. He had learned them, in his youth, from people in the same glen—which must have been before Macpherson was born.'—*Report, by the Committee of the Highland Society, on the Poems of Ossian*—p. 71.

This Address to the Setting Sun, then, belonged to the people; and is, at least, as old as the beginning of the last century. I have translated it line for line, and I may say syllable for syllable, with the original.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SETTING SUN.

Hast thou left the blue depth of the sky,
Thou blameless son! thou golden-traced?
The doors of the night open lie,
And thy place of repose in the west.

Calm come the sea-waves nigh,
To look on thy face bright and best;
They raise their heads fearful and shy,
When they see thee so grandly at rest;
Wan from thy side then they fly.
Sleep in thy cave darkly drest,
O sun! but with joy to the new dawning hie!

The Gaelic word for sun, 'grian,' is feminine. The sun is here addressed as masculine—a circumstance which, in the opinion of some Ossianic critics, creates an odd confusion, and goes against the great antiquity of this fragment. The supposed confusion, however, does not appear to have been perceived by the unlettered reciter of the poem—who preserved it among them for, at least, several generations, and by whom it is said to be still repeated. This is something singular; for, both in Gaelic writing and conversation, the sun is uniformly represented by the pronoun *she*, and not *he*. Thus, in the 19th Psalm, we read in Gaelic—as in German, where the sun is also feminine—'*She* is like a bridegroom.' '*She* rejoiceth as a hero that runs the course.' '*Her* gone forth is from the end of the heaven.' 'There is nothing whatever that may be hid from the heat of *her*.'

Goethe, in that most grand address to the settings which he has put into the mouth of the melancholy Faust, makes his desponding hero address the great luminary as 'goddess,' and not 'god.' It certainly is very strange, then, that a Gaelic scholar and poet—whether he was ancient or not—should think of calling the 'grian,' and not daughter; and spoken of it as 'him of the brightest face,' and not 'her of the brightest face.' But it is still stranger to me that the Gaelic-speaking people who knew only their own language, should have continued repeating this fragment to one another, and should have given it unaltered to the collectors, without appearing to see the least incongruity in it—if there really is any.

In English, the sun is sometimes neuter, sometimes masculine; and in Hebrew, the word for sun, 'Shemesh,' is also of common gender—sometimes masculine and sometimes feminine. There may be something of the sort in the Celtic idea, though not in the Celtic word 'Grian'; but I cannot say that there is. The Gaelic heroic measure consists of lines usually seven or eight syllables in length, occasionally stretching out to nine and even ten, but sometimes no more than six. The sort of musical swing with which it moves is perhaps better illustrated in the following verses than in the preceding, but here the number of syllables differs a little from the general. I have translated, however, line for line with this. This is one of those fragments communicated by Mr. MacDiarmid to the Committee of the Highland Society, also occurs at the conclusion of a much longer poem, Dr. Smith's 'Sean Dana; or, Old Lays.' The argument of the whole poem is thus shortly stated in the '*Highland Society's Report*,' page 61:—

'Fingal summoned his heroes for an expedition to the Isle of Iffrona. A flood in the river Strumon prevented Gaul from joining them in time; but he embarked a ship alone on the succeeding day. On his voyage, however, he passed his friends, who were returning with various unperceived, and landed singly on the hostile shores according to the chivalrous idea of those times, he did not fly, but struck his shield as a token of defiance to the islanders, against whom he singly maintained a desperate conflict, till, fearful of a near approach, they rolled a stone from above, which, striking his thigh, disabled him from moving, and there he was left by his enemies, dashed alike and cruel, to pine and die. His wife, Evira,

anxious for his fate, embarked in a skiff with her infant son, Ogal, at her breast, in quest of her lord, whom she found in the pitiable situation described, and was able to carry to her boat, where they were discovered next morning by Ossian, who had sailed in quest of them, speechless and dying. He was only able to save the child.

This fragment, called 'The Bed of Gaul,' forms the Lament, spoken by Fingal over the dead body of the hero and his wife:—

THE BED OF GAUL.

Prepare ye the bed of our hero,
O children of music's sweet tone!
Lay his sunbeam of battle beside him,
Where his tomb through long time may be known.
Let the high leafy bough overshadow it,
Of the oak with its green-growing spray—
First to bud in the breath of the spring shower,
That lasts when the heath fades away.
Its leaves from the skirts of each far land
Shall summer's gay birds behold;
On Strumon's boughs, when they wearily come,
Their joyful wing they shall fold.
In his mist, Gaul shall hear their sweet singing,
And maidens lamenting, that say—
'Alas, Evirchoma!' Till these things shall perish,
Undivided in thought shall ye stay—
Till this stone into dust shall crumble—
Till with age this branch shall fade—
Till this stream run no more from its mother,
Far off in the mountain glade—
Till the age of the bard is lost in time,
And his tale and his song none can sing;
No stranger shall ask 'Who was Morni's son?'
Or 'Where lies Strumon's king?'

There seems to be something like a Scriptural and Oriental grace about this beautiful and pathetic fragment. Whoever composed it, could have been no mean poet. Gaul, the son of Morni, it will be remembered, was a great hero. The Ajax of the Fingalians, excelled by none in strength and courage, he deserved to have so noble an elegy spoken over him by the ever-generous and courteous Finn.

The next is more complete, and very probably a good deal older. The original may be found in 'MacCallum's Collection of the Poems of Ossian, Orraun, Ulin, and other Bards who flourished in the same age.' The collection was made orally, about the beginning of this century. There is a poem which in part closely resembles this one in the Dean of Eismore's book. But the present version treats its subject in a far more picturesque and dramatic manner. Its title is

THE BANNERS OF THE FEINN.

On a hill stood the King of the North, and looked
To the sea, where his proud ships rode,
Then he looked to the shore, where his camps stretch'd
Along,
And the heroes of Lochlin abode.

Then he turn'd to the land; and there, far away,
A terrible hero came,
And above him a banner of Albin's gold
Floated and shone like a flame.

'Bard of sweet Songs,' said the King of the North,
'What banner is this I see;
And the champion tall at the head of yon host,
Is he of the sons of Victory?'

'That' said the Bard, 'is Diarmid MacDoon,
His is the banner you see;
When the hosts of the Feinn to the battle go forth,
The first in the fight is he.'

'But, Bard of the Songs, there's another now,
And it is red as blood—
A mighty hero's at its head,
High waves it o'er a multitude!'

'That,' said the Bard, 'is the banner of Rains,
A manly chief and a good;
Heads are oft cleft 'neath its folds in twain,
And ancles are bathed in blood.'

'Again, what banner is this I see,
Thou Bard of beautiful Song,
Dreadful the chief by its side appears,
And heroes around it throng?'

'That is the banner of Gaul the Great;
Yon yellow alken shroud
Is the first to advance and the last to retire;
From its shelter none ever has fled.'

'There is another, thou tuneful Bard,
And a mighty man at its head,
It waves o'er a host—has it ever waved
O'er a field of the conquer'd dead?'

'The dark and dread banner of Calli,' said the Bard,
'Comes fluttering now to your sight;
Fame hath it won where the hosts have been great,
And bloody the terrible fight.'

'There is one other yet, Bard of Song and of Tale!
Yonder it waves o'er a host,
Like a bird in the air, o'er the roar of the surge,
As it breaks on a storm-traversed coast.'

'That is the Besom of Peril, you see;
The standard of Oscar,' he said.
'First in renown in the conflict of chiefs,
Still flutters yon banner of dread.'

We fear'd up the Sunbeam—the standard of Finn;
Fair gleam'd that banner on high,
With its spangles of gold from the fields of its fame,
As it greeted the morning sky.

There were nine chains of gold tied the flag to the staff;
There were nine times nine chiefs for each chain;
Sad to the foe was that banner of light—
They strove 'gainst its heroes in vain.

Then Finn said aloud, 'Bend your heads, O my chiefs!
And redeem your pledge to me;
Show to Lochlin the hardy deeds he will find
On our hills that look down on the sea.'

We rush'd to the fray like a torrent
Down the mountain that rolls in spray;
And fire from the strokes of our heavy swords
In columns of sparks broke away.

Many a shoulder, many a head was gash'd
Ere they turn'd from our ire;
And we heard the sweet shrieks of our foes, as they fled
Like the snake when the heather's on fire.

That was the victory won by our King;
And I, though now aged and gray—
Many a hero fell by my hand
On that dire and dangerous day.

This ballad bears an interesting resemblance to that celebrated passage in the Third Book of the 'Iliad,' in which Helen, from the walls of Troy, describes, in answer to Priam's questions, some of the distinguished leaders of the Greeks—the kingly Agamemnon—the broad-breasted and much-scheming Ulysses—and the towering Ajax, the bulwark of the Achæans; and many others, whom she could name and describe; but that she missed her twin-brothers—the horse-taming Castor and Pollux, skilled in boxing—not knowing that the all-nurturing earth already possessed them in Lacedæmon, in their dear

and native land. Indeed, there appears to me to be something altogether more of the true Homeric spirit in the preceding poem than in most of those that go under the name of Ossian. It is evidently an antique and a very energetic production, and certainly sufficiently fierce and savage in the latter part. I have not thought it necessary to go into all the minutiae of the slaughter, as it is given in the original. Oscar, for instance, is represented killing seven troops with his own hand, and the nine sons of the red-haired Manus besides. Caith and Gaul do execution in a like proportion; and the Feinne themselves suffer an immense loss. The Ossianic fragments, by whomsoever composed, do not often dwell upon slaughter with this evident delight. With respect to the age of the ballad, it would be needless to make any conjecture. It may belong to the time of the Vikings, and therefore be subsequent to the eighth century; or it may be even older in its first form, as there is said to have been a lively intercourse between Scotland and Scandinavia at a much earlier period. The following sentences, in reference to this subject, I quote from the work of a very intelligent foreigner:—'They (that is, the Songs of Ossian) have quite a peculiar interest for the Scandinavian North, from the striking agreement both in tone and spirit which they present to several of the songs of the Sagas and Edda. These last, again, afford a strong proof of the genuineness of those attributed to Ossian, since the songs of the Sagas and Edda, at the time Macpherson published his 'Ossian,' were either not at all or but very imperfectly known even in Scandinavia itself, not to speak of other countries. The real age of Ossian's songs is very uncertain, and very difficult to discover; but this much is clear, that they indicate a lively intercourse between Alba (Scotland) and Lochlin (Scandinavia) long before the times of the Vikings, and previously to all historical accounts of connections between those countries.*'

* 'Worsaae's Account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland.' The Norwegians in Scotland. Section 9.

THOMAS PATTISON.

THE LODGER IN THE ATTIC.

WHEN Admiral Tuffin retired from active service, with a ball in his shoulder and four shillings a-day to compensate for it, he settled down in the neighbourhood of his native village, in the wilds of Cumberland. He had outlived all his relatives; but the place of his boyhood possessed attractions to him, and he took a small cottage on the outskirts of the village of Harfell, and employed me and my John to look after his domestic arrangements.

The poor old gentleman did not live very long, and at his death John and I inherited the little money he had to leave; and we deliberated for some time as to the use to which we should apply it. John had a hankering after the public line; but I felt I could not demean myself by serving out half-pints to carmen and such like, so that idea was abandoned; and at last it was settled that we, for the first time in our lives, should leave our native county, and go to London to find a good investment for our little fortune.

Something within me whispered 'Lodgings.' John agreed; and, before long, we were established in a

small house in a northern suburb of London—in the front parlour window of which hung a card, upon which was inscribed 'Apartments to let.'

Some time elapsed before any one applied to see the rooms; but one morning, while John was enjoying his after-breakfast pipe in the back yard, a young man, strolling leisurely along, stopped, attracted by the card. He looked attentively, stroked his chin with the back of his hand as if in doubt, walked on two or three paces, came back, and finally ascended the two steps, and knocked at our door. I answered it myself.

'You have some rooms to let, I see.'

'Yes, sir,' I answered; 'and very nice ones they are—well furnished, with coals, and a view at the back, and attendance, and —— but wont you walk in and see them?'

'My good woman! you have wasted a great deal of breath in describing what I don't want.'

My countenance fell on hearing this; but he continued—

'If you had allowed me to speak first, I should have told you that I did not require furnished apartments, but simply an attic. These houses have, I believe, sky-lights on the roof?'

'Yes, sir, and ——'

'Thank you. The next question is—Are you disposed to let the room which is lighted by that sky-light?'

'Well, sir, I dare say we could manage it; but you would find the expense of the other rooms very little more; and anything that we could do ——'

'Bless the woman! If I wanted the other rooms, I should take them. Can I have the attic?'

'Well, sir, if ——'

'Answer Yes or No!'

'I think my husband ——'

'Yes or No!'

'Well; yes, sir; you can have it.'

'That is well. I shall send in what furniture I want; and, after that, I shall require the key of the room, as no one must enter it under any pretext.'

'Wont you want your bed made?'

'I shall not sleep here.'

'Or the furniture dusted?'

'No; nothing. I will pay the rent you ask; but on these conditions. If you do not like the arrangement, I will go somewhere else.'

I longed to ask John; but the gentleman seemed so impatient that I agreed at once; and he left the house, saying he would return the following day.

He was a nice-looking young man enough, with a light fluffy mustache, and his hair pushed back behind his ears; but somehow I didn't seem to like him. His way of speaking was sharp and disagreeable; and I was almost sorry I had agreed to let him the room. My John, who was always of an unsuspicious nature, could not see any reason for refusing him the attic; but, I confess, thoughts ran through my mind connecting our lodger with gangs of coiners, robbers, or even murderers.

'Nonsense!' said my husband.

'It may be, John; but when you are murdered in your bed, you'll see I was right.'

He laughed, and I saw it was no good talking with him on the subject; so the matter dropped.

The following day, the stranger came to the door in a cab, with his luggage. I own to being curious, and I took account of all that went up stairs to the attic. First, there was a good-sized box; then three bits of wood, fastened together at the top; after that, a bundle and a little box; and, last of all, a large frame, apparently carefully wrapped up, which he carried himself.

'Can I help you, sir?' I asked, civilly enough.

'No,' said he. 'Give me the key of the room, and be off.'

It was rude, but I had no other course but to retire; and I heard him go stamping up stairs to the top of the house. It was only right that I should know something of our lodger; so, after a short time, I went up stairs, knocked at the door, and asked him if he wanted anything; but he answered, grumpily enough, that when he wanted anything he'd ask for it; and I was forced to descend without seeing the inside of the room. In about an hour's time, he came down with his hat on.

'Beg your pardon, sir; but you haven't told me your name.'

'Adams—Robert Adams.'

'And if the rest of your luggage comes while you are out, what shall I do with it?'

'The rest! I brought everything with me this morning.' And out he went, without so much as saying 'good day.'

A week passed; and, notwithstanding all my efforts, I was unable to ascertain anything respecting Mr. Adams. He came generally in the morning at about eleven o'clock, and remained till four or five; but no sound came from the attic by which I could guess at the way he passed his time when locked in that room. In vain I strove to urge John to question.

'It's no good, Martha (my name is Martha). He pays his rent; and if he wishes to be undisturbed, why not leave him alone?'

I saw it was no use trying to arouse John; so I waited patiently, hoping to discover in time something more concerning Mr. Robert Adams. I like a mystery. I have read cheap periodicals, in which the hero does many strange and, to all appearances, incomprehensible things; and at first I strove to envelop our lodger in a cloud of romance, but his proceedings soon put an end to that. His name, to begin with, was not romantic. He was accustomed to smoke short black pipes, to drink porter, and to whistle popular ballads; to none of which practices were the mysterious heroes of penny numbers given to indulge.

One day he addressed me—

'I expect some persons will call upon me this afternoon. Will you direct them to my room? You need not trouble yourself to come up with them.'

'Certainly, sir. But if you expect visitors, would you not rather use the parlour? It is quite at your service.'

'I told you when I took the attic, that if I had required your furnished rooms I should have taken them.'

I could make no reply, for all my offers were cut so short that I must confess I did not feel particularly friendly to Mr. Adams. I went into the kitchen to await the arrival of his visitors, wondering very much who they would be. I was not kept long in expectancy. A ring at the door bell summoned me; and I found, on opening the door, a tall burly man waiting to be let in. He was very shabbily dressed, and chewed the stalk of a flower reflectively.

'Do Mr. Adams put up here?' he asked.

'He's got a room here,' I replied.

'All right, old lady! That's it.'

He actually said 'old lady!' although I was only thirty-five last birth-day; and my John, who was in the passage, never offered to knock him down!

'You'll find him up at the top of the house,' said I. 'You've only got to go up those stairs till you knock your head against his door.' And up he went, bumping against the banisters.

'John,' said I, turning to my husband, 'are you going to allow this? I'm surprised at you! You, who swore to protect me, standing by while I am insulted, and never saying a single word!' I could have gone on at him much longer, only a double knock at the door suggested the idea that the furnished apartments were going to be taken; so, smoothing my apron, I opened the door, prepared to vaunt the rooms to the utmost. A very pretty and elegantly dressed lady was standing on the steps.

'Will you walk in, madam?' I said. You will find the rooms everything you can desire, with a view at the back, and coals, and attendance, for twenty-five shillings a-week.'

'I do not understand. I would see one Mr. Adams,' replied she, with a foreign accent.

'Mr. Adams, ma'am!' I stared aghast. The idea of asking so grand a lady to walk up three pair of stairs to a little room with two rude hulking men in it, I could not do it.

'If you'll walk in here, ma'am, I'll tell Mr. Adams.' And I went up to the attic to do so.

'Is that you, Agnes?' asked Mr. Adams, when I knocked at the door.

Agnes, indeed! thought I—no miss, or anything; so, making my voice sound as stern as possible, I replied,

'No; it's me, sir—Martha.'

'What's the matter?'

'A lady below inquiring for you, sir.'

'Why, the what's his name! didn't you tell her to come up?'

'Well, sir, I thought —'

'Never mind what you thought; send her up.'

It was not with a very good grace that I directed the fine lady to the attic; and she went up the steep stairs muttering to herself in some foreign language.

John was out, or I should have given him a piece of my mind respecting Mr. Adams and his goings on. As it was, I was forced to content myself with endeavouring to guess the business of our attic lodger.

I happened to be in the passage when the visitors to Mr. Adams went out, and remarked that, considering the apparent distinction between the two, they seemed to be on very friendly terms. What it all meant was a puzzle to me; but I determined sooner or later to arrive at the bottom of it.

The following day, the same visitors came and remained the greater part of the afternoon in the little room. Four days in succession they came; and on the evening of the fourth, I spoke to my husband.

'John,' said I, 'these goings on are not to be borne.'

'What's the matter, my dear?' asked he, as cool as a cucumber.

'Matter enough! There's that precious lodger of ours looked up in the attic with a Frenchwoman, and a man who looks more like a housebreaker than a respectable Englishman, for five or six hours every blessed day, and you ask what's the matter!'

'Well, Martha!'

'Well—you call it well. Isn't it your duty to find out what characters you are sheltering?'

'He pays his rent, don't he?'

'Yea, of course; but——'

'All right, Martha, that's all I mean to look after; and he actually began to whistle. I continued talking; he only whistled louder. I got angry; and he left the house.

The next time these strange visitors were in the attic, I crept cautiously up the stairs, and listened at the keyhole.

Let me here observe that any lady or gentleman who may hereafter take my lodgings, will not be spied upon in this way. This was a solitary case, and I felt myself justified in endeavouring to discover the mystery connected with the lodger in the attic.

I was rewarded by hearing Mr. Adams ask for 'the pistols'! My first idea was to run immediately to the police-station; but second thoughts are best, and I determined to wait a little, hoping to discover something more. But all was quiet; and, after a length of time, I was forced to go down stairs. When the lady left the house that day, I noticed that she held money in her open hand, which she counted as she descended the stairs. Could it be that the three formed a band of robbers, and that my attic was the place where they formed their plots, and afterwards shared their ill-gotten gains? John, like a cold-blooded monster, laughed at my suspicions, and refused to take any steps in the matter; consequently, it was all left in my hands, and I determined by a bold stroke to find out their villanies.

I was prevented, for several days, putting my plan into execution; but in that time I had two conversations with Mr. Adams. In the first, he cut me very short. In the second, he said suddenly—

'Now, look here—when I took your attic, I told you I wished to be quite private, and you agreed. Since then you have been continually prying about my affairs, and I won't have it. If I am a robber or a murderer it's nothing to you, provided I pay my rent.' So saying, he went out of the house and banged the door after him like anything.

A robber or a murderer, he said! and I turned quite cold at his words, but nevertheless I determined that

the following day I would unravel the mystery. Accordingly, after the two visitors had been with Mr. Adams as usual about an hour, I crept softly up stairs, and again listened at the keyhole. All was silent. I cautiously turned the handle, and then suddenly flung the door wide open. The sight I saw nearly made me faint; but I recovered my senses in a few moments. Happily I was just in time. The poor unfortunate French lady was upon the ground, her hair dishevelled, and her face expressive of the greatest terror. The wretch who had called me 'old lady' held her firmly with one hand by the throat to stifle her cries, and in the other grasped, uplifted, a short glittering dagger. Mr. Adams was hiding behind a sort of wooden screen. My entrance seemed to paralyse the would-be murderer. Thank goodness, I am in time to save her life, I thought.

'Murder—murder—help!' I cried with the whole strength of my lungs.

'Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!'

'Could it really be laughter?'

'Ha, ha, ha!'

The ruffian flung down his weapon, held his sides, and roared. The French lady I had just rescued from a violent death, sat up upon the floor, and joined the assassin's merriment. Mr. Adams emerged from behind the screen—his face convulsed—and joined the chorus.

It was some minutes before our lodger could sufficiently recover his countenance to speak to me. John, in the meantime, startled by my cries, had lumbered up stairs, and stood staring round him with an air of perplexity.

At length, Mr. Adams explained the affair.

'You must know that I am an artist, and am very anxious to complete a picture in time for the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. At home, I am liable to frequent interruptions, consequently I looked out for an attic, with a good light, for my studio; and, finally, as you know, took this room. These,' I added, turning to his visitors, 'are my models for the two principal figures; and when you entered, the two were grouped for me to paint from.'

I was quite taken aback, and could only mutter some confused apology. John stood bowing and scraping, and saying he was very sorry—hoped for offence—and so on. Of course, no offence was taken. Mr. Adams was a gentleman; and ever since have been one of our best friends.

[NOTE.—My worthy landlady has asked me to read through an account of a little affair in which she was concerned, which she has written, and to correct or alter anything I may think necessary. I have done so only in a few cases, where provincialisms rendered it necessary.

The 'three bits of wood, fastened together at the top,' was, doubtless, my easel; and the screen, behind which I was supposed to be sheltering myself, was the same with the canvas stretched upon it.

After deliberation, I allow the sentence which describes me as 'nice-looking,' to remain—that being the only passage in which I appear to advantage. Let me here add, that the churlishness, or 'grumpiness,' of my manner—which appears to have offended my landlady—was assumed for the express purpose of silencing questioners.

I have nothing more to say, with the exception, perhaps, that my picture was exhibited, and sold at a very good price; and, if I may be allowed to put the moral of this anecdote, I should say—

'Never make a mystery to your landlady!'

R. A.

A SOLITARY WALK AT FÜRTH.

A WALK at Fürth! Where is it? What is it? And why did I go thither? It is but a commonplace-looking little town, of sixteen or eighteen thousand inhabitants, of whom a large proportion are Jews. Jews belong to all German towns in which trade is carried on; but this particular town rather belongs to them. It has four or five synagogues and a Jewish university. Perhaps, if the rivers Rednitz and Pegnitz were spoken of, the names of them might be scornfully answered, as the Syrian answered the prophet of old. That there are, in all parts of the known world, rivers of greater renown and of greater volume than those two, I admit. But of those two, Fame has not been quite silent; and, at their confluence, the town of Fürth is situated. Their waters are used by its inhabitants, a very busy people, in manufactures of various kinds. Nuremberg is only a few miles distant. Now, that great commercial city of the middle ages had a weak-ness—shared, indeed, then by all towns inhabited by Christians—on the matter of Jews. It hated and avoided them. Yet the peaceful industry of the Jewish race had taught the Nurembergers much, and brought them much wealth. From hating and avoiding they went on to slaying, robbing, and banishing. At length a law was made that no Jew should hereafter be permitted to pass a night in Nuremberg. After that Fürth came into existence. It traded and carried on business successfully even with the old enemy of the descendants of the twelve tribes; and I was told there that the first railroad made in Germany is that between Nuremberg and Fürth. So much for where Fürth is, and what it is. Why did I go thither? Not out of any *unchristian* interest in Hebrews, but from a propensity—perhaps it is a little one—to linger near spots consecrated by the memory of a great man—a hero. But there are heroes and heroes. There are some to whom a lawful tribute of love and veneration is due; others to whom an offering of the chilliest admiration would be an unlawful tribute. Germany has two of the latter kind, who are much talked of and much written about—Wallenstein and the great Frederic of Prussia. Their memory can never win either the respect or love of a true, honest Christian heart. At Prague, the all sight-seers, I had been led to Wallenstein's place. This, I said, I might see—not because I admire the character of the great general who lived here in days gone by, but because I admire Schiller, who cast a poetic charm around such a character. His charm solely prevailed over me on entering the home of the Count von Waldstein, the sixth collateral descendant from the great Duke of Friedland, the all-powerful Wallenstein, who had there kept his royal state with a retinue of six hundred persons. We were shown a great hall, in which balls and concerts are now given; in it he had feasted his guests at tables covered with all the luxuries of the times. The ceiling is ornamented by a painting representing him in a triumphal car. Here, perhaps, when the

feast was over, he had talked at midnight with his astrologer, Semi. Here, when, by the influence of the Emperor's confessor, he was deprived of his command, his angry cry may have resounded.—'A Capuchin friar, with his rosary, has disarmed me!' Here, when that Emperor needed his services again, and wished him to return to the army, but under the Crown Prince, he may have made that impious reply—'I would not serve under God the Father himself!' Yet this man had a chapel in his palace! We were shown, in the gallery of it, which is entered from one of the apartments, the chair used by him, and the piece of carpet on which he knelt. At all events, there was no harm in believing they were his, as we looked down on the altar-piece of his chapel. It represents the assassination, in the evening twilight, at the door of a church, of King Wenzel, the saint who brought Christianity into Bohemia. He was kneeling in prayer when murdered by his brother, and in his death agony he seized the iron ring of the door. That ring was preserved, and by it miraculous cures were wrought. Thinking not of the ancient saint's assassination, but of that of Wallenstein, I left the chapel. Recalling how that dreaded man, who had done too much for his imperial master, fell by that master's command, in the dead of night, in his own castle, without a sound being heard by friend or partisan,—Did some touch of pity for him then move my heart? No. For by that time I had reached the garden, and had been conducted into a kind of grotto-room, in which is preserved, stuffed, and standing up, the horse on which he rode at the battle of Lutzen. That creature had borne him safe in the battle in which Gustavus Adolphus fell! I would look at it no more.

In Nuremberg I went, of course, to see its interesting old *Rath-haus*, or Town-hall. It was built five centuries ago, but it had the addition of a more modern front about three hundred years later. The old part has a very fine hall more than two hundred feet long, and broad and high in good proportion. It was decorated by the man spoken of constantly in Nuremberg, Albert Durer; and there is to be seen his triumph of the Emperor Maximilian, with five or six pairs of horses drawing the triumphal car, and a pair of the Emperor's virtues at the heads of each pair of horses. One may see, too, the old throne on which all the German Emperors sat in their turn to receive the homage of the burghers of Nuremberg; may hear that this old hall has re-echoed to the voice of Charles the Fifth, and may remain unmoved. But that will not be the case when one is told, 'There sat Gustavus Adolphus—his words resounded here!' Gracious and pious they were, the historians of Nuremberg tell us.

And now I come to the wherefore of my going by the railway—a half-hour's journey from Nuremberg to Fürth, a town of which I saw very little—my object being what is called the *Alte Feste*, the old fortress in its neighbourhood. But, in fact, there is no fortress there. There is a high hill, with a tower—a modern structure—on it. The country below the hill—now covered by a plantation of firs, and inter-

sected by the Rednitz—was once the scene of many a bloody fight. Wallenstein's camp was intrenched around and on the hill of the *Alte Feste*; and after the King of Sweden had for more than a month tried to draw the Imperialists out of their intrenchments to give him battle, he determined on storming that hill. Six or eight times did the fearless Swedes renew the attack unsuccessfully. At last, the combat became a frightful hand-to-hand fight, until night compelled the troops of Wallenstein to retire within their lines. The Swedes remained on the ground. It was cold, and a heavy rain fell; which made the roads in such a state, that when morning came the King saw that there was no possibility of renewing the battle. The preceding bloody day had decided nothing. Both armies had lost many thousand men, and both withdrew from the vicinity of Nuremberg to renew the contest elsewhere. Wallenstein was the last to depart; and, on leaving, he set fire to his place of encampment, and to all the villages lying around it. Five days after, Gustavus Adolphus returned to Fürth, without his army—moved by some curiosity about Wallenstein's abandoned camp, and the battle-ground. Having visited them, he went back to his troops.

Since then, who visits the scene of that bloody episode in the thirty years' war?—an episode, too, in the history of Nuremberg, when her burghers held their breath for fear, during those terrible weeks of the Swedish King's throwing up trenches around the town, and his subsequent waiting for the battle refused by Wallenstein. Who now visits the *Alte Feste*, walking from Fürth through the fir wood, ascending the hill, and searching for what remains to mark it as the place where the two greatest generals of their time encountered each other? Perhaps a historian now and then, to measure the field of battle with his eye; perhaps a young poet, with Schiller's 'Wallenstein's Lager' in his hand—for this was the spot to which that portion of his great tragedy refers. But, historian or poet, neither would dare in his musings to imagine what had been the thoughts of the first great visitor to that place; to ask whether then, thinking of what his Swedes had done there, his hopes were high in his high cause; or whether aught prophetic in his soul whispered that, when next he and Wallenstein met, he should be victorious over the imperial leader; but that he should purchase victory at the expense of his life.

When I reached the summit of the hill of the *Alte Feste*, being neither historian nor poet, but a traveller who finds places only interesting in as far as a human interest attaches to them, I looked if any vestiges remained to recall the momentous time of which I was thinking. There is a large round stone table, at which it is said Wallenstein sat to give his orders. It is so solid and cumbrous that there is no reason to doubt its having been there for centuries. But something that had not been there for centuries might have been found, I thought, to tell of Wallenstein's noble foe. At length, I discovered a little shabby *denkstein*—monumental stone; but no name of Gustavus Adolphus on it. It merely declares that a battle was fought there between the Imperialists and the Swedes on such a date. There have, it is true, been many

battles fought for foolish causes between sovereigns; but I think even the foolishest had a better and a worse side, which would be worth setting before men if the battle were worth remembering in after years. But the battle here had been fought for the highest and holiest cause—freedom to worship God according to man's conscience, enlightened by the Scriptures. I disliked that stone with its few engraved words more than I disliked Wallenstein's stuffed horse. But more than either did I dislike the place in which I was. No longer solitary, I was in a coffee and beer garden! To that purpose was the hill of the *Alte Feste* dedicated! Such a dedication of such a spot!

At long tables, with benches at each side, sat men and women, students and girls, peasants and their wives and daughters—every man sending up his cloud of tobacco smoke—most of the women knitting, some drinking coffee; while on all sides the foaming glass of Bavarian beer was being quaffed—and all went on to the sound of a band of music. So it is everywhere in Germany, in any picturesque place, or in any place which has been the scene of a great historic event. Thus, few spots are left for silent meditation of Nature, or on the strivings and shortcomings of man in societies. Germans talk of a noble *Begeisterung*, *ideale*—a fine enthusiasm for the ideal. I should rather see this, a fine enthusiasm for humanity, practically shown—not in disquisitions over hot pots, and in the midst of tobacco smoke. One of their own poets has a verse, which I could not recall, as I sauntered away from the *Alte Feste* back to Fürth. Literally translated it is this:—'What hast thou on the banks of Rhine and Ister, that thou shouldst dare to compare yourself with the Athenians? Ye have magazines, newspapers, critiques, tobacco and beer, and the police!'

So, then, who now visits with the historian, or the poet, or the traveller, that hill to which the great Gustavus Adolphus came after the battle, desirous to meditate, willing to learn aught that he could for the service of his fellow-men in the science of war? Who come? Idlers—the careless, the thoughtless, the dull—who, if they once reflect that the native land in former days could contend nobly for a great principle, think it best to forget that as soon as possible.

M. M. L.

DEAD.

OUR first-born and our dearest
Grew sick and pined away,
And left our home in darkness
As she soar'd to endless day.
'Twas in the dark December,
In the midnight of our woe,
We saw her life's last ember
Growing dim and burning low.

She died, as die the lilies
On the bosom of the stream;
And pass'd, as pass the shadows
From the sleeper's early dream.
But still her voice is ringing
Through the chambers of my brain;
But never more I'll meet her
In this breathing world again!

T. E.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention, but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return them considered unsuitable.

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LITTLE CHILDREN.

LITTLE children, mind you—not their audacious elder brothers. I give up these in despair. There was a time when it was well said the child was father to the man. But we have changed that now. Past a certain age—say nine—there are no children. The poetical generation is at fault. The paternity does not exist. Boyhood and manhood are but the two ends of one stick; and I never heard of one end of a stick growing out of the other. Did you? Our modern youth possess such precocity of information on all things done below the moon—are so sublimely conscious of their existence—possess such an admirable knowledge of the means of obtaining goods upon credit—are so easy in their general demeanour—in manner so reassuring, if patronising—that I cannot class them as beings of the same species with the boys of *my* generation. *They* are past for ever; extinct, like the Dodo. How is this? Is it *Punch* and the penny papers? Boy nature has ever been one of my most delightful studies. But I confess, of late years, to have found it rather disappointing. The savour of that wild fruit, once Nature's own, subacid, kindly, with here and there a full fine flavour, has been spoiled by the ingrafted sapor of an artificial stock. The water is brackish—the wine vinegary: they are sophisticated. The dew of their youth is exhaled. The spirit of worldliness hath entered into them. They have capitulated to the despot of Fashion. *They begin to wear dress coats.* They are learned in street nomenclature and the language of shop windows. As they will tell you, they are 'up to a move or two on the human chessboard.' I hate to hear them speaking of themselves, and all belonging to them as gentlemen; while all the outer world is composed of cads and louts. Do they ever learn, I wonder, the simple hymns and texts which I was used to learn? On Sunday evenings—calm, sabbatical, removed from worldly noise and

thought—do they ever sing to the accompaniment of old pianos—those first daughters of the ancient spinnet—such strains as Luther's? or the less severe version of Tallis? or, haply, the easier anthem of Cecil, to those words gathered from what Sir Philip Sidney calls 'that heavenly discourse of the lost child and gracious father'? I fear the answers to those questions. And then, what beautiful books are theirs! How wonderfully adorned in colour and gold! What charming designs! What wonderful illustrations! Genius and art are doing top much for them—they leave too little for them to imagine. The artist imagines for them. He satisfies them before they are hungry. The child's want of expressing his thoughts by some means or other in *his own power*, whether in rude picture, on paper or slate, or in imaginary day dream—revealed to a wondering sister or sympathising schoolfellow—is now satisfied almost before it is felt. The creative faculty rusts unused. The world of mental fantasy remains chaotic and unshaped. A certain hardness of character forms within. The stellar influences work not as heretofore. Jupiter brings not what is great, or Venus what is fair. Our boys are over-read, over-taught; but under-thoughtful, under-imaginative. The fair spirit of Poesy, the sweet dream-culture of the soul, is unexercised. True, the instinctive veneration of children for something out of themselves, the devotion of their young hearts to some object of worship, cannot be annihilated. But, unfortunately, its modern direction seems to lie towards the actual, divested of every thread of imagination, every rag of fancy. They fall down and worship the cold idol of worldly success. Alas! too often that unworthy goddess holds a lie in her right hand. Her eyes glitter on the surface with strange fire. But, far back in the miserable hollows, lurks an unbroken night.

Not of these, but of their younger brothers and sisters, is my theme—of the little ones of the household, the tender buds of the domestic tree, the nurslings of the flock, the callow brood of the warm nest; the infantile Lares, the small Penates, of our Christian hearths; the young shoots of the family vine, which bear no fruit and yield no shade, but twine so closely round the parent stock that Death, when he uproots or tears them away, often leaves behind but a broken, bleeding stump. They are the Tommies and Harries, the Lizzies and Evass, the Charlies and Willies of life. In the dictionary of my heart, I keep more than one choice red-leaved page for these universal diminutives of the polyglot man. With feelings of love, tenderness, and protection, I delight in them—I rejoice and tremble. Who knows of what after value these little blank bills of humanity will become. Will heaven honour them at last? Whose endorsement, God's or that wicked one's, will lie across the lines of life? Will the discount demanded by Mercy be so large as to absorb the principal, or will the mighty creditor be paid in full, and still the balance be a noble one which lies to the soul's credit in the Eternal exchequers? Ah! what issues —

But let us leave this mercantile moralising. Very pleasant is it to watch a group of little folks standing at the corner of the street, or walking sedately along—haply just released from school, or met together fortuitously on maternal embassy. How busily they talk! What a Lilliputian flow of eloquence! What rapid change—ringing of the baby bells of speech! What can they have to talk about? What facts what information, what discoveries form the staple of that busy trade in words? I suppose their converse, like their elders, turns on the business of their lives—the prosaic elements of their every-day experience. But what touches of imagination, produced by their childish ignorance and purity, light up here and there the picture of their discourse! How unreal, how pathetic in its unworldliness, their view of the doings of grown-up people! They stand on a different platform to ours. Their world of ideal suggestion and knowledge revolves within our wide sphere, like a fairy bubble. Heaven keep it from breaking over soon! Never again will such hand-coloured, such sky-drawn glories, such emanations of the dawn, be woven into the tissues of life. As we grow older, the splendour fades—the brilliant hue becomes dark—the stuff of which our days are made turns hoden gray. Our spirits are fortunate if the prevailing tint be neutral. But no, my little dear, I am not going to sadden your young hearts with foreboding any such change in *your* case. Bless you, you would not understand me if I did. Nature herself is jealous of your rights; and, indeed, you look so wise sometimes, that I have often thought you know all about it;—at least, not you, but the angels who have taken your place for a time, and sent the little children up to heaven the while, to the great joy of that country.

But, however, I do not deny, in a general way, the humanity of these little ones. They have their friendships and dislikes like grown-up people. They are passionate, revengeful, loving, partial, prejudiced, like their wiser elders. As with us, some one of the number stands out clear and distinct, the cynosure of infant eyes, the leader and pattern of infant experience. Child influences child, as man man, woman woman; in degree less, maybe, but in the same. I know it to my cost. Some years ago I was in the pit of B—— Theatre, and observed a young and handsome man enter one of the boxes. Calmly and languidly, his glance wandered round the house, rested for an instant on me, passed away cold and unremembering. But no, my memories were more vivid. Clearly and painfully I recognised that elegant young man. The theatre became a mist; vanished the rows of spectators, the shining lamps, the glittering pendants, the painted curtain. Deep in the silent country, far down a side-road, appeared my old school-house, facing a green lane, with garden and playground on the other side. I thought of the time when I entered that school—a pure and happy lad. I shuddered at the sight of those lips which had poured the deadliest ab-

tion into my ears; and then, after the lapse of many years, my spirit rose against that graceful gentleman, handling his opera-glass so daintily. In the hatred of my remembrances I could have cursed him. But the tenderness with which we think of our childhood and its associations came betwixt the curse and its object; and, indeed, softened the malediction itself into something between a sigh and a prayer.

Heaven bless thee, my little Ted! and keep thee from such contamination! keep thee from what is so often the beginning of the fall from sweet childish instincts—becoming impatient of the love of thy sisters! Long mayest thou find delight in their charming little letters, which breathe of the country like the scent from a hay-field! Long, too, may it be before thou and they are condemned to the tread-mill of conventionality, feeding on the dry chaff of respectability, and ashamed of saying the thing that is in thy heart! But, indeed, in the matter of telling the truth, thou hast thy story; and 'tis not a bad one. As when, in the time of petticoats, sitting with thy mamma, Miss Vapid was announced. Straightway thou wert despatched with the news into the paternal study; and this was the result:—

'Did you tell your papa that Miss Vapid was here?'

'Yes, mamma.'

'And what did he say?'

'What a bore!'

It thinks the reply was, if I may use the term, a *non-sequitur*. There was no resisting it. Compromise was out of the question. It was not to be extenuated or smoothed over. No hem-ing or haw-ing could smother it up in indistinction. It stood bolt upright in the way of apology. It faced Conventionalism, and overcame him. It was sublime, like Fate. Since then, Miss Vapid hath wandered away into the Elysian fields. Haply, she is found to be a bore even there. For true, if bitter, was thy infant speech; and true, though not bitter, be thy winged words for ever—*per dilectissime!*

I am thankful to say that among my little friends there are no prodigies; no infant Thames-setters-on-fire; no mental phenomena of three feet; no admirable Crichtons in petticoats. They are all good specimens of English juveniles—not averse to a moderate dose of school, but ready for a whole pharmacopeia of play. I admire them all the more that they are not above being bribed into knowledge—that they like their alphabet—like their powders, sweetened. I remember, on my own case, how long and vainly I skirmished with the advanced guard of a spelling-book, before I was reinforced by timely supplies of jam-pot and pear-basin. After that, I need not say the victory was my own; and, like a cannibal, I feasted on the conquered. I began to find, as that charming Mr. Merry prepared the dishes, what a splendid repast he laid before me. I became a *belluo* of his *librorum*. Some of my little friends have just attained their first mouthful. Now, I don't know who is the principal publisher of juvenile books at the present time, but I trust he deals fairly with his children; that he

has not shortened his giants by an inch; that his genies are as implacable, his rocs soar as high, his Sindbads have as little to do with the island of Ceylon as those of my youth. Let the little ones believe all they can. It's a mistake to be poking your absurd explanations among the glorious fictions. You can't lay down the railway of Fact in Fairydom. That country is not to be surveyed. It lies somewhere over the sea, under the eyes of the morning; and there's not such a thing as a Gunter's chain or a theodolite in the whole realm. They would be useless there.

Most mothers, I am happy to say, acknowledge this, and will repudiate the silly conduct of one of their order, who shudders at Hans Andersen, and has bundled every Jack and Jill of a fairy-book, prince and princess, geni and giant, ogre and fair lady, out of doors. Bless your five hard wits, madam! Do you not see that, with the growth of their faith and sympathy for something for ever beautiful and joyous, with the instinctive forming of their judgments in favour of truth and goodness—and I maintain that a good fairy tale is a mighty convincer of children's minds on the question whether wickedness or worthiness be the best off in the long run—I repeat, madam, do you not see that, along with this mental pleasure and conviction, would blend the image of the gentle mother, at whose feet they sat while reading the precious book, into whose untired ears they poured their hurrying exclamations of surprise and delight? Depend upon it, madam, you are fighting with Nature. The feeling of wonder and faith will be gratified somehow. I should not be surprised if that good old nurse of yours be not attracting and securing much of the love which you are perversely denying yourself, in casting from you the influence of those associations which preserve and strengthen it.

What a very uncomfortable world it would be if there were many children in it like Christian Henry Heinecken, who was born at Lubeck in 1721, and died, at a prodigious age for what he accomplished, in 1725. We are informed that he talked at ten months, read at twelve, knew all the principal facts in the Bible at fourteen, and, when four years old, might have passed a bishop's examination, so well up was he in Christian evidences, besides being a dab hand at church history. Nor is this all. He understood and spoke accurately the German, Latin, French, and Low Dutch languages; and was able, moreover, to repeat 80 psalms and 200 hymns!

This *monstrum horrendum, cui lumen ademptum*, in his fifth year, of course was too fast a train not to run swiftly into that universal terminus—the grave. Like a comet, he flashed among and beyond the morning stars of childhood, and fell into blank vacancy long before they were even half-way between their horizon and zenith. While men gazed and wondered, he was gone. Peace be to him! These American aloes of humanity are not to my fancy.

But his early death reminds me of more than one darkening of the child-life which I have loved. More

than once have I watched, sorrowfully enough God knows! the shadows of impending dissolution creep into the little face, as if to make an abiding home there. Night has resumed the usurpations of the breaking day; their world has gone back into darkness; the orbit of their young lives has floated up among the stars; another sun has risen in a far different east; they ask the meaning of things from wiser, purer lips than ours. Perhaps, in the first days which herald the coming change, the little sufferers cannot forbear a natural peevishness, shown in fretful words, and vague sad chidings at they know not what. They cannot understand the meaning of their aching heads and strength-deserted limbs; they cannot read the hieroglyphic of sickness; their inexperience is unable to interpret this new language, the elements of which are a heavy brow, a pillowed chair, and perpetual stepping in-doors. But 'tis mercifully ordered that, after awhile, the pettish murmurs cease; the rippling stream flows on in silence; a calm and steadfast resignation descends upon them; their interest in external affairs—the sports of their playfellows, their school, their books—flags and dies; the soul retreats into itself, and but remotely visits the outer world of consciousness. Reader! have you never witnessed, in the eyes of a sick child, that patient, mournful look which followed your every movement; but was, withal, so unear, so uninquiring as to what it all meant? And while darker and darker grew the shadows round their waning lives—while thinner, paler, became the little face and hands—have you never noticed how those eyes preserved their unnatural brightness—that fixed and lingering gaze? Unrebuking, uncomplaining to the last, they look up to yours, as if they wondered at the tears you vainly seek to hide.

I had a little cousin who fell ill, and, after a few months' suffering, died and went to God. The heavenly calm which I have spoken about descended upon her. That holy dove, which erst accompanied with the wondrous Child of Nazareth, brooded in her little chamber, and shook from his plumes untroubled peace and blessedness. During all the little maid's illness, the house was like a fore-court of Paradise. Care and worldliness died, like a spent wave, at the threshold. In the room where the child lay was as the rustling of angel-plumes. Watching all things, all persons, in her chamber, with those calm, inscrutable eyes, the baby-sufferer seemed to be conscious of the ethereal visitants.

'How good Polly and Fanny are!' she would say. 'They make no noise. Shall I ever play with them again, mamma?'

Her chief amusement was to listen to her elder sister reading the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' A very real narrative it became to her. The wicket-gate, the house beautiful, the castle of Giant Despair, the land of Beulah, the message, the river, the Shining Ones beyond, took their place in her imagination as waking, substantial realities. Somewhere they existed

in veritable fact. It was plain from her comments, made during the course of the narrative, that she expected to experience all for herself. She would not have understood what you meant by an allegory. The book was her history, her biography, to come. In the next world she would be grown up, and begin at the beginning as Christian did. Of course, we never tried to undeceive her on this point. Her faith was mightier than our knowledge.

One night, when the pitiful drama of her sufferings appeared to be rapidly drawing to a close, she requested the loved tale to be repeated once more. With much ado to get rid of the stifling feeling in her throat, and the blinding tears in her eyes, her sister managed to comply with the request. At last the child motioned for the book to be laid aside, and said, 'Mamma, I should like to play a game of dominoes.'

They brought the box, and, raising her in bed, placed the ivory counters in order. Nothing would do but that her father and mother must be her opponents. With strength gathered from the might of parental love, they overcame the outward signs of grief, and commenced to play. Meantime, as the game went on, it was strange but cheering to see how careful the child was to see that it should be conducted with all justice and impartiality. 'That's not fair,' she said, and replaced the piece, when her father would have given her a slight advantage. At last the game was finished. She had disposed of all her markers first. She pushed them aside wearily, and lay back on her pillow. Her mother, struck in the heart with sudden forebodings, bent over her. The little eyes looked up for an instant—the little lips murmured, 'I have won, mamma,' and she was gone.

Do the angels play at dominoes, and read that famous story to her now? I shouldn't wonder.

A. S.

THE SEER'S PREDICTION (*Concluded*).

BY ELLEN EMMA GUTHRIE.

CHAPTER II.

A long silence ensued. 'What think you of this?' at length said Duncan Stewart, gazing inquiringly in his companion's face.

'Tis passing strange,' observed the other, thoughtfully; 'yet, after all, it may prove a mere piece of deception on the part of the Campbells.'

'Still, the old man's mysterious disappearance, and the warning flame—how are these facts to be accounted for?'

'They certainly seem inexplicable at the present moment; but circumstances may yet arise which will furnish us with a clue to the mystery.'

'Woe betide the Campbells, should we discover them to be the perpetrators of this piece of jugglery!' exclaimed young Stuart of Ardahiel. 'For, so true as my name is Duncan, the Prince shall burn down Lochnell about their ears.'

Not tarrying to make any reply to this threat on

the part of his cousin, Edward Stuart hastened to rejoin his men; the other following close on his footsteps. While skirting the base of an eminence in the vicinity of the ruined castle, they observed several of the clan formed into a circle a good way apart from the others. Advancing towards them, Edward Stuart perceived that they surrounded a boy arrayed in dark green tartan, who, standing in the midst, observed a dogged silence, in spite of the taunts levelled at him by the fierce mountaineers.

'What means this?' inquired the Chief, of the Highlander nearest him.

'Why, Master Edward, we captured this young cur of a Campbell while plunging on his way through the heather; and the surly imp refuses to answer our inquiries respecting his business on this side the loch—'

'It was not the questions of such unmannerly dogs as you I was deputed to answer,' interrupted the boy in an imperious tone; and now that I have fulfilled my mission [here he placed a note in the hands of the Chief], I care not to linger on your ground; but' while speaking, he scowled fiercely on the mocking Highlanders, and worked with the handle of his dagger 'should any of you chance to visit the Campbell territories, I will not forget the reception accorded to me among the hills of Appin.'

So saying, he darted swiftly up the mountains, amid loud shouts of derisive mirth from his hearers. Recognising Edith Campbell's page in the bearer of the missive, Edward Stuart impatiently ordered a light to be struck, and ran his eye hurriedly over the almost illegible lines. Having mastered its contents, a joyful gleam lit up his countenance; and, beckoning his wondering cousin aside, he, for the first time, made him acquainted with his love for Edith Campbell, and his determination instantly to proceed to Lochnell, to bid her adieu;—her note conveying the welcome tidings that Black Ullick had accompanied his uncle to Edinburgh, therefore they need not fear any interruption.

Duncan Stuart staggered back a few paces, so overwhelmed was he by this unexpected intelligence. Recovering himself as the other prepared to depart, he grasped him by the arm, exclaiming 'Art mad, Edward, thus to precipitate thyself on unknown dangers, after the terrible warning we have so recently received? Who can tell what treachery is intended thee by these black Campbells? Perdition! to think thou shouldst love one belonging to that detested race! You shall not go,' he went on, tightening his grasp on his companion's sleeve; 'you have no right thus foolishly to risk the life now solemnly dedicated to the cause of our lawful Sovereign. Be-think you, seriously, of the dreadful consequences that must ensue, should you fall by the daggers of our enemies, and abandon your rashly formed resolution.'

'Never!' replied Edward Stuart, with flashing eyes, 'though the dirks of a dozen Campbells menaced my breast, yet should I struggle through their midst to obtain an approving smile from the lips of my Edith!'

'Is your love for her so strong?'

'Ay, strong as death itself.'

'Yet she is a Campbell!'

'That is merely a misfortune of birth. The faults of her relations cannot be imputed to her.'

'And you disregard the Seer's warning?'

'Entirely.'

Duncan Stuart smote his hand on his forehead. 'Lost! lost!' he murmured.

Touched by this proof of loving anxiety on the part of his generally heedless cousin, the young Chief placed his hand on his shoulder. 'Ah! Duncan,' he said, sorrowfully, 'you know not what it is to love, else you would recognise the impossibility of my following your advice. But fear not for me; our enemies are absent from the Castle, therefore I can run no risk in obeying the dictates of love. In a few hours I shall rejoin you, with a heart lightened of its care, and an arm doubly nerved to fight for our gallant young Prince. Do you, in the meantime, proceed with your men to my father.'

'That will I not,' said his friend, firmly. 'Since you have made up your mind to embark on this wild-geese expedition, I will accompany you.'

'Duncan! this must not be.'

'Wherefore?'

'Because two lives will needlessly be endangered.'

'Should danger beset your path, it is meet I share it.'

'Duncan!'

'Edward!'

'And you will abide by your resolve?'

'Yes; and unless you agree to my proposal, I will at once have you bound, and conveyed to head-quarters, nor shall you be released till we march to join the Prince.'

Admiring his cousin's inflexibility, Edward Stuart at length yielded a reluctant consent to his accompanying him; but expressed some degree of annoyance when the other likewise insisted that four of his men should act as their escort. But the youth was not to be dissuaded from his purpose. 'In an affair of this kind,' he said, 'one cannot exercise too much caution, especially when dealing with crafty knaves like the Campbells, who are rather expert in the use of their weapons when favoured by darkness.'

Here his cousin, waxing impatient to be gone, cut short the thread of his prudential observations. The men were chosen; the others set out on their march; and the youths, followed by the stalwart Gaels, swiftly retraced their steps towards Benderloch.

The lake crossed, a smart walk of two hours' duration brought them to the gates of Lochnell. Agreeably to the wishes of his cousin, Duncan Stuart and his men stationed themselves among the trees shading the avenue; while the young Chief hastened to the terrace, the spot appointed by Edith Campbell for their meeting. Wildly throbbed his heart as he beheld her graceful form flitting among the bushes at the further end. She turned hastily on his approach.

'Edward!'

'Dearest Edith!' and he knelt at her feet.

'And you are firm in your determination to adhere to the Stuarts,' she said, after young Stuart had thanked her again and again for thus affording him a parting interview.

'Yes, dearest; to-night the Fiery Cross summons the Clan to our standard, and the morning dawn sees us march to join the Prince.'

A momentary shade of displeasure rested on the maiden's brow; this yielded to one of sadness, as she replied in a sorrowful tone, 'But a few hours since I beheld the fiery symbol of war borne over mountain and heath, and it grieved me to think on the bloody drama soon to be enacted in this lovely land. O Edward! would to Heaven you had not attached yourself to the fortunes of this misguided Pretender!'

'There spoke the Campbell!' said young Stuart hastily. 'He is no pretender, Edith, but the son of our rightful Sovereign, and heir to the British throne, of which he has been deprived by these cold-blooded German usurpers; and the welfare of my beloved country demands that, on his arrival in his northern dominions, the sword of every true Scotchman should fly from its scabbard.'

'Say not the welfare,' replied Edith. 'Is it by the glare of the Fiery Cross in these peaceful valleys—the slaying of her bravest sons—the anguished cries of bereaved mothers—the wail of fatherless children—and the widow's tears, that the welfare of Scotland is to be increased?'

'When a monarch is about to wage war with a hostile power,' young Stuart impatiently observed, 'he suffers not his thoughts to dwell on the horrors of the battle-field, but rather on the advantages likely to arise from the victory he feels assured of obtaining over his enemies. In like manner, we endeavour to forget the evils of civil warfare in the unquestionable benefits to be derived from the restoration of King James to the throne of his ancestors.'

Edith Campbell shook her head sorrowfully, as she made reply. 'Edward! you have launched your barque on a stormy sea; beware lest you perish while buffeting with its billows! Reflect for one single moment on the madness of the undertaking in which you are about to engage. Unaided by any fresh troops, without which success is next to impossible, Charles Edward has landed at Borrodale. Enthusiasm in his behalf prevails, at present, among those fiery disaffected chiefs on whose devoted loyalty he reposes implicit confidence; but when disaster and defeat overtake them, when disappointment replaces hope, and expected reinforcements fail to arrive—when murmurs of dissatisfaction are heard among his partisans, and jealousies arise in the camp, then reflect on the words of one who is but too well assured that ruin and despair await those prepared to plunge headlong into the troubled sea of rebellion.'

'Sad, indeed, is the picture with which your imagination furnishes you, my Edith,' said the youth; 'yet I share not your forebodings. We Jacobites are true to our ancient oath of fealty to the Stuarts.

That passionate loyalty which brought Montrose to the gallows, still burns purely bright in the breasts of the descendants of those heroic chiefs whose banners waved in the van at Kilsyth and Inverlochy. Desirous of emulating those brilliant achievements which have rendered the names of our ancestors imperishable, we are eager to go forth to battle, feeling assured of speedy victory when led on to the fight by a Prince who has proved himself possessed of all the noble attributes so requisite to endear a sovereign to his people. Already he has been joined by Earl Morar and the gallant Lochiel; and soon thousands will declare themselves in his favour, among those whose lukewarm natures and calculating policy have induced to swear allegiance to the German Elector, styled the *Young Pretender*. Would, dearest, you shared the enthusiasm now glowing in my breast, as I picture to myself the speedy realization of our ancient dreams, and hail the happy future awaiting Scotland when once more governed by a Stuart!'

At sight of her lover's beaming eyes, Edith's countenance fell; and she said, sorrowfully, 'Since your determination to embark in this hazardous enterprise is unshaken by any arguments of mine, it only remains for me to bid you farewell—for ever!'

So saying, with an averted gaze, she extended to him her hand, which Edward seized and pressed ardently to his lips.

'My own Edith!' he murmured, 'why give utterance to such heart-rending words? Why permit diversity of opinion to separate us? Are we not bound to each other by our mutual love? Then, wherefore should we part? Let the sustaining knowledge of our unchanged affection console us during the short period of our separation, and once — Nay, interrupt me not; I know what you would say; but do not dispel the blissful hopes I entertain of one day calling you mine. Time may heal the unfortunate breach at present existing between our Clans. For your sweet sake, gladly would I extend the hand of friendship to your uncle, were he disposed to accept my advances. Even Black Ulick should cease to be an object of aversion to me were you to require it.'

As young Stuart spoke thus, the figure of a man, muffled in a large cloak, emerged from among the trees at the side of the Castle, and gliding, snake-like, along the terrace, concealed himself behind some bushes in the immediate vicinity of the lovers. Unconscious of danger, the Chief continued—

'Tell me, Edith! is your Hanoverian relation as pointed in his attentions as when I deemed it incumbent on me to punish his insolence?'

Hiding her blushing face on his shoulder, the maiden avowed the constant annoyance to which she was subjected during her cousin's now frequent visits to the Castle.

'The black-visaged scoundrel!' wrathfully exclaimed Edward Stuart. 'By Heaven! should he cross my path in battle, the encounter will prove a bloody one!'

'God, in His mercy, grant that meeting may never

'take place!' murmured Edith, in a tone of alarm. 'The hatred he bears you is of that deadly nature so much to be dreaded; and, knowing of what wickedness his evil nature is capable, it froze my heart's blood when I discovered he was aware of our secret meetings. O Edward! had you witnessed the terrific expression of his face, while he upbraided me with my attachment to you, and swore to revenge himself for my coldness and rejection of his oft-urged suit!'

As Edith Campbell finished speaking, a slight rustling among the bushes betrayed the agitation of the unseen listener; but the noise was too insignificant to excite any alarm in the breasts of the lovers, and they continued their conversation until the waning moon gave warning that the parting hour had come. Unable to speak the words that would tear them asunder, the youthful pair silently paced the terrace, alternately gazing on each other's faces and the peaceful lake which lay at their feet bathed in silver light. Suddenly a shrill whistle broke in upon the silence of night. Recognising his cousin's signal, the young Chief perceived that further delay was impossible; the heart-breaking word Farewell must now be spoken. Taking Edith by the hand, he pronounced her name in a tone so irresistibly tender that the maiden's fortitude deserted her, and she burst into tears. In that trying moment, the love she bore her Edward swept away the frail barriers erected by pride and family prejudice. Weeping unconstrainedly on his neck, she showed her undying attachment, and resolution never to marry should her stern uncle refuse his consent to their union.

Transported with delight, the young Chief pressed her to his heart. This sweet assurance of her affection robbed their parting of half its pain; and, as his arms encircled her lovely form, and her sweet breath fanned his cheek, all else was forgotten in the momentary intoxication occasioned by the enrapturing avowal of her love. Entwined with the golden tresses which swept his shoulder was a simple white rose. At sight of the Stuart badge, Edward's eyes flashed proudly, and he murmured in the maiden's ear, 'Shall my Edith deem me presumptuous, if I ask, as a parting gift, the flower that nestles amidst her clustering locks?' Blushing, the maiden disengaged the rose, and fastened it at the side of his bonnet.

On witnessing this proof of affection, the concealed observer of their interview, unable any longer to endure the jealous rage swelling in his breast, stole forth from among the bushes, and scowling on the unconscious lovers, muttered savagely between his teeth, as he grasped his dagger with convulsive clutch, 'What hinders me from striking that dog of a Stuart dead at your feet, you false-hearted traitress? Nought save the fear that my good dirk might for once prove false, and your upbraidings would drive me mad. But my poniard will drink his life-blood, where his death-agonies will be visible to none save the owl and the raven. Ha! ha! and you deemed Black Ulick safe in Edinburgh? Fool! ever to imagine he would leave you unprotected at Lochnell,

while the Appin Stuarts still ranged through the heather. But I must make haste to cut off your lover's retreat. Ay, gaze in his doll's face while you may; 'twill be your last look of him on this side the grave; and, should you chance to meet him on the other, recognition will be rendered easy by the mark your dreaded cousin has put upon his breast.' So saying, he brandished his dagger in the air, and crept stealthily away in the direction from whence he came.

In the meanwhile, Edith, while fixing the rose in her lover's bonnet, observed, with a mournful smile—'See what strange actions love impels one to perform! Who is more hostile than myself to the Stuarts; yet, in obedience to the request of a headstrong Appin youth, whose affection for myself is not sufficiently powerful to prevent him leaguings with traitors, behold me fastening the badge of rebellion in his cap!'

Blessing her for this fond proof of devotion, Edward Stuart pressed on her lips a parting kiss of mingled love and agony. Edith became deadly pale. 'Stay! stay!' she murmured, as he turned to depart. 'I know not wherefore, but a sudden horror overwhelms me. I feel as though this meeting were destined to be our last. Dearest Edward, if you love me, do not go!' She clung trembling to his arm. Her blue eyes sought his face. As she spoke thus, remembrance of the Seer's warning and the spectral light flashed across the mind of the young Chief. A sudden faintness overcame him. Unable to meet her questioning gaze, he averted his eyes. They fell on the swelling heights of Appin. In imagination, he heard the wild strains of the bagpipe, and beheld his brave Highlanders arming at sight of the Fiery Cross. And where was he, destined to lead them on to victory? With this inspiring thought, his former heroism revived—loyal enthusiasm once more reigned supreme. One last pressure on the upturned forehead of the beseeching maiden—a murmured 'God bless and protect you, dearest!' and he was gone.

From the front of the terrace, Edith beheld him rushing madly down the winding path leading to the avenue. Her tearful gaze followed his waving tartans till they disappeared in the gloom; then, leaning her head on her hand, she abandoned herself to sorrowful reflection. Suddenly, the handkerchief shading her pensive countenance is rudely torn from her grasp, and a white rose, dabbled over with blood, waves before her startled vision. Gazing upward, affrighted, her eyes encountered the basilisk orbs of her dreaded cousin. One wild scream of 'Ulick!' broke from her pallid lips.

'Ay, Ulick!' he howled in derision. 'Ulick! whose poniard reeks with a rival's blood!' Brandishing the still dripping weapon before her sight, he burst forth—'Little recked he of the fate awaiting him as he went gaily down by the loch. He wist not Black Ulick was dogging his footsteps, with hate in his heart and the instrument of vengeance gleaming in his hand. Ha! ha! One blow of my dirk sufficed.

A staggering step, a last look on the heavens, and my hated rival lay dead at my feet!

A low anguished wail alone betrayed the maiden's horror on hearing this dreadful recital; and she pressed half unconsciously, as it were, to her lips the rose whose petals were crimsoned with her lover's gore.

Exasperated well nigh to frenzy at sight of her despair, the cowardly assassin threw away his poniard, and, clasping her in his arms, exultingly exclaimed, 'And now, freed for ever from his favoured rival, Black Ulick returns to renew his unwelcome suit! Steeds are in waiting to bear us to my mountain fastness; and ere the setting of to-morrow's sun, its master shall claim thee, my fair one! as his bride.'

Aroused by these appalling words to a sense of her situation, Edith uttered a succession of shrieks, and struggled to free herself from his ruffian grasp. Startled by this unexpected resistance, her fierce kinsman allowed her to slip from his encircling arms. Speedily recovering, however, from his temporary consternation, he was hastening once more to seize upon her trembling form, when a rush of eager feet and the waving of red tartans warned him of danger. He turned to fly—too late—the dirk of Duncan Stuart pressed his throat!

'Wretch!' shouted the youth; 'what wouldst thou do? Thy hated name, uttered in the piteous tones of a woman's voice, reached mine ear; and, fortunately, I have arrived in time to prevent thy meditated violence. But where is Edward?' he suddenly exclaimed, for the first time observing the absence of his friend.

A ferocious gleam shot from the eyes of Black Ulick, as Edith Campbell, to whom young Stuart had addressed his inquiry, tottered towards the speaker, and, placing the reeking poniard in his hand, faltered forth, 'Dead—murdered by my treacherous cousin!'

With a shuddering glance, fraught with horror! on the scowling assassin, Edith, as she uttered these words, sank fainting into the arms of her domestics, whom her cries had brought forth from the Castle. A cry of bitter rage burst from the Appin Highlanders on hearing this terrible announcement. Swiftly half-a-dozen weapons flew from their sheaths, as the furious mountaineers rushed towards their hated enemy. But the death-stroke was not to be dealt by them. That instant the dirk of Duncan Stuart gleamed in the air. Like lightning it descended, and the life-blood of the catiff Campbell dyed the green sward. Spurning the quivering corpse with his feet, the horror-stricken youth, pursued by his followers, sped down the winding path where his cousin had met with his untimely end. There, among the long grass, lay the young Chief, weltering in his blood. Overwhelmed with grief at the harrowing spectacle, the warm-hearted Duncan threw himself sobbing on the inanimate form of his beloved relative. The rude clansmen, scarcely less affected, leaned on their claymores, and sorrowfully gazed on the face of the dead,

cursing the hand that dealt the coward blow. Constructing a bier of green boughs, they placed the murdered youth thereon, and, raising it on their shoulders, bore him, by the light of the crescent moon, to his mountain home.

Throughout that dismal night, the phantom taper flickered in Appin's ruined castle; while the sad caronach, borne on the breeze which floated round the gray towers of Lochnell, told that the shadow of death had fallen on the proud home of the Campbells.

POPULAR SONGS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

No. X.

THE 'Lay of Diarmad' is probably one of the oldest—and has, from time immemorial, been one of the most popular—of the Ossianic poems. It is still repeated in the Highlands. Versions of it can be got, even at this day, from men who learned it, not out of books, but as it was committed to their congenial care by that old traditional tutor, who is now about to perish, with the last lingering remnant of his scholars, out of sheer decrepitude and vast old age. By calling the 'Lay of Diarmad' an Ossianic poem, no more can be meant than that it belongs to the Ossianic era; for it scarcely possesses the character of the poems of Ossian, and hardly harmonises with the tone of sentiment which pervades them, or with the manners which their blind old bard has painted. This is especially evident in the conduct of Finn; also, in the absence of all the other heroes, so far as appears from the great hunting. Not one of them, as will be seen, is mentioned by name. Grainne lives in tradition as the faithless wife of Fingal—the Guinevere of ancient Gaelic song; but she does not appear, I think, in any of the finer heroic poems. This 'Lay of Diarmad' is, however, as I have said, extremely popular; and the 'Hunting of the Great Wild Boar' is one of the least likely of any of the Fingalian legends to be soon forgotten. There are good reasons why it should continue to be remembered. The boar's head is the crest of the Argyll branch of the Campbells, and all that great clan trace their origin back to the Sir Lancelot of the Feinné—Diarmad, the son of O'Duibhne—who slew the wild boar. There is a sept of the Campbells still called MacDiarmad. This was probably the name of the whole clan at one time, as they are still styled, both by themselves and others, Slioch Dhiarmad—that is the race of Diarmad. From a letter, written by Mr. Pope, minister of Rea, in Caithness, to the Rev. Mr. Alex. Nicholson, minister of Thurso, 15th November 1763, and published in Appendix No. 3 to the Highland Society's Report on the Ossianic poems, we learn that an old man of the name of Campbell, in that part of the country, could never be prevailed upon to sing the 'Song of Diarmad' without first taking off his bonnet in honour of the ancestral shade. Mr. Pope's simplicity, and his manner of telling a story in his rather peculiar English, are both so charming that it would be almost inexcusable not to give his own words. It is a pity he did not write

more letters about the eccentricities of his parishioners. A collection of them, if they resembled this one, would have made a very entertaining volume. Mr. Pope writes as follows:—'There is an old fellow in this parish who very gravely takes off his bonnet as often as he sings "Duan Dearmot." I was extremely fond to try if the case was so, and, getting him to my house, gave him a bottle of ale, and begged the favour of him to sing "Duan Dearmot." After some nicety, he told me that to oblige his parish minister he would do so; but, to my surprise, he took off his bonnet. I caused him to stop and put on his bonnet. He made some excuses. However, as soon as he began, he took off his bonnet. I rose and put it on. He took it off. I put it on. At last he was like to swear most horribly he would sing none unless I allowed him to be uncovered. I gave him his freedom, and so he sung with great spirit. I then asked him the reason. He told me it was out of regard to the memory of that hero. I asked him if he thought that the spirit of that hero was present? He said not; but he thought it well became them who descended from him to honour his memory.' This shows the fast hold which the notion of a descent from the Fenian hero took of the popular mind.

Although Diarmad makes no great figure in MacPhee's 'Ossian,' he is a very conspicuous actor in the prose legends and other traditions of the Highlands. He was the handsomest of the Feinné; an unparalleled lover, on account of an irresistible beauty-spot on his forehead; and a most accomplished swordsman. Oscar and Gaul were more like the ancient heroes, Achilles or Ajax. Diarmad has something of the knight of romance about him—a character which he probably owed, in some measure, to his place at the head of the Campbell family tree. This poem—sometimes called Duan or Heroic Song, sometimes Laoidh (with the *dh* silent) or Lay, sometimes Bas Dhiarmad, or the Death of Diarmad—is in all the collections of Gaelic poems. That of MacCallum has been principally but not wholly followed in the following translation:—

THE LAY OF DIARMAD; OR, FINGAL'S REVENGE.

Hearken a little, I sing you a song
Of the great and good who are gone—
Of Grainné, and Finn the triumphant,
And the woful fate of MacDoon.

Sweet is Glen-Shee, and the valley beside it,
With the voice of elk and deer;
And pleasant its stream tinged so often,
With blood from the Fenian spear.

Fairest of hills is Ben-Goolbain,
Where the fawn and the doe wont to be;
And the hounds bay loudly together,
When they drive the wild deer o'er the lea.

'O Diarmad! my own one!' said Grainné,
'Let the dogs drive the chase o'er the lea;
Come not thou near the proud son of Comal,
Who is wroth with my hero for me.'

'In spite of his anger,' said Diarmad;
'In spite of his wrath and pride,
I will go to the chase now as fearless
As ever I trod by thy side.'

With the bay of the dogs and the shout of the heroes
In the calm of the morning air,
They roused the great boar from his slumber,
And watch'd every pass from his lair.

Up he rose in his wrath when he heard them,
And rush'd round the glen where he stay'd;
He turn'd east, he turn'd west, ere he darted
Foaming with rage from the shade.

From the shade of the rock down he rattled
Past the hounds and huntsmen sheer;
His huge bristles pointed like javellins,
And his tusks like the point of a spear.

Then allipp'd they the dogs, and they drove him
Down Lodram's mossy side;
Long strove they to tear him, but could not
While the hunters cheerily cried.

'Son of Doon, dost thou wish to win honour?'
Said Finn in his wrath and pride;
'Slay that boar by thyself, thou gay victor,
Which the heroes so long has defied.'

Diarmad's tough spear was soon chew'd into splinters,
Like reeds on Lego that grow;
But the boar fell beneath his hard sword-blade,
Victorious o'er many a foe.

Then Finn he lay down on the green sward,
And moodily turn'd from the sight;
He grieved that the son of O'Doon had escaped
Without wound from the furious fight.

'O Diarmad, measure the boar,' he said,
'With thy bare feet, for great is his size.'
He measured the boar with the bristles,
Sixteen good feet where he lies.

'O Diarmad! measure him back again;
He is not so much,' Finn cries.
He measures him back, and a poisonous bristle
Pierces his foot as he tries.

'O Fingal!' said Diarmad, 'vouchsafe me
One draught from thy life-giving shell,
For my strength and my vigour forsake me:—
With one draught, O my king! make me well.'

'Shall I bring thee a draught, thou fair hero!
From the lake, with my life-giving shell,
When the ill in one hour thou hast done me
Outweighs all the good thou canst tell?'

'Eastward and westward I've served thee,
And ne'er did thee ill, till the day
When Grainné, with love-witching magic,
Drew me her captive away.

'Remember the smithy of Luno,
How I in that fray help'd thee well,
When that sword was first won thou now wearest.'
'Thou shalt yet get no drink from my shell.'

'Remember the conflict with Draidgal,
And the strokes on thy shield that fell:—
'Twas I who then succour'd and saved thee.'
'Thou shalt yet get no drink from my shell.'

'Then, thou'st forgotten the battle of Conhall,
And the fate which that day had assign'd,
With the army of Cairbar before thee,
Had not I and the Feinn been behind.

'Alas! that I saw thee, Ben-Goolbain!
Alas! that I faced thee to-day,
With the strength of my youth streaming from me,
With my life-blood ebbing away!

'Hill of my love, O Ben-Goolbain!
Where the deer and the roe wont to be;
Farewell! thou wilt never come to me,
Nor e'er shall my steps reach to thee.

'Farewell now to courtship for ever!
O king, what a sorrowful sight
For the maids of the Feinn thus to see mel
Sad would their dreams be this night.'

'Alas! that,' said Finn, 'for a woman,
I've slain my own sister's son—
For an ill woman slain him! Too noble
To be slain for the holiest one.'

'Yesterday, green wert thou, Goolbain!
To-day art thou bloody and red.
Hill of our sorrows, Ben-Goolbain!
Beneath thy gray stones is his bed.'

'Beneath thy gray stones, O Ben-Goolbain!
The brown-hair'd chief is laid;
His blue eyes are sleeping for ever
Under thy green grassy shade.'

'Sad stood the heroes beside thee,
O youth of the noble race!
And dim grew the eyes of each maiden
When the mould went over thy face.'

'And now, like the tree, I stand lonely—
Wither'd, and wasted, and near;
With the rude howling tempest to tear me,
Where the shade of no green bough is near.'

In the Highlands, although the people are sufficiently superstitious, and tell many tales, with witches, ghosts, fairies, and water-kelpies, and many kinds of supernatural beings in them, they never introduce such creatures into their poetry; and hardly even allude, through that channel, to any of the wild and strange beliefs so prevalent among them. I don't know whether this proceeds from a fear of offending the supernatural beings—with regard to whose existence there is indeed very little scepticism—or whether it proceeds from a notion of their unfitness for the purposes of poetry. But the fact is as I have stated. The ballad which is now given is, therefore, not to be regarded as, in its present form, a popular Highland song. The story on which it is founded is certainly popular enough in one district of the Highlands at any rate; and the ballad itself also belongs to the same district. But I am not aware that the legend is known in other parts of the country, and I am quite sure the poem is not. However, I give it here as essentially Highland notwithstanding, since the rock from which it was hewn is Highland, and the heuer Highland too. The story I have often heard. Once, especially, I recollect hearing it, on a stormy spring day, in a little barn, where three men were working not far from a roadside, and within three or four hundred yards of the place where the incident was said to have happened. After a few remarks, in a rustic Highland fashion, on the things of heaven and earth that are undreamed of by philosophy, this tale, in corroboration of something or other that occurred in the course of conversation, was told in a grave and earnest manner by one of the workers, and listened to most respectfully by the others. The narrator used, in his fine old Celtic dialect, almost the equivalent of the following words:—'There was a shipwreck once down there, at Crauch. In the night it was; and there was wind, and there was storm and water; and they did not cense. So the ship was breaking. Then the mate and two sailors

put off in a little boat. They were rocked up and down on the water; but they reached the shore at last. The mate and one sailor went in search of house or person; the other sailor was left by himself with the boat. The mate and his companion were not long gone when the night grew something quieter. Then rose the other sailor, and he walked back and forwards near his boat. But the old woman of the streamlet saw him, and she came to the shore. He gave an eye behind, and he saw something black upon the beach. He jumped into his boat. In the shape of a pig, it drew near and near him, yet it could not reach the boat; and so it went away. But soon it came back again;—this time like a wolf. Now it got closer to the boat, but yet it could not get into it; so it, too, was gone. Once more, though, it returned;—like an old woman this time. She came along the shore; she tried to scramble over the gunwale; she tried to reach the sailor; her nails were almost at him, when he said, "O Lord! preserve me!" With a shriek, the old woman leaped past him in a moment, like a big ball of fire, and she sunk, with dreadful roaring, far out in the middle of the sea! I tell this tale as it was told to me. The poem differs little from it in its incidents, though I think it aims at giving something of a moral tone to the legend by bringing it as near as possible—in the midst of solitude, uncertainty, and danger—to a remorseful reflection, through means of a troubled dream, of thoughtless and perhaps evil life.

THE HAUNTED WATER OF DUCHALIBH.

Heavy and slow come the waves of the night,
With a threatening lurch and a reel,
Ere they break with a shock on the spray-spatter'd rock
Like blows on a warrior's steel.
And a dreary moan from the mountain comes down
When the roar of the surges is laid;
Then a rush whirls around, and a terrible sound
By the wind and the water is made;
And, hark! how they breathe, like a thing that has life!
Oh, list what the wild waves say!
'Why alone, all alone, is this mariner thrown,
Like a wail, by the tempest away!'

He sits in the stern of his boat, and he hears
The wan waves that beat, and the wild winds that howl
And the tempest that scatters the spray like tears,
Where it treads with its merciless feet.
He sits and he groans, as the keel grates the beach
With a harsh and a rasping sound;
And he tries to sleep till the morning steep
In its light the stranger ground.
He tries to sleep, but soon starts and awakes;
For a sound is in the air,
That is not the sound of the wind or the wave,
And it raises his fell of hair.

It is not the tread of a man that he hears,
Nor the sound of a human tongue;
He folds his arms on his breast, and peers
The dim-dark shore along.
Now on the left, and now on the right,
And now it comes before;
Sweet Mercy! there's some vague dark thing
Upon the stormy shore.
Oh, horror! there's a dull, deep sound,
Like breath from a tighten'd throat—
Now on the land, and now on the sea
And now on the rocking boat.

And there's a form, a clouded form,
In a shroud of misty light,
That darker makes the tempest wild,
More terrible the night.
It rests on the gunwale and looks in his face,
And it glares so fierce and fell;
While it breathes through its throat, with that dismal note,
'Twixt a groan and an angry yell—
A note of pain and agony; a note to hear with dread;
A wrathful note—a struggling cry,
By fear and fierceness fed!

Then at him it eagerly reach'd at last,
And it growl'd like a beast o'er its prey—
Till he started back with a shuddering haste,
And the vision pass'd away.
Tenfold more wild the night became,
Tenfold more black the sky,
With fiercer leap the billows sweep,
And the winds breathe a sorrowing sigh.

'Tis not the moaning element,
'Tis not the wild, wild wind,
'Tis not the black, black trouble, pent
In the sky, which moves his mind
'Tis the vision'd form that comes once more
To press, like a weight, on his soul;
'Tis the darkening again on the lonely shore
Of yon dim and dismal dole;
'Tis the sense that he's not alone—alone
With the waste and the howling storm;
'Tis the sense of the ill that rises still,
With its dark and vapoury form;
That's the wind that cries, that's the billow that roars;
But 'tis neither that groans so near.
'Tis the shadowy form of the night and the storm
Come to torture his listening ear.
And downward it glides, as black in the night
As the deep thunder-cloud in the day;
And it stands by his boat, with its gibbering note,
While he strives in his fear to pray.
Then he crouches down in the ebon gloom,
For his sins have choked his prayer;
And above it hangs like a sorrowful doom,
Like a poisonous mist in the air;
Forward and downward and forward it bends,
And it casts its embrace around,
And shuts him out from the tempest about,
Till its roar seems a distant sound!

Away, away, his soul is drawn,
And the darkness is now more dread,
Though the storm seems as hush'd as the shelter'd lawn
Where the hare and the fawn are fed.

Away, away, till he faints, he faints,
And breathes one stifled sigh,
As he calls on God to save his soul
In its parting agony!

Then high and fast away it pass'd,
And lurid light it grew;
Oh deep was the glow on the wave that it cast,
And red was its fiery hue,
As it sunk with a roar far away from the shore,
With a roar and a wailing cry!
It sunk, and he saw it again no more,
In the place where his comrades lie!

The scene of this ballad I remember distinctly, and used to be quite familiar with as a boy. At that time, it seemed to me to possess a sort of peculiar awfulness, especially in the dusk of evening, or in the vague gloaming and deep stillness of a summer night. Then not a sound disturbed the air; not a motion was seen or felt along the earth. A beautiful Highland loch

slapt on the smooth stones of the sea-beach, like an enchanted princess waiting for the salute that was to restore her to consciousness and life; and, dim as the far off clouds, and silent as their own shadows, the dark brown hills looked over fields and crofts and gloomy moors down to the little pebbly hollow through which, almost without a murmur, crept a tiny brooklet—the supposed hiding-place of the malignant genius that took the form of an old woman. There was a fascination about the place. I used to feel a thrill run through me as I drew near it in the darkness; nor am I much surprised at the Highland peasant who told me how he was disturbed and profoundly affected there one summer midnight, by what he supposed to be the wild cries of mournful and despairing spirits. In the impressive silence he had heard the soft wailings of the sea-birds on the rocks close by him; and, in the excited state of his imagination at the moment, he had made the very natural mistake, for him at least, which I have mentioned.

THOMAS PATTISON.

LOVE VERSUS FAME.

To look at the portly, ponderous person of Mr. Julian Featherleigh, and to hear the mercantile slang and 'Change technicalities with which that gentleman interlards his conversation, one would laugh at the bare idea of his having once been a votary of the Muses, and a regular contributor to the 'poetry column' of the *Blatherford Weekly Chronicle*. Yet, such was the case; and to account for this wonderful metamorphosis, is the object of this paper.

But the reader must imagine a far different personage at that romantic period of Mr. Featherleigh's life. At the age of twenty-five and thereabouts, he was a slight, slim, and withal dignified-looking character; whose golden hair fell in clustering curls upon his well-formed shoulders; and whose delicate blue eyes were screened from the impudent glare of day by a pair of rose-coloured spectacles.

He had honoured with sonnets, odes, and all the stanzas, each hoary hill, verdant vale, fountain and waterfall, river and rivulet, parish church and ruined abbey, in the vicinity of the town of Blatherford; all of which were duly printed in the *Weekly Chronicle*; and was, in his turn, honoured and respected by all the great men in the neighbourhood, and invited to all the dinners, balls, and soirees, both public and private, within ten miles of the said town. He was the envy of all the young men, because he was the favourite of all the young ladies, who did—but in vain—their utmost to captivate him. All, did we say? No; there was one exception, and a very pretty exception too, who did not seem to care about him in the least; and the worst of it was, that this same young lady was the only one that Mr. Julian Featherleigh wished to be noticed by. And, what was more provoking still to that gentleman, was the discovery he made of a dangerous rival, in the shape of Mr. Dunham Browne the merchant, whose person and

state of affairs were, in the opinion of the world of Blatherford, unexceptionable.

One fine morning in June, it suddenly occurred to Mr. Julian Featherleigh that he had better devote his time for the present to more serious thought than is requisite to the 'poet's frenzy.' 'I must be up and doing,' thought he, 'or I shall lose her. While I am dreaming about it, that Mr. Dunham Browne may step in before me and carry off the prize! Can I suffer that? No! I shall go as soon as possible—even to-morrow—and try to win her to myself!'

He spent all that day in composing his appeal to 'the lovely Miss Wilhelmina Wilton,' and practised all the attitudes before his largest looking-glass. Finally, he went to bed, feverish from anxiety, and the numerous dreams he had taken to keep him 'in spirits.' After passing a restless night—during which he dreamed having met Mr. Dunham Browne and the fair Wilhelmina returning from their wedding—he rose as soon as it was light, and having made an elaborate toilette, and rehearsed his performance over again, he, without so much as a thought of breakfast, proceeded, 'with wandering steps and slow,' towards the house wherein resided the object of his affection.

Having arrived at his destination, he gave a very timorous knock at the door, and told the servant who answered it to carry his respects to Miss Wilton, with the solicitation for an interview. The servant came back, and requested Mr. Featherleigh to follow her to the lady's parlour. He did so; but his brain was so completely in a whirl, that when he came back to his senses again he found himself, in an awkward manner, confronting Miss Wilton, whose presence had dawned upon him through those tinted specs of his like a beatific vision.

After the preliminary greetings and common civilities were exchanged, and the usual flow of small talk had subsided, there was a momentous pause. Mr. Julian Featherleigh felt his heart bounding violently within him (and yet he had the temerity to think he had lost it), while his pulse beat seventy-five to the minute. But, summoning all his resolution, he addressed himself to his task, and to the young lady before him, in the following strain:—

'Adorable Miss Wilton!' began he, with an interjectional flourish of his new spotless cambric handkerchief across his eyes, and at the same time dropping upon one knee,—'I can bear the burden of my woes no longer. Know then, fair one! that my heart has been a fugitive and a vagabond ever since I knew you; and to your fair self have I tracked the wanderer. But as the runaway will never more return to me, now that it has found so cosy a nest, I have come to beg yours as a compensation for the damage done to me. It is true, I do not deserve so fair a bargain; but I will endeavour, as much as possible, to balance the scale, by proffering on my knees my life-long services and devotion. I come before thee thy true knight; and lay myself—my happiness—my all, at thy feet for thy disposal!'

The 'adorable Miss Wilton' was not a little taken

aback at this sudden outburst of feeling; but, being remarkable alike for her prudence and presence of mind, she soon recovered herself, and began coolly to consider the case. To Mr. Featherleigh and his connexions she had no objection; indeed, she rather liked the idea of triumphing over her competitors, who were so unsuccessful in their endeavours to ensnare the fascinating young poet. But, then, Mr. Featherleigh had nothing in view, save the advancement of his own fame; and mere fame would never bring 'grist to the mill.' No; if Mr. Featherleigh would row her in his boat down the stream of life, he must give up his lofty aspirations, and settle down into a matter of fact commercial man, like Mr. Dunham Browne.

Said she, 'I do consent; but only on condition, that—that you give up writing poetry.'

'O Miss Wilton! you surely do not mean what you say? Why, oh why, do you submit me to this cruel condition?'

'True knights do their ladies' bidding without asking questions,' responded the lady, quietly; 'I will give you till to-morrow to consider my request.'

The gentleman took his leave, in a state of mind difficult to describe. As soon as he had reached his lodgings, he locked himself up, and gave vent to his agony in tears, sighs, and groans. All the rest of that day there was a stern battle within him between Fame and Love. The former conjured up before his mind's eye all the honours and future glory he had hoped for; all hopes of which he had to relinquish if he succumbed to the latter. But the gentle though invincible, tender but all-powerful Love argued that all future Fame, honour, and glory would be nought to him if disappointment embittered his life. It was Love *versus* Fame—or rather the desire of it—and there was an obstinate battle between them both. But Love gained the victory; and the next day saw Julian Featherleigh certainly a sadder, but as certainly a wiser man; and, in a month's time, the readers of the Blatherford *Weekly Chronicle* saw Mr. Julian Featherleigh's name printed therein for the last time, and coupled with that of Wilhelmina Wilton, in the list of 'Marriages.'

Featherleigh has now settled down into a quiet hard-working man, a good husband, and a kind father. He has almost forgotten that twenty years ago he poured out his spirit in harmonious numbers; and when reminded of those days gone by, thinks it necessary to apologise for the weakness, by laying the blame on those who encouraged him in it, and giving as a further excuse the folly of youth. Be it as it may, although he gave up writing, he by no means ceased reading poetry; and Mr. Featherleigh is at this moment possessed of a magnificent collection of all the poets, from Homer down to Tennyson inclusive. And I am bound to say, that, if you asked Mr. Featherleigh, he would declare that he is happier by far in his present state of life than if he had been possessed of all those 'castles in the air' which he had wasted his time in building twenty years ago, but which, no doubt, would have all dissolved, like empty day dreams as they were—as hosts of like enthusiastic aspirants have, alas! found out to their cost.

HENRY G. HUNT.

ON WORDSWORTH'S 'LUCY.'

PERFECT truth to Nature is one of Wordsworth's highest characteristics. While Crabbe is cataloguing the scenes of every-day life with stern correctness and faithfulness, omitting no deformity, relieving them with no artistic colouring; while Rogers is syllabbling the 'Pleasures of Memory' in lucid, polished, and scrupulously nice diction, in pictures of mellow lustre and classic beauty; while Coleridge is expounding the harmony of the soul with the material world, and writing brilliant hymns and passionate odes, and poems of lofty imagination and subtle thought; while Southey is weaving his extravagant Hindoo superstitions, which are displeasing from their strangeness, and creating wild fictions which have no centre in, or relation to, human passions, affections, and emotions; while Moore, with his aerial fancy, is delighting us with an oriental romance of piled-up gorgeousness and dazzling magnificence, rich in Eastern images and ornaments, and scenes of fascinating loveliness, wonderful in truthfulness of description; while Campbell is singing in the cause of Freedom, in verses of dramatic fire and passionate energy, and delineating scenes in sweet pathetic words, and proclaiming himself the calmest, most correct poet, and finest artist of his day; while Scott is reproducing the ages of chivalry and the institutions of feudalism in powerful descriptions, in fascinating narratives, in graphic delineations, in pictures of Homeric energy and vividness; while Byron is diving into the depths of the soul, and discussing the profoundest questions with satiric scorn, hopeless scepticism, and in Mephistophelean manner; while Shelley is revelling in mystic symbolism, and crying out in defiance, in despair, inapture, in agony;—while all these are going on their way, Wordsworth is fulfilling a mission to which not one of them is called, and developing a philosophy as high and true as Coleridge's *oneness of the internal and external world*—a philosophy which deals with and elevates the commonest actions and occurrences of our life, and which discerns the Divine Spirit in all things. Crabbe is as literal and actual as Wordsworth, but he is more repulsive. Some of his scenes harrow up the soul from their sadness; whereas Wordsworth's fidelity to nature, though accurate and stern as Crabbe's, is generally allied to pathos and tenderness. Yet Shelley, with his fine ethereal warblings and his spiritual nature, is more sensitive than he; not Wilson, with his feminine softness and tender compassion and gentle sympathies, is more pathetic. Wordsworth exhibits these qualities in treating the humblest subject. He sees the hidden beauty which underlies the world, and it is his highest praise that he has interpreted whatsoever is beautiful and thoughtful in our ordinary life. Through every thread of society, extending from the heart of each man to the other, uniting the whole human race together, are *sympathies* deep as the infinite soul. It suffices Wordsworth that he finds these sympathies in everyday rustic life, warming our hearts, making

holier our relations to our fellows, outdrawing our genialities, elevating the obscure, extracting pathos from our rough manliness, and showing how deep and universal and eternal is the truth under our old regular experience.

I have selected 'Lucy,' as a poem representing the general spirit and homely philosophy of his minor effusions. It consists of only twelve lines; but it is the sound of nature, and touches the deepest emotions of the soul. It is grand in its simplicity, and as sweet and affectionate as Longfellow. It is quiet and serene as the calmness of Longfellow; as musical as his deep melody. Its philosophy is beautiful—the peacefulness and purity of rustic life and solitude, and the priceless virtues of a simple unsophisticated maiden. Hogg has written a fairy tale, full of inexpressible sweetness and wild lyrical fancy; embodying his conception of a perfectly pure maid, who sees visions of unearthly splendour. Her spirituality is intense; but she has no human interest, and is as far removed from relation to human life as Shakspeare's Ariel. Wordsworth's 'Lucy,' on the other hand—though of unearthly sweetness, and dwelling solitary as a single star—is one of ourselves. She is one of those gentle, artless, guileless, sensitive creatures who awaken our affections, who are the happiness of our life, who are above all hypocrisy, and who inspire our better nature. She is beautiful and innocent as childhood; unlike Kilmeny, who is

'Too bright and good
For human nature's daily food.'

Alexander Smith has penned some lines of tender beauty, embalming his strange fancies of a child whom he saw one morning in a garden. The girl haunted his imagination day after day—filling it with unearthly visions and beings of enchanting, transcendent beauty. He could not escape her; she was ever present as a sainted image; and he has sung some sweet stanzas about her, who was 'beautiful as heaven.' But they lack the melting pathos, the touching allusions, the expressiveness, the gentle and deep humanity of 'Lucy.' Gerald Massey has a beautiful poem—'Babe Christobel'—who came and went like a swift messenger from heaven; whose loveliness was a luxury to the soul; but she returned back to the vast eternity ere she flowered into girlhood. But Wordsworth's 'Lucy' is superior to all these. In its quiet, sad music, in its briefly pathetic biography, in its still, mild melancholy, in its condensed sorrow, in the depth of its desolateness, surpassed nowhere, and equalled only in Coleridge's 'Mariner.'

'Alone, alone, all, all alone—
Alone on a wide, wide sea!'

The first stanza opens in a calm, serene atmosphere—a peacefulness as of Nature's shadiest, quietest nooks:—

'She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove—
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.'

That verse embodies the very stillness, innocence,

and intense seclusion of the pure and gentle being who is uncorrupted by our busy life; whose home is some green landscape of nature. Ah! what deep, unfathomable calmness! what sweet mildness and holiness! what beautiful expressive quietness! what deep and solemn stillness in and around that dwelling! She is one of nature's gentlest children—lovely in nature's own dress and manners, and free from the artificialism of art and the conventionalities of society. She is not known in the world; but the silent rills, with flowers blossoming on their banks—the sweet warbling birds—the velvet-draped fields—the far-off shining stars—and the silent hills, all know her as a constant wooer, and interpret to her

'All the many sounds of nature.'

The second stanza is beautifully spiritual—the union of the real with the ideal:—

'A violet by the mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.'

There is the very spirit of her modesty, purity, and loveliness. No two images could more adequately depict her hidden yet holy life—her retiring, unassuming nature—the solitude of her position.

The last stanza runs thus:—

'She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh
The difference to me!'

Nothing could be more true. It is the poet's rendering of the common expression at the loss of a friend—'I shall never be the same again.' Nothing could be more touching. It is the very soul of pathos. Its suggestions are poignant; its loneliness is afflictive and dreary; its grief is keen, for she is gone for evermore

'To the kingdom of Pomehah!
To the land of the Hereafter!'

She is now identified with the never-returning past; and the ever-present now is dire and heavy with sorrow, and the poet sings mournfully,—

'It is not now as it hath been of yore.
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.'

Yet he, too, has some consolation, for

'Time but holds
His motley in trust, till joy shall lead
To the best world where parting is unknown.'

S. F. WILLIAMS.

NOTES OF THE RAMBLES OF AN AMATEUR NATURALIST.

I.—OXWICH BAY, GOWER, SOUTH WALES.

ON Shrove Friday, 18—, three of us started from Swansea for a day's naturalising in Gower. The same three have never met together since. One is at present—if he has not joined the Federal army lately—engaged in the investigation of the natural history

of the basin of the Ohio; the other is—I know not where.

'When shall we three meet again?'

The memory of that day, I have no doubt, is with us all yet. The results of that day's work are in my note-book; and in my collections there are specimens, with three names appended—ever bringing before me, with fresh appreciation, that day's pleasure.

Reader! you may have experienced great delight in your rambles, amid as beautiful scenes as those we visited on that occasion in South Wales; but, if you are not a student of Nature, a new field of enjoyment has yet to be opened up to you—for, still unknown to you, Nature has in her bosom a world of interest you dream not of. Naturalists are proverbially (I say it with pride) genial-hearted. Nature, it would seem, endows their souls with something of her own kindliness. I was a beginner then; and it was with mingled feelings of wonder and love that I cherished the society of W—, one of the three. Though, poor fellow! he had clinging to him a disease which, in three months of the year, drove him to the verge of madness, when well and in the field, his good humour knew no bounds. He kept up a running volley of puns, anecdotes, and snatches of Hood, Dibdin, &c. in the intervals of our graver work of observation. Work in earnest he did when at it; but, after six hours' hard hammering at mountain limestone, or thirty miles over hill and dale in search of plants, no one could sing a song or tell a story better than he, over his one pint of *bitter*:—

'And blow their eyes,
If ever they tries,
To rob a poor dog of his beer,'

was a favourite refrain of his, after a particularly good draught.

It would not be well, perhaps, for people to drink too much beer; but one and all should get in low with Nature. Why is natural history so systematically neglected, as a means of developing the faculties of man's soul?

The scenery in South Wales very much resembles that of the south-west coast of Ayrshire, in Scotland—varied by interchange of hill and dale, well-wooded but not by any means striking. It was our intention to visit first Gower Castle, an old ruin, on which grows the very rare and interesting *Draba aizoides*, a plant which is found nowhere else in Britain, or, as far as I am aware, even on the Continent. The district is somewhat inaccessible, and so it has escaped extermination—the usual fate of rarities when subjected to the ruthless hands of collectors. We found it, much to our satisfaction, in considerable quantity.

Many interesting questions start up in regard to this singular distribution of such plants as this. Why are they found only in one place? How have they not succeeded in distributing themselves like others? Are they in the last stages of their life-history in the world? Having died out of every other locality, are they living witnesses of the truth of Darwin's hypothesis, of natural selection by the phenomena of struggle?

gliding for existence? What is their story we know not; yet I cannot help fancying, that if the secrets of the conditions of life are to be made known to man, it will be in connection with such exceptional examples in Nature. Here the orthodox theory of Specific Centres fails, for they lie beyond its pale. When we find plants in Terra del Fuego, which flourish likewise in the European Alps, we doubt altogether the validity of such an interpretation.

To say, again, that they are offspring of particular circumstances, is equally hypothetical. For what are the special conditions which have enabled them to struggle on and maintain their position, or, indeed, have given them birth? We can detect nothing singular in their own constitution. In fact, they are *pariahs* to every theory, and stand forth in their singularity as if in mockery of all man's searching to discover the great secret of the springs of life in Nature.

Having secured a sufficient quantity of *Draba* seeds to supply our own herbariums, and also to gladden the hearts of our botanical friends at a distance, we set out for Oxwich Bay.

The country around it is very dreary and uninviting. We heard a great deal of the richness of its ~~land~~. At the western end of the bay, there is a salt-water marsh, which supplied us with the beautiful *Caeculus denticulatus*. This shell, in common with some others, is peculiar to brackish or estuary water. The region which partakes partly of the conditions of the sea and the river, has thus a fauna of its own.

The Scotch naturalist finds himself in a strange region of marine life in the bays of the Bristol Channel. There are many forms found also in Scotland, no doubt; but there are more to which he is an entire stranger. I will have occasion to point that out in various sections in subsequent papers. In regard to the shells, he finds, in species common to both countries, greater vividness in colouring, a greater scarcity of some species, and a greater plenty of others in the south. The dog whelk (*Purpureus lapillus*) is always beautifully banded there. The *Mastra subtruncatus*, *Solen siliqua*, common in Scotland, are scarce and small.

At the risk of alarming those readers who may have waded this length with me, I will give a list of some of the more interesting shells we got in Oxwich Bay. They were—*Mastra stultorum*, *Natica monilifera*, *Cyprea Europea*, *Solen marginatus*, *Tellina solidula*, *tenuis*, and *fabula*, *Fissurella reticulata*, *Saxicava rugosa*, *artica*, *Chiton fascicularis*, *Thracia distorta*.

The subject of colour in animal and vegetable life is a vexed one. Accidental circumstances of the seabottom often disturb the regular law. Every one is familiar, too, with the different colours of the bog-stream and clean stream trouts. We found here a white variety of *Mastra stultorum*—the usual colour being purplish.

Perhaps a more beautiful little creature does not frequent our shores than the cowry (*Cyprea Europea*.) Here I saw it for the first time alive, gliding over

the floating sea-weed, enshrouded in its beautiful mantle, and trailing after it as we would at first suppose, but really moving upon a golden train, which is therefore called the foot. We looked at the beautiful creature, and W—— suddenly recollected that passage in Tennyson's 'Maud,'—

'Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house, in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Through this dim water world?'

The *Saxicava*, as its name implies (*saxum* a rock, and *cavus* hollow), burrows in the hard stone of the beach. To get at this creature, the stone has to be broken. How does it succeed, frail creature! to make for itself a house there? Probably in the same way in which every difficult thing is done—by keeping continually at it. The shell is often very shapeless, evidently from the difficulties of its life. The sons and daughters of manual labour are not so fair and delicately-shaped as their neighbours who live in ease. This little creature has a hard life of it. Unfortunately, too, it is yet in ignorance of Darwin's theory.

The *Natica monilifera*—very like a garden snail in shape—is an unmitigated savage, and practises wholesale slaughter on the cockle and other bivalves. When he meets with one of these, he buries himself with it in the sand. In a leisurely way, he proceeds to drill a hole through one of the umbones with his saw-like tongue; and then, in a truly scientific manner, sucks out the animal. The most careless observer of the empty shells cast up by the tide must have noticed great numbers of them with small perforations. As the cowries used by the Africans for money are drilled by them, so it was imagined by some very gullible individuals, at one time, that the perforated shells of the Pleistocene beds indicated the presence of man during that period!

'What are these, old fellow!' I exclaimed, 'in the small tubes sticking out from the level of the sand?'

'*Serpula*. But, look here, where the sea covers them!'

I shall not forget how the appearance of the fairy-like animals impressed me. They belong to the *Annelida*, or worm class. Some of them make their tubes of carbonate of lime and not of sand. A tyro might mistake, on this account, a *serpula* for a shell. I extract the following description from Rymer Jones's 'History of Animals':—

'If, while the contained animals are alive, they be placed in a vessel of sea-water, few spectacles are more pleasing than that which they exhibit. The mouth of the tube is thus seen first to open by the raising of an exquisitely constructed door, and then the creature cautiously protrudes the anterior part of his body, spreading out at the same time two gorgeous fanlike expansions of a rich scarlet or purple colour, which float elegantly on the surrounding water, and serve as bronchial or breathing organs.'

We had, however, to give up the delight of seeing

wonder upon wonder of the shore. Back again to work. The holiday is over.

On our way home, we were cheered along by songs from the 'Illustrious,' as we dubbed him. Like a genuine Scotchman, he forgot not the songs of his native home, and hung up not his harp in silence in the land of the stranger. He gave us 'Jenny's Baw-bee,' 'Jock o' Hazeldean,' 'Tam Glen,' and others, with great gusto, and much to our satisfaction.

It was market-day in Swansea when we returned, and we met many of the Welsh homeward bound, in picturesque groups—the women with long peaked beaver hats, extravagant modifications of dress hats. Curiously enough, they are the descendants of a Flemish colony in Gower, who came there under the auspices of Henry I. They seldom intermarry with the Welsh, preserving in a great measure their peculiarities of speech, dress, and manners. Many of these met us also—the women with red cloaks and gipsy-like straw bonnets. They seem as uncouth and miserable looking as the peasant Welsh.

Manchester.

W. H.

WAYSIDE THOUGHTS.—No. III

BY THE LATE JAMES MACFARLAN.

How often in life do we shrink from imaginary terrors which a little thought would dispel. The gigantic spectre of the Brocken is, after all, only a man's shadow.

LONDON is the Shakspeare of cities. In the streets of that vast metropolis, as in the pages of the great dramatist, will be found every conceivable, every possible variety of human life.

WHEREVER a man carries his devotional feelings, there will a sacred temple spring up around him. His heart will then become an altar from which will rise up to heaven the incense of pure and holy thought.

SHAKSPEARE and Cervantes died on the same day. It is a bold fancy; but one can hardly help thinking how those men, unknown to each other in the flesh, might shake spiritual hands and wing their flight together.

JOHN FOSTER.—The happiest circumstance that ever befell Foster was meeting, in his thirty-seventh year, with a partner who could understand and appreciate him. The sympathy and companionship he had so long yearned after came at last, and that in the most agreeable of all forms—a noble woman's admiration. To her were addressed, in the form of letters, those four splendid essays which are the pillars of his reputation. His life henceforth, till his death, was more that of a man of letters. His writings were well received, but never exactly popular, in the wild, horn-blowing sense of the term. His works never became the 'rage.' He did not throw his readers into a fever, but kept them in a state of pure and thoughtful enjoyment.

THE present is a field of battle; fierce struggles, stern grapplings with circumstance, and a hurry and turmoil which allow us to see little but the opposing power before us. When the battle-smoke has rolled away, when to-day becomes yesterday, we stop to breathe a moment; and not till then do we scan the naked face of that field of fight. Our brother, our companion—whom we recognised not when battling so bravely by our side—arrests us now in his fallen silence. His gashed brow and the broken falchion, yet grasped firmly in his hand, suggest to us how nobly he has fought and died; and, with a calm splendour

as of the setting sun, his spirit passes away into the Wal-halla of the past, and lives there as something we can reverence and love, and which will yet inspire us with courage when the contest again closes around us.

GOOD ANGELS.

An angel came down in the still of the night,
And stood by the bed of a sleeping child:
He breathed in his ear; and I knew that the words
Were a whisper of joy—for the cherub smiled.
Then the angel flew back to his home; and I heard,
As the golden gates were wide open thrown,
Ten thousand voices the tidings rehearse—
'O child of earth! thou art all our own!'

An angel came down at the dusky dawn,
Where a youth kept watch on the field of fight;
The hostile camp in the distance loom'd,
And the grass waved green would be red ere night!
But the soldier's heart was of metal true—
God's trust and strength in his blue eye shone;
So the angel went up, and the voices rang forth—
'O child of earth! thou art still our own!'

An angel came down, as the twilight closed,
To a lighted hall, where the wine flow'd free;
And the young man laugh'd as the ribald jest
And the song rose high of the drunkard's glee.
Ah! then fell a shade on that pale pure face,
(As the summer moon veil'd in a soft mist o'er,
And tender and low was the seraph's strain—
'O child of earth! thou art ours no more!')

An angel came down on a forest glade
As the stars went out at the flush of day,
Where one, with hot cheek and a blood-stain'd sword,
Through the dewy copse strode in haste away;
For angry words overnight, they had met
As foes this morn who were friends of yore;
And the angel went up with the murmur'd sigh—
'O child of earth! thou art ours no more!'

An angel came down as the moonbeams play'd
'Mong the scatter'd gray stones of the old church-yard
Where the strong man, bowing his anguish'd head,
By a fresh grave knelt on the cold damp sward:
The gentle friend of his youth was at rest,
And the fruits were bless'd her memory bore;
So the angel flew up with a smile, and they sang
'O child of earth! thou art ours once more!'

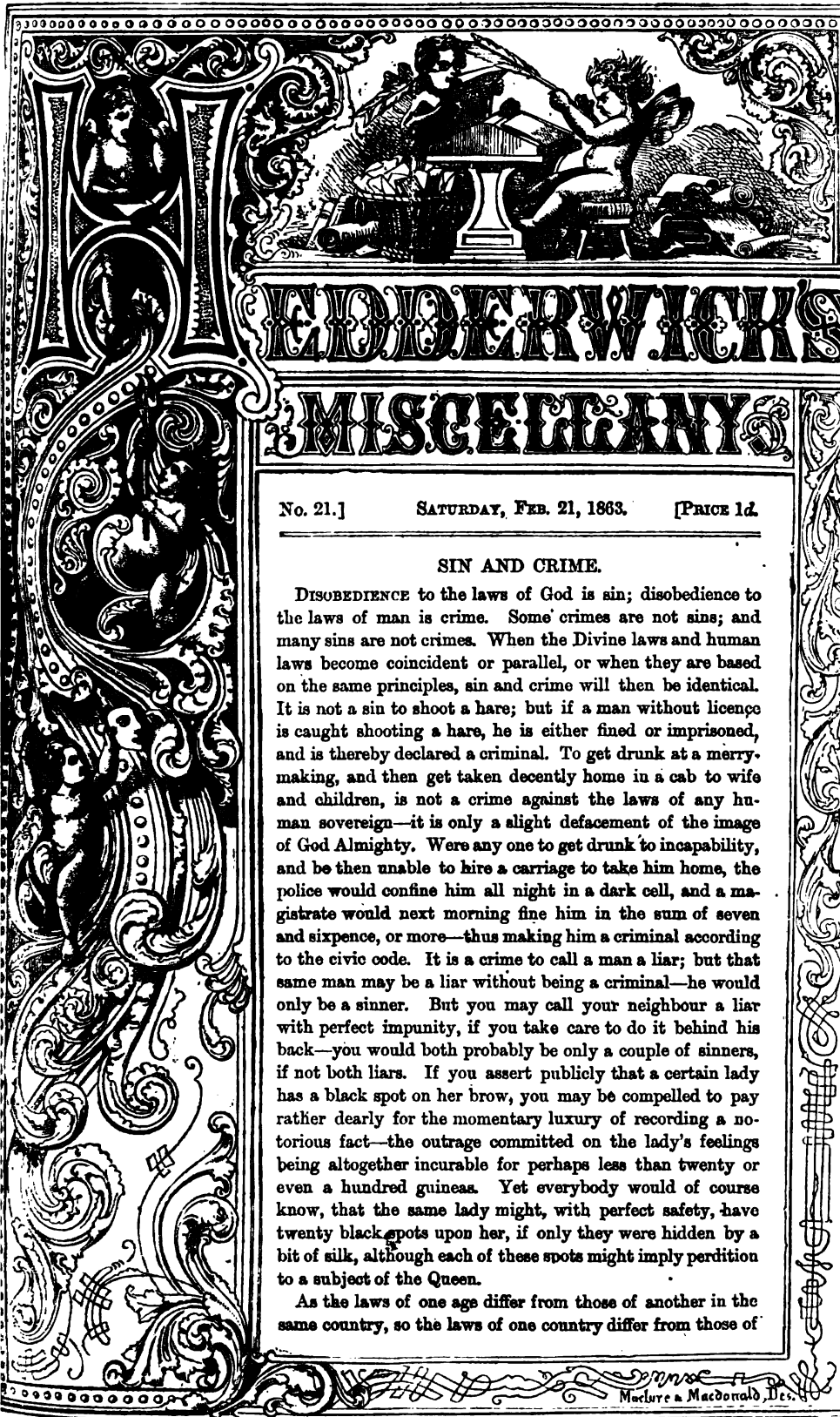
An angel came down to a darken'd room,
Where a father lay pale on his dying bed;
The daughter, sole light of his widow'd home,
In tears heard the blessings he pour'd on her head:
As the angel look'd, the soul broke free,
And he bore it in triumph to God the giver;
Then rang heaven's arch with the welcome shout—
'O child of earth! thou art ours for ever!'

Thus watching and waiting with real untired,
Good angels hover round pilgrims here;
And whether in folly's or wisdom's scene,
Be sure that some radiant spirit is near.
And oh, my brother! as first they found thee,
A blossom of hope on life's desert thrown,
May the bright host hail thee at last, in glory—
A child of heaven, and all their own!

JANE C. SIMPSON.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS considered unsuitable.

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EDDERWICK'S MISCELLANY

No. 21.]

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[PRICE 1d.]

SIN AND CRIME.

DISOBEDIENCE to the laws of God is sin; disobedience to the laws of man is crime. Some crimes are not sins; and many sins are not crimes. When the Divine laws and human laws become coincident or parallel, or when they are based on the same principles, sin and crime will then be identical. It is not a sin to shoot a hare; but if a man without licence is caught shooting a hare, he is either fined or imprisoned, and is thereby declared a criminal. To get drunk at a merry-making, and then get taken decently home in a cab to wife and children, is not a crime against the laws of any human sovereign—it is only a slight defacement of the image of God Almighty. Were any one to get drunk to incapability, and be then unable to hire a carriage to take him home, the police would confine him all night in a dark cell, and a magistrate would next morning fine him in the sum of seven and sixpence, or more—thus making him a criminal according to the civic code. It is a crime to call a man a liar; but that same man may be a liar without being a criminal—he would only be a sinner. But you may call your neighbour a liar with perfect impunity, if you take care to do it behind his back—you would both probably be only a couple of sinners, if not both liars. If you assert publicly that a certain lady has a black spot on her brow, you may be compelled to pay rather dearly for the momentary luxury of recording a notorious fact—the outrage committed on the lady's feelings being altogether incurable for perhaps less than twenty or even a hundred guineas. Yet everybody would of course know, that the same lady might, with perfect safety, have twenty black spots upon her, if only they were hidden by a bit of silk, although each of these spots might imply perdition to a subject of the Queen.

As the laws of one age differ from those of another in the same country, so the laws of one country differ from those of

another in the same age. In Spain, at present, the distribution of the Bible is a crime punishable by imprisonment; and just the other day about a dozen men were condemned to the galleys for professing Protestantism. In England it used to be the same; but now, to prevent the distribution of the Bible, or to interfere with any man's religious professions, is, in any gross case, a punishable crime; while, in all cases, it is regarded by the English people as a shame, a sin, and a crime. In Spain, therefore, the profession of Protestantism is both a sin and a crime; in Britain it is neither, but is regarded as a sign of intelligence, and as a guarantee of high virtue. To enunciate with judicious firmness, yet with unequivocal clearness, what one conceives to be truth, whether political, moral, or religious, is, according to the Divine laws, no sin; yet, in France, under the present Napoleonic régime, to do this in the living domain of politics is so dangerous a game that many newspapers have been warned and then guillotined, and their editors fined and imprisoned, for daring to deliver an honest opinion on the tone and tendency of the Imperial policy—the sovereign stomach being apparently too dainty or delicate to digest unmitigated criticism. Thus, in France, at the present time, outspoken criticism is a crime. In Britain, the laws protect all men in the publication and advocacy of their opinions; and the newspapers, in criticising the contents of the Queen's Speech, or the policy of the Government, may indeed commit many sins—such as sins of bad taste and misrepresentation; but in this there is nothing criminal—it is the exercise of a privilege and a right which the whole nation would rise in rebellion to preserve.

Yet, although we assert that sin is disobedience to the laws of God, the definition is not without a certain crust of ambiguity; for, in real life, any one may see that what is sin to one man is to another man not sin, but quite otherwise. Nor is this the case merely in matters of action or personal conduct, but it is the case also in matters of thought—sin being properly of two kinds, namely, material and spiritual, although many individual sins have in themselves both these qualities. If all men were agreed as to what is a law of God and what is not, there would be little, if any, ambiguity about the nature of sin. But this is precisely one of the great difficulties. It is manifest, however, that whatever is discovered to be actually sin, is sin everywhere and always, and is alterable in none of its essentials either by time or place. A lie is a lie in England, France, and indeed everywhere—at midnight as at noon-day, and on Monday as on Sunday. The same is equally true of really virtuous or moral actions. Yet if a virtuous act is everywhere and always virtuous, how comes it that shoeing a horse or girding corn, which on Saturday are perfectly virtuous and unselfish deeds, are on Sunday regarded in this country as distinct acts of sin, besides being punishable as crimes? It may be said, in reply, that whatever practice essentially hurts and debases the

human mind and body, must be sinful or immoral, if not always criminal. Nobody can deny that a certain amount of labour is essential to human comfort and happiness; but it is no less clear and self-evident that, when labour is extended beyond certain limits, it is both hurtful to the body and debasing to the mind. Labour, therefore, which is a good thing in itself, if made continuous or excessive, becomes unquestionably sinful and immoral, whether self-imposed or imposed by another. The man who, by voluntarily working—not only during the day, but also during a large portion of the night—brings on diseases which result in death, acts manifestly in defiance of the laws of Nature, which are the laws of God. His labour, therefore, which, when reasonably limited, was perfectly moral, became immoral or sinful when extended so as to endanger life. But as excessive work debases the mind, the sin of it is intensified many degrees. When overwork is imposed by one man on another, the physical penalty falls upon the servant, and the moral penalty upon the master. The servant is the present sufferer; the master is the present sinner and may possibly be a sufferer in the future.

Such reasoning may be regarded as extremely simple; but if it has proved, as I think it has, the necessity for limitation and regulation of labour, may also be held as supplying a reason why actions which are entirely sinless in themselves, are regarded as sinful, if performed on Sunday. Up to a certain line, under all circumstances of time and place, labour is not only imperative, but perfectly moral; but all labour beyond that line is immoral. If labour begins at a fixed point in the morning, it should naturally end at another fixed point in the evening work during the day, and rest during the night, be the laws of Nature. In many occupations, ten hours with one or two breaks, constitute the day; in other occupations, the day is shorter; and in some it is definitely longer. The question as to the right length of the labour-day is a very complicated one. That which has hitherto been too long, is proved by the tendency of all recent speculation and legislation on the subject. In most occupations, the clear dictates of Nature were wont uniformly to be set at defiance. To eat, sleep, and slave, with unquestioning obedience, used to be the dreary creed of labour. When, however, Knowledge began to wear fustian, and go abroad in clogs and hob-nailed shoes, man began to discover the brutalities of mere eating, and sleeping, and slaving. So he bethought him that all these three elements of his daily life were open to improvement; that his eating might be somewhat refined and lightened, if not increased; that his sleeping might be sweetened and surrounded by higher visions; that with him also might love lie down at night, and he rise up in the morning; and that his blind, brutish slavery might become intelligent labour, performed little more from love and a little less from fear, and more from duty and less from legal compulsion; that even his voluntary labour might be shortened, and

his life thereby considerably lengthened; and that, in brief, while he laboured to save his body from mortal death, he might also labour to win for his soul that immortal life which is ultimately to be man's eternal glory.

Well, by keeping this scheme of improvement sedulously before the world, the human bee has made a clear advancement. Something has been gained when ideas like these are regnant—that your true king lives not for himself alone, but also for his subjects; that he is only great in the greatness of his people; and likewise, that the true interests of master and servant are identical; that there is something ineffably mean in the man whose sole object is to enlarge his estate in spite of the interests of his servants; and that the end of all work whatsoever, from the making of a pin to the building of a war-ship, is the comfort, the purification, and spiritual enlightenment of human life, and the enthronement of reason, justice, and love, to the supersession of blindness, oppression, and difference.

That there should each day be a limit to labour, is admitted on all hands; but notwithstanding that in some departments legislative enactments regulate the hours, I know, from personal observation, that in other departments employers, especially in the public works, extend the working hours of the day beyond all ideas of justice and mercy. In such cases, *logos*, which is the trumpet of the divine law as well as of common sense, is bound to proclaim that such employers commit a daily act of sin in thus irrationally extending the labours of the day, for manifestly no other purpose than more speedily to make a little gain. Such conduct is unquestionably a sin, but it is not yet in all cases a violation of any human law. In some cases it is so; and, although I would not advocate any unnecessary interference with labour, I think that in most, if not in all cases, there ought to be a legal limitation of the labour-day; for I hold it to be one of the highest duties of the legislature to step in, and by law regulate and guard the impact between master and servant, so as to prevent the one from becoming a mere selfish tyrant, and the other from becoming the worst of all human spectacles, the mere slave of his master's inordinate selfishness and ambition. This opinion is not founded on mere sentimental philanthropy, but on some of the saddest phenomena of modern life. So vast and so even in the eyes of dry-eyed statesmen, have the effects on the human system of long labour-hours appeared, that they have not hesitated to interfere; and, by a variety of enactments in several directions, have sought to save humanity from a physical and moral deterioration which were becoming painful to those who had hearts to feel and eyes to see the present state, and reason to calculate the remoter consequences of unlimited and unregulated work. I intend these remarks to apply exclusively to mechanical employment, which are year by year emerging from their moral darkness and barbarism into the sunlight of a more humane dispensation. Acts for the regulation of

factories and bleachworks—bits of legislation, which were gained as if wrung from the heart's blood of capitalists—suggest examples of practices which were wont to be regarded as venial sins, at length becoming so gross as to be set down in the statute-book as offences against man's ideas of justice, as they always had been against the justice of Heaven.

The arguments which apply to the regulation of the labour-day apply, with equal force, to the regulation of the labour-week. Whether Sunday (or Sabbath, as some prefer to call it) was originally instituted by the direct interposition of God, or was merely the offspring, as some philosophers think, of human legislative wisdom, seems to me of little consequence; for, in either case, I hold it to be equally divine, and as happily adapted to all conditions of country. Whatever approves itself to the enlightened soul of Reason as an imperatively needful rule in the conduct and life of man, is as binding as a rule gained by Revelation can be; and is curiously enough regarded by some as even more binding, from the simple fact that a rule revealed by the light of Reason is, in many cases, more easily comprehended than one based on the light of Revelation can be. Generally, in truth, rules of the former class can alone be comprehended, and rules of the latter class only apprehended—although, happily, the declarations of pure Revelation are never discordant with those of pure Reason. Hence it is that the rational idea of Sunday is as holy and as binding to the soul of enlightened Reason as it is to the soul of Revelation—Reason and Revelation being coincident in regarding the Sunday as an interval of rest to man in the midst of his labour, to be rationally or religiously spent, as the case may be; but always to be regarded as of divine value—never to be abolished, but rather to be improved—and, if possible, to be multiplied, in the form of extra holidays. Hence it is, also, as I have already hinted, that things not in themselves sinful may be rightly regarded as such if repeated on Sunday, which is adopted as the divine line that prevents just, necessary, and sinless labour from becoming unjust, oppressive, and sinful slavery.

In thus reasoning, I am, of course, not blind to the fact that a wide margin must be allowed for acts and operations which can never be totally suspended. These are usually, and, I think, very properly, called deeds of mercy or necessity. Simply that man may live, implies an infinite amount of labour which even the severest advocate of the Sunday cannot reasonably regard as sins. It is in the body social and body politic, as it is in the human body. When man rests or sleeps, his natural faculties do not cease to perform their vital functions: he breathes, his heart beats, the red currents of life flow and re-flow in a million channels, keeping vigorous and fresh the mysterious kingdom of the body, over which the soul, on her semi-somnolent throne, surveys, like a seer reposing at twilight, the shadows of things past, and the visions of things to come. So, when the body politic and social, or the whole nation, sleeps at night, or rests on Sunday, its natural powers still perform their essential functions; law is continuous, and, by night and day, clasps towns, villages, and cities in its myriad-channeled network of impalpable vitality; from the ends of the earth, and through raging seas, the telegraph murmurs with a thousand wires, recounting the comedy or the tragedy of the daily life of nations; on the orbed brine, innumerable ships come and go with messages of peace or war; the white doves of the Post-office wing their way to countless doors with news of love, hate, success, failure, ruin, or salvation; railways ring with the

wheels of impetuous speed, letting cities embrace in a day that were formerly weeks asunder; the Judge is ever on the bench; the Queen is ever on her throne;—and thus, while the nation rests or sleeps, its strong pulses cease not to beat; and its great spirit is ever awake, watching the departing shadow, and waiting the rising vision.

The Sunday is very differently estimated in different countries. In Britain, the opening of theatres, museums, picture-galleries, is set down as both immoral and illegal—that is, it is both a sin and a crime; in France and Italy it is regarded as neither sin nor crime. Not less sinful and illegal is it in the eyes of the British to have private or public balls on Sunday; in France, the Sunday ball is as common as the Sunday sermon is in this country, and is looked on as equally innocent. It is very probable that in a moral point of view, the manner in which the different nations of the world regard the Sunday will be greatly modified; but I think it is in the last degree improbable that Sunday, as a day of rest from labour, will ever be abolished by any people under the sun.

One of the most deadly sins of modern times is not a crime—we mean what is popularly known as the 'social sin' of great cities. It is called peculiarly 'of cities'; although, if measured by illegitimacy, the vice is more prolific in certain country districts than it is in cities. But the extent of illegitimacy is philosophically no measure of the extent of the sin; because, where the sin exists as a system, it is nearly altogether unprolific. Paradoxical as it may seem, therefore, a high ratio of illegitimacy in the birth-rate of any particular district may prove a good condition of morals; for, unless there had been a favourable pre-existent condition of virtue, the living proofs of illegitimacy would have been forthcoming in a much lesser proportion.

But if the practice of this deadly social sin is not itself a crime, it is productive of perhaps a greater number of crimes than any other sin of which man is the victim, with the exception possibly of the sin of drunkenness. Both these great social sins—themselves the illegitimate offspring of wronged virtues—may be regarded as the two pleasantest angels which young and inexperienced men can encounter; pleasantest, and therefore deadliest; superficially lovely, but innately ugly, because defiant of Heaven and Heaven's eternal laws; drawing the unwary spirits after them into dens of unholiness and pits of woe and tears; begetting weakness and folly, and too frequently that fatallest of all impotence—the impotence which precludes practical repentance.

The reader will, of course, hardly require to be reminded that these sentences are only meant to be suggestive, not exhaustive.

WILLIAM FREELAND.

POPULAR SONGS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

NO. XI.

THE OSSIANIC CONTROVERSY.

ONE of the most admired passages in MacPherson's 'Ossian' is the 'Address to the Rising Sun' in 'Carthor.' It has been spoken of as affording convincing evidence of MacPherson's native taste and genius, though these are so frequently irregular and faulty in their expression. But the 'Address to the Rising Sun,' like the 'Address to the Setting Sun,' is a genuine piece of popular poetry, capable of being traced back to the beginning of the last century—

consequently to a period considerably anterior to MacPherson's birth. It is found in several collections of Gaelic poetry—in MacCallum's, published in 1816; in Stewart's, published in 1804, three years before MacPherson's Gaelic appeared. It was given to the Highland Society, in 1801, by the Rev. Mr. MacDiarmid, who had got it about thirty years before from an old man in Glen-Lyon. This old man had leaped it in his youth from people in the same glen. Mr. MacDiarmid took it down as the man repeated it. 'I took it,' he says, 'and several other fragments, from the man's mouth.'

Captain A. Morrison, in his 'Answers to Queries transmitted to him from the Committee of the Highland Society, respecting Ossian's and other ancient Poems,' says, in answer to the second query, that he 'gave the Rev. Mr. Mackinnon, of Glendaruel—before he went last time to America, in the year 1770—Ossian's "Address to the Sun," in the original, which being transmitted by Lord Bannatyne, and presented, he identifies.'

To the third query, he answers that he 'gave the "Address" among Mr. MacPherson's original papers, when he was transcribing fairly for him from the original papers (either collected by himself or transmitted by his Highland friends), as it stood in the poem of "Carthor," afterwards translated and published.'

Captain Morrison also asserts that MacPherson 'was no great poet; nor thoroughly conversant with Gaelic literature. So far from composing such poems as were translated, that he assisted him often in understanding some words, and suggested some improvements.' He says, further, that 'The "Address to the Sun," in the poem of "Carthor," wanted two lines in the original, which neither Mr. MacPherson nor anybody else could supply—nay, supply anything like them.' Captain Morrison's copy of the 'Address' differs from Mr. MacDiarmid's in six of the lines. MacCallum's copy contains two passages not in either of theirs, and ends with two lines more—probably the very two lines wanted in MacPherson's original and which neither he nor anybody else could supply.

The following is a rhythmical translation of 'Address to the Sun,' line for line with the original—as given by Mr. MacDiarmid—in its metre, quite literal.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou, who wanderest there on high,
Round as a chief's hard shield and bright,
Whence doth thy gloomless lustre hie,
O Sun! and whence thy light?
Thou comest with loveliest might,
And the stars their courses hide;
Hueless the moon leaves the sky,
And shrouds in the western tide.
And thou goest forth alone!
Who dares to keep by thy side?
Falls the oak from the hill where it grew:
Falls the rock by age o'erthrown;
Ebb'd ocean tide and it flows;
And fades the pale moon from the view;—
Yet still thy bright triumph glows!
In the joy of thy light thou goest on!

Even when blackens the noisy storm,
When thunders roar and lightnings fly,
Thou look'st through the wild troubled swarm,
With a smile of delight from the sky!
But to me thy light is vain:
Thy face shall I see no more—
When thy golden bright locks without stain
The fair eastern cloud have dress'd;
Or thou tremblest over the main
At thy dusky western door!
Yet may it be both thou and I
For a time with strength are bless'd,
Till our years fade both from the sky,
And in one certain end take their rest.
Then rejoice, O Sun! and be glad,
Thou prince, in thy vigorous noon!
For age is unpleasant and sad,
Like the dim and faint light of the moon
When it looks through a cloud on the heath,
Where the gray mist lags round the stone,
Ere the blasts of the cold north breathe
On the traveller, wearied and lone.

MacCallum's version finishes with 'The light of the night will then rejoice when the Son of brightness has departed.' After 'The fair eastern cloud have dress'd' the same version continues, 'Banishing night from every place except the eye of the bard that shall see thy light.' Two lines further down, 'Western door,' it goes on, 'But thus aged, feeble, and grey, thou shalt yet be alone; thy progress in the sky shall be slow, and thou shalt be blind, like me on the hill; dark as the changeful moon shall be thy wanderings in the heavens; thou shalt not hear the quickening voice of the morning, like the heroes that rise no more; the hunter shall survey the plain that shall not behold thy coming form; sad he will turn his tears pouring forth, "My favourite hound, the Sun has forsaken us."'

I give these passages as they were translated for MacCallum's publication by 'Ewen MacLachlan, Esq., Tutor of the Grammar-school, Old Aberdeen.' Mr. MacLachlan was a well-known Highland poet, and a translator of a considerable part of the 'Iliad' into Gaelic.

There is something, it appears to me, singularly vivid and impressive in the quotation last given. That part of the sun-lorn hunter is really beautiful—'My favourite hound, the Sun has forsaken us.' It is altogether a very strange fancy this of the final darkening of the day, and may be perhaps connected with some forgotten Highland superstition.

There seems to have been favourite bits of poetry floating about in the Highlands, not belonging to any particular poem, but ready to be used by the reciters in any place where they appeared to fit well. These formed an elaborate description of the dress, the appearance, the warlike equipage, or else some single action of a celebrated hero; or, indeed, any incident in the old traditions, common perhaps to them all, which might strike the fancy of a young and sensitive mind, that would keep brooding over the favourite passage for years, until at last it finished and refined it into such lyric excellence that it thenceforth formed a noted piece of popular poetry, and one of the famed and welcome gems of recitation round

a thousand firesides. The following very splendid description appears to be one of these. It is found in Kennedy's collection in one poem; in Dr. Smith's 'Old Lays' in another; and in MacPherson's Ossian in a third place. It is a piece of popular Highland poetry, but probably not very ancient; at least, to my mind, it seems plain that the author of it, though he has borrowed nothing from them directly, must yet have known the prophetic books of Scripture particularly well. I translate this truly grand passage with the closest fidelity:—

FINGAL GOING TO THE BATTLE.

With loud-sounding strides he rush'd westward,
In the clank of his armour bright;
And he look'd like the Spirit of Loda, that scatters
Dismay o'er the war-way and flight!
Like a thousand waves on a crag, that roll yelling
When the ugly storm's at its height,
So awful the clash of his mail and his weapons,
While his face wore the winter of fight!
His smooth poll'd daymores glitter'd aloft—
In his champion hand it was light;
And the snoring wind kept moving his locks,
Like spray in the whirlpool's might!
The hills on each side—they were shaken,
And the path seem'd to tremble with fright;
Gleam'd his eyes, and his great heart kept swelling.
Oh! cheerless the terrible sight!

It can be well ascertained that there were three kinds of Ossianic poetry current at one time in the Highlands—one of these so ancient, that bards who were not considered modern at the time of the Reformation made it their model. This kind is in substance common to Ireland and Scotland. It may therefore be considered at least as old as the time when the north of Ireland and the west of Scotland were peopled by the same race, and united closely together by constant intercourse.

Another class of Ossianic poetry is that which was composed in imitation of the above, by bards whose names are in many cases still remembered. Much of this poetry, as it belongs to Scotland at least, may be found in the Dean of Lismore's book, recently published; and also in Dr. Smith's 'Old Lays,' in MacCallum's and Kennedy's collections, and elsewhere.

There is a third class of Ossianic poetry, which, so far as it is known to be popular, belongs to the Western Highlands; where, it will be remembered, Morven, the renowned kingdom of Fingal, is situated. This differs from each of the preceding kinds, in point of artistic finish, at all events; if not also in point of refinement of feeling and delicacy of sentiment. MacPherson is said to have been the originator of this class of poetry; but it can be proved, in some of its most famous passages, to be older a good deal than MacPherson;—so that he at any rate did not originate it, nor do it best. Dr. John MacPherson, for instance, minister of Sleat, in a letter to Dr. Blair—dated Sleat, 27th Nov. 1763, and printed in Appendix No. 1 to the Highland Society's Report—says that he got from the people around him (he made no extensive search—not going beyond his own and the

neighbouring parish) the following pieces of Ossian's poems, as published by Mr. MacPherson:—The description of Cuchullin's chariot, the episode relating to Faineasolia, the actions of Ossian at the Lake of Lego, Fingal's combat with the King of Lochlin, the battle of Lora, Darthula, the combat between Oscar and Ullin, and the lamentation of the spouse of Dargo. Dr. MacPherson gives the name and residence of his authorities in every instance. Two or three other gentlemen—writing about the same time, from different places in the Highlands—add considerably to this list.

Nearly all who write on the subject of Ossian's poems speak of the car of Cuchullin, which seems to have been one of the most popular bits of Gaelic poetry. One gentleman—Mr. Donald MacLeod, minister of Glenelg—says, on the 20th of March 1764, 'It was in my house that Mr. MacPherson got the description of Cuchullin's horses and car—in Book 1st, page 11—from Allan MacCaskie, schoolmaster, and Rory MacLeod, both of this glen.' He then remarks that MacPherson's rendering is decidedly inferior to the original, which is quite true. The translation is shorter, less lucid, less vigorous, less elaborate. It will be remembered that Wordsworth, with characteristic arrogance, speaks with contempt of MacPherson, 'when, with the steep of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his car-borne heroes.' This is a good example of the prejudices with which Ossian has been treated.

MacPherson was not the first Gaelic poet who spoke of car-borne heroes. They who knew Morven better than either he or Wordsworth, could talk, one to another, familiarly of at least one car-borne hero; for Fingal himself and his followers, so far as I recollect at present, fight on foot. As to the 'Steeps of Morven,' Wordsworth must have been very ignorant of what he was writing about, when he could say MacPherson had them before his eyes. MacPherson was born in Inverness-shire; educated first at home, then at Inverness, then at Aberdeen, and lastly at Edinburgh. It was in Edinburgh he translated, or, as Wordsworth would say, fabricated, the poems of Ossian. 'The Steeps of Morven' were very little before his eyes at any time. But, further, with regard to the origin of 'Ossian's Poems,' Dr. Smith of Campbellton, at the desire of the Highland Society, pieced together, from manuscript poems in their possession, eight hundred and ten lines of MacPherson's epic poem of 'Fingal,' that is about one-third of the whole poem. How many lines do we suppose MacPherson himself, with the immense mass of material at his command, could have thus pieced together, supposing this was his mode of proceeding in preparing his translations? Probably the most of the remaining two-thirds, or, it may be, every single sentence of his 'Fingal.' Dr. Smith's passages, extracted from ancient Gaelic poems, &c., and compared with parts of the epic poem of 'Fingal,' as published by Mr. MacPherson, may be found in Appendix No. 15 to the Highland Society's Report.

That there was a quantity of the same class of ornate and polished poetry as MacPherson's 'Ossian' current for a considerable period in the Highlands is clear, from the collection of precisely similar poetry made by Dr. Smith, about fifteen years after MacPherson. The substantial genuineness of Dr. Smith's collection has never been questioned. From the argument of the poem given by the reciter, the Committee of the Highland Society says—'Dr. Smith has candidly confessed that he has been sometimes obliged to fill up gaps which the want of memory in the reciter had occasioned in the poems; but he has very properly distinguished them, when they occur—which is not very often—from the poem itself.' The 'Sean Dana,' or old lays, collected by Dr. Smith, are not inferior in any respect to MacPherson's 'Ossian.' They breathe the same spirit, exhibit the same fineness of sensibility, and are coloured by a like mystic mountain-bird imagination. They speak of the same superstitions, and they look with that life-giving energy of deep and lonely-nurtured feeling—so characteristic of the Ossianic poems—on the aspects of external Nature. The following is an example—turned, in the same manner as the preceding, into verse—which the Committee of the Highland Society say 'They could not resist adding to those already given, from its exemplifying, in a remarkable manner, the natural appearances on which the melancholy superstition of the inhabitants of a mountainous country, in such a state of society and manners as the poems in question exhibit, might found their mythology—if it may be so called—of the ghosts of their ancestors and departed friends. It is contained in the opening of a poem called "Finan and Lorma," where the young people around him, looking upon the heavens, address the aged Ossian in the following natural and beautiful verses.' I give them in metre:—

White on the plains shines the Moon, O Bard!
And its shadow Cona holds;
Like a ghost breathes the wind from the mountains,
With a spirit-voice in its folds.
There are two cloudy forms before us,
Where its host the dim night shews;
The sigh of the moor curls their tresses
As they tread over Alva of reas,
Dusky his dogs come with one,
And he bends his dark bow of yew;
There's a stream from the side of the sad-faced maid,
Dyes her robe with a blood-red hue.
Hold thou back, O thou wind! from the mountains!
Let their image a moment stay;
Nor sweep with thy skirts from our eyesight,
Nor scatter their beauty away.
O'er the glen of the rushes, the hill of the blinds,
With the vague wandering vapour they go;
O Bard of the times that have left us,
Aught of their life canst they show.

OSSIAN.

The years that have been they come back as ye speak;
To my soul in their music they glide;
Like the murmur of waves in the far inland cauld,
Is their soft and smooth step by my side, &c.

It now only remains to give two or three specimens of MacPherson's mode of translation, to see how his peculiar style frequently clouds the directness and

corrupts the simplicity of his original. The following are two out of eight examples which the Committee of the Highland Society take from no more than twenty-seven lines of 'Carrickthura.' The Committee give the Gaelic first, then a literal translation of their own, and then MacPherson's, on which they afterwards make some remarks. The Gaelic is here omitted.

THE COMMITTEE.

On a top (or small height) was the circle of the form (or image) of Loda,
And the large stones of many virtues.

MACPHERSON.

On the top was the circle of Loda, the mossy stone of power.

On this the Committee remark,— 'Besides there being in Gaelic no epithet "mossy," the singular stone is contradictory to the description, in the preceding lines, of a circle which could only be composed of many stones.'

And again—

The flame rose from the gray oak;
The feast of the heroes was on the heath.

MacPherson translates these lines thus—

The flame of three oaks arose; the feast is spread around.

The Committee remark,— 'The epithet "gray," applied to the oak, is much more natural and picturesque than the number "three," adopted by MacPherson without any authority from the original; and the circumstance of the feast being spread on the heath, denotes the simplicity of the meal, which MacPherson, thinking it probably too mean to have only the ground for a table, has changed into the general term "around." "The feast is spread around." Along with these I give the following, chosen almost at random, a little farther on in the same poem. Indeed, almost every line of 'Carrickthura' might be used in the same way. After being discomfited by Fingal, MacPherson's translation says:— 'The spirit of Loda shrieked as rolled into himself he rose on the wind. Innistore *shook* at the sound. The waves *heard* it on the deep. They stopped in their course with fear; the friends of Fingal started at once, and took their heavy spears—they missed the king—they rose in rage—all their arms resound.' Now, compare with this a literal rendering of the original, and see how much more simple and natural it is, and how much more continuous and distinct in its narration, towards the end of the quotation, than the quick and abrupt transitions of MacPherson. Observe, too, how he omits altogether the epic epithet of his hero, 'Cumal's on, the Victorious.'

Shriek'd the spectral form of Loda on the hill,
Gathering himself up in the wind;
Innistore *heard* the sound—

The path of the billows was check'd through fear—
Up rose the heroes of Cumal's son of the victories.
There was a spear in each hand aloft on the mountain side,
'Where is he?' and their wrath so gloomy
As each man clash'd around its hero.

In the passage immediately preceding this, Mac-

* Not 'shook at,' as MacPherson says.

Pherson says, 'He lifted high his shadowy spear; he bent forward his dreadful height. Fingal advancing, drew his sword; the blade of dark brown Luno. The gleaming path of the steel winds through the ghost,' &c.

The Gaelic says—

He lifted on high his dark spear;
He bent fiercely his lofty head;
Against him went Fingal with fury,
His clean blue sword in his hand.
Son of Luno of the dusky-dark hue,
Through the ghost pass'd the light of its hardness,
The brown spectre of death in the gloom.

And so on, almost without end. In short, when we consider that the finest parts of MacPherson are incontestably proved to have been, at some time or another, anterior to his appearance, popular poetry; when we remember that so many as eight hundred and ten lines of his 'Fingal,' or about one-third of the whole poem, could be put together out of the MSS. of the Highland Society alone; when we think of the immense mass of material for making up such a work which MacPherson, if so minded, possessed; when we know that Dr. Smith, of Campbellton, could easily get a volume of poetry amongst the Highlanders, exactly resembling MacPherson's 'Ossian;' and when, finally, we see that the Gaelic can be shown, by the most cursory examination, to be decidedly superior in force and distinctness and simplicity to the English; and, indeed, in many respects apparently the work of a differently constituted mind,—I think we may be disposed to throw prejudice aside, and to affirm that, whoever composed Ossian's poems, or however many might have been about their composition, MacPherson—whatever merit may belong to him as a translator, or whatever claim he may have to be considered their compiler in their present form—has no legitimate title to be called their author. They are substantially older than he—parts of them probably many centuries older, and parts of them, perhaps, not more than one or two generations. The case, as it rests at present regarding them, may be thus unhesitatingly stated:—MacPherson was not the first to polish the poems of Ossian, even admitting that he did so at all. His was neither the earliest nor the ablest nor the finest Highland mind that was kindled, since the end of the sixteenth century, into a glow of poetic fervour by the hero-lighted fire and hoary inspiration of the blind old man of Cona.

I now proceed to give a poem on the death of Oscar, one of the most popular and touching themes of the Gaelic muse. Oscar was the Achilles of the Fingalians, and Ossian was both his Homer and his father. No wonder, then, his death affords a favourite and pathetic subject both for the oldest ballads and their most modern imitations. The 'Lay of Oscar' is still repeated. There is a version of it in the third volume of Mr. Campbell's 'Popular Tales,' got within the last two or three years in the Hebrides. It is in all the collections. If we take MacCallum's and Mr. Campbell's versions to begin with, we are carried on very well to near the end of the story; then, by filling

in a little from Allan MacRorie's and Fergus the poet's accounts, as they are found in the Dean of Lismore's book, we see our subject a good deal clearer; and, finally, we can end the sorrowful recital as we began. We thus get this old and manly popular song in the most complete state possible for us now-a-days.

THE DEATH OF OSCAR.

The feast was over; and the last day dawn'd
Which Oscar was to spend in Cairbar's hall;
The parting cup was quaff'd; the heroes stood
Arm'd and prepared to go, when Cairbar said,
With his great voice, 'Brown Oscar, come from Alba;
Let us exchange our spear-shafts ere we part!'

'Why so exchange,' said Oscar, speaking calmly,
'Thou red-hair'd Cairbar of the port of ships?
Why so exchange, and the feast hardly o'er?
Thou knowest, in the day of war and conflict,
My spear is always ready for thine aid.'

'Not much for me,' said Cairbar—the rude Cairbar;
'Not much for me, were cess and tribute paid me
By every warrior in your sea-beat isles;
Not much for me; whate'er I need to get
From thee, from thine, when'er my wish I tell.'

'There's neither gold nor precious substance, Cairbar,
That might be ask'd for by a manly king,
Without dishonour to himself or us,
But thou or he should have when'er 'twas ask'd;
But this exchange of shafts without the heads,
It were unjust to ask us such a thing.
Cairbar! thou hadst not dared have spoken thus,
Hadst thou not known that Fingal is not by.'

'Though Fingal and thy father both were here,
As good as the best day they wore a sword,
I'd ask of them whate'er I ask of thee;
And what I ask of them or thee, I'll have.'

'If Fingal and my father both were here,
As good as the best day they wore a sword,
By thine own might thou couldst not then retain
The breadth of thy two soles on land of Erin.'

'I make a vow,' quoth Cairbar, 'dear to drive
From side to side of Albin's sea-girl hills,
And spoil to carry from its plains to Erin.'

'I make a vow, a vow 'gainst that,' quoth Oscar;
'When thou hast come to Albin for thy sport,
I with this spear will drive thee back to Erin.'

Then Cairbar roar'd,—'I make a vow ere that,
A lasting vow, that I will plant my spear
Beneath thy breast in thy fair body, Oscar!

'A vow! a vow!' cried Oscar, in his wrath;
'I make a vow that I will plant my spear,
Ere that shall happen, in thy forehead, Cairbar.'

Cold fear and rage by turns the warriors shook,
Above these fierce words they heard between the chiefs,
When Cairbar's lowering brow they saw, and mark'd
How rose the wrath of Oscar. 'Twas then a bard,
With softest touch upon the harp, wall'd forth
The sounds that prelude a great hero's death.

Then Oscar seized with furious rage his arms,
And look'd around him where his followers stood;
Few were the chiefs of Alba that were there,
And Cairbar's host was great; but Oscar's friends
Were train'd to arms, and were full heroes all,
And so they gather'd undismay'd around him.

Then waged the strife. We heard the shouts afar,
And all the din of deadly, furious battle;
And up we rose, and hasten'd to the scene.
Each, as we reach'd it, join'd the wide-spread fight;

And thus the bitter struggle lasted long;
And thus did many of our heroes fall.
But who could stay his hand or still his heart?
And Oscar's friends, oppress'd; and Oscar's sword,
By numbers wearied, falling in its power.

We saw him struggling on the woeful field;
We saw him rushing, in the tides of war,
Like a hawk darting on a flight of birds,
Or like the quick spray-spattering cataract.
He strove, like a great strong branch with the wind,
Like an old green tree with the woodman's stroke.
His course was the roll of the furious surge
In winter's storm, on the roar of the shore.

And, one by one, as we came, we engaged;
But the long-lasting fight spread far and near,
Till the sunbeam of battle rose, at last,
Finn's standard, with the heroes by its side;
Then slowly backward bore the treacherous foe.
Foot after foot, until they fled away—
Scatter'd like sheep, and falling like brown leaves.
The wild pursuit roll'd by, and we were left
Alone—in silence—on the dreadful field!

I bent o'er Oscar, when the fight was done,
As he lay bleeding on the mournful plain.
He was my son; yet was I not alone
In mourning for my dearest on that day.
Callta bent over seven of his brave sons;
And every living man amongst the Feinn,
Amid the grievous slaughter found a friend,
And wept beside the dying or the dead.
Some of the wounded lay and languish'd low,
Unconscious how their life had drain'd away;
Some moan'd, some writhed with pain, and could not speak.

But some were calm and knew their friends, and gave
Them a kind greeting from their couch of clay;
But many, many heroes there were dead.
Oh, 'twas a grief, an everlasting grief—
A woe to be forgotten never, never!
To look upon that field—the swords, the shields,
That there lay masterless; the broken spears,
The bloody garments, and the coats of mail,
Borne by brave chiefs unto their last of fields,
From Albin's hills, from homes of Innisgail.
We ne'er had met so dire a day before—
So bloody, so destructive, full of woe,
So joyless and so sad a victory.

Among a thousand warriors stretch'd and dead
I found my son, my darling, living yet;
Resting his head on his left arm he lay,
His broken shield beside him, and his sword
Grasp'd in his terrible and strong right hand.
His blood, his priceless blood, on every side
Flow'd through his harness, soak'd into the ground,
Unstanch'd and stanchless, from a mortal wound.

I dropp'd my spear upon the earth, and bent
Above him as he lay, and thought—O friend!
How lonely I should be for evermore!
It was a grievous thought. Oscar turn'd round,
And forth he stretch'd his hand one other time
To greet me—one long last time ere he died;
Kindly he look'd, and wish'd me to draw near.
I seized his hand and knelt upon the ground,
And gave a great and bitter cry of grief.
Then my dear son, whose life was ebbing fast,
Said, 'Joy dear father, that thou art escap'd!
And I, I could not speak; but Callta said—
The noble Callta come to see my son—
'How dost thou feel thyself, dear friend?' he said.

'As thou wouldst have me—dying on the field.
Red Cairbar's venom'd spear hath pierc'd my side;
Mine on the forehead struck him,' Oscar said,

'A blow no leech can heal.' Then Calta probed
The wound red Cairbar's murderous shaft had made,
And gave a shriek, and fainting fell on earth,
When he found out how deadly was the hurt.

'Dear Oscar, we must part,' at length he cried;
'Thou and the Feinne must part; thy fights are o'er.'
My son replied not, but he press'd my hand,
Then we upraised him softly on our spears,
And to a fair green knoll we bore him silently,
While from the slain they gather'd round and round.
No man his son, his friend, his brother mourn'd,
But all stood near us, and with heavy sighs
They watch'd the hero as he slowly died,
And no one spoke as hour by hour went by.

Twas now the evening, and the autumn sun
Shone bright and yellow on the fatal field,
When from afar Finn's standard we descried,
Returning from his triumph and pursuit.
Gladly we met it, and saluted Finn,
But no salute return'd he as he strode
In his dark grief to where his grandson lay.
When Oscar saw the King above him bend,
And look with anguish on his dying face,
He slowly spoke, and said 'I have my wish—
Thus dying in thy presence, noble Finn!
Unconquer'd and with honour, mourn'd by thee.'

Then Finn, the first of heroes, cried with grief,—
'Sad is my heart, good son of my good son!
To see thee die before me. Now I'm weak.
Heavy curse is on me to my grief;
It follow'd me from east and west, till here,
To this sad plain, it struck this fatal blow.
Farewell to fame and battle; and farewell
The victor's spoils, the triumphs and the joys
Which in this body I have ever had;
Farewell the feast; farewell the concourse sweet
By Cona's stream, in Selma's banner'd hall.'

When Oscar heard the great king's wailing cry,
He groan'd, and stretch'd his hands, and raised his head,
And looking round on all of us, he sigh'd,
And said, 'Farewell! I shall return no more.'
Then he sunk back; and so my hero died;
And Finn turn'd round, and strode a space away,
And sobb'd and wept. He never wept before
In sight of man—save when Bran died—till now.
And all the people gave three dismal shrieks,
And wail'd and wept until the night return'd.

Then Finn came back; and, standing near my side,
He bent again o'er Oscar, while he said:—
'The mournful howling of the dogs distress me—
The groaning of the heroes old and gray—
The people's wailing, and their blank despair.
O son! that I had fallen in thy stead,
In the dire battle with thy treacherous foes,
And thou hadst lived to be a chief and leader,
And bring the Fenians east and west with joy!
O Oscar! thou wilt never rise again!
O'er thee my old heart, like an elk, is leaping!'
Thou wilt return, thou wilt return no more!
'Twas rightly said, "I shall return no more!"

'The Death of Oscar' was MacPherson's first open
attempt at Gaelic translation. We have this on the
authority of Home, the author of 'Douglas.' Some
of the incidents above given remind one a little of
Roncesvalles, and the death of Roland.

THOMAS PATTISON.

'Like an elk, is leaping,' or, 'like a blackbird, flutters.'
The former, however, is at once the most literal, and, I think,
the most expressive. We speak ourselves of the heart 'bound-
ing.'

RIFLES AND RIFLE PRACTICE.

Not many years ago, very few persons in this country were practically acquainted with the rifle. It was used, indeed, in the pursuit of large and noble game; but such sport was principally confined to the wealthy, and it was carried on more abroad than at home. Practising at a target, unless by a few experimentalists, was a very rare occurrence. The stories told of the skill of American hunters with the rifle were looked upon in England as feats only possible for wizards and jugglers, or perhaps as the inventions of a brilliant novelist. The Volunteer movement, however, has opened up a new field for the rifle; and, in the space of a very short time, all classes have become familiar with it. We are now able to compete at target practice against riflemen of any nation—ay! and, as at Wimbledon last year, literally to beat them off the field. The ancient bowmen of England have, indeed, renewed their youth in the dexterity with which their descendants now use a far more deadly weapon; and the same race of 'shopkeepers' who were wont to launch their yard-sticks into the body of a man 100 yards off, can now, with as much certainty, kill him at ten times that distance, with a ball fired from a Henry rifle. Rifle-shooting—thanks to the Volunteer movement—has now become a very popular amusement; and such is the noble spirit of emulation which it excites in the Anglo-Saxon race, that it seems destined, along with volunteering, to become a permanent institution of our country.

It is somewhat astonishing that although fire-arms have been in use since the fourteenth century, they have never, until the last few years, produced great results in point of precision. The improvement has been much slower than might have been anticipated during such a long period, and is only to be ascribed to the absence of science displayed in their manufacture, and the want of skill in their use. It might also have reasonably been expected, that when the principle of rifling or grooving the barrels of fire-arms was first thought of (in the early part of the sixteenth century), great results would follow; but nearly a hundred years elapsed after this before we have any record of a spiral turn being imparted to the grooves. The latter invention, the parent of the present system, was discovered by a German gun-maker, named Koster, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, who caused his rifling to describe a complete turn, or somewhat more than a turn, in the length of a gun-barrel; but although the principle of grooving was now so far perfect, science seemed blind to the part which the bullet was to take in obtaining perfect precision, and no further advance in this respect was made until long after. The bullets used with such weapons were round, and slightly larger than the bore, and were forced and fitted into the grooves in loading. The use of an elongated bullet might long ago have made us better acquainted with rifle-shooting, and would no doubt have forestalled many of the

latest improvements; but such a projectile not being then known, the difficulty and the necessity of loading with balls larger than the diameter of the bore was found to be such an obstacle to the general adoption of the rifle for military and other purposes, that it was thrown aside, and the smooth-bore gun preferred. About the middle of last century, however, a countryman of our own, named Benjamin Robins—a man of great skill and genius, and a voluminous writer on the subject of projectiles—published theories, which, although little heeded at the time, have now been acknowledged as the immediate stepping-stones to all the late wonderful improvements in rifled fire-arms. It was he who first proved the advantages of using an elongated projectile, and the necessity of having the centre of gravity in the fore part of the bullet. He also proved that a spinning motion being imparted by the grooves to the bullet would help to keep its axis in the same direction during flight, and prevent any inequalities on its surface from causing irregularity of motion. These principles, so very similar to those which now form the basis of all scientific gunnery, after lying dormant for a length of time, were diligently taken up about twenty or thirty years ago, and, being experimented upon, produced results which made all the great nations of the world desirous to see their soldiers armed with a weapon which could kill their enemies at long distances, and be more decisive in all great battles. The French were the first who scientifically set to work in this direction, and to them we are chiefly indebted for the experiments which ended in the production of the once famed Minié rifle, and afterwards of our own Enfield.

Rifles, although used in some armies early in the present century, were not introduced into our own line regiments, in any great numbers, till 1851, when the Minié, or a similar weapon carrying the Minié ball, was first served out. The barrels of these rifles had four grooves, describing a complete turn in six feet six inches. They were very good serviceable weapons; and were sighted up to a thousand yards. The ball, however, was defective; and, there being room for improvement, our Government instituted a course of experiments, which resulted in the production of the Enfield—a rifle with which every household is now familiar. This weapon, although first brought out in 1853, was not universally adopted by our line regiments until some years afterwards. The Engineers have been armed for a short time with the Lancaster, or oval smooth-bore rifle, which is considered by some, superior to the Enfield. But for a strong, serviceable, military rifle—such as can be used by the general mass of our soldiers with effect on the field of battle—it is doubtful if, at the present day, a better weapon is to be had than the Enfield. It has its faults; but none of them (speaking in a military point of view) are very serious; and if the bore was slightly reduced, so as to lessen the windage with the present ammunition—or, what would be simpler, the diameter of the pre-

sent bullet slightly enlarged—it is questionable whether the practice obtained by it would be much inferior to that of the Henry and other small-bore rifles. As it is, however, the Enfield cannot compete at the target with the Henry, Turner, Whitworth, &c., the superior accuracy of these rifles at extreme ranges being scarcely credible. It has also been thought that a greater twist of rifling, with two extra grooves to prevent the bullet from stripping, would improve it. This would assimilate it to the short sea-service rifle, which is used in the Navy, and in some districts by the sergeants of Volunteers, and which is generally believed to give more accurate shooting than the long Enfield. Our Government—however slow, as it generally is, to adopt anything new—seems to be bestowing great attention on the subject of fire-arms. It has, within the last few months, issued to the Army a small number of Westley Richard's breech-loaders, with the view of determining whether such superior rifles could advantageously be used by soldiers in general. Our own opinion, however, is, that only the best trained soldiers and most skilled marksmen will be able to do these rifles justice. Nevertheless, if it were possible, or advisable, to have two kinds of rifles in use, carrying different ammunition—the superior rifles being served out to picked men—the best results might be expected to follow. But, in the meantime, there are serious objections to the accomplishment of this. The drill for the two rifles, for instance, is totally different; and the ammunition at present in use, being suitable for Enfields, Lancasters, and Carbines indiscriminately, cannot be made to fit Westley Richard's or any other small-bore rifles.

The Whitworth was the earliest of this class of rifles, and no doubt greatly owed its superior excellence to the very careful and exact mechanical skill which its inventor bestowed on its construction. Not being a rifle-maker, but a very eminent machinist, he was led some years ago to direct his attention to rifled fire-arms, believing rightly that the greater accuracy displayed in finishing the interior of the barrel the better would the rifle shoot. His very ingenious instruments for determining accurately the most minute measurements, so much impressed him with the truth of this opinion, that he made certain proposals to Government for carrying on a set of experiments to elucidate the question, and it is said he obtained a grant of £12,000 to defray expenses connected with these experiments, and had also erected for him an enclosed rifle gallery, 500 yards in length, where he could, if required, regulate the sighting of all his rifles before issuing them. With such advantages, it is not surprising that Mr. Whitworth, although not a gun-maker by trade, succeeded by mechanical genius alone in constructing a weapon, the like of which, for careful workmanship and accurate shooting, was never before known. Many professional gun-makers, however, were not long behind him in producing, by their own resources, rifles, which in the opinion of well qualified judges, are even superior to the Whitworth; and among these is the rifle of Mr. Henry of Edin-

burgh. The Whitworth, being foremost in the field, however, had a decided start of its neighbours, and had likewise many facilities for its distribution among the Volunteers; for, at all past meetings of the National Rifle Association, large numbers of Whitworths have been given away as prizes; yet we are very much mistaken if the Henry rifle, since its introduction in 1861, has not held its own as the favourite weapon of most of the crack shots in the country. In the match which took place at Montrose, on New Year's-day, between eight picked shots from the cities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, five men on each side shot with Henry's, there being only one Whitworth among the sixteen. At Wimbledon Common, also, both this year and last, all the highest scores were made with the Henry—it being represented by 591 competitors against 582 armed with the Whitworth. To Mr. Henry belongs the merit of being the first to introduce practically an ingenious mechanical contrivance designated a wind-gauge, which, although in existence many years since, was never popularly known until he prominently brought it under public notice. This instrument, which is now fitted to all breech-loading rifles, enables the marksman to allow for the effects of wind without moving his aim to the right or left of the bull's-eye, and is so useful that on a windy day no skilled rifleman would compete with a small bore rifle without one.

But to return to the Enfield and Volunteer rifle practice in general, it is astonishing to find such proficiency in rifle-shooting attained in the space of so few years. Men who never handled fire-arms before, and who, it may be, never set their eyes on them but with feelings of dread, have now become accomplished marksmen and efficient Volunteers. This is owing in great measure, no doubt, to careful training; but as there are not so many good marksmen in the Volunteer army as there might be, we propose to offer a few suggestions and hints for the benefit of those who have not much time to practise, and also for that large and numerous class who, although anxious and willing to learn, are slow and awkward in acquiring their drill.

Though the greatest care and attention—combined with active intelligence, good eye-sight, and steady nerve—are all required in the making of a good marksman; yet, severally, these qualifications assist in various degrees, and in different manners, in the attainment of proficiency in using the rifle. So, if they be seldom all found in the same individual, some of them certainly shall; and these, if properly cultivated, will in a great measure make up for the want of others. Considering, then, the elements which compose the Volunteer force, it may be fairly assumed that the above qualifications are well distributed throughout it, and should produce a greater number of good shots than there really are, and that most of the signal failures are more attributable to inefficient musketry instruction than other causes. We cast no slur upon the many gentlemen who voluntarily act as instructors; and who are, in general, the best men to be got. The evil lies in the system of classes—in taking into them all and sundry who can execute the manual and platoon exercises in a method or passable manner, and in carrying on

forcing forward the raw recruit along with men immeasurably superior to him. It is often difficult for instructors to avoid this; but there can be no doubt that the consequences to some of the men are very detrimental. To all who fancy themselves imperfect from the above cause, and to others who really desire to improve, we would recommend, as the first and most important step, the careful study of 'The Musketry Instruction Book,' and the steadfastly carrying out of all its lessons.

Most important for beginners is position drill. No man will ever shoot well who holds his rifle carelessly; and the system taught in the book, designated *Hythe* system, is most admirably adapted for training the Volunteer to hold his rifle correctly. It is the most free and unconstrained position we know, notwithstanding all that has been said against it. There are some who desire to see the kneeling position done away with, because the fancy attitudes of sitting, or lying on one's face or back, secure a steadier aim. The fact is unquestionable; but we uphold the *Hythe* system, because the hands and limbs being remarkably free, the firer has more command over his rifle; and it is thus best adapted for all military movements. Besides, it has the great advantage of training a man to shoot well with very little expenditure of ammunition. Snapping caps at a miniature target or bull's-eye, painted on the wall, will also teach him how to acquire the habit of taking a good and perfect aim, and to press the trigger at the proper moment, without flinching. This being a transaction between brain, eye, and finger, requires a good deal of training; but it should be persevered in till it requires no effort on the part of the learner to establish an instantaneous connection between eye and finger; and if the arm happens to get shaky, as will often be the case, before the trigger is sufficiently pressed, the rifle should be at once brought down, a pause and new breath taken, and at it again. There is nothing worse than endeavouring to take or retain a long aim, and it generally ends in a bad shot.

There are many other things, however, that require to be attended to, and the more careful one is in noticing them the better practice he is sure to make; but position drill and snapping of caps are preliminary to all others. The loading of the rifle requires careful manipulation. Taking it for granted that all the charges of powder and bullets are of the same weight, the powder should be carefully emptied into the barrel, so that not a particle is lost, the bullet then entered straight, and gently rammed home. Should any of the powder be spilt, or the bullet jammed down upon it in such a manner that some of the grains get bruised, the result will be more or less loss of range, from deficiency of propelling force—bruised powder not exerting so much strength as when the grains are whole; or, should the point of the bullet get indented from repeated or hard strokes of the ramrod, the result will be a zig-zag or inaccurate, undulating flight. The force and direction of the wind should also be carefully watched, and their effects nicely calculated; and as wind does not always blow with a steady uniform force, and is continually wavering a little in its line of direction, this is a somewhat difficult achievement, requiring much observation and repeated practice. Every one knows that an object passing through the air deflects with the wind; what

* Government cartridges, although very carefully made up, sometimes vary a little in weight, and as they do not admit of being taken down and equalised, very accurate shooting cannot always be expected from them; but, for private rifles, powder and bullets should be nicely weighed, and the charges corked up in separate cases.

the rifleman has to do, therefore, is to calculate for the strength of the wind, and consequent amount of deflection. With a strong side wind on an exposed range, it is sometimes necessary, when firing at a distance of 600 yards, with an Enfield rifle which has no wind-gauge, to aim as much as ten feet off the target in order to hit it; and when it is considered how difficult it is to steady one's aim upon vacancy, we can the more readily appreciate the immense advantages of the wind-gauge. The various shades of light—sunshine and cloud, clearness and haze—have much to do with the operation of taking a true aim. The state of the atmosphere in all its different phases—humid or dry, warm or cold—is also a very important element of observation; and however trifling all these matters may appear to the ordinary rifleman, the experienced marksman and professional prize-taker know well their effects, and how to reduce them to a minimum. It is to this knowledge, combined with great opportunities for practice, that the two Ross's, father and son, owe their great and well-earned fame. From constant practice with the best of weapons—for it should be known that rifles, even of similar description and make, sometimes differ very much in their shooting qualities, and cause many a good marksman to feel greatly puzzled as to the cause of his wide shooting—these veterans well know what the effects of the atmosphere are, and carefully calculate for them; while many a steady shot overlooks them, and suffers accordingly. This training of the will to act at once on the judgment is an important part of the education of a rifleman, and it sometimes requires no small amount of decision to be continually altering the elevation to counteract the effects of the weather.

Many of the simplest and most perceptible causes which affect the flight of projectiles are now very generally known to riflemen; but there are a few which are either overlooked or unknown to many of them. On a very warm summer's day, for instance, the resistance of the air, dilated by the heat, will be less than usual, so that, *ceteris paribus*, lower elevation will be required. This is one of the cases in which decision and promptitude are indispensable; for, having been accustomed, on ordinary occasions, to use the sighting at a particular mark on the appliance for that purpose on the rifle, the firer naturally feels some reluctance to alter his aim or elevation, especially as the failure of a trial shot might tell sadly against him. When the air is dense, it follows, in the same way, that the elevation should be higher than when it is rare. It is therefore well to remember, when practising at strange targets and long ranges, that the density of the atmosphere is always greatest at the sea-level, and least on hill-tops—varying in intensity, of course, according to the state of the weather. Hence, very properly, some always consult the state of the barometer and thermometer before going out to shoot. The atmosphere is also very deceptive when it is clear and warm, and the ground damp, causing a mirage or steam to rise from the earth. In such circumstances, the target is lifted, as it were, in the rising vapours, and aim taken at an object higher than the reality. Care should therefore be observed to aim a little lower than usual. It has often been noticed that shooting is more regular, and the deviation of a rifle less, on a cold damp day than on a warm and dry one, which may be accounted for by the fouling inside the barrel remaining soft, and not interfering with the proper expansion of the bullet. In warm weather, it is more apt to cake and harden. The rapidity with which powder ignites, and the force it develops, is also more or less affected by these different states of the atmosphere.

As to the best powder for rifles, it is found that fine-grained powder explodes too quickly, and, kicking the bullet forward, as it were, diminishes its velocity and tends to make it strip—that is, to pass out of the barrel without taking the rotatory direction of the grooves. Fine powder also sticks more readily to the inside of the rifle when foul; and, unless there is very little windage (space between side of bullet and inside of barrel), the bullet in being rammed home cannot take it all before it, consequently so much of it is lost for the purpose of projecting the ball. The quantity of powder applicable to different kinds of rifles depends principally on the description of bullet used, the length of barrel, and the diameter of bore, and this can only be found by lengthened experiments. The greatest momentum of the projectile is always as it leaves the muzzle: it cannot be earlier nor later; the charge of powder ought therefore to be regulated, so as to be all consumed precisely at this period, for any excess in length of barrel beyond the point of total combustion will only check the impetus of the bullet, by causing too much friction. This shows the importance of a proper apportionment of the charge, which is seldom understood by riflemen, and which is sometimes not sufficiently appreciated even by gun-makers.

THE ART OF QUOTATION, WITH OTHER ODDS AND ENDS.

QUOTATION is to plagiarism what warfare is to highway robbery. The one is done by night, in the dark places of the earth, by a disreputable person with a mask over his handsome countenance; the other is enacted in open sunshine, to the music of the fife and the drum, under brilliant banners of silk, woven by the dainty fingers of golden-haired maidens. And the latter, besides being the more honourable performance, is also the easier of the two—requiring infinitely less ingenuity than the other. Bring your country loon into a battle-field, give him a sword or other weapon, bid him thrust it into the first man he meets; and he may do so with at least a chance of success. But place him in a crowded thoroughfare, bid him pick somebody's pocket, and in five minutes he is on his way to the police-office.

The subject may conveniently be divided into two branches—the making and the using of quotations. The former, being the more important, shall have preference, and may best be illustrated by an example. Some years ago, a friend of the writer's had to deliver a lecture on Professor Wilson; and, in the course of that lecture, read the following passage from the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' where the Shepherd addresses North:—

'When every noo and then you laid doon the volumn on your knees—mercy on us! a great big volumn, wi' clasps just like the Bible—and recited a screed that you had gotten by heart, I could hae thoct that you was Dante himsel', the great Florentine, for your voice keptit tollin' like a bell, as if some dark spirit within your breast was puin' the rope—some demon o' which you was possessed; till a' at ance it grew saft and sweet in the sound, as the far-off tinkling o' the siller bells on the bride-reins o' the snaw-white palfrey o' the Queen o' the Fairies—as I hae heard them in the forest; but that was lang lang syne, for my ears, in comparison wi' what they were when I was a mere wean, are as if they were stuffed wi' cotton; then they could hear the gress growin' by moonlicht, or a drap o' dew slipping awa into naething frae a primrose leaf.'

This was quite a legitimate quotation; but immediately thereafter he added—'And now we shall compare with this passage a somewhat similar passage from one of our most distinguished and best known poets:—

'And now, O music! arise and swell,
Like as of old, when the convent bell
Its strange wild harmony sweetly toll'd
Over the mountain and over the wold—
Seeming to linger throughout the air,
Like the low sweet sound of an angel's prayer;
Lingering long till the starlight cold
Came over mountain, came over wold;
Bathing the earth in a radiance keen,
While fairies, draped in their robes of green,
Lightly leapt in the magic sheen!'

The passage met with unequivocal admiration. Why? Because it was introduced as a quotation. But you may search all our best known poets, and all our least known poets, without finding these lines, for they were the speaker's own.

And just so is it with proverbs. If you can't hit upon one to suit your purpose, make one. If it be short enough and terse enough, it will certainly pass muster. Moreover, it is a sort of reply which admits of no argument; and may thus be of use on many debate occasions. Say that a marriageable young woman is getting impatient of a protracted courtship. He gently whispers to John, on some starlit night, 'Well, you know the old proverb, "Never venture, never win." John knows of no counter-statement; but on a happy moment invents a proverb:—'Mary,' he says, 'those who strive most, win least.' And thus Mary is silenced—sorry that she ever had anything to do with such contradictory things as proverbs. If the manufactured proverb be in some provincial dialect, it carries all the more weight with it. Suppose John had said, 'Mary, them who loup highest, fa' farthest.' Mary should certainly have regarded him as a very wonder of erudition.

Nor is it necessary that this manufactured proverb, or smart saying, or quotation, should be remarkable either for its truth or for its originality. When the *Saturday Review* defined Muscular Christianity to be 'fearing God and cultivating your fore-arm,' they said something very smart and very untrue. And Martin Tupper's volume of philosophy is a blessed example to all proverb-mongers. Many men sneer at the Americans, because they adore Mr. Martin Tupper—because they have asked for thousand upon thousand of his 'Proverbial Philosophy.' But the impartial reader, on perusing that popular book, cannot fail to be struck with the power, the unexampled power, which its author possesses of clothing the wildest of nonsense in an epigrammatic dress. It looks amazingly profound. It may not be very wise nor very original; but you are sure to think that it ought to be so.

Old women, especially in country villages, have a wonderful faculty for speaking in proverbs—that is, speaking, not in orthodox proverbs, but in proverbs coined to suit the occasion. A novel-writer might make his fortune by collecting the wisdom uttered by two of these old women in the course of a day. And for the most bitter reproof or sarcasm, nothing beats a home-made proverb in the mouths of the old beldames of a village. If a housewife is in the habit of gadding about her neighbours' kitchens, she will be told that 'It needs a warm nest to mak the eggs thrive.' If she appear at the kirk in a little unusual finery, she will hear that 'Rainy days come warst to peacock.' Or if she complain somewhat loudly of an injury that has fallen quite as heavily on the other

villagers, she will be informed that 'A hurtit dog yowls louder than a kilt ane.'

Dr. Isaac Watts should have been born a Scotchman; in which case, those useful and entertaining sayings of his might have worn a more oracular dress. As they are, they seem somewhat bald. The assertion that

'Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,'

is plausible enough; only, that Satan might find some difficulty in devising work for a man who had both arms shot off. Little can be said against the exclamation,

'How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour!'

except that it is evidently an adaptation from Virgil. While that other maxim,

'Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,'

is more aptly rendered

'Man wants but little beer below,
But wants that little strong.'

Perhaps the making use of a quotation requires more ingenuity than the production of one. You have to keep clear of trite quotations, equivocal quotations, and meaningless quotations; and there are not a few to be met with of each class. The unhappy flower that was 'born to blush unseen,' despite the assertion that 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' is rapidly falling into the sere and yellow leaf. Few people know that the saying, 'Very like a whale,' is to be found in 'Hamlet,' act iii, scene 2. A very happy quotation, also from Shakespeare, is made use of by the Edinburgh Photographic Society:—

'The glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist.'

which passage occurs in 'King John.'

A recent novel-writer, in speaking of an encounter between his villain and his heroine's dog, says,—'Mr. Rankin rose and crossed the room. So did Cæsar;' wherein he unconsciously adapts a sentence from Book I. chap. 15, of the Gallic wars—

'Idem facit Cæsar.'

That, of course, is a mere coincidence; for the time has gone by when it was considered a quite legitimate thing to plunder the ancients in most barefaced manner—boldly copying their arrangement, or unblushingly appropriating particular phrases and ideas. But in modern times there are often to be found fortuitous resemblances, which look singularly like plagiarisms, such as—

'And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alverus
A thunder-smitten oak;
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale eagles, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.'

'Ipse gravis graviterque ad terram pondere vasto,
Concidit, ut quondam cava concidit ant Erymantho,
Ant Ida in magna radicibus eruta pinus.'

Or this—

'A golden cup,
All rich and rough with stones of the gods.'
'Cymbalque argento perfecta atque aspera signis.'

While the origin of the slang term, 'to slope it'—meaning to disappear rapidly, to make off—may be

traced by the curious to the phrase '*Fuga inclinavit*,' in *Livy*, i. 27.

Rhymed quotations are generally the most popular:

'He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.'

has outlived even the name of its author. Nothing nearer to it can be found than the following lines from *Hudibras*:—

'In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat;
For those that run away and fly,
Take place at least o' the enemy.'

In many of Shakspeare's earlier plays, a love of couplets is very apparent. Most paragraphs end with one—whether for the purpose of offering fair booty for the quotation extractor, or whether to give a pleasing finish to each passage, it were hard to say. At all events, the practice of making a ferocious monarch, with black beard and tin-foil helmet, call his soldiers to arms in a couple of decasyllabic lines, would hardly be pardoned on a modern battle-field.

But, indeed, Shakspeare stands so far removed from other men, that we seldom think of criticising him. It is so generally admitted that he is beyond improvement, even by the harpies of commentators who prey upon his dead body, that there is no safer author from whom a plagiarist may steal. One hardly ever thinks of judging Shakspeare's works as the production of a single human intellect; they seem to belong to the general wisdom of the world; and so it is, that, when our best modern writers give us a sermon upon one of Shakspeare's texts, we do not feel that they are plagiarising. In most instances, they do so unconsciously; and if you blame them for it, you may as well quarrel with a beam of sunlight falling through a cathedral window for not retaining its original colour. For example, everybody knows Romeo's exclamation—

'Oh that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!'

And everybody knows one of the most exquisite songs in the English language, which certainly has been unconsciously prompted by it:—

'It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear;
For, hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and bright.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty dainty waist;
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom
With her laughter or her sighs;
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.'

Passages such as these might be called parallelisms, not plagiarisms; and instances of them are numerous. *Kingsley* writes—

'For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep.'

Shakspeare writes—

'For some must watch, while some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away.'

Tennyson's '*Round of Life*,' and *Shakspeare's* '*Seven Ages*' come into the same category. Few people would say that the '*Life Drama*' was plagiarised from '*Sartor Resartus*.' Nor is it; but the sorrows of *Walter* are little else than a version, in numbers, of the sorrows of *Teufelsdröckh*. I shall take the liberty to compare two passages—in which, I opine, *Thomas Carlyle*, our prose poet, does not suffer by the comparison. Here we have *Mr. Smith's* version of the love affair—

'And thereat she look'd upon me with a smile so full of grace,
All my blood was in a moment glowing in my ardent face;
"Dost thou love me?" then, I whisper'd—for a moment after this

I sat and trembled in great blackness: on my lips I felt a kiss—
Than a rose-leaf's touch 'twas lighter; on her face her hands
she press'd;

And a heaven of tears and blushes was deep buried on my breast.'

And then, after this beautiful consummation, worse luck happens, and a section of the poem ends with these two lines—

'I rush'd into the desert, where I stood with burning eyes,
Glaring on vast desolations, barren sands, and empty skies.'

Now, read *Mr. Carlyle's* parallel passage:—

"Farewell, then, madam," said he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes: in wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom; their lips were joined, their two souls, like two dewdrops, rushed into one for the first time and for the last. Thus was *Teufelsdröckh* made immortal by a kiss. And then? Why, then—thick curtains of night rushed over his soul as rose the immeasurable Crash of Doom: and through the ruins as of a shivered universe was he falling, falling, towards the Abyss.'

It remains only to notice heraldic mottoes, which bear a near relation to proverbs. They are chiefly French and Latin; and are either of a patriotic kind or of a highly didactic nature. The former are very ardent, the latter very edifying. The ancient knights and heroes who invented those mottoes may not have altogether come up to their own high standards of virtue; but it is gratifying to see that they at least knew what they ought to have been, if that was not quite what they were. I shall select three of those mottoes, one borne by an English viscount, another by an Irish viscount, and a third by an old Scotch baron, which seem to represent pretty fairly the characteristics of each people. '*Vincit amor patriam*—The love of my country overcomes,' says the patriotic Irishman. '*Virtute ac labore*—By valour and toil says the industrious Scotchman. '*Tuebor*—I will defend,' says the sturdy and tenacious Englishman.

In conclusion, I have looked carefully over the paper, in the hope of extracting therefrom some salutary moral as a proper pendant. I can find none. Not the remotest reference to any didactic lesson to be found, I believe, from beginning to end. Why, then, let us make one, seeing that if we go about an essay in an orthodox manner it *must* and in a moral. And so I say, that it is nearly the same thing to borrow a man's coat as to borrow his wisdom; and even as no one should like to borrow a coat until it was sadly in need of one, so let us never borrow a man's words so long as we can find any of our own. They may not be quite so wise or quite so clever; but we shall have, at least, a right of property in them and be beholden to no one for them.

WILLIAM BLACK.

A SOLITARY WALK IN MUNICH.

SCARCELY a solitary walk here is a pleasant thing, after one has been satiated by ten days of sight-seeing!—sight-seeing which forced me to repeat the noble lines of Sir William Jones, 'What constitutes a State?' and to make of them such a parody as—

'What constitutes a State?
The trumpery of gilding and of plate!
Pictures hung up in rows!
And, under those,
Statues so great!
These constitute a State!
With men, safe-minded men,
No sovereign needs to fear,
Who smoke, and drink their beer;
Yet, when they're bid, will fight
For their king's crown and right!'

But I was not in so vile a humour as to have whispered to myself those rhymes, when first I saw the Bavarian capital, on the green 'Isar rolling rapidly.' Campbell's beautiful little poem, although Eichenhinden is twenty miles distant, came back to memory as soon as I beheld that river, and it filled my thoughts with many poetical and heroic images. Why did they all vanish away? Through utter weariness of marble, painting, gilding—weariness of upholstery! I had already had as much of that kind of thing in Paris, Versailles, and Potsdam, as was sufficiently fatiguing; however, a long breathing time had been permitted me, and I began my work with alacrity in the artists' city—or the artistic city. I was willing to see how King Ludwig—who, when he was far from anticipating that the year '48 would bring him a dismissal from his throne, seemed to have had the idea of being a German Louis le Grand;—I was willing to see how near nearly he approached the real Louis le Grand of France in this great matter of palace decoration. To show that I was not wearied without cause, I must briefly tell what I saw in the royal residence, adorned by the king who had to depart from it and make his abode in Rome.

We were taken first through a hall, painted in fresco, with designs emblematic of what is to be seen in the five great halls to which it is the entrance. They are dedicated to the famous ancient German epic of the *Nibelungen Lied*. On each wall of these halls, is what may be called a *gigantic* fresco of a striking scene—battle, murder, and sudden death being the principal features—from the poem. Above these are compartments filled with other scenes on a smaller scale; and the ceiling is also painted with subjects referring to the same great legend—for such, in truth, the *Nibelungen Lied* is. The larger pictures are enclosed in massive borders of polished marble; the smaller in finely gilded mouldings. Then we were shown six similar halls; but the scenes on their walls are from the 'Odyssey.' These are all on the ground floor. Above them are the halls of Charlemagne, of Frederic Barbarossa, of Rudolph of Hapsburg, decorated also with great pictures representing scenes from the lives of those emperors.

We next saw the Court reception-rooms, to which

the grand staircase leads. They are *en suite*, to the number of twelve, ending in the throne-room of polished marble, and carved work, and gilding. On each side of the throne there are eight marble columns; and between each pair of these stands an eight feet high bronze statue, trebly gilt; so that those fourteen figures look to be of as good gold as that image which Nebuchadnezzar the king once set up.

To descend to smaller matters, omitting splendid ball-rooms and so forth, I shall mention two rooms hung round with half-length female portraits; one room for the beauties whom King Ludwig had for his friends—in the centre of whom Lola Montes; the other for the ladies of the Royal family, among whom the queen, a Prussian princess, wife of the present King Max, and the Archduchess Sophia, mother of the present Emperor of Austria. Then there was a gallery to be seen of the whole royal race—*stamm*, as the Germans call it, of Bavaria, from before Charlemagne. Then the *Schatz Kammer*—treasure-room—with ancient and modern crowns, sword-belts, and scabbards, covered with diamonds, yards of diamond waistcoat-buttons on strings; with necklaces and bracelets innumerable of pearls and diamonds. Then a suite of rooms, fitted up two centuries ago in Imperial style—for one of the Electors of Bavaria was Emperor of Germany. In an old bed, heavy with gold embroidery, wrought by the hands of princesses for some old emperor, one emperor might have slept—one who had made himself at home in every German capital—Napoleon. When that grand antique imperial room was prepared for him, he ordered his little camp bed to be placed in it for his use. These old rooms, in their fading magnificence, form a contrast to the new ones, which has something soothing in its effect after their glare. They suggest, too, thoughts on the vanity of human grandeur, which is under the sway of so poor a thing as fashion—mere fashion. Old-fashioned! will be the condemnation of King Ludwig's fine things, in another century, by the admirers of finery. And by those who know that *finery* never was, and never can be, a prop to a State, what will his condemnation be?

But the artists—the artists—will they not make a declaration in his favour for all time to come? They may, if they so choose, but I scarcely think they will. There are rivalries which make artists egotistic, if not ungrateful. They are satisfied to allow their works to speak for themselves as much as possible—for their patrons, sometimes. I saw, in one of the galleries, a picture representing Ludwig, the bestower on Greece of his son Otho (the cost of which present Greece is at this moment counting up), representing him received on the shores of Attica, as the restorer of Grecian art—the Greeks, with palm branches in their hands, doing him homage. A very pretty sight! But I do not mean to speak of the pictures seen by me before I saw those in the Royal Palace; nor of the great picture-galleries, named *Pinakotheca*; nor of the sculpture gallery, *Glyptotheca*; nor of the royal cabinet of medals; nor of the Basilica and other magnificent churches, in which the fresco mania of the king predominates; nor of his arches of triumph, with chariots of victory; nor of his many other works of the artistic kind.

But here my walk has brought me to an obelisk, erected in honour of the 30,000 Bavarians who perished in the snows of Russia, led thither by Napoleon. No doubt, before the winter laid them there stiff

and stark, they had fought well—for Bavarians could fight, as their conduct under the French marshals, Macdonald and Oudinot, showed. Afterwards, the Bavarian army, composed of brave men, who meant to be honest soldiers, found themselves one fine morning ranged against the French, on whose side they had been fighting the day before—found themselves on the side of Austria, who had for more than a century been plotting and contending to make Bavaria hers! It obtained the rank of a kingdom by Napoleon's decree in 1805; and when, in 1813, its king was assured that he would incur no danger of diminution of territory by leaving the losing side, he quickly abandoned Napoleon. We cannot but say that the treason was amply merited; yet we do not admire its author, and we regret the frightful despotism weighing on men, as soldiers, which makes them agents in such acts, without the exercise of any sentiment of their own in them. So I thought as I looked at the obelisk, and then I turned my steps in another direction.

The streets of Munich are broader and straighter than those of most old German towns; but are as ill paved as all of them. The houses are high, and generally of a good appearance; but the city has not that stamp of antiquity which distinguishes Prague, exciting immediate interest in it. The dark Catholicism there—once by blood and fire enforced, now become habitual—has something in its aspect painfully depressing to the stranger. Here, everything is different. Fat, contented Ignorance has never taken any heed of the true spiritual, and worships now with every kind of cheerful apparatus around it—such as fine churches of Byzantine architecture, gaudy with new frescoes, polished marbles, gilding, and lights; and, therefore, the Catholicism of Munich will not make common observers melancholy. There is, of course, here also a pillar with a figure of the Virgin on its summit. It stands in the centre of the great square; and basket-women, water-carriers, all sorts of persons, if they have to go across, stop for a moment, at the foot of the column, for their genuflexion and their prayer to the Madonna.

But I go on. That new red building is the Wittelsbach Palace, inhabited by King Ludwig since he found things settled enough to allow him to leave Rome and return hither. That small pretty villa was the abode of Lola, Countess of Mansfeld; it is now occupied by a rich brewer's widow. This is one of the picture-galleries painted even on the walls outside with frescoes! At the door is a carriage, from which alight two simply-dressed young ladies. They are two of the royal princesses, daughters of Duke Maximilian. He has given one princess to be Empress of Austria; and has still four others for royal houses liking descendants of Charlemagne; for from him the Wittelsbach race—now a royal race—claim descent. Since it became royal, it has made rapid strides in diplomacy; has given many of its members in marriage to reigning, rising, and—as has sometimes unexpectedly turned out—to falling dynasties. The young princess whom I saw alight first from the carriage and enter the picture gallery was soon to be the bride of the King of Naples. In Irish phrase, I might add, 'The worse luck hers!' But Court gossip says that one of the Bavarian royal young ladies thinks that her luck has been worse still, she having been one of the sixteen princesses in Germany who each gave Louis Napoleon a basket. Giving a basket is the German term for refusing the offer of a gentleman's hand in marriage. Now, his uncle, Eugene Beauharnais, had been far from getting a basket from a Bavarian princess in former days; and might not

he hope for as kind a fate in these times? It seems that one of the young princesses, a little enterprising and ambitious, was disposed to be favourable to him; but there was an important archduchess aunt to be consulted. She, when applied to, hinted at other imperial views for her niece, and spoke rather scornfully—this was in '53—of the shaky throne of France. The young lady supposed that the firmer one of Austria was meant for her; its master, however, chose for himself afterwards, and took her sister. Years have rolled on since '53—the one imperial throne seems as little shaky as the other, and the young princess thinks now rather hardly of her aunt; and that, had she kept her basket to herself, she might have been an empress as well as her sister. But enough of imperial and royal tittle-tattle; I shall take a carriage and drive to that monument of Munich, which ought to be its greatest, the *Ruhmes-hall*—Hall of Fame—and the Bavaria.

The gigantesque Bavaria, with her lion by her side, stands on a pedestal, at the top of a broad flight of steps leading to the level space before the hall. As if she were saying to her sons—'Come one! come all!' she holds aloft her hand, with a crown of laurel, beckoning them on. The lion appears to have some standing-room beside the folds of her flowing drapery, but the whole massive casting is fine, and much admired. Behind the great lady and her lion is the Hall of Fame—an elevated colonnade for the busts of her renowned men. Now, here I have to confess to too much ignorance concerning Bavarian heroes. Vainly I said—

'Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!'

I got into a train of misty recollections about a certain Duke Maximilian of old times, who had been the soul of the Catholic League when Bohemia was struggling for more light. I called to mind how Prague had then been taken; and that I had seen the royal crown of Bohemia in the *Schatz-kammer* of Munich. So were brought to a close all my ideas on Bavarian heroes; and, as I looked over the pedestal before the statue of the Bavaria, I saw only

'Fiery Frank and furious Hun;'

and heard them

'Shout in their sulph'rous canopy!'

M. M. L.

OUR NATIVE TONGUE.

We grow acquainted with our native tongue
By gradual introduction. What denote
Those dreamy voices which around us float?
Do we remember, while the mother hangs
Over the cradle, what she said or sung;
Or how the child began to learn by rote
Poem or parable, from land remote;
Or anthem pealing high, divinely rung
Over the babe divine? A dewy spring—
A flow of sound—a rivulet of light—
A river fordable by few or none—
A torrent down a cavern thundering—
A roll'd out volume, filling depth and height;—
One is the river, and the language one.

E. PEARL.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return them considered unsuitable.

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SUB-EDITORIAL PHILOSOPHY.—No. III. ON AN INDIA-RUBBER BALL.

A SAGE, whose name has escaped my memory, likens the period of adolescence to an India-rubber ball—by reason, I suppose, of the elastic nature of adolescence in general, and its capacity of bearing the early shocks of the world with a pleasant rebound, instead of falling prostrate before them in the manner of a leather cricket-ball before an earthen embankment. Would the shade of that sage, if he be dead, and the sage himself, if he be living, forgive me? first, for forgetting his name, and then for supplementing the analogy by saying that because an India-rubber ball is notorious, at the commencement of its career, for taking quick impressions of objects it comes in contact with, and no less notorious for getting them rubbed off in the course of its knocking about in the playground, I am of opinion that in this respect, also, it is not unlike the period of adolescence.

Joyfully do I contemplate that chubby-cheeked, pink-frocked little boy on the rug at my feet; amazedly do I conjecture what keeps him enchained to that spot at the north-west corner of the table, till I find that some moist sugar has been accidentally spilt there, which he is carefully picking up and depositing grain by grain in his mouth. Certainly I am proud of those well-shaped fat little legs kicking and sprawling about. (He is my nephew, and hight Tommy, surnamed Didymus.) But my soul is tinged with gentle melancholy, as I reflect that his sugar days can't last for ever. The time is fast approaching when he must be introduced to the world. Will he go easily and smoothly through it till he reaches manhood; or will he, in the course of his early pilgrimage, get seared and marked in his heart like the India-rubber ball, to be worn out by the hard flinty wall of experience? His eyes will soon begin to open on the world, and he will regard it as an honest world; he will have faith in it;

he will, figuratively speaking, grasp the world by the hand, rejoice to make its acquaintance, and hope to have the pleasure of juggling along with it a long time. Sad to think that he will get less honest himself. Sad to think that that bright eye of his will get less lustrous, look less frank, peer more in the style of picture criticism at his neighbours, have a colder grasp of the hand for his friends, and smile pityingly on younger men who are commencing with as much faith in the world as himself. It is the prerogative of the world that it should mould down those that live in it to a certain similarity. Define worldly! Of the world! It stands alone and means much. He will observe his contemporaries, and he will soon become so much of the world that he will remark a change there also, and be on his guard.

No! my good madam or sir, I do not exaggerate, there is a great deal of wickedness and craft in those smiling little cherubs of your own; and pardon me for saying that they inherit it from you. It is a common inheritance which all children receive from their parents. These are very nice little misses, and they present a delightful picture sitting round the tea-table, and trotting out all their little accomplishments for the delectation of your guests. Miss Mary, the eldest, looks very innocent, and pretty, and amiable. She is so naturally; nevertheless, there is a great deal of latent wickedness in her heart. You acknowledge this, and you say that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; and that good example and training are necessary to keep down that latent wickedness. Your intention is very good; and you make her recite her lessons, and say her prayers on your knee before going to bed—her sweet little hands clasped, and her eyes pretending to be shut, but withal half-open and peering at the miniature of papa on your brooch. This is very proper; in fact, you would be wicked to neglect it. This is one of those duties which do not sink deeply at the time; but still makes an impression which is certain never to be effaced, but to be long remembered, and very likely to blossom and bear fruit in after years. But there are a great many impressions which do make an early harvest in that young heart. When you sit down, after your guests are gone, to have a quiet bit of gossip with your husband, you let slip a great many remarks which that little cherub hears, and which she ponders over deeply when her hair has been put up in paper, and she has retired to bed. You are right to be proud of her; but don't you think it is injudicious to make so many remarks about her personal appearance, and how brilliantly she acquitted herself in all her infantile accomplishments compared with those odious frights the little Weekses? And don't you think she takes notice when you discuss the commercial position of Weeks himself, and your natural and proper astonishment that Mrs. Weeks should carry so high a head, and be so well got up, when her husband stopped payment only three months back? I don't mean to say that you should be debarred from enjoying your little bit of gossip; not at all. I my-

self am fond of it. You ought to hear myself and Baggs discussing Scraggs' position and affairs. How I gloat over the puzzling query which Baggs suggests, in an amiable way, as to how the dense Scraggs has contrived to get his hat dressed and re-lined. 'I can't make it out at all,' I say, with a significant look; 'nor how he has managed to get his boots mended.' 'It's mighty funny,' Baggs will say, with an ominous shake of the head—as if he were rather inclined to think Scraggs had waylaid and robbed some one. 'Blow'd if I understand it. I hear that he had on a clean shirt on Saturday, and it's rumoured about that he's got new buttons to his waistcoat, and invests regularly in paper collars. I won't be astonished if something happens.' 'Nor I either,' I say good-naturedly; and we both express ourselves to the effect that it would not startle us much if we were to meet Scraggs led through the streets handcuffed between two policemen! In the same manner do you reckon up Mrs. Weeks and her apparel—her bonnet, and cloak, and that Garibaldi jacket which she got last week, despite her husband's late bankruptcy! We, however, are more honest in our canvassing of Scraggs' position, you must acknowledge. We openly state to each other our opinion that Scraggs has been about something which will bring him within the pale of the law; but you have not the candour to do so; you only hint it, and express your opinion by ominous remarks and pantomimic signals. Why don't you put the children to bed, and frankly acknowledge to each other that you think Weeks has been forging some bill, or breaking into a bank? This canvassing of your neighbours' affairs is very apt to impress a bad idea of the world on your darlings, and make them precociously cunning and wide-awake as to what the Misses Weeks wear; and, in fact, leads to a great deal of mischief in their little impressionable hearts which is never properly eradicated. Pardon me again for suggesting that there should be a little less emulation in their education. When you tie on Miss Mary's little hat at breakfast, and kiss Jack's honest little mouth, perhaps it would be more judicious if you would refrain from impressing on them the necessity of keeping themselves clean and genteel, in order that they may contrast favourably with the dirty little Joneses; and to learn their lessons well, in order to get a higher place in the class than the stupid vulgar little Tompkinsees. It may be an inducement to keep themselves clean and study hard; but it would be better if you would impress upon them the duty of doing so for your and their own sake. I would rather see them a little dirty and backward in the lessons than with a jealous feeling and unjust attempt for their schoolfellows. On the whole, to me I think it would be the better plan if you would not cross-question them, on their return from a juvenile party at the Simpkinsees, as to what they had eaten; how the other guests were dressed; what Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins said to them; and if they were paid much attention to by their hosts. This sort of thing is apt to destroy their natural candour, and

make them jesuitical in their conduct; and it is very probable that they will turn this *finesse*, when they get up a bit, to their own use in blinding you to many little pranks which they know to be *infra dig*. I may be wrong, but still I am of opinion, also, that the dears should not be present when you are discussing the conduct of Mary Jane Jemima Ann, the housemaid; and your astonishment at her presumption in having her young man in the kitchen for a quarter of an hour, or your conviction that she has made away with some of your old clothes. This will make them suspicious, and perhaps malicious, in taunting the hapless Mary Jane Jemima Ann; and it is far from pretty to see children presuming upon their position to annoy domestic servants. Yes; I think that, taking all things into consideration, you will indorse my opinion that it is better to let them enjoy the sunshine of their youth with as little precocious information as possible. They will find out, by-and-by, for themselves, the way of the world; and it is a mistake to suppose that they must be up in all sorts of craft to keep their own ground. Few people, I acknowledge, openly maintain that such is necessary; but a great many kind nannas (very seldom papas) act as if such were the case in the education of *les enfants*. But, to return to the subject of their own little private griefs, they will be abundant enough in all sooth, I am afraid. I shudder to think of the first indentation on that little fellow's heart, for instance. Heigho! I have experienced it myself; and although the scars have been healed and re-crossed with other and later scars, still there remains, after all, slight microscopic grooves which twinge occasionally.

Those early scars are no slight things after all. You! grizzled, grizzled, wealthy nabob! who take a pride in asseverating that you would give all your wealth to become again an adolescent—a careless happy boy of twelve—let me reason with you calmly and dispassionately on the subject. Waive for a short time, I say you, the difference of our positions in the social scale, and let me put it to you—Would you really exchange your grizzled locks and immense wealth to be again an adolescent—a careless boy of twelve? You are candid, and acknowledge Yes. I shall give you half-an-hour to reflect upon it. Think, nabob! of the pleasures which your twelfth year ushered you into! You had elder brothers and sisters when you were at the age of twelve years; and your aristocratic parents were in the habit of giving balls, and *The dansantes*, and fashionable conversations at that time, at which you were privileged to attend till the hour of ten. And those aristocratic re-unions, all the wealth and beauty of your fashionable parents' acquaintances were present. I will not attempt to guess whether it was with the blonde and golden-haired Blanche that you fell violently in love—or the dark-eyed Italian-looking Juliana—or the graceful *petite* Barbara—or the stately Ida—or the slim and graceful Alice; but you did fall in love with one or more of them is beyond a doubt. Let me recall to you—I must be only to be kind—let me recall to you the torture of never telling your love, but letting concealment,

'like a worm i' the bud, feed on your damaak cheek;' the deadly jealousy which you had of your brother Percy or Plantagenet; or the unspeakable anguish with which you observed the flirtation between one of those proud beauties and the Honourable Flipperty Flapp; the humiliation, the agony deeper than tongue can tell, when the object of your adoration kissed you as the fatal hour for bed arrived, and told you to be a good boy, and remember to say your prayers—you! who would have eloped with her on the spot, in her evening dress and satin slippers! In the gentlest manner possible, let me give you one hint, which will recall the sleepless nights you spent thinking of that proud beauty, so very far removed from you; and your muffled howls of agony, as you nervously rubbed and rubbed your smooth face for the hairs which were not there, nor would be likely to make their appearance for years to come—by which time your fair innamorata—horror to think of it!—would, in all probability, be the mother of a family! Think of that, wealthy nabob! and of your despair when you could not, by any arithmetical sophistry, make your age one day more than the dreadful reality! What do you say to this? Would you go through all this? would you renew your youth to suffer these tortures again?—tortures before which your later difficulties pale like a candle before the sun. Don't, for the sake of keeping to your word, sin against your conscience by saying—'I would;' or I shall so far forget the relative positions of a wealthy nabob and poor scribbler, as to say I don't believe you, wealthy nabob!

I wonder if that little fellow will ever suffer in this way? I am afraid he will. I am certain that his dreams will be troubled, and his young heart made to suffer much in his juvenile theatrical days. I thought that the theatrical indentations made in my own heart had been effaced; but as I look back, I am reminded that a scar is there still, although repeatedly crossed and re-crossed. Oh, the face and figure of that charming Miss Rosamond! Maude was her first name. How I pictured the felicity it would be to know her, to receive a letter from her, to be within a yard of where she stood! How I envied those seedy blue-chinned supernumeraries, who—wonderful condescension on her part—were privileged to speak to her at the side-wings, while she was waiting for her cue to go on! How she used to lavish those bright smiles which haunt me still upon them! From the stage-box, I could see her gliding about the wings. I sometimes laid the flattering unction to my soul that she was looking up; at which times I infused a tenderness into my general expression which she could not have mistaken. I loved her with all the ardour of a first passion, and all the strength of my years—fourteen! Where is she now? Alas! she is now old and plain—still on the stage; but now, instead of youthful waiting-maids and young boarding-school ladies, in love with first walking gentlemen, she performs the characters of old dowagers or maiden aunts of a certain age, and she has very often to put on blue spectacles as part of her make-up!

Fathers and mothers who, at that festive season of the year—Christmas time—are in the habit of treating the juvenile members of the family circle to the pantomime, let me warn you, for the sake of the peace of mind of the darlings—Don't take them. Think of the agony which young Tom or Bill or Bob suffers for many nights after, as he recalls the image of the little fairy, Peppita, who lives in a grotto at the bottom of the sea, and dances and warbles so gracefully and sweetly. Think of the rolling on the pillow for weeks afterwards, which Miss Lily or Miss Mary suffers, as

she thinks of that charming Prince Poppita, who got married before the end of the piece to the fair young daughter of the King of the Coral Island, and who she knows, therefore, is far beyond her reach. What matters it if the fairy Peppita is the mother of three children, and Prince Poppita—personated by a younger sister—also married? They don't know this, and would not believe it. Therefore they suffer real inward heart-suffering, and pine away for weeks afterwards. You think it is the excessive cake-feeding and wine-sipping incidental to the festive season of the year; but I know better. It's 'the worm i' the bud.' Therefore, I say in all kindness, Beware!

Ah me! those indentations on their susceptible hearts are greater than one would imagine; and it takes a long time, and a great deal of crossing and re-crossing, before they are obliterated.

R. L. GENTLES.

THE FLOWER O' THE MAY.

THE baron's towers rise proud and strong,
His lands lie wide and fair;
But his young daughter Marjorie
Is the sweetest flow'et there.
Her mother looks wi' smiles o' love
On the fair face at her side;
While her father counts her beauties o'er
Wi' words o' mickle pride.
Oh! mony a lover sought her bower
Wha sadly turn'd away—
For ill to please and hard to win
Was the baron's bonnie May.
Then cam' a harper to the ha',
When winter nights were lang.
He touch'd the strings wi' ready hand,
And mony a lay he sang.
His cheek was wither'd o'er wi' age,
His locks were thin and white;
But the e'e that on the maiden smiled
Wi' youth's warm fire was bright.
His doublet was o' coarsest cloth,
His cloak was worn and bare;
But on each was wrought a cross o' blue
In silken colours fair.
'Why do you wear that cross o' blue,
Sae bright wi' colours fine?'
'It is the badge o' a knight I served
In the wild wars o' langsyne.'
But what has changed the gay maiden?
Her lightsome laugh is still'd;
And the cup she to the harper bears,
Wi' trembling hand is fill'd.
Nae mair she dances through the ha';
Her step is hush'd and slow;
And, sitting at her mother's side,
Her sighs come deep and low.
'Your sangs o' love,' the baron said,
'They may ring sweet and clear;
They mak' my Marjorie to sigh;
And you bide nae langer here.'
When summer cam', and the young birks
Flung a' their tassels out,
And sweet scents met the westlin' winds
That roam'd the glens about,
The maiden sought her woodland bower
Beside the waters clear,
To see the yellow trout glide by,
And the burd's sang to hear.
It canna be the mavis' note;
That sounds sae soft and low,
Wi' whisper'd words o' love that mak'
Her cheeks like crimson glow.
It canna be the harper auld,

Wha at her feet doth pray;
And yet he wears a cross o' blue
Upon his doublet gray.
'O flee wi' me, fair Marjorie!
I've loved you true and lang;
And hameward to my southern ha'
Alane I canna gang.
'Twere vain to seek your father's towers,
His pride and scorn to dree;
I would but pine in dungeon dark,
And thou in sorrow be.
My steed is swift, my sword is bright,
The way you needna fear;
And four-and-twenty stalwart knights
Lie in the woodlands near.'
'I canna wi' a stranger flee,
And leave my father's tower;
I'd wither like the violet
Pluck'd frae her native bower.
Can I forsake my brothers brave—
My mother fond and dear?
Oh! rise you up, you gay gallant!
Your words I mauna hear.'
The winter nights were lang and mirk,
The sleot was drifting white,
When at the gate the maid again
Spak' wi' that southern knight.
'My followers a' are wearying sair—
My sisters mourn for me:
Now I am come, thou lady fair!
To bid farewell to thee!
Your father will a bridegroom find;
Nae bride shall e'er be mine;
Your norland skies are no sae cauld
As that young heart o' thine.
Far distant on my hameward way,
When braks the dawn, I'll be;
And you wi' smiles may greet the day
And think' nae mair o' me.'
She laid her lily hand in his—
'This night I'll be your bride:
I'll meet you at the lanely kirk,
The twialed oak beside.
For you I'll leave my mountain hamc,
My brothers a' behind;
But wae's me for my mother dear,
My father true and kind!
The cook crew loud before the ha',
That waukrife maids might hear;
The dawn cam' glintin' up the east,
And touch'd the Ochils near;
Yet still beside the twialed oak
The southern knight doth stay:
'My bootless tryst nae mair I'll hold;
It's time I wore away.'
He turn'd him round in hasty step,
While the tear blink'd in his e'e—
'How could you brak your plighted troth,
You false, fair Marjorie!
Oh, why, this morn, does bonnie May
Sae close her chamber keep?
I'll ride without my stirrup-cup
SIn' she sae sound maun sleep.
Unto her, when she seeks the ha',
Her father's greeting tell:
But wake her not till I come back,
Gin she wake not hersel'.
The gloamin' mists were gathering gray,
When, hameward frae the chace,
The baron bold rode up the steep—
And a cloud was on his face.
The deer were swift, the hounds were slow,
The ready scent they mis'd:
'I rode without my stirrup-cup—
My May I hadna kiss'd.'
Wi' heavy tramp he trode the ha',

Nae fond face met his e's—
 'Oh! sleeps she still,' at last, he said,
 'My bonnie Marjorie?'
 In haste they to her chamber cam',
 Nae sleeping maid was there;
 But on her bed was left a lock
 O' her lang gouden hair;
 And near it lay a snaw-white glove,
 Mark'd wi' a cross o' blue;
 And a feather, that had often flapp'd
 When far the raven flew.
 The baron's brow grew black as night,
 For wae! he read the sign:
 'I'll mak' nae maen for that light leman—
 She is nae child o' mine.'
 They spread the feast as they were wont—
 Held wassail in the ha—
 In laugh and jest the baron's voice
 Rang loudest o' them a'.
 But aft her mother bent to hide
 The saut tears in her e's;
 And her brothers speir'd, 'wi' wond'ring look—
 'Whaur can our sister be?'
 But little kenn'd they a' how chang'd
 Was that young smiling face;
 And little wist the southern knight
 O' his bride's sleeping-place.
 In the dark stream beside the fa',
 Aneath a treacherous stane;
 Oh, there the bonnie Marjorie
 Lay *coudily* a' alane!
 The yule-log blaz'd upon the hearth,
 And a' was cheer within,
 When to the baron's door a hand
 Cam' tirrlin' at the pin;
 The touch was light as snawflake's fa',
 Or leaf by zephyr stirr'd;
 And yet the sound rang out so clear
 That ilka reveller heard;
 And they hae open'd wide the door,
 When there stood Marjorie!
 Wha thought the maiden fair before
 Should now her smiling see;—
 In dazzling robes o' silken sheen
 The lady she was dress'd,
 And, rarely wrought, a cross o' blue
 Shone on her snowy breast.
 Her gown was deck'd wi' roses gay,
 Her hair wi' mony a flower
 That neither grew in Lowland shaw
 Nor yet in Hieland bower.
 'I am nae light leman,' she said,
 'But a wedded bride sae true;
 And I canna rest wi' my bridegroom,
 For the love I bear to you.
 Gle me ae kiss, my mother dear;
 Your blessing, father, gude!'
 The wondering baron rais'd his hand
 And bless'd her where she stood;
 Her brother stepp'd to lead her in,—
 But Marjorie was gane;
 And on the floor a watery foot
 Was mark'd upon the stane!
 Sae they hae search'd the darklin' stream,
 And there her corpse they found;
 And now, beside the twiled oak,
 She sleeps on holy ground.
 And frae that hour, for her fair May
 The mother grieved nae mair;
 For she soon gaed to the bowers abune,
 To meet her daughter there.
 And still, beneath the birks, the stream
 Gaes singing on its way:
 But aye the maiden's name it bears,
 That water o' the May!

C. P. C.

A DAY'S RABBIT-SHOOTING.

I NEVER could see anything attractive—but many things justly discredit to the fair-dealing English mind—in that German importation, battue-shooting. Turning one's covers into a slaughter-house agrees little with our national definition of sport. Nor can the principle of fair play—that instinct of generosity which forbids a man from shooting a sitting bird or a squatting hare—well be said to exist, where the shooter, standing at the corner of a wood, or daintily picking his way through a shrubbery, fires into a ruck of half-tamed pheasants, or among a crowd of hares and rabbits that run between his very feet in their terror. No. We shall be quite right in characterising battue-shooting as a lazy, selfish, cruel process—a massacre, not a sport; begetting, in the minds of all who systematically engage in it, a deplorable indifference to loss of life in the mass, and reversing the good old opinion that, not in the quantity of game secured, but in the quality of the sport attained, lies the excellence of the day's achievement. Certainly, if it pays to preserve game—pays to sell vast quantities of it, call the destruction a business, not a pleasure. Devise some means of netting your birds, and set the gamekeeper to wring their necks. Thus you will, mercifully, avoid the necessity of those half-broken wings, those bleeding yet vitally uninjured bodies, which their miserable owners carry off with them to fester and putrify in solitude.

The true sportsman is guilty of no such cruelty as this. To torture the pierced victims, whether by a clumsy mode of shooting them or by suffering them to continue in pain when shot, is abhorrent to his nature. He will refuse to fire indiscriminately, or when he can only injure without destroying. This results from his pursuit being not only a healthy out-growth of natural inclination, but an admirable training in the matter of self-control. For, besides skill, true and legitimate sport demands endurance, watchfulness, patience, and, underlying all these, an unfailing good temper. It is a discipline both of physical and moral qualities. It calls out and strengthens the manliest attributes of man. Fatigue, hunger, cold, are to be endured. Sharp disappointments must be borne with cheerfully; sudden opportunities must be embraced instantaneously; mind, hand, and eye must be ever on the watch. Success is to be achieved, not to be stumbled on; the contents of the game-bag—not so many but what unfaltering skill might have made them more, not so few that a trifle less would have been sheer disappointment—will offer in the end a just tribute to his patience and perseverance; and, besides these advantages, true sport exerts other beneficial effects quite as desirable and more apparent. Over the active organization it produces a healthy natural glow of excitement. Langnor, headache, the fumes of dyspepsia, the irritations of bile, the gloom of discontent, the fear of adversity, the doubting of friends, the suspicion of evil, the bankruptcy of hope, the urgency of a poor purse—all disappear. The ways

of life open out more clearly; the clouds break and disperse; things are not so bad as they seemed; self-inspection has given place to more kindly objective influences; there is truth, love, sympathy yet in store for us; this good world is not all a sham; these pleasant prospects—pleasant in spite of bare-armed trees, brown fields, and leafless hedges—wake up within us a healthy naturalism of feeling; the winds of youth begin to blow again on the recruited frame and softening disposition; the old love of nature—of a life spent out of doors, all rural sights, all rural sounds—returns so strongly, that we wonder we have ever wandered away from its vigorous genial influence.

It may be our lot to spend much of our time in 'populous cities pent;' but the effect left on the mind after a day, now and then, of hearty, healthy sport, never fails of quietly helping to counteract the spirit of over-anxiety and selfishness engendered by worldly pursuits. The man of business and the sportsman may present, in the same person, two very different phases of character; but it is impossible that the health, the courage, the vigorous activity of the hunter or shooter should not affect favourably the actions of the merchant and citizen. Nor will I believe that the silent teaching of the country—so tranquil, so remote from the hurry and agitation of man's ill passions—does not assist to refine and chasten our moral character; for, certainly, mean, vicious qualities—low, ill-blooded actions—are what one expects not, and wonders to find, in a sportsman. A return, if only for a time, to something like primitive freedom, the joyous instincts of the unfettered ranger of field and forest, seems to necessitate a corresponding deliverance from those despicable, malevolent passions which are bred, like a fever, from the compression and corruption of society.

Had I twenty sons, half of their education should be carried on out of doors!

Holding these opinions, I very gladly welcomed an opportunity lately afforded me, by a kind-hearted friend and country gentleman, of enjoying a day's rabbit-shooting. We were to meet at eleven; and, punctually at that hour, Willy, Brown-Eyes, and myself, walked up the garden path towards Carter's cottage. Carter—a man of a wild breezy look—was the Squire's gamekeeper; rather tall in stature, and exhibiting a certain liberal expansiveness in his mode of carrying his limbs, which, I fancy, is peculiar to large men who spend much of their time out of doors. He invited us into the house; and, if it were necessary to the subject I have in hand, I might attempt to give you a little Dutch picture of the interior; of the three-legged table—rather furry, so to speak, from frequent ablation; of the half-dozen straw-bottomed chairs; of the dresser set against the wall, adorned with cups, saucers, mugs, and plates; of the slanting shelf of books; the cottager's almanack; the various coloured prints decorating the sides of the apartment, from one of which it would seem that Joseph's brethren, when they made their first bow to him in Egypt, wore crimson small-clothes and outaway coats.

But I am ill at such descriptions. I have little or nothing of the talent, so popular of late years, which makes us fancy what we are reading to result from a cross between an auctioneer's catalogue and a street guide.

'Do you think we shall have good luck, Carter?' said I.

'Sure to find some rabbits out at all events, sir,' he replied; 'though, to be sure, the night was wetish.'

On the whole, this was encouraging; for, coming along, we had doubted, from the sloppy state of the roads, whether many of our furry friends would be outlying in the hedges and open fields. Unless driven out by fox or weasel, rabbits won't leave the cover in wet weather. They prefer to stay at home, and make morning calls on their friends and neighbours.

We were talking of these matters, when we heard the voice of the Squire. Out we sallied, and received a hearty welcome.

'Should have been here before, lads; but, coming along, shot this pigeon. The rascal flew so far that it took me a mile out of my way before I could get him. Well, Brown-Eyes, have you brought some straight powder with you? It's no use shooting with any other. Is it, Carter? Where's Peter, and the ferrets, and the boy? We'll try the cover first. I wonder whether there's a fox there! Come along.'

Nothing loth, we followed in the wake of our thoroughly genial good friend, whose kindness of disposition and heartiness of manner make him a universal favourite. Possessing capital lungs, and a rich fruity voice, as if, when he was a baby, his nurse had poured a bottle of port wine into him, and left the gurgle in his throat, the Squire—tall, stout, and rubicund—strode along his acres—the representative man of the best national type of squires and country gentlemen.

'Take us where we shall find some rabbits, Carter,' said he. 'Show our young friends the way to pop the question at a moment's notice. Teach the parson here how to deliver his charge. He may be a bishop some day.'

We all laughed at this. Even saturnine Peter—whose face from exposure to hard weather was as stiff and seamy as if it had been cut out of a pair of old corduroy breeches—condescended to look amused. Though, speaking of bishops, the gravity of Peter would have surpassed that of a whole bench. He was the stoic of the woods—a man without a smile.

By this time we had crossed the field—rather spongy from the previous week's rain—and drawn nigh the cover. This consisted of a pretty dense wood, tangled and shrubby, standing on some two acres of ground. High banks, overgrown with bramble and hazel, ran round it as its boundaries, descending on the field-sides into deep ditches, thick with ferns and brake. It was agreed that the Squire should enter the cover, being more used to the ways of our nimble young friends, while the two boys and myself remained on the watch outside.

'Now, Peter; now, Carter, beat away! Something stirs. Brown-Eyes' heart pops into his mouth. Pahaw! 'Tis only two field-mice, which, as the pole struck the bushes, glided out of an old bird's nest and disappeared in the ditch. Look, lads, how warm and comfortable they have made it! Lined with wool, regularly restored and air-tight, it is evidently intended for the wants of a small family. There; put it back again, and note the fact.'

But as yet the chief objects of our solicitude made no sign. They kept themselves to themselves, and no impertinent curiosity to see what all the fuss was about seemed to visit the canicular mind. So many 'not at homes' replied to our delicate inquiries, that the Squire, at last, lost all patience. 'We must try the ferret,' said he, sententially.

On the word, Peter took out of a bag, which he had carried hung over his shoulder, the required little animal. It wasn't long before a mysterious-looking hole in the bank was discovered. Into this he inserted the ferret, which looked like the thin end of a lady's animated boa without a back bone. As if, like the Grim Feature, it scented its prey afar, the little animal made no pause, but slipped immediately out of sight. 'Now, gentlemen, stand from the hole, and as deep as death or a tropical noon-day, if you please! Tick, tick, went the seconds in my watch; thud, thud, went the beat of expectation in my heart. Quarters, half-hours, seemed to go by while we waited. Patience! 'Don't move for your lives!' I drew a long breath. Wait—yes—at last there is a murmur, a whispering, a rustle—a rush! away down the cover, faintly to be traced by the bending twigs and yielding fernwood! 'Ah, my fast friend, it's no good.' A look that way—the pressure of a finger this—a flash—a report; and you have sealed your indentures to the cook in your blood.

'Good shot that, Squire,' said I.

'Fairiah,' he answered. 'I could not see him, but had across his line of flight. Where's that boy? Here, stick him on the pole.' This was done by cutting the tendons of the two hind legs, and running a stick through both. One gets callous to the process, as well as to the preliminary one of suspending the animal, head downwards, and administering the *coup de grace* at the back of the head; but at first nothing but the distant prospect of rabbit stewed, boiled, or roasted, seemed to justify the proceeding. Nevertheless, as I reasoned, rabbits were made to be eaten; let it be to be eaten, made to be killed; and if killed, made to be shot; and if shot, made to be knocked on the head, and to have the sinews of their hind legs divided. I know no one who can justly find fault with the above syllogistic argument, except, perhaps, the rabbits themselves; but it is plain that they have no voice in the matter at all.

At the same time, I can't bring myself to like the employment of the ferret. In and out of the long burrows, winding here, gliding there, with deadly purpose movement, that cruel-eyed, red-nosed vermin pursues its affrighted prey. A rabbit-burrow, like

life itself, has its exits and its entrances. When, as sometimes occurs, the egress is stopped up, poor Bunny is caught completely in a trap. Outside, we wait and wait, becoming aware at last what deadly tragedy is being transacted under our feet. Often on the startled ear come clod-compressed shrieks and subterranean wailings, dying away in miserable silence. Like Sterne's starling, the poor conies cannot get out, and fall one by one into the power of their stealthy foe, whose favourite mode of attack is to jump at the throat, and bite through the jugular vein. It is not unusual, also, to find that the ferret has made a tit-bit of the eye of his victim.

Thrice on this memorable day were we detained, dismally enough, by the long absence of our small ally. It was in vain that Carter, hushing us all around, got into the ditch, and, applying his ear to the rabbit-hole, made a figure of himself more curious than graceful. His object, of course, was to determine the whereabouts of the internal contest. But it soon became evident that nothing was to be done but to dig out ferret and rabbits together; and who so fit for the job as Peter—taciturn Peter—who would have dug all day—and all night, too, for the matter of that—with the same steady, stolid, determined expression of countenance, as if to dig into a rabbit-burrow were among the highest of moral duties, and a buried ferret the ultimate end of life's energies? So we set him to work, and left him at it. When, after some forty minutes' labour, he rejoined us—outwardly impassive, but with a twinkle of triumphant splendour in his eye—he received our peans of applause modestly but confidently.

'How many, Peter?' said the Squire.

'Three, your honour,' answered he. 'One rabbit and two hedgehogs!'

May your shadow never grow less, Peter! and may we laugh a thousand times in our lives as joyously as when we heard your reply, and witnessed your solemn cachinnation!

It was during one of these long interruptions that I made my first successful shot; and I glory in it. Let me observe that rabbits rush away at such a terrible rate, as if they had an engagement at the other end of the county, and were afraid of being too late, that it took me some half-dozen shots before I became accustomed to the nervous spectacle. I shot above them; I shot before them, over them, under them; no ways near them went my desultory pellets. Sometimes too close, I missed them with the barrel, when I could have brained them with the butt-end; at other times too far off, I might as well have shot eastward, in the hope of killing a jungle cock in India. 'Don't be in such a hurry; keep cool; let him go twenty yards'—were the separate items of advice tendered to me by the Squire. But, as is always the case, experience became my best instructress; and, under her guidance, I at last demonstrated that I had not always forgotten to put in the shot when I loaded my gun. I was pacing quietly along, when a sudden shout from behind assailed my ears. 'Look out there!'

cries Will. 'I've just kicked one out of the ditch.' Dashing past me went the now familiar brown streak of fur. Oh, there you are, my dear, are you? What a violent hurry you are in! Are you thinking of catching the up-train to London? I'm afraid you'll be too late. Pop!

Reader! Did you ever see the gambols of young bullocks in fresh pastures? With joyous uncouth flinging about of the limbs, they jump, run, scour the plain, return, stand still, and gaze, then start aside like a broken bow, resuming their high jinks, full of vigorous fun and jollity. Thus didst thou behave, my young friend Will, when the first victim of thy decided aim shed its fur before thee. Know, my dear boy, that your friend and elder, grave and wise as he is, had it in his heart to have behaved even as thou—so unrestrainedly, unaffectedly, transportedly exhilarated. But I was cool, you remember; I was cool. Doubtless, there was a conscious gleam of satisfaction in my glance; but with a wave of the hand, as much as to say, 'A trifle, friends; praise me not,' I re-loaded, and asked for my second rabbit.

No more of this. Let me only observe, without wishing to appear boastful—on the contrary, I am esteemed by my friends to be remarkably diffident and modest—that if any young rabbit wishes to know how I shoot, he had better, before he tries the experiment, make his will and take an affectionate farewell of his friends and family. The probability that he will not see them again is extreme.

But this by the way. Time would fail me in recounting all the dramatic incidents of the day; of the first-rate shots made by our old friend, between bush and briar and tangled underwood; how the shooting of too impatient Will, as a novel method of ploughing up the ground, perhaps had its merits, but, if judged of as rabbit-shooting, was certainly open to animadversion; how Brown-Eyes, the well-beloved of the country-side, untrusting, from youth and maternal solicitude, with death-dealing weapon, revenged his wrongs on the poor battered bankrupt of a hat which covered but did not adorn the brows of his ever-faithful Mentor. Let me not forget the dog, too, which, when the ferret had retired into obscurity and his bag, took up the sporting tale, introducing new incidents and scenery. Prowling along the hedge with nose on the perpetual sniff, Bell, at intervals, would make a sudden pause. Then, as from far we saw her, motionless, with head lowered and rigid tail, pointing into the hedge or ditch, 'So-ho! So-ho!' cried Carter, Squire, or boy. There was always a rabbit on those occasions—sometimes a foolish, fatuous rabbit, that, instead of making off at once, preferred to lie still as if awaiting our approach—often with light-brown body ridiculously apparent, refusing to stir till kicked out, shot, and strung alongside his friends on the stick.

Once or twice we came across the traces of the insidious fox; whereupon the Squire would tell us tales of the quantity of game which a single animal would destroy. Especially are foxes destructive of rabbits. Thus, when the latter have young ones.

warmly, and, as they suppose, safely housed at the very end of the burrow, Master Reynard troubles not himself to come in at the front door, like any other respectable gentleman; but, guided by his own exquisite power of smell, scratches his way right down upon them from above.

Here Carter breaks in:—'I know'd an old fox once—and a cunning one he was, too, to be sure—who, whenever he was hunted, always led the hounds a pretty dance round the country, he did. Always the same round, till he came to Desborough Wood, and there he used to go to cover; and they never could get him out, do what they would. However, when the huntsmen—and, for the matter of that, some of the gentlemen, too—used to be cursing and swearing away at a fine rate, out would come another dog-fox, as fresh as a daisy, right before their noses. But, bless you! the hounds were too tired to catch him, as well he know'd, I'll be bound!'

'And do you think one told the other?' asked Brown-Eyes.

'I think he let him know somehow or other,' replied Carter, cautiously and philosophically.

In fact, it would seem there's no end to the wily ways of a fox. Gamekeepers will tell you how, on moonlight nights, foxes may be seen practising their leaps, determining with the utmost exactitude the longest distance from which they can pounce with certainty on the prey. How, too, they will dip their brush in liquid manure, and, trailing it along a run in the wood or a ditch-side, conceal themselves, and wait for the rats and mice which are sure to be attracted that way by the odour. How, too, they will swim, unsuspected, towards ducks, and even wild fowl, under cover of a branch of a tree. How also, if they are surprised in a place from which there is no immediate escape, they will pretend to be dead, taking care, however, to be off as soon as your eyes turned from them. In fact, what with his extraordinary devices to escape the hounds, his perilous leaps, and queer places of refuge, the fox, if he is one of the most mischievous of animals, is also, perhaps the most dramatic. To country gentlemen he is invaluable. Nor are we ignorantly to suppose that the fox-hunter has all the fun, and the fox all the fright, or that the sensations of hunting and being hunted are diametrically opposed. 'The horses like it,' once observed a wiry old huntsman; 'the dogs like it; we like it; and I am not sure the fox himself doesn't like it.' Let us charitably suppose he does.

But it is time to bring these desultory remarks to an end. I suppose the number of rabbits we kill would appear ridiculously small by the side of the vast lists of victims which at this season of the year furnish occasional paragraphs to the newspapers. Nevertheless, what we did secure were obtained honestly and industriously. Even the amount of walking we got through is not to be sneered at. Across field after field, cold and wet, down into deep hollows set with thick bush and furze—grievously toiling along dense clumps of sticky blue-clay mud—

-ranging the sides of rasping hedges, beneath which
 revelled and gurgled the muddy waters of the Severn.
 seeking brooks—or descending into great broad pas-
 tures, undrained and soppy, stretching far away and
 mingling with the uplands which rose along the slopes
 of distant hills,—we tramped and tramped till, speak-
 ing for myself, I knew no more where we were than
 the dead. But what of that? That suspended puzzle
 in the mind as to one's whereabouts—which a turn in
 the road or a glance at the landscape from a changed
 angle of vision, will resolve into delighted recognition
 —not only added to the attraction of the sport, but
 made it partake of something like its original savage-
 ness and solitude. Meantime, as the day went down,
 the rabbits became fewer and fewer, our voices ceased,
 our thoughts turned homewards. Evening—gray,
 still, cold—came on; silence accompanied; the quiet
 country sank into more placid repose; the redwing,
 startled out of the hedge by our approach, flew noise-
 lessly into the nearest tree; even the timid blackbird
 flittered off down the dusk without his usual foolish
 chatter and scream. Men, boy, and dog seemed as
 if they had had quite enough. The ferret only was
 restless, poking a ridiculously red nose through a hole
 in a bag, and exposing itself thereby to many de-
 precatory remarks.

“Squire, we must be off home. You have given
 us a jolly day. Brown-Eyes hasn't had one like it
 these holidays. We are all tired and hungry as moss-
 wipers. After dinner, we'll fight our battles over
 again; and, between wine and walnuts, re-kill the
 already slain. Nor will we conceal from one another
 what I think we each individually experience—
 that on this day Nature has not been niggard in her
 better influences upon our minds; and, while helping
 to strengthen our bodies, has been insensibly persuad-
 ing us to seek for health in our pleasures, simplicity
 in our tastes, and sincerity in our thoughts.

A. S.

WORDSWORTH'S 'INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.'

Of all our modern poets, Wordsworth and Coleridge
 are the most metaphysical. Man is pre-eminently
 the subject of both. With Wordsworth, man as in-
 fluenced and guided by Nature: with Coleridge, man
 as reflected in, and united to, Nature. Wordsworth
 united himself, and the written histories of men and
 outward life, in order the more fully to yield himself
 to the silent but deep monitions of the invisible Spirit
 who fills the universe. The grand thought underly-
 ing all his poems is the passivity of the human soul.
 Coleridge's pages, on the contrary, are full of severe
 intellectual introspection. Coleridge's philosophy is
 the poetical development of Swedenborg's Theory of
 Correspondence; Wordsworth's doctrine is the higher
 expansion of Cowper's, and makes Nature the revela-
 tion of God, whose voice can always be heard, as well
 in the tiniest rain-drop as in the fearful thunder-storm.
 Perceiving every object of the material world—the

unseen brook in the wilderness, the clear bubbling
 stream of the valley and the fairy flowers growing
 on its side, the grass-blades in the daisy-crowned
 fields, the far-off beauteous stars, the majestic rivers,
 and the ceaseless ocean and the awful cataracts, the
 gorgeous landscape and the homeless clouds—in
 everything of Nature is the Eternal Spirit, speaking
 through it to the heart and understanding of man.
 This dogma of an ever guiding and exhaustless in-
 spiration in natural objects—of an ever new and
 perennial revelation from God, through the things
 which His hand hath made—is the foundation of
 Wordsworth's poetry. But with Coleridge, Nature
 is not the forming influence—not the unerring moni-
 tor from whom he is to inquire and receive, in a state
 of absolute quiescence, the highest truth, and for whose
 teaching the profoundest thinkings of the human mind,
 and the noblest achievements of the human intellect,
 are to be set aside; but it is the tangible, visible, and
 material reflection of man's inner life. With Words-
 worth, to obey Nature with unquestioning reverence
 and the holiest worship; to lose and absorb your in-
 dividuality in intense communing with her; to regard
 her as the embodied Deity; to be the recipient of the
 sublime truths she unfolds; to reject all forms and
 creeds and books and theories of men for the ever-
 present Divinity within us,—that is the one duty of
 our life. With Coleridge, to study Nature as the actual
 realization of our thoughts—the workmanship of our
 souls—the manifestation of our ideas in an accom-
 plished fact. Thus, with Wordsworth there is no
 union between the soul and Nature as a material
 existence, but between the ever audible voice within
 her. With Coleridge, man and Nature are indissolubly
 one—man the living infinite spirit, Nature the acted
 thought of the creative soul.

In expounding this grand theme—the language of
 Nature to the human heart, and the sway of Nature
 over our thinking life; in endeavouring to apprehend
 the harmony that exists between the outer and inner
 world; in attempting to solve the secrets and un-
 ravel the mysteries of our present-conditioned being
 and of our ideal associations, Wordsworth has blended
 the profoundest truth with the finest eloquence and
 the most gorgeous description. His 'Intimations of
 Immortality' is a poem of the highest rapt imagina-
 tion, uniting the deepest metaphysical thought, the
 grappling with a mysterious problem of our existence,
 the subtlest fancy, and the weightiest significance,
 with rich poetic clothing, glowing words, opulent
 imagery, and luminous description. It opens with a
 blessed recollection of the virgin joys of childhood,
 when the young, simple, gladsome heart laughs and
 beats in consonance with everything around it; when
 the depths of sorrow attendant upon maturer years are
 unknown; when the eye looks out and sees naught
 but what is 'passing fair and beautiful' as a fairy-
 dream; when the indefinable sense of the good is ever
 present; when sunshine is unmingled with cloud, and
 hope with tears and disappointment, and fresh gaiety
 and joy with the bitterness of large experience. Ah!

how unsyllable and profound is the significance of the sublime unity! The great heart of Nature—everywhere alike in all its infinite variety—one with the eternal and undying heart of the young innocent child! The feeling of unending life is there, down in the unfathomable abysses of the soul, laid in the foundation of our being as a universal instinct. But the delight lasts not long; the harmonious music presently begins to jar; the boundless joy is interrupted by grief; the

'Pleasure is mix'd with pain.'

How melancholy is the oppressive thought—

'Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more!

The soul is severed from Nature; but her appearances are still the same. The stern contact with life has divorced him from the objects he so ardently loved when a boy; but they are still unchangeable. Still the rainbow comes and goes; still the flowers blossom in 'witching beauty; still the sun shines in eternal glory; still the birds sing joyously and in gladdening melody; still the young lambs bound and frolic in primitive-like innocence; still the moon looks as spiritual in her far-off habitation; still the forms of Nature are immutable.

'But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.'

Ah, there it is! The fact then comes upon our ripened manhood—the incapability of earth to satisfy the longings of the limitless soul. The rapt delight of the boy, upon whom

'— Immortality
Broods like the day,'

is dispelled by the wants and yearnings of a spirit which earth with her countless riches cannot supply. 'Where is it now—the glory and the dream?' And why? Because the soul is a wanderer here, environed in a body and time-vesture which impede its upward flight; because in its deep consciousness is the intuitive sense or emotion of *life without beginning*; because, having become disunited from Nature in consequence of the development of mortality, there is a vacuum which can be filled only by the realization and enjoyment of that perfect and purely spiritual existence which is its sublimest aspiration, and which is the original state whence it has proceeded. For,

'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness;
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home!'

How subtle and meditative! How serenely beautiful the atmosphere around it! How magnificent the imagery! How deep the thought! The consciousness of pre-existence is an ineradicable feeling of our being—not logically demonstrable, because it defies our analytical reason, and belongs essentially to the region of the emotions. And amid the woes, and

pains, and sorrows—amid the strifes and distractions—amid the grief and sufferings inherited by all in this life, there is one happy inspiring thought:—

'O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live!
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!'

This song of thanksgiving is not induced solely by the recollection of the joys of childhood, but primarily:—

'For those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence.'

Hence, in the imperishableness of those truths, and the power imparted by them, the poet says:—

'In a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.'

There is the deep philosophy of the poem; the profound insight into the union between the past and the future; the expression of the deep-seated idea that looks backward to a life without beginning, and forward to a life without end; the deep intuition that we *were*, and that we *shall be* throughout the endless future. The dreams of our childhood, then, are the highest realities after all; not mere brain fancies and empty imaginings, flitting like phantoms across the mind, but the sublimest truths sounding in our being's depths, through the ages, from everlasting to everlasting.

S. F. WILLIAMS.

FANCIES OF BYGONE ART.

We should scarcely venture to make the trite remark that high art and right sentiment are inseparable, were it not to distinguish such a legitimate relationship from a spurious one to which we are about to refer, and which was of such a peculiar nature as to warrant distinguishing notice in the history of art. We allude to the practice which prevailed during the period of Addison, and until the close of the last century, of delineating all scenes of domestic life under certain fictitious circumstances, with a view to heighten the aspect of the picturesque. It was not thought necessary to adopt this method in representations of historic events of the past, nor of naval and military engagements of the day—these being supposed to contain a sufficient degree of interest in themselves without the addition of ideal characters. But the scenes of domestic life were not considered sufficiently poetic in their character to admit of their being painted literally; and we believe that Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, was the first to abandon the notion that men and women in contemporary times must needs be painted in costume

Doubtless the origin of this absurdity might be traced; but without undertaking this task, may we not reasonably inquire whether something of the same spirit is not perceptible in a considerable portion of the literature of that day? Did not pastoral sentiment, for instance, so prevail in the writings of the poets, as to influence the painters in the choice and manner of their works?—scenes of rustic life and love forming the favourite material for both. An excessive gallantry was the fashion of the day, and Love the all-absorbing theme. The high-flown verses which appeared in admiration of the fair sex, especially in the *Lady's Magazine*, were in general esteem. For a specimen we have only to open an old volume of Saenstone, Phillips, or Pomfret, and it will be strange if we do not hit upon some such couplet as—

'What! Celestina dead! Oh no! she cannot die!
She's too divine—too much a deity!'

Artists, in willing conformity to this taste, found ample scope for the exercise of their genius in those scenes of Arcadian simplicity—those blissful, imaginary regions, tenanted by rosy Cupids, whose only employment was that of

'Wounding, with unerring shaft,
The hearts of maidens fair!'

and give rise to innumerable fanciful productions in pictorial art, which the public received with perfect complacency. Nor were the caterers to this established public taste—which was the same in regard to decoration and ornament—slow to minister to it; and Cipriani's paintings on the panels of state carriages, down to the ladies' fans, which were magnificently spread with languishing nymphs and love-sick swains. The owners of these last-named trifles also delighted to sit for their portraits as rural beauties; and were ladies of quality considered to compromise their rank by receiving the poet's homage in sonnets, which addressed them as favourite shepherdesses, placing in the names of Gloriana, Roxana, or Myrtila; while dissipated peers and men of the town did suit to them in language which affected to be heartless eloquence of the rustic clown, but rendered palatable by the complimentary style then so much in favour. Nor were the religious writers without their influence in fostering a false taste in art. We may instance Mrs. Rowe as a type of another class of sentimentalists too striking to be omitted. At one moment transported in meditating on the Divine perceptions, at another indulging in free descriptions of human passion, she so eloquently descanted on both, as to draw forth a very natural question—Whether the claims of religion might not be in danger of suffering from such proximity? As far as art was concerned, religion was undoubtedly in some danger, for her letters were embellished by designs less likely to call up spiritual aspirations than to bring into prominence the licentious manners of the times.

We remember an illustration of one of her letters:—a young lady at her devotions in the foreground; and a group of half-nude youths and maidens in the back-

ground, paying attentions to each other, in the style in which Boucher, the celebrated French painter, loved to represent them in his pictures of the golden age. Even now, traces of this false idealism have not wholly disappeared. A search into the old print-shops in the unfashionable haunts of London would bring to light many musty records of the past in art—curiosities that would aid us in our conceptions better than the most elaborate description. We should see prints in the red-chalk stipple style after Angelica Kauffman, that lady painter of gods and goddesses, who astonished the world by her severe classic taste, and aided the imagination by portraying such characters as Mentor, Calypso, Telemachus, and Belisarius; varying her subjects with nymphs bathing in beautiful gardens, or dignified figures, half-women half-statues, all wearing an expression of sublime contentment and happiness. You would also alight upon young swains, if in coloured prints, with blue coats, bright buttons, knee-breeches and buckles, the admired of 'the charming fair;' and, possibly, upon an Amanda, weeping on a garden-seat for one of those false ones so attired, and who, in the background, is seen sporting with happy nymphs, the favoured, but 'fast,' shepherd of the grove. You will be arrested possibly by the peculiar expression on the faces of the ladies, who are invariably looking upwards, as if to bless Heaven for such unwonted felicity, or downwards, to hide their blushes from the ardent gaze of their capering partners.

Coming down more nearly to our own times, the names of Burney and Westall at once present themselves—names pretty familiar to those who are acquainted with the works of British artists, especially Burney, who stepped beyond his contemporaries to work out what he considered the truest sentiment in art. Being a disciple of the serpentine line theorists, who supposed they had discovered the secret of all true beauty and grace, he immediately adopted their principle in the drawing of his figures, rendering them in some instances so supremely ridiculous, that it required no effort to identify them as Burney's 'own.' He must have been a little disappointed that the chairs and tables did not admit of the same kind of treatment; but the animals were made to subserve his purpose, as, like his ladies and gentlemen, they writhed about in all directions—the domestic cat on the hearth, and the baby in the cradle, judging from their contortions, seemed alike contending to exemplify the line of beauty in its perfection.

As the public made no complaint against such proceedings, we presume it considered itself so properly constituted in regard to taste as to enjoy and admire them. It is long before a more consistent taste is thoroughly discerned; indeed we make no doubt there are still to be met with, in some sequestered corners of Britain, undisturbed by modern innovations, old gentlemen and gentlewomen, who, surrounded by the relics of their early days, sigh over them as pieces of perfection the world is never more to behold; like Mrs. Piozzi—the lively, witty, and gay of her time—

who, as she drew near her end, considered that all things else were drawing to a close; the constitutional weakness in her throat increasing, Johnson gone, and friends going, she gave way to a morbid view of affairs. As to literature, it was on its last legs; the legislators of her country were becoming corrupt, and fearful times were advancing. It was, indeed, high time for her removal from 'the evil to come.' As she grew weaker, the imbecile condition she had predicted for mankind was about to dawn, and the strength of that generation was departing with her own.

We well remember the visits we were in the habit of paying a worthy old gentleman, in the days of our youth. Like Mrs. Piozzi, he believed he had seen the end of all perfection, particularly in regard to art, of which he had been a devotee, and somewhat of a patron. As it was of the kind of art we have been endeavouring to describe, we shall offer no apology for a more lengthened description of it as it appeared in the old gentleman's collection of prints and paintings—the walls of his cottage being, as he supposed, adorned with the finest the world would ever see again. One print particularly struck us. It was a representation of a pic-nic party—a number of ladies and gentlemen, robed as shepherds and shepherdesses, were sitting down, under the shade of a great oak, to a substantial meal of roast fowls, ham, bottled porter, &c. The gentlemen were assiduous in their attention to the ladies, though there was no lack of domestics; for, while some of them were in the background unpacking a hamper, which doubtless contained the second course, they were waited upon in front by a black man, in livery, of sober demeanour. The intense gravity of the black flunkey, as contrasted with the joyous smiles of the party, and his handsome livery with their rustic habiliments, caused us no little amusement.

The next pictures worthy of notice were a pair of well-executed prints, in the chalk or stipple style. To those who had read Pope's poems, there was no difficulty in recognising the subjects. The one represented Abeldard in a monastery; the other Eloisa in a nunnery. The former looked profoundly melancholy, and very interesting, as he was engaged in writing an epistle to his beloved. Eloisa, in her nun's attire, was now the bride of heaven. The last tear shed for Abeldard lay conspicuous upon his letter, which she had been perusing. The artist had bestowed unusual pains upon this tear, to render it large and pearly; and we were informed that it was considered quite an achievement in art, and universally admired. We do not say, in reference to these two pictures, that the sentiment they conveyed was any other than the right one. We allude to them simply as forming a portion of a unique set, strongly contrasting with a modern collection. Often we gazed upon them, pitying the unhappy fate of those very ardent lovers; and when the old gentleman informed us that Abeldard's release was out of the question, and that Eloisa had declared her decided intention never to leave the convent, it almost brought tears into our youthful eyes. On

the side walls of the fire-place were two other prints, with less of the romantic, but more inconsistently imagined. In the one picture the principal figure was that of a country gentleman in a hunting coat, booted and spurred, his whip under his arm, and wearing the usual powder and pig-tail of the period. He was smiling, with rather a forced benignity, on what we suppose was one of the smallest infants which the artist (Mr. Wheatley) had ever seen or painted. The baby was held up for the sportsman father to admire, in the arms of a most amiable nurse, as unlike Mrs. Gamp as possible. The mother of the babe was introduced in the background, the curtains of her bed having been drawn a little on one side, to show her placid and contented countenance, looking unutterable things. The gentleman had evidently seen the baby for the first time, having just stepped in from the amusement of the chase; whether purposely or accidentally, expecting or not expecting such felicity, we thought not of inquiring. In the other print, the members of the same family were introduced. Baby was just learning to walk, and papa was stretching out his arms to save it from a possible fall. The only noticeable thing in the picture, which savoured of inconsistency (if we except the sylph-like form of the nurse), was the fact of the father being still booted and spurred; conveying the impression that he had been hunting ever since the baby's birth, and had just paid another flying visit for a passing glimpse at his wife and child.

It would fatigue the reader to enumerate all the old gentleman's treasures, once conspicuous as the pride of the printshops of the Mall and St. James's: yet there were one or two others we can hardly pass over. Under an antique oval mirror, ornamented with those little burnished globes then so general, hung an oil painting of a shipwreck. It was, indeed, a terrible storm, and the waves surprised us by their size and roughness; but the calmness of the crew was something more wonderful, though quite in harmony with the idea which seemed to prevail with certain artists, that men in pictures should look more amiable than men out of them. The artist, in depicting this terrible gale, had taken care that those exposed to it should wear the expression of perfect resignation to their fate. The heads dotted upon the billows, and the figures clinging to the rocks, looked so well prepared for their everlasting change as to remind us of a crew of shipwrecked angels rather than men; nor could we account for the painter's fancy on any other ground than that of the desire to warn all not similarly situated to be ready for such a calamity, should it ever arrive.

Besides this last, there were two large prints, 'The Woodman's Return' and 'The Old Shepherd in the Storm,' both by Westall, R. A. The eyes upturned, and looking so radiant and meek, led us, in our boyish ignorance, to the inevitable conclusion that all aged shepherds and woodmen were among the most excellent of the earth.

If we were to begin a description of the porcelain

figures, where should we end? Let us just allude to one group, as a type of all the rest. A gentleman and lady on an elegant sofa, *elle-a-elle* over their chocolate; and a Cupid, with his little golden bow, peeping slyly from under the cushions!

With these reminiscences, we close our description of the old gentleman's parlour, and the fancies of bygone art. C. N. W.

'TOO MANY ROW'NS IN THE POCK.'

"WHEN a youngster, running about the braes of Cowal," said a venerable Hebridean friend of mine, "I was accustomed, at the proper season, to gather a goodly quantity of hazel nuts, which, being kept for a time, and then *shooled* as we called it, or shusked, were taken to Greenock, and sold at so much per Scotch pint. It was by the produce of these that I got, one autumn, the first head-covering that I ever wore, and which was a hat; neither bonnet nor caps being at that time—half a century ago—so common as they have been since. I still remember how rejoiced I was at this event—so rejoiced that when the hat was out of my sight, I could hardly believe that I really was the possessor of such an article. About the same time, and while picking blaeberreries among the heather, I found a cock sleeping; but, thinking it was dead, I put it in the palm of my left hand, while I began to stroke it with my right. To my surprise and dismay, the creature awoke and flew away, leaving me to feel the pangs of an irreparable loss. Often did I go back to the same spot, and thrust my hand into the hole among the heather where I found it, to feel if it had come back; but never found it again—a trial to a boy fond of bird-nesting, which I leave to boys of that age to realise, as they only can—just remarking to my young friends, that, although I was very fond of finding birds' nests, I never really *harried* any of them, farther than occasionally taking one or two of the young for pets, when they were on the eve of leaving the nest.

"In the course of half a century—during which time my experiences have been pretty varied, if neither wonderful nor even remarkable—I have, of course, and who has not?), met with many causes of regret, by the way of losses and disappointments, and I have had at times, also, substantial reasons both for thankfulness and rejoicing. I am not sure, however, that any of these ever produced on me so much sadness or sorrow as the getting of the first hat, or the losing of that cuckoo. But I am forgetting the row'ns.

"Well, then, one day, towards the end of the season, I set off to the wood, with my pock and smack, or stick, for pulling down the branches to get; but I was not very successful in finding nuts. Not wishing to return home with my bag rather empty, and 'row'ns,' or rowan berries, being plentiful about me, I from time to time thrust a bunch of these into the pock, until at last it was pretty well filled. I then returned home; and, eagerly opening my treasure, found that there were fewer nuts than

even I myself thought, but a good many more row'ns than I at all conjectured. When the latter were all out, some one present remarked—'Ah! you have too many row'ns.'

"Now, the rowan berry is a very pretty and showy fruit to look at, and perhaps may now be turned to more useful purposes than were then discovered; but, compared to hazel nuts at that time, rowan berries were thought very useless. Upon the occasion in question, I was thought to have far too many of them. I never forgot the circumstance; and, when I met with people who were very showy in their way, but with little substance, I always thought they had too many rowans. When, for instance, I met with a young man full of boasting and bluster, but without much courage or merit, I set him down as having 'Too many row'ns in his pock;' when I met with a young lady very gay in appearance or dress, but without thrift or much modesty, I thought that she had 'Too many row'ns;' when I saw a young merchant or tradesman living, or undertaking things, far above what he ought to do, I thought that he had 'Too many row'ns;' when I heard a young preacher very eloquent in his own opinion, and gaining credit and reputation only with those who were no real judges of his merit or performances, I thought that he had 'Too many row'ns;' when I read the effusions of one who thought himself a poet, but was merely a rhymester, I considered that he had fewer nuts than row'ns; when young ladies are addressed very passionately by some Lothario who may afterwards turn out unworthy of their confidence, let them beware lest there be 'Too many row'ns' in the case; and when young men are led on with expectations by mere coquettes, let them beware that such may not have 'Too many row'ns;' in short, let all and sundry, in their intercourse with the world, in the expectations they may entertain, and in the plans they may form, see to it that there be not 'Too many row'ns in the pock.' L.

THE SHADOW OF A STORY.

THREE summers ago, I was staying at the Baths of Cronthal, in the Taunus. Ems, Wiesbaden, and Homburg were too gay for me—for I was really an invalid, and not a *malade imaginaire*—so I chose a retreat where, within easy reach of Frankfort and the Rhine, I was yet as secluded as though I were a hundred leagues from any tourist.

Cronthal is a charming spot, just off the road from Soden to Homburg, below the road from the latter to Kœnigstein, and the baths are so close to Cronberg that the latter, with its lofty castle, attracts all the attention of the by-passers, and allows its humble neighbour to remain unnoticed. Rest and the waters did me much good; and I began, after a fortnight's stay, to explore the neighbourhood. At first keeping low down in my walks, and then, by degrees, pushing them more and more towards the mountain, until at length my favourite rambles were high up beyond Falkenstein, in the forest that stretches away far and wide over the calf-country of the Clan-Chattan.

One day I was wandering as usual along a solitary road—the hour not far from noon. It was magnificent harvest weather, and here and there, through the glades, I caught joyous glimpses of the great plain

below, yellow with the golden burthen of the grain. I was musing on the strangeness of that long, straight, solitary road, white and gleaming in the sunshine amid the dark-green trees—it must have lain due north and south,—when I was startled by observing, sitting on a stone just before me, the Shadow of a stout man tying its shoe. I say '*its* shoe,' for there was no real man or shoe to be seen. The Shadow was seated on the summit of the shadow of the stone. Its feet were on the *sunweg*, or part of the road appropriated to foot passengers, but which could not be called a *footpath* in our sense of the word; and its back was towards the carriage-way, so that I saw it in profile. I looked for the Substance, but there was none. The top of the stone was dark with what an Irishman would call the substantial part of the Shadow, but otherwise there was nothing on it. The shadow of the hat covered the upper part of the features, only showing two-thirds of an aquiline nose, two full lips, and a large double-chin destitute of beard. Lower down, it exhibited the proportions of a well-fed Shadow; or, should I rather call it, the Shadow of a well-fed man?—but there was no man. It was not a delusion, for I saw the shadow-fingers tie the shadow-shoe with a shadow-string; and then it got up, walked on before me a few paces, and stood—with its face to the west, so that I had it again in profile—as if waiting for me!

I had frequently heard of strange stories in Germany, but thought that the day of such marvels, if ever they did exist, was long gone by. I remembered the tale of Peter Schlymil, the gentleman whose shadow the Evil One rolled up and walked off with in his pocket. But here was a very different case, the Evil One, if he had any hand in it, must have gone off with the stout gentleman and forgotten to take the shadow; or was the stout gentleman really there? Had he simply, by putting on a green silk cap, or by turning his magic ring on his finger, rendered himself invisible? No, surely not. We know that light must pass freely through all things that are *invisible*; nay, it even passes through some things that are *visible*, for Dante tells us that the visible shades in Purgatory cast no shadows, and how they always found him out by his. Still it seemed as feasible that a man should become invisible and cast a shadow, as that a shadow should exist without a substance. If the man were there, what was he going to do? Why was he waiting for me? Perhaps it was some new discovery in science applied to highway robbery. I could not turn and run away, for then my back would be to him, and I could not watch his movements; besides, I was an Englishman; so I did the next best, and moved out into the centre of the road, so as to keep him at a comfortable distance while passing him. What was my dismay to see the Shadow step out across the road also, and range up alongside of me, at least alongside of my shadow. I swept the air with my stick where the Substance should have been, but it was void. My shadow, of course, did the same; but the other took no notice of the action; it only

edged a little nearer, took off its hat in a very polite manner, made rather an elegant bow for so stout a Shadow; and, as I saw the thick lips move, it was evident that it was speaking. But to whom was it speaking? Of course it must be to my shadow. The horrid idea instantly flashed across my mind that its purpose was to seduce my shadow from its allegiance, and all the consequences of becoming a shadowless man, forced themselves upon me! What, if my shadow yielded to its entreaties!

But what could he offer to entice it to leave me! Freedom, to be sure; freedom from me whose slave it had been all its life; on whom it had ever to keep a watchful eye; whose least action it had to follow with the most instantaneous promptness and the most unerring precision; and whom it would have to serve until the coffin and the tomb shut me out from light; nay, even then, would not my shadow be buried along with me, and perhaps some day be turned out with me by the sexton's shovel—bones and the shadow of bones? Now, here was the Shadow of a stout man, quite its own master, and, as it seemed, lacking nothing to its happiness save company, bent on persuading my slave to leave my service. What had I not to dread! In fact, I had everything to fear and nothing to hope. An accusing conscience rose up against me. I had never considered my shadow's comfort in any way; had scarcely ever noticed its existence; and had never once in all my life paid it the slightest compliment, shown it the most commonplace civility, or thanked it for all its years of constant and faithful service. I had done nothing to render its service less irksome, or to attach it to me in any way. I had not the slightest claim on its affections, nor on its gratitude.

Though at first almost stupified with terror, I soon began to bethink me of making some effort to get rid of our unwelcome companion. I tried all the forms of exorcism that I could remember or imagine. I crossed myself simply; I crossed myself in the elaborate manner that I learned in Spain, and which stamps the performer as the most faithful of the faithful; and I crossed myself with the equally complicated ceremonial of the Greek Church. I did all this with my face to the east, as looking towards the Holy Sepulchre, when, seeing it had no effect on the strange Shadow, I repeated it with my face to the south, so that the crossings might be properly marked on my own shadow. The effect was the same. I then did it with my face to the north, to see what that would do; and then with my face to the west, that no chance might be lost. It was all of no use; I crucified myself in vain; the stout Shadow kept talking on as before.

I sprang rapidly to one side; I ran two or three steps backwards; I jumped at it, so as to try and pass over it; and, finally, thinking that the stout Shadow might not have the power of running faster than the corresponding stout Substance might reasonably be supposed to run, which could not be very fast—though hitherto it had followed all my movements

with a deftness that would have been amazing in him—and having myself been formerly noted for speed of foot, I set off down hill at my utmost stretch. For the first hundred yards I did not look behind me, but when I did, the stout Shadow was alongside of mine, not running, but skipping, with long strides and pointed toes, as children skip on their way from school—never on their way to it—and with his left arm placed affectionately round my shadow's neck! This was intolerable; I dashed on, straining every nerve, and hoping to see some symptoms of giving out on its part; but a shadow has no weight to carry; and as I neared the bottom of the hill, out of breath and exhausted, I saw the pointed toes, if anything a trifle in advance of me, dropping *tour à tour* with inexpressible lightness and regularity. Just then a new idea occurred to me. I turned sharp to the right, and plunged into the wood. In a moment I was in deepest shade, and sank exhausted at the foot of an antelope oak.

I had now got at least temporary relief, but, so soon as I had been the excitement both of mind and body that I could not benefit by it; in fact, I was stupefied: I only felt a consciousness of something oppressing me, I knew not what nor how. I remained thus for some time, till the chill gloom began to refresh me; and I gradually resumed its powers, and I remembered the Shadow. Where was it now? Annihilated? That might not be. I knew that as soon as I returned to light, and eliminated my own shadow from the world of shade in which it now was lost, that it would reappear; and why should not the other be able to extricate itself also, and reappear with it? But if, as I doubted not, it had the intention of leaving mine to go with it, was I not giving it every opportunity of accomplishing its purpose? Might it not already have seduced it to slip away while I had no power of observing them; and might it not issue from my fancied security awfully alone? When renewed energy, I sprang to my feet at the thought, and stepped quickly towards the road. I shall never forget the fearful suspense, the agony of the passage of these few yards. Should I come forth with one shadow, with two shadows, or with no shadow at all? I entered the sunshine, and there were two shadows! At first I felt happy that it was so; but then what better was I than before? Nay, I was worse; for now the tempter, using no longer his persuasion, was having recourse to force, and I saw that he was endeavouring to drag my shadow away from me.

Very generally in Germany, and particularly in the part of it, the country people all live in the villages, and from one village to another there is not a cottage nor a hovel by the wayside. They issue forth in the morning to their labour, and spread themselves over the country; they take their humble dinner in the fields, and only return on the approach of night. At this season of the year there was no work doing in the woods; the harvest on the plain claimed every hand, and one might have wandered for days in the

deserted roads of the forest without meeting with a human being. I had no prospect, then, of getting assistance nearer than Königstein or Cronberg. Assistance? What aid could any mortal offer me? It might be, certainly, that I should meet some one who had a shadow more compliant than mine, and that thus I might be relieved of my tormentor at the expense of another. One thing, and one thing alone comforted me—my shadow wavered not. At times the stout stranger threw himself on his knees before it, embraced its legs, and tried to prevent its progress, till he was dragged along by it; or he planted himself in my path, and threatened it with violence if it proceeded farther with me. But my efforts to get rid of him were not more vain; my shadow passed on as though the other did not exist.

Königstein was, if anything, nearer to me than Cronberg; but the difference of distance was trifling, and I could reduce it by taking a footpath from the cross roads, that I had discovered only a day or two previously; so I pushed on for home as quickly as my exhausted strength permitted me. All the while the stout Shadow ceased not in its efforts to seduce mine. It tried tears, for I saw it apply its shadow pocket-handkerchief to its eyes; and it tried scolding, as I could tell by its gesticulations. I had got hardened to it by this time, and scarcely gave it any attention, but plodded on in a state of dreamy abstraction. I had nearly reached the cross roads, when I was roused by the sound of horse's hoofs clattering behind me. I turned, and saw a horseman coming down the hill at a hand-gallop. What should I do? Should I stop him, and claim his aid? Could he, would he aid me if I did? Should I not rather excite his horror than move his pity? Would it not be better for me to leave the highway, and hide myself again in the shadow of the wood? I was unable to determine, and, while I stood irresolute, he came near. He was a stout, middle-aged man—evidently one of the ancient people—mounted on a powerful brown horse, well up to his weight, which was at present in a lather with the rapidity of his pace and the heat of the day. Good heavens! As he neared me, what did I see? My brain whirled as I saw it! Yes! there was no doubt about it. Though the shadow of the horse was there, there was no shadow of the rider! My eye sought the stout Shadow. There it was, standing so as exactly to cover mine, and appear in its place as my shadow. I would have cried out, but my voice was gone. I gasped vainly, but uttered no sound. Horrid thought! Would he gallop past me, and never see his shadow? No. He pulled up suddenly, just as he was going by; and, removing his hat with an air which I recognised as the original of that with which the stout Shadow first addressed himself to mine, he said, in German, in a voice husky with emotion, 'Sir, have you seen'—. He had not time to finish the sentence ere, with a glance of the eye and a sudden step to one side, I revealed to him what he was in search of. 'Ah!' he said, 'he is there!' Instantly he uttered a few words, in a lan-

guage which I did not understand; and, as the sound of them ceased, the stout Shadow had passed from its place, and was seated on the back of the shadow of the horse—a correct copy, in attitude and movement, of the corpulent Hebrew. ‘I must apologise,’ said the latter, again addressing me in German, ‘for any annoyance that he has caused you. Believe me, I am truly and sincerely sorry.’ Again he made me the graceful salutation—which I was too dumbfounded to return—put spurs to his horse, and went off, up the hill, at speed.

I was alone with my faithful shadow.

Gratitude for its fidelity was mingled with joy at our deliverance. I sat down on a fallen tree by the wayside, with my shadow on a piece of smooth, soft sward. I bent forward and laid my hand upon the ground so that our fingers met. I turned my head so that I had it as much as might be in profile, and that thus we see one another to a certain extent. I could have knelt and kissed it, but I should only have kissed the back of its head; for no man yet ever saw his shadow face to face, unless it were the stout Israelite who had just left me. I must have spent some time in this way, asking pardon of my shadow for my long neglect, and resting after my exertions and emotions, for the sun was declining when we rose to return to Cronthal. I arrived there so altered in appearance that my good landlady sent off at once for my doctor. Kind and attentive, but a thorough materialist, he would have only laughed at my story, so I did not mention it to him. He decided that I had over-exerted myself in the heat of the day—perhaps had had a slight sun-stroke, and so brought on a fever. There was no mistake about the last part of it, for for three days I was delirious, and my landlady used to laugh afterwards, as she told me how I had the most singular fancies about people trying to steal my shadow, and used to attempt to get up and run out to the sunshine to see whether I still had one or not.

A month after I was well again, and went to Homburg for change of scene and the bracing air. One day, as I was passing the door of the large *Salle de jeu* in the Kursaal, on my way to the reading-room, I observed an unusual crowd gathered round one of the *trente-et-quarante* tables. I pushed my way gradually forward, so as to see the cause of the excitement, when I beheld the stout gentleman whom I had met on the Taunus. He was playing deeply, and winning everything. *Rouge* or *noir*, *couleur* or *inverse*, it mattered not—sometimes he staked on one, sometimes on two, generally 6,000 or 7,000 francs, and fortune never deserted him. The *Chef de la Banque*, spectacles on nose, was standing behind the dealer, watching the game with an unmoved countenance, but with intense anxiety. Before the Jew were a score or more of rouleaux, each of 1,000 francs, and a goodly heap of notes of the same individual value. A clerk from the inner den, near the entrance-door of the building, came with a fresh supply of notes, for which a croupier signed a receipt, and soon they began

to augment the winnings of the stout man. ‘He will break the bank,’ was now heard whispered on all sides, and the excitement was intense. Just then his eye encountered mine; and by his glance I saw that he recognised me; while I thought he changed colour. He let a deal pass without playing; then risked a single note on *noir*; lost it; and then, gathering up his gains, changed his gold for notes, which he wrapped up with the others, and bestowed in an ample Russia-leather pocket-book; this he put in a breast-pocket of his coat, and, leaving the table, disappeared almost instantly among the ebbing crowd. ‘Who is he?’ said I, to the Baron de X., *Attaché* to the French Embassy at Tübingen. ‘*Ma foi!* I think he is the Devil; but people say that he is only a Russian Jew from Moscow. He calls himself Schwarzschild, and dines with us at the Europa. He has broken the bank twice here, and thrice at Wiesbaden!’

A week afterwards, as I was going down the Rhine, I found, in the cabin of the steamer, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and read in it the following paragraph:—

‘Three days ago, a Russian Jew named Schwarzschild, who had on several different occasions within the last three months put up at the Golden Eagle Hotel here, was found dead in his bed. Although he was known to have won large sums lately at the gaming-tables of Wiesbaden and Homburg, no money was found among his effects except a small roll of Russian bank-notes, which, when changed, barely realised enough to pay the landlord of the hotel and the funeral expenses; neither was there any banker’s receipt or other clue as to where he had deposited his winnings, which we have heard estimated variously at from 500,000 to 1,000,000 florins. The Russian Consul has taken charge of the matter.’

THADPL

THE AULD ASH TREE.

THERE grows an ash by my bour door;

An’ a’ its boughs are buakit braw,

In fairest woods o’ simmer green,

An’ birds sit singin’ on them a’.

Oh, cease your sangs, ye hiltesome birds!

An’ o’ your liltin’ let me be—

Ye bring deid simmers frae their graves,

To weary me—to weary me!

There grows an ash by my bour door.

An’ a’ its boughs are clad in snaw.

The ice-drap hings frae lika twig,

An’ sad the nor-wind soughs thro’ a’.

Oh, cease thy mane, thou norlan’ wind!

An’ o’ thy wallin’ let me be;

Thou brings deid winters frae their graves,

To weary me—to weary me!

For I wad fain forget them a’:

Remember’d guld but deepens ill,

As gleids o’ licht far seen by nicht

Mak’ the near mirk but mirker still.

Thou silent be, thou dear auld ash!

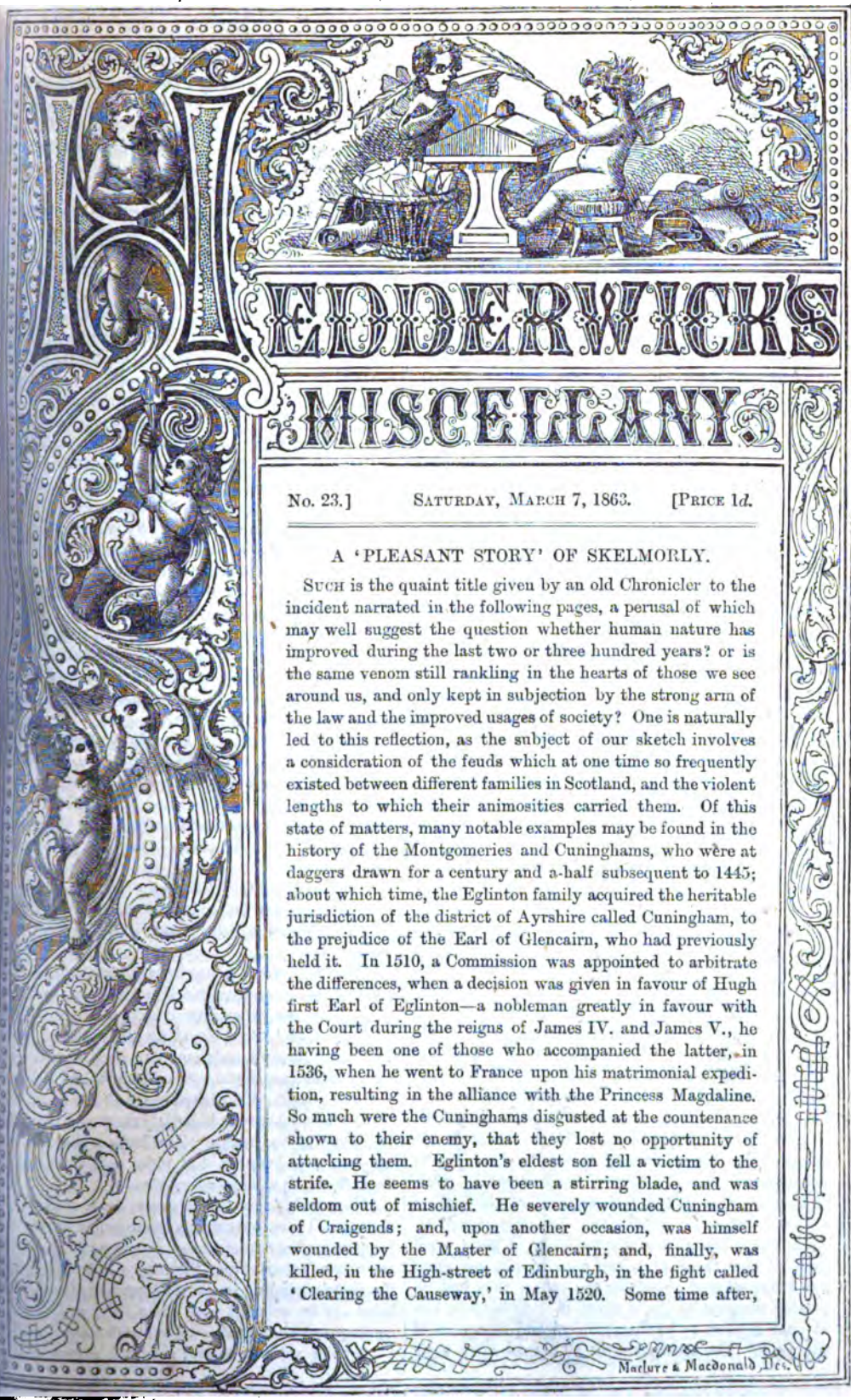
O’ a’ thy voices let me be;

They bring the deid years frae their graves,

To weary me—to weary me!

* * The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention, but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return them considered unsuitable.

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MEDDERWICK'S MISCELLANY.

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A 'PLEASANT STORY' OF SKELMORLY.

SUCH is the quaint title given by an old Chronicler to the incident narrated in the following pages, a perusal of which may well suggest the question whether human nature has improved during the last two or three hundred years? or is the same venom still rankling in the hearts of those we see around us, and only kept in subjection by the strong arm of the law and the improved usages of society? One is naturally led to this reflection, as the subject of our sketch involves a consideration of the feuds which at one time so frequently existed between different families in Scotland, and the violent lengths to which their animosities carried them. Of this state of matters, many notable examples may be found in the history of the Montgomeries and Cuninghams, who were at daggers drawn for a century and a-half subsequent to 1445; about which time, the Eglinton family acquired the heritable jurisdiction of the district of Ayrshire called Cuningham, to the prejudice of the Earl of Glencairn, who had previously held it. In 1510, a Commission was appointed to arbitrate the differences, when a decision was given in favour of Hugh first Earl of Eglinton—a nobleman greatly in favour with the Court during the reigns of James IV. and James V., he having been one of those who accompanied the latter, in 1536, when he went to France upon his matrimonial expedition, resulting in the alliance with the Princess Magdaline. So much were the Cuninghams disgusted at the countenance shown to their enemy, that they lost no opportunity of attacking them. Eglinton's eldest son fell a victim to the strife. He seems to have been a stirring blade, and was seldom out of mischief. He severely wounded Cuningham of Craighends; and, upon another occasion, was himself wounded by the Master of Glencairn; and, finally, was killed, in the High-street of Edinburgh, in the fight called 'Clearing the Causeway,' in May 1520. Some time after,

Outhbert, Earl of Glencairn, gathered together a considerable body of retainers, and attacked Eglinton Castle, set it on fire, and destroyed both the house and all the family papers and documents—a calamity only partially remedied by King James V. granting to the Earl of Eglinton a title to all his lands of new.

The Master of Montgomery, who was killed in Edinburgh, as before stated, left a son, Hugh, who succeeded his grandfather, as second Earl of Eglinton, and appears to have been one of the Justiciaries of Scotland before he came to the estates; therefore, being versed in law, he managed to keep the family feud somewhat in subjection. His son, the third Earl, entered into a bond of friendship, in 1572, with the Earl of Glencairn and others, binding them to refer any disputes to arbitration—a temporary measure, which was soon broken, by Montgomery of Skelmorly killing one of Glencairn's sons, in 1582; whereupon, the whole clan flew to arms again, and, having been joined by the Maxwells of Newark, whose mother was a Cunningham, prosecuted the quarrel to the utmost—one of the Maxwells being slain, while Montgomery of Skelmorly himself, and his eldest son, were sacrificed to the 'deadly feud.'

To those who are in the habit of passing up and down the Clyde, in summer or winter, the beautiful mansion of Skelmorly must be quite familiar, renovated, and, indeed, almost rebuilt as it has been of late years, for the occupation of the present tenant, John Graham, Esq. of Lancefield. At the time we speak of, however, there was little of the picturesque to attract, except the rough walls of the old Castle itself. There were certainly a few trees round the house, and reaching some distance up the banks of the rivulet which flows by; but, otherwise, there was no foliage nearer than Knock on the one side and Kelly on the other, while the hills behind looked bleak and barren in the extreme. After the untimely deaths of his father and brother, Robert Montgomery succeeded at once to the estates and to the animosities of the family. He was a young man of good parts, though headstrong and impetuous, and subject at times to eccentricities. But we must leave him for a time, in order to picture how it fared within the walls of Skelmorly, one day not long after the events we have thus attempted to narrate. A bright fire burned in the capacious grate within the old panalled apartment of the Castle, by the light of which, almost as much as by the few rays which penetrated the contracted windows, had one been privileged to peep into the room, one might have observed a family group, consisting of Dame Montgomery, the widow, dressed in sombre hues, plying her nimble fingers at a piece of tapestry work; while at her feet, upon a footstool, sat a slight pale girl, of a lively but noble appearance—her only daughter. Their conversation was aent stitches of green wool here, of blue there, of silken cord to suit one place and silver or gold tinsel for the other; they had no printed diagram to guide them in their subject, but at once aspired to be the artificers and designers of the work. The brothers were all abroad after their

different occupations; and the only other inmate besides the servant-maids, who were plying their distaffs and spindles, was a friend and relative, one Captain Montgomery, who had come west from Edinburgh on a visit, to assist with advice and enliven the circle with his cheerful conversation.

The Captain was a gay man—well calculated to cheer them up; he was used to an active life, having been a trooper in his youth, but of late had been much about Court, and could on a madrigal or compose a sonnet with any one living. He had, indeed, already become celebrated, by writing a poem representing Virtue as a cherry tree, and Vice as a sloe, and had indited several verses, amatory and otherwise, to the beauties of his acquaintance; and, among others, had poured forth his muse in praise of his lady-love—Margaret Montgomery, his cousin, not the young girl whom we have referred to, but the daughter of the third Earl of Eglinton. Captain Montgomery was occupied in reading; he was seated in one of the window recesses, when his reflections were interrupted by Dame Montgomery calling to him cheerfully,

'Now, cousin Alexander, sure poesy is a dull trade; else why do you sit there rhyming at that sorry book, while Meg and I are so much at a loss to devise a pattern for this needlework? See here, if you please; I have projected having a huntman, with his horn, pursuing the deer through a forest of trees, and we are planning to bring out the shapes on this canvas. Come now, good sir, advise us thereanent, and leave your love sonnets for a time.'

'True, true,' said the Captain, gallantly starting to his feet; 'great fool am I; but you may see my thoughts are errant; poets, you know, have a thousand themes to think on, and e'en when they are merry, methinks mischief is mixed with their glee.'

'How so?' said the lady. 'Is your book so mischief-making?'

'Indeed it is,' said the poet; 'but "sic company I quyt," tho' Davie Lindsay is a sturdy cairle, and "dings" down the "duchtieest" duke as if he were a psalter-book.'

'Ha, ha! your figures are most notable, good cousin,' said the lady, laughing; 'but pray look here.'

'Let me see, then,' said he, 'how this cunning work goes on.' And, scanning the tapestry, he continued,—'In my humble mind, a good conceit would be to introduce Cupid, with his bow and quiver, in mid air, pointing his wicked shaft at the huntsman.'

'Oh! how beautiful, indeed!' interposed the daughter, clapping her hands. 'And have a shepherd with his crook, playing on his pipe, while tending his flocks beneath the spreading tree.'

'Nay, truly,' said the dowager; 'you are both over romantic; I was contriving a scene much less poetical. Suppose we have here the huntman with his hounds, and a stately tree in front, with a river meandering down the centre, winding its course from the distant mountains—to be wrought with azure silk; and the deer, leaping over the stream—raised with double stitch.'

'A most notable design, and well expressed,' said

the Captain. And, quoting from his own works, he exclaimed—

'Forgive me, Cupid, I confess I fail
To crave the thing that may me not avail.'

'My pen,' he continued, addressing the ladies, 'thy princely puissance shall report and declare you perfite a *per se* in taste and comeliness'—

'A pair of pigeons, white as any flour,
And blood of sparrows thereon sprinkle and pour.'

'A famous couplet, and curiously put, although I scarcely see the point,' said the lady. 'But I wonder where the lads have been all day? I have not seen Robin since morning.'

'Excuse me, but 'tis notable how contrasts bring out beauties,' said the poet, 'as blood upon the white breast of a dove.'

'As Natur passis nuriture,
Of Natur all things has a strynd;
So evrie loving creature
Aye covets comounly thair kind:
As Buk and Dae—the Harte, the Hynd,
Lyk dranis to lyk, we see this sure,
So I am aluays of that mynd
That Natur passis nuriture.

'True; very quaintly contrived,' said the lady.

'But sure you speak in riddles. Have those verses sign of application to Robin, poor fellow?'

'Well, it may be so,' said the Captain. 'He is very sour at this time, and talks of little else than concerning a young lady you know of, and against the Marwells. I walked along the shore with him this morning. He was then in a very doleful mood. I understood him to say that he was to meet the Master of Montgomery at Largs or Fairlie. I was sorry, indeed, to see him so bitter, vowing deep curses against Newark,—“Vyle, venomous viper” that he is! Robin swore at him as against a false “howlat.”'

'I've noticed something of late,' said the worthy dame, a shade of anxiety passing over her calm face.

'I wish no ill may come to Robin; but he has the spirit of a true Montgomery, and will make the Cunningham feel that the tree of Skelmorly is yet green, although the root and first branch have been cut off.'

'I see warrant so, if he be not too rash. Mayhap his love for Meg Douglas may settle him. He was greatly concerned this morning to indite a rhyme to her; and sought me to write a sonnet to his lady-love, saying that the sword fitted his hand better than the pen; that if he had a “lilt” to send to Meg he would give a poungiate of the best lea land of Skelmorly.'

'Foolish lad!' said the mother, with anxiety. 'I fear,' she continued, changing the subject from the courtship, which she evidently considered premature, 'that no good will come of this meeting with Hugh Montgomery. He will be sure to set Robin after some mischief. These Eglintons are certain to be at the head of anything like a tut muter or collie shangie.† They are a stirring set.'

* A peculiar resemblance generally used as to those related by blood.—*Jamieson*.

† A grumbling between parties that has not assumed the form of a brawl.—*Ibid.*

‡ An uproar or squabble.—*Ibid.*

Thus conversing, the day wore on, till at length John and George, the two younger sons, returned from the field, where they had been spending the afternoon in some youthful occupation. Their studies had been so far perfected in the mysteries of English composition and Latin grammar, under the able superintendence of the parson of Largs, that it was even proposed to send one or both to the University of Glasgow, so as to finish an education which had already been conducted on quite as liberal a scale as was customary for younger sons of the better classes, when even signing one's name was considered a proof of superior attainments. Upon their advent, then, the family group was rendered complete, with the exception of the young laird himself, who was nowhere to be found. The last person who had seen him was the Captain, who accompanied him so far on his way to Largs, upon a preconcerted engagement with some of the neighbouring young hair-brained gentry; and it was not without anxiety that the widowed matron saw daylight wear away, and evening advance, without any appearance of Robin.

'He is a strange lad, no doubt,' said she; 'but I wish no ill may have come over him in these troublesome times. He is sometimes as lively as a cricket, while at others he looks as morose as a hermit in a cell. Something tells me that all is not right with him. It was not for nothing that he kept tryst with wild Hugh Montgomery.' Evening passed into night; but still there was nothing to be heard of the missing one. It was arranged that, at daybreak, a party should set out for Largs, to inquire as to the whereabouts of the young laird, and if he had been seen in the company of any one; or gain intelligence of him anyhow. Meanwhile, Lady Montgomery spent a sleepless night; yet it passed over, and day dawned, but still Robin had not made his appearance. Accordingly, as had been agreed upon, Captain Montgomery and one of the brothers, accompanied by an attendant, took horse for Largs. If there be a fine road now from Skelmorly along the coast, it was little better than a cattle-track then; but, as the horses were sure-footed and accustomed to the way, the party soon found themselves in the little township of Largs—once the patrimony of the Baliols, but then a straggling place, on the banks of the Gogo—a small rivulet, flowing into the sea, near which once stood the shrine of St. Columba, whose high festival is still kept in the town, being the annual fair of the place, and styled 'Colmsday.'

They had no sooner arrived at Largs, than they began making inquiries, and learned that young Skelmorly and the Master of Montgomery had been seen together in serious conversation; that, towards night-fall, they had separated, the one taking the way towards Eglinton, while the other (Skelmorly), it appeared, had last been seen on the path through the glen, now called, of Brisbane—then the muir road of Kelsoland. Farther news the Captain could not obtain; so the party put spurs to their horses, and proceeded towards Eglinton, thinking that some

trace might there be found of their young friend, or at least that they would learn where he had gone. On the way, they met the Master of Montgomery himself; and, upon mentioning the occasion of their mission, he seemed as much surprised and distressed as they were. From what he said, it appeared that he had had a long talk with Skelmorly the day before, upon the subject of the wrongs which they both had suffered at the hands of the Cunninghams, and many were the deadly threats which had been uttered by the latter, who had stated his determination to be revenged upon Newark, and the whole race of Maxwells and Cunninghams. It farther appeared that Eglinton had entered fully into the plans of Skelmorly, and it was arranged that something decisive should be done; but that, meanwhile, the residence of the Maxwells at Newark should be carefully examined, with the view of an attack being made upon it, Robert Montgomery undertaking to make the investigation; from all which, it was naturally concluded that Skelmorly had at once taken the road over the hill to Newark, in order to carry out the project of reconnoitring the house of their mutual enemy without delay—a supposition which was borne out by a consideration of the whole circumstances of the case; so that it was scarcely doubted but that the lost one would have accomplished his purpose, and reached home again before they should get back. Accordingly, the whole party changed the direction of their horses' heads thitherward, and, after proceeding at a brisk pace, arrived, as it was getting dark, at the old house of Skelmorly, where they fully expected the young laird would have arrived before them from his expedition. That night, however, also passed over without tidings of Robin; and sad and mournful indeed was the household—every evil foreboding pressing upon the inmates, already bowed down by sorrow at the bereavements which had fallen upon the family from the same quarter as the threatenings now came from.

Having thus far conducted our narrative, it becomes necessary, in order to elucidate the subject, to change the scene a little; we therefore request our readers to accompany us somewhat farther up the Clyde. In proceeding, then, along our course with a retrospective eye, in order to make the landscape accord with the period, our readers will require to imagine what the appearance might have been, before Greenock, Gourock, and Port-Glasgow were projected; when all that existed of these now flourishing seaport towns were the castles, and perhaps a cluster of small houses not far distant from each; in fact, at the time we write of, Greenock was still in the parish of Innerkip, not having been effectually created a separate parish till 1592. Gourock estate belonged to the Stewarts of Castlemilk; and what is now Port-Glasgow was then part of the Newark property, and was called Devol's Glen. It was sold to the City of Glasgow, who obtained a Royal Charter in 1668; and, in terms thereof, founded a customhouse and harbour for the trade of the Clyde. Viewing, then, the prospect of the coun-

try in 'the light of other days,' we are long arrive at the old mansion of Newark, which had not assumed the imposing shape which it now bears, even in its present dilapidated condition, but consisted of a keep or tower, with buttresses and turrets of the early Scottish style. At the period referred to, it was in the possession of George Maxwell, ancestor of the Maxwells of Dargavel and others of the name, a younger son of the family of Calderwood, who was married to a daughter of Cunningham of Craigends; and, as the estate bordered upon that of his chief, the Earl of Glencairn (a title which is now extinct, although Finlayston has passed through the female line to the present Grahams of Gartmore*), Maxwell was strongly imbued with the hostile feeling which animated the whole connexion against the Montgomeries; and, being a thorough party man, nothing could exceed the keenness with which he entered into the quarrels of his friends. His sons were exactly of the same stamp, and at the time referred to may be supposed to have returned from a palaver with the Crawfords of Easter Greenock (or Crawford's Dyke), and the Shaws of Sauchie and Wester Greenock, anent public affairs and the common weal of the neighbourhood. The Gowry conspiracy had not long before been detected, and the Earl had suffered the extreme penalty of his rash act. Glencairn was one of the jury at the trial, and now advised his friends to keep at peace with the ruling party; arrangements, in that case, would have to be made for signing a bond of mutual support, or something of the kind. Upon their return from Greenock, the Maxwells formed a circle round their own fireside, and the evening passed without any incident occurring worthy of being recorded.

At break of day, however, the whole household were afoot, and the heavy clanking of jackboots rang through the winding staircases and corridors of the Castle, mingling with the gruff laugh and hasty rejoinder of the retainers in the court-yard without, preparing the horses for the saddle. Meanwhile the Laird of Newark, himself an elderly man of jovial pleasant aspect and kindly face, stood erect in front of the large fire which burned clearly in the principal room. Before him was the board spread for breakfast, whereon were placed goodly joints of venison from the woods of Kilmalcolm, flanked by coney pastie and game, which formed, with home-made bread the chief part of the repast; while fresh brewed ale and sack were the liquors with which these worthy folks washed down the good cheer before them when tea and coffee were unknown, and when the Temperance Movement may be supposed to have had fewer advocates than in the present degenerate days. It was remarked, in the course of conversation by some one, that on looking out at the first of dawn the figure of a stranger had been seen crossing the outer court of the Castle, and passing through the door leading to the western turret. The party who

* It is understood to have been sold, a few days ago, to Buchanan of Drumpeller.

had observed the occurrence paid little attention to it at the time, but upon talking the matter over with the others, it gradually assumed a more important aspect, when, upon comparing notes, it was found that none of the family had been abroad; and, from the description, all agreed that it could not possibly have been any of the servants or adherents astir at that early hour; and besides, from the appearance which the figure had, it was quite evident it was that of a stranger of no mean condition, and not one of the gaberlunzies who were wont to perambulate the country, taking a night's lodging wherever that could be obtained, as these gentry did not allow their presence to be unknown, but boldly demanded the shelter and refreshment which the usages of the country made incumbent upon all to give before the days of poor-rates and rogue-money.

'It is a lonely quiet corner,' said one of the sons. 'Mayhap the cairl, whoever he be, is hidden there yet.'

'So, so,' said Newark. 'Get ye out, then, lads, and see. Bring me word if you find anything; or if it were but a gyre-carling,* uneasy in the glen, come down for a sight of sea-water.'

After some little time had been spent in the search, an exclamation from without showed that the investigation had been rewarded with success. A messenger was sent to inform the old laird that the unknown stranger had been detected, lurking concealed in the upper part of the tower. 'Sure enough,' said Patrick Maxwell, the eldest son, 'it is one of these Montgomeries. In God's name, how came he there? Get me my pistolet, that I may shoot the loon as he deserves. He can have had no good intentions, coming here at this time and in this clandestine manner.'

Hearing such blood-thirsty threats, the old man at once proceeded to the spot, and interfered on the side of mercy. 'Nay, now, lads,' said he; 'let me see what game we have in our trap. Have patience, boys. By my troth!' he continued, looking up the narrow tumble-down staircase, 'an' it be not Robin Montgomery, the young Laird of Skelmorly himself! What the fell fiend brought him here, I wonder? No doubt, he is as wud† as his uncle was; and has lost his judgment somehow, and taken to night-walking. Come ye down, Robin, my man!' continued Newark, 'and be not afeared. *Know ye not that I have done ye a good turn before now, in making you both young laird and old laird in one day?*' A rude jest, referring to the slaughter of his father and elder brother; which Skelmorly, of course, could neither boast nor resent at the time, as, perceiving that he had been detected, he naturally concluded that prudence would be the better part of valour; and, therefore, slowly descended from the hiding-place, whither he had taken refuge on being surprised, early in the morning, while making a survey of the house, by a party of retainers coming to the rendezvous. Upon being spoken to, he moodily refused farther communication, except stating, that, being on the way to

the ferry at Dumbarton, he had observed the mounted party, and, fearing personal injury, had taken refuge in the place where he had been detected.

The Maxwells, finding their enemy thus thrown unexpectedly into their power, behaved with the utmost moderation, even extending to kindness and hospitality; so that, between them and Skelmorly, a friendship—not very cordial, certainly—was formed, and afterwards maintained, although Montgomery himself did not fail to indulge in his feudal wrath against the rest of the Cuninghams, intensified by the cruel slaughter, two years after, of his friend, Hugh Montgomery, who by that time had succeeded to the Earldom of Eglinton, and was a young nobleman of fair and large stature. He was barbarously murdered, while crossing the Annock Water at Stewar-ton, by a party of the Cuninghams, headed by a brother of the Earl of Glencairn, Cuningham of Robertland, and other ruffians, who were afterwards obliged to flee the country for their misdeeds—although one grieves to say that some of them afterwards found favour in high quarters.

The Montgomeries, of course, amply revenged the death of the young Earl; and Skelmorly was not one whit behind the others in his sanguinary propensities. These outbreaks, however, did not exclude him from Court, as he became a favourite of James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, and also of the unfortunate Charles I., by whom he was created a baronet. He married Lady Margaret Douglas before referred to, in whose praise Alexander Montgomery, the poet, framed his most beautiful sonnets, which, to a modern ear, are about as unintelligible as Welsh; and they both spent long and useful lives together—she having survived till 1624, and he till 1651. The memory of Sir Robert Montgomery and of his lady, Dame Margaret Douglas, is till this day fondly cherished in the district where they resided, as well on the mainland as in the island of Cumbrae, where the family had considerable property, and of which they were the ecclesiastical patrons. Sir Robert became very devotional in his latter years, and was said to have passed many hours, from time to time, within the church of Largs, in secret prayer, to atone for those early misdeeds connected with feudal contests. He built the beautiful aisle of the old church at Largs, called the Skelmorly Aisle, under which, all that was mortal of both he and his wife reposes; and erected a church in Cumbrae, having the family coat-of-arms emblazoned thereon, a portion of which may yet be seen in the manse-garden there.

The estates of Skelmorly came to be united with those of Eglinton in 1778, in the person of Hugh, twelfth Earl, who was Montgomery of Collisfield before he succeeded to the title, and was a son of Lillias Montgomery, the heiress of Skelmorly. The lands which they held in Cumbrae have for long been the property of the Earl of Glasgow, and the Montgomeries are but seldom mentioned there now. Some of our readers, however, may frequent the beautiful new coast village on the Clyde, so well and favourably known by the name of the estate, and may not be displeased at us for telling this short tale of the House of Skelmorly.

J. E. R.

* Witch or hobgoblin. † Mad.

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

THE MARCH OF MIND—FEMALE AUTHORSHIP.

'It is meat and drink to me to see a fool. By my troth!
They that have good wits have much to answer for.'

—Old Play.

THE world is getting far too clever. Whether is the electric telegraph, or are balloons or cheap publications, to blame for this? I think the last, decidedly; for these have grown and grown, and come upon us so fast and furious, that they have fairly turned the heads of the public generally. And now the writing-desk is as indispensable as the pocket-handkerchief; and stories, poems, and essays of all kinds, are manufactured by the bushel. For my part, I pity the moon-struck individuals who agonise in spirit to have their lucubrations inserted in one or other of these periodicals. But far more I pity the editors, who would really require the dustman's shovel and bin to gather and sweep away the mental rubbish daily carted to their doors. What a splendid bonfire might be made of these accumulated MSS. (sent to the various journals within the last six months), if brought together in one vast pile of sacrifice, on the approaching occasion of our Prince's marriage! This would be bringing rejected articles to light at last, and might do good in checking, for the future, the alarming growth of learned litter. But be this as it may, cleverness is assuredly running riot, and I am growing quite bewildered by it. Everybody has so much knowledge at his finger-ends, talks so much, and *writes* so much, and is altogether so superior, that my poor little modicum of brain cannot make head against it; and, like Dickens' Micawber, I feel fairly 'crushed.' Not a man or woman now can one meet in society, but is either a celebrity or fast becoming one. There is no such thing as silliness, or even mediocrity, to be had. The only difference lies in the walk wherein talent chooses to disport itself. Science, philosophy, politics, religion, the arts—it is all the same. In some one of these (if not in the whole!) every human being is a paragon and a phoenix. We never hear a plain, sensible remark now-a-days, which can be easily understood, such as 'Health is a great blessing,' or 'The French are mostly born in France,' but we are startled by queries on topics of mystifying difficulty—'What are your views touching the Atlantic telegraph?' 'Do you believe in the plurality of worlds?' or 'Have you studied the nebular hypothesis?'

Oh! it is dreadful to find one's self in company with some of these ready, determined literati, male and female, whose every word is a pearl or diamond of wit and wisdom! My only resource on such occasions is to sit perfectly still, my eyes fixed on the ground (to hide their vacancy!), in the pitiful hope that silence may perhaps pass for profundity. A sorry expedient which, I fear, imposes on nobody.

Authorship has made a tremendous start of late, owing, doubtless, to the multiplicity of *feuilletons* to

be had at a nominal charge. And thus a whole crop of geniuses has suddenly emerged from darkness, like Minerva full armed from the caput of Jove. Like the goddess, too, in another sense; for the fair sex are grown rampant in the field of composition, and promise soon, by numbers at least, to leave their masters far behind. Yes, the ladies have at length risen *en masse*, and asserted their rights with a vengeance. Nothing escapes them. Their vaulting ambition overleaps every obstacle. They must be painters, poets, modellers, novelists, printers, artistes of all denominations—nay, some intrepid female is at this moment debating the claim to the degree of M.D. in one of our Scottish colleges! How is this to end? I must confess my wits, not remarkable at the first, are fairly set a woolgathering over the wonderful wits of these anti-Penelopes. There was once a time when woman owned three noble implements—her needle, her distaff, and her tongue. The fruit of the first was tapestry, of the second the thrifty homespun, and of the third—what shall we say but the kind word and the cheerful song? Alas! the fine old spirit of our great-grandmothers (on hospitable cares aye intent) is for the nonce extinct; and pens are going faster than ever went needle or distaff; while tongues, verily, are going too, more nimbly if possible—it may not always be so wisely or so well.

Every second book we take up is by an authoress. The *cacoethes scribendi* has spread like wildfire, and ladies seem to have most easily caught the infection. In some quarters the disease is so diffused as to be positively alarming. Some houses are rendered scarcely habitable by the literary plague. I was staying lately with a female friend. Her husband, a shrewd, sensible man, labours in the vocation of the law; his wife, a quondam school companion, I had not seen for years. I remembered her as rather a smart, comely girl, without any pretence whatever to literary talent. To my surprise I found that she and her three daughters had simultaneously fallen foul of the authorship mania, and were immersed in its meshes at all possible and impossible hours. At first the trade was carried on in a somewhat smuggling manner, as a thing not to be rashly revealed to a stranger, and for a few days I was considerably puzzled by what I saw and heard. For example, I could not help noticing that the mother would frequently slip some article surreptitiously into her pocket if I came upon her at unawares. This, I afterwards discovered, was her note-book in which she registered her thoughts ('wise saws and modern instances!') fresh as they arose. Then Janet, Catherine, and Maria were all floundering in the same learned whirlpool. And I was frequently made the unwilling auditor of curious enough styles of dialogue between the sisters. 'What is Hubert doing now?' 'He is living in London incognito, prowling about at nights, robbing right and left, garotting whenever he finds opportunity.' 'Is James going to marry Susan?' 'Nonsense! Don't you know he has murdered her brother and run away to Australia?' 'Oh! has he? That is delightful!'

Gradually the truth broke upon me, that these horrors were but harmless fictions in which the several members of the family were engaged. Yet though the veil was withdrawn, matters did not mend much. The worthy paterfamilias, indeed, seemed, on the whole, amused with the turn of affairs. But when shirts wanted buttons, or spice had been forgotten in the pudding, his eye would glance in a serio-comic way at the shoals of cheap publications scattered about, as though he would say, 'These bethy gods, O Israel!' and then he would call out, good-humouredly, for redress of his grievances. I am not aware whether any of these ladies has yet been in print, but, of course, they all expect to be. The end of it was that, seeing everybody's mind was pre-occupied, my presence was manifestly a bore, so I cut short my visit.

But this literary madness has grown so great, and authorship so universal, that the only consolation left for luckless imbeciles like myself is this—that celebrities will soon be so common that incapables will become famous from their very rarity. When things reach to a certain pitch, a reaction must follow, and we appear fast verging to the period when people who have done positively nothing, either in science, literature, or art, will be the lions and lionesses of society. That will be the golden era, when the poor little small-witted creatures, who have long been ignored, will stand out in bold relief from the great rhapsodist who have more or less created names for themselves. The reign of talent will cease; cleverness will be a byword and a reproach; and the man or woman who has never written a single line beyond a weak gossiping epistle, or an innocent card of invitation, will, from the mere scarcity of the order, be hailed with respect and applause! It is this thought alone that supports me and my compeers of like mean calibre at the present crisis. Every fashion in which the world has indulged meets revulsion at a set point, and darts off to the opposite extreme. And so, when the craze of authorship has attained its acme, the worn-out faculties of a too precocious generation will seek relief in the delights of inanity and silliness.

Till then, I must be content to creep along in twilight privacy, anticipating the happier day-dawn when silence will be at an enormous premium, and cheap publications—that did the heaviest part of the mischief—will all have died a natural death for sheer lack of readers—the whole world, with one or two notable exceptions, having sunk ignominiously into darkness!

JANE C. SIMPSON.

A SONNET

In Memoriam DAVID GRAY, Author of 'The Luggie' and other Poems. Died 3d Dec. 1861.

Oh, rare young soul! Thou wast of such a mould
As could not bear the poet's painful power!
Hence, in the sweet spring-tide of opening power,
Ere yet the gathering breeze of song had rolf'd
Out on the world its music manifold,
Death gently hush'd the harp, lest storm or shower—
Which surely life had brought some later hour—
Should snap the quivering strings or rust their gold;
Yet not the less shall tender memories dwell
In those sweet notes—and sad as sweet they seem—
Which from the burning touch of boyhood fell:
But long as little Luggie winds her stream,
And the twin Bothin prattles down the dell,
Thither shall many a pilgrim turn and dream!

ALSAAGER HAY HILL.

A VISIT TO THE DELPHS OF STOURTON. A SKETCH IN THE HUNDRED OF WIRRAL.

WHAT is a 'delph' you ask? What sort of a place can it be? Is it a pottery, where they manufacture the gorgeously figured earthenware one sees in country houses? Is it a factory or what?—a man or a fish? Easy, my good friend, easy. Come with me a little way up this sheltered sandy lane, and you shall see what you shall see; perhaps something you will think worth the seeing, and which shall explain to you both what a delph is, and what men do in it.

Just a little way up the side of this wall—for we are at the lower end of the old fox-cover which clothes the top of Stourton Hill—along here, under the shelter of the trees, a great advantage this sharp March day, and we shall reach the place we are to visit. Before we start, however, just look over there, downwards towards the river; you can see the Mersey, fair before you, for miles. It is a glorious stretch of vision even now, and you shall go far to find its equal, though it is only the bleak March sun which fitfully brightens it. The face of the country is bare and brown, the trees and hedgerows are leafless, the fields freshly turned over by the plough, and the pastures bleached and gray under their annual top-dressing. It is true you can already find the early sweetly-scented violet in sheltered corners, and it may be a fragrant spring primrose; but to-day it seems as if mother Nature were waiting for some more genial time ere she breaks the winter ceremonies of her darlings—the rough north-wester which is piping about our ears, and swelling through these sombre woods, would give but a rude and boisterous salute to the delicate offspring of the early spring. All the country is astir, however. You hear the sound of hearty labour on every side, and people may be seen busy in the fields below us. The farmers are in the full bustle of seed-time, the plough and harrows are going cheerily here and there, and the sower with the seed in his bosom is pacing his steady monotonous course up and down the ridges, scattering the precious seed which he is committing to the earth in hope.

The river is full of tall ships to-day; there are scores beneath the eye lying lazily at anchor. They are not, you can see, all in holiday trim; you perceive topmasts gone, ravelled rigging, tangled masses of cordage, and great seeming disarray on the usual slender and regular tracery of the spars. But see the trim all-ataught ships have not entirely disappeared either, neither are the great steamers awanting. Look below towards the right, you can recognise by the squareness of the yards, the loftiness of the spars, and the trim order of every part, how smart and ship-shape that vessel is. She is a clipper, famous even among clippers, and makes wonderful voyages to the uttermost ends of the earth; lower down lies her opponent, more out into the stream you can perceive her—second to none her owners say; both are preparing to start on a race round the world, and as eagerly betted on as ever was horse on race-course. Yes, there are some Marco Polos and Red Jackets in the

river yet; but the great mass of vessels below there are the ordinary quiet merchant traders, whose names and characters few care anything about, and which yet are the centres round which many anxieties and fears revolve, and for whose safety many a heart yearns from year to year. There is a navy in the Mersey to-day, of which any nation under the sun might well be proud, and it is well worthy of a glance from this mount of vision, even though it be when a fierce March gale is blowing.

Our path lies up the lane, towards the crown of the ridge. Do you hear that clear, ringing sound of metal? and there, again, the sound of human voices from the centre of the woods, though the sounds 'Hee-ho! hee-ho!' seem hardly human that comes from the leader of one of the gangs? We shall speedily get an explanation. A rude gateway breaks the wall, and the trees terminate at this point; and, for a considerable distance, all is bare. Going in, we come to an immense excavation in the rock, some forty or fifty feet beneath the level of the lane. A huge irregular hole of great extent it is—most eccentric in its shape. This is the delph. You see what it is now. A great freestone quarry. And this great gulf, which yawns so threateningly, is the place whence most of the white freestone pillars and cornices you have admired in the buildings of Liverpool and Birkenhead have been hewn. And, see! we are in luck to-day. There are two operations going on. We shall see both the 'facing,' as these men call the process of clearing away the useless stone at top, and the more legitimate work of the delph itself—getting the huge blocks of building-stone out of its depths.

You perceive, throughout the excavation, a number of great, black; long-armed cranes, whose heavy chains dangle in the air, having winches and windlasses attached. Look how they are secured, with long heavy alugs of wood, to the sides of the quarry. See that hardy, strong-headed fellow, walking along one of them. It is well nigh forty feet long, and but three inches wide, and it sways a little from side to side as he walks; while there is nothing between it and the bottom of the quarry—full sixty feet below! Yet he keeps his footing, firmly and well, and seems so careless that you would fancy the heavy iron bolt and hammer which he carries would overbalance him at once.

On the top, and just at our feet, the 'facers' are at work baring the rock; and below, some sixty feet or more, a gang of the regular delph-men are cutting out the huge blocks which are to form portions of some palatial building. All here are as busy as bees, and they go about their work as systematically, though, it may be, somewhat more noisily.

About a score of men are 'facing.' Let us descend to their level. We see the rock is friable, and breaks off easily in very thin layers, which gradually increase in thickness as they descend. We see there is a thorough division of labour here—some are breaking up the rock with heavy pickaxes; some filling wheelbarrows; and others do nothing else but run

these barrows up and down the narrow gangways—hard enough work, you will say, for the planks slope very steeply. And this goes on from day to day, the men only too happy if it shall continue steadily for weeks or months together. These two men are the chief of this 'facing' gang. They work as hard, or harder, than the others; yet they are the gaffers of the job, and are responsible both to the proprietors of the quarry for the performance of the work, and to the men for their weekly wages.

But they seem to be in consultation, and are busied about something close at hand. One is laying aside, just now, a coil, as it appears, of small blue cord; while the other is actually striking a lucifer-match. What is it they are doing, or are about to do? Before you can ask, almost, 'Fire!' shouts the one over the side of the rock into the gulf below; and 'Fire!' echoes the other to the men busy above, as he kindles the blue fuse and scampers off after the rest. The fuse is long enough to allow the men above to get out of harm's way; at least all but Big Bill, who is perched on the top of the crane. Big Bill takes it very coolly, and sinks down and hides, as best he may, behind the solid upright—finding a precarious foothold how he can on the heads of the bolts. After a short interval of expectation, there comes a dull, stifled report. You feel a slight tremor of the earth under foot; and all is over. It is very disappointing this blast, you say; there has been nothing to see, and apparently nothing to be afraid of either—for, save one small piece of the rock cast far into the delph—narrowly missing, by the way, the head of our friend Big Bill, who was peeping out cautiously from his lofty perch, there is no other evidence of the explosion; but let us look at the bed of rock on which we were standing a few minutes ago, and we shall find it rent and shattered, and see smoke issuing from myriad chinks and crevices; for the whole bed, for a foot in depth or even more, is loosened and broken up, and can now be removed with ease, and you hear the men congratulating themselves on having had so good a blast.

Descend we this ladder at the corner; it is rather frail and shaky, but it will carry us safely, never fear, to the lower shelf of the rock, on which a few of the quarrymen are clustering. See, one of these men—he who is busy there with the crowbar—is beckoning to us to come. Be sure he has got something strange to show us.

'What is it, Joe?' we ask. 'Have you found anything to-day?'

'I 'pects so only way,' Joe answered. 'There allays sumthin' that you gentilefolk likes to see in the lift; leastways, there have been, and I guesses there sumthin' here now.'

The shelf on which we were standing is a part of the rock newly bared by the labourers; you see how much of useless rubbish they have had to wheel off before reaching the valuable stone; these natural walls, some twenty feet deep, have been cut by the down to the flagstone lift—a bed thicker, sounds

and more coherent than those above it, though not itself the solid rock. The men are shelling it off, you see, in horizontal slices; they have cut grooves along the sides and across it, in lengths of thirty feet, and then, with wedges, they have cut these into veritable flags. Our old friend the gaffer is here, busily superintending, and we must go and pay our respects to him by-and-by; at present we shall attend to Joe and his huge flag, when we shall see something worth going much farther to see.

The men tilt the flag up on edge. It is raised so far that we can see both the bed of clay (fullers' earth) on which it has lain for untold ages, and the lower face of the stone itself. 'Tis but a rough, coarse piece of stone, you say. Well, so it is; but let us look a little closer. The under side is marked with ridges, running parallel with the trend of Stourton Hill. You can clearly see that—telling as plainly as printed book that this height, long before the hundreds of successive beds above, which you can clearly see on the perpendicular wall behind, were formed—was a shallow tide-way, where the waters ebbed and flowed, and the sand could settle and consolidate, preserving the distinct ripples of each successive deposition. Look here, moreover, at those small wart-like spots sticking out from this flag. These are the impressions of rain-drops, which fell on this hill thousands of years ago, before men were heard of in Cheshire! You can see the matrix, the veritable dimple of the rain-drop, in the firm clay below! So this stone tells us, you see, that there was a heavy shower of rain on the shores of the lagoon or sandy estuary, long long ago, when the wind was blowing, as to-day, at north-west! The faithful mould and cast show to us the very depth to which the rain-drops penetrated; and thus records them, for the enlightenment of these later ages, as with an iron pen in the rock, till now they are disclosed—read them who may.

But here is something more wonderful, at least more noticeable, still. What is that bluff blunt mark, as if of five thick stumpy fingers, and the fleshy ball of a hand? You perceive it there on the flag, and again the cast of it in the clay, whence it has just been raised; and there, a little farther on, is its counterpart—not an exact fac-simile, however, for the two seem as if casts of different hands, and the impressions as if of the right and left alternately. You can almost fancy some human being sprawling up this hillside, before time began to be counted by ages, walking on his hands, as we see boys doing now for their amusement. In advance of each larger and deeper impression, there is seen a smaller one, less deeply impressed, of the same shape and nature, only so much less, that, but for the regular way in which it occurs beside the former, you would think them traces of a distinct creature. What can these be, you ask? Well, if these slight ridges be the marks of rippling water, and those little spots the pits which heavy rain-drops have made; if this hillside, unknown ages ago, was the shore of a sandy lagoon, what do these marks add to our knowledge of the aspect of

affairs here in that unknown time? Something—not a very great deal perhaps, but yet something—and that of interest too; for they tell us that this country had inhabitants, and, in so far, what sort of creatures these inhabitants were!

This world of ours was tenanted, long ago, by races of living creatures which are now extinct. We have here an evidence that this hillside once formed the shore of a lake or estuary, and was visited by organised beings now altogether unknown. Strange creatures lived and enjoyed life on this hillside, perhaps fished in the waters, certainly stalked along the muddy shores, and passed away without leaving any further trace of their existence than is found in these stones before us; yet here we have irrefragable proof that they lived and moved in this very country! Of little moment all this to us now; certainly of very little to these men, who stand about gaping in wonder at the marks, which instinctively they call hands, and half suspect were made by some of the antediluvians before the flood. Yet here is handed down, to these late generations, a record of a life and mode of progression which, as regards the most mighty of the earth, are entirely wanting. As Dr. Buckland very beautifully said of the tracks of tortoises on the kindred rocks of Scotland:—

'The historian or the antiquary may have traversed the fields of ancient or of modern battles, and may have pursued the line of march of triumphant conquerors, whose armies trampled down the most mighty kingdoms of the world. The winds and storms have utterly obliterated the ephemeral impressions of their course. Not a track remains of a single foot, or a single hoof of all the countless millions of men and beasts whose progress spread desolation over the earth. But the reptiles that crawled upon the half-finished surface of our infant planet have left memorials of their passage enduring and indelible.

No history has recorded their creation or destruction; their very bones are found no more among the fossil relics of a former world. Centuries and thousands of years may have rolled away between the time in which these footsteps were impressed by tortoises upon the sands of their native Scotland, and the hour when they are again laid bare, and exposed to our curious and admiring eyes. Yet we behold them stamped upon the rock, distinct as the track of the passing animal upon the recent snow, as if to show that thousands of years are but as nothing amidst eternity, and as it were in mockery of the fleeting, perishable course of the mightiest potentates among mankind.'

In only one other place in the world, so far as yet known, have foot-prints similar to these been discovered. In Germany, when the marks were first found, the creature which had made them was named by the geologists the *Cheirotherium*, or the hand-beast, and supposed to be allied to the Marsupialia, an existing race of which the Kangaroo is the typical form, and has the same construction of its members.

'The large impressions, which appear to be those of the hind feet, are usually eight inches in length and five in breadth. About an inch and a-half before each of these impressions, a smaller print of a fore-foot, four inches long and three inches wide, occurs.

The foot-marks follow each other in pairs, each pair in the same line at an interval of fourteen inches between each pair; and though the fore and hind feet differ so considerably in size, they are nearly similar in form, and the impressions show the great toe alternately on the right and left side, each step making the print of five toes—the first or great toe being bent like a thumb.

But we cannot delay, to-day, with further speculations as to this creature, however curious the details may be. Let us descend into the lowest part of the delph, and there also we shall find something worth seeing. Look here first, however, at the work now going on. This is a sawyer, in the language of the quarry; and cutting those long narrow trenches or gutters is sawing. Very painful and laborious work it seems to be, from the positions in which he must place himself in order to hew, with that sharp heavy pick, those narrow channels. Now he begins with two slight scratches at top, and anon he has descended two or three feet, till he comes upon a strongly marked bed, which will permit the stone to be raised with greater ease, and in a squarer and firmer block. You see him, poor unfortunate! with one leg buried in the gutter by the debris he has made, and the other stretched sprawling out before him, hewing as if for bare life, and jarring his arms, you are apt to fancy, with every stroke. Notice how deliberately he strikes, and with what regularity and success. You would not think it, but he will hew you out a length of forty or fifty feet, by one in depth, day by day, though each blow of his pick only brings away small splinters of the rock. Take the pick in your hand, and try its weight. What think you of it? You see how straight, compact, and sharp it is, and how weighty withal. You could not, at his price per score, make salt to your porridge; while he earns good wages, as wages go in this country—some four or five shillings a-day if he be diligent. Were Tom steady he might do very well, and save money; but Tom likes a day's play now and then, and takes it, so that he rarely, one week with another, earns more than three shillings a-day.

Try a stroke with the pick; it is heavy and requires considerable effort to wield it, and your arms tingle after your first awkward blow. But there is one thing you have not seen, my friend—that is, that all the men are grinning in anticipatory pleasure. I am free of the delph already; but you, unlucky wight! have not been made free of this corporation, and you must pay for it now. Here comes Big Bill, the butler, for your 'footing.' You know, everybody who touches tools here for the first time must pay for it; so you can't escape the time-honoured observance. Pay it cheerfully, therefore; it will be all the better for you; besides, it is only the price of a gallon or two of beer, and will not break you. So we shall send John Carrier for the proper allowance; and being now both freemen we may do as we like, and we shall be sure of respectful and civil treatment wherever we go.

Let us descend still lower, in the meantime, to the place whence comes the sound of ringing iron and crackling stone. It is full thirty feet beneath us yet.

Even on this ledge the atmosphere is singularly still and mild—there does not seem to be the slightest breath of air,—while the gale is blowing so freshly overhead that you can hear it whistling and howling amid the trees. If this excavation is so still and close to-day, what must its state be in those fiery days of summer, when the sun pours nearly vertical rays right down on the heads of these half-naked men! One can hardly wonder that they should long to escape to the shady woods, to enjoy the fresh breeze, even though they carry with them, as an additional charm, the odour of beer and tobacco, and end the day's pleasure by becoming 'very full,' as themselves say. Across this ledge of yellow rock, and we reach the level of the railway, on the verge of the wall, which carries the heavy working cranes with which the waggons and carts are loaded. You see these cranes in every sort of position—one subservient to another, so as to economise labour as extensively as possible.

Still below us are a number of busy men. You see a single plank, of some nine inches wide, stretched along the face of the rock, resting on iron levers firmly inserted into the solid mass. This is a gateway for the workmen, narrow and unsteady, affording very temporary footing indeed; and you would hardly like to trust yourself on it empty-handed; but look at these men hewing out narrow wedge holes, or driving home the wedges with hammers of forty or fifty pounds weight, and admire how steadily, yet carelessly, they stand on the frail staging. It does not cost them a thought or a care; and the ringing sound of the iron tells you how boldly and heartily they strike, constrained as is the position in which they stand, and you hear the crack of the stone, as blow after blow rends it from its old bed. All this time the cranes are never idle, but are busy clearing the piece of rock which they are about to raise from the remnants of the last lift. You hear the cry, 'Ware the chain!' at intervals, and observe the men, on the stage or in the gutters, moving out of the way of danger, lingering till the last moment ere they leave, and jumping back to their work again before the place is well cleared of chain or stone. Cranes give way, chains slip and break sometimes; but, on the whole, serious accidents are rare here, though the danger is great every hour and familiarity with danger, and the long run of good fortune, have made these fellows careless and daring. The incessant creaking of the chains, the clear ringing strokes of the heavy hammers on the iron wedge and the dull monotonous strokes of the pick, make medley of sounds, not harmonious indeed, but very fit from disagreeable.

'Weight here, ho!' you suddenly hear, shouted by one whose steadiness and power you have been admiring, as he wielded the huge hammer on the precarious gangway along the face of the rock. 'Hunkle!' is asked by one of the gaffers, whose pronunciation tells his country. 'All,' is the reply, and immediately you see the men scrambling from the depths beneath and down from the heights above. A few long heavy iron bars have been inserted in

the wedge-holes in the face of the rock, and upon these the men throw themselves as best they may, while two stand by ready, with wedges and hammer, to secure every inch of vantage that may be gained. It is a difficult piece of work this, but the men manage it carefully and well. Some of them mount on the levers, others throw themselves over the chasm, hanging to the bars with their hands; and now, again you hear the strange sound, 'Hee-ho! hee-ho!' which a little while ago puzzled you. To this the men move in unison, endeavouring to shake the lift free from its bed, while quick sharp blows make sure of what is gained at each shake and forth-putting of their united strength. The rending of the rock is much more palpable now; you hear it giving way with each effort of the men. It takes, however, a considerable time and many efforts before these experienced men pronounce the lift thoroughly loosened and fit for the after operations; and there is, by this simple process, some hundred or hundred and fifty tons of stone freed from its tenacious bed, and ready to be cut up as may be most desirable.

There is no idleness here, and the men are on the point of returning to their places again, when the voice of John Carrier is seen in the lane, and a close intimates to him the whereabouts of his comrades, which brings him down into the quarry by a backneck road at the farther end. Your 'footing,' my friend, has now arrived, and it gives to those strong, heavy fellows the chance of a quarter of an hour's rest and a pint of their much-loved beer, which they esteem to be more desirable still than rest.

On beams of a dismantled crane, on the rock, or stretched at length on the sandy debris, the group of men are speedily gathered to wait the arrival of the carrier; and all, with hardly an exception, begin to smoke such black cutties as you will not see so many together every day. The carrier of all the beer consumed in the delph, John Jokes, is a short, stout, broad-shouldered fellow; and he comes along, as you can hear, with the tread of a giant, and as you would fancy, also, with a giant's load, two great stone bottles—the biggest on his shoulder, the other in his hand. You did not dream, my friend, of such a quantity; but the butler shall explain it to you. He says, 'It was as well to have a *quart* apiece when they were at it; and so they have added an extra pint apiece, 'on the strap,' to your more modest order.' John Carrier's office is now over, and he falls back into his own place among his comrades.

Big Bill, the butler of the delph *par excellence*, takes charge now, and proceeds gravely to distribute the liquor, according to rigid and unalterable rule and custom. A half-pint measure is filled, and handed first of all to you, as the stranger. You must drink with them, my friend, otherwise their dignity would be hurt, and they have plenty of that sort of thing about them, these roughs; next come the turn of the gaffers, and so on it travels in regular rotation. There is no hurry, no bustle, no grumbling nor quarrelling;

is very well known while they are in the quarry, though the majority seem to attach none to its lapse when out of it.

While the beer is 'being decanted and consumed, you might, if an artist, make an admirable sketch; for albeit beer-drinking is one of the most prosaic of all pastimes or occupations, it is not every day that you will find such an assemblage of thews and sinews in such careless disarray of dress and attitude. There you have the butler himself for a centre figure—big, brawny, and bronzed by sun and weather—in blue striped linen frock, all marked and mailed with the iron and the sand, with sleeves tucked up above the elbows, displaying the hand and arm of a Hercules, and open at the breast and neck, giving a view of chest and throat red with exposure, which does not in any way belie the promise of the arm and hand. Here, stretched at length on the sand, with short black pipe in his mouth, is a figure that would make a guardaman envious, though his dress is only shirt and trousers, neither of the cleanest nor the most sound; but he is so tall, so graceful, and withal so athletic, even despite his clownish habits. There, again, is an older, lesser man, whose shoulders are most portentously developed, and whose bust displays the hard, firm outline of habitual and severe out-door labour; he is a sawyer, a cutter of gutters in the rock, and has been most of his life employed in hewing out those nine-inch wide trenches; hence the development of his arms. But each man here is a study, and, together, the group is physically interesting. It is a great pity that as much cannot be said for the intellectual as for the physical qualifications of the group. Education is rather at a discount among these people, it must be confessed. It is a most interesting time; a fierce war is raging, in which Englishmen take the deepest interest; but the only references to it you hear are the most wild and impossible conjectures. Yet they are not wanting in a desire to know, either. Just address them on the subject, and see how eagerly they will listen, and how earnestly they will wish you to tell them more. You would be surprised at many things they do know, however. Few, if any, can read, and to do a sum in any of the simplest rules of arithmetic far passes their ability; but they will read you off lists of measurements which would puzzle you, mathematician as you are, to easily understand, and tell you the cubical feet in a block of stone almost before you knew how to set about its discovery.

But the bottles are empty, and the men proceed to their labours once more. With the vigour of giants they swing about the heavy cranes, with blocks of many tons' weight depending from them; shoulder their picks and levers; and soon the delph resounds with the old familiar sounds of strenuous, hearty labour. Let us proceed along the level of the railway, if we desire to form some idea of the whole of the works which are being carried on in the bosom of Stourton Hill.

Passing down the cutting, the breeze blows freshly

long enough to explore the south quarry, which is idle just now, so we hasten on, along the tramway, through a tunnel of considerable length—which, one day, years ago, was a hall of feasting, when the then proprietors of the hill first connected the delph with the Mersey by this railway, from which we emerge on other excavations, but deserted and vacant now, and have free vision once more, looking right down upon the upper part of the Mersey, which, with the Powder Magazines in the distance, lies full before us. At this point, we come upon another branch of delph labour, much less frequently seen than stone-getting. You have been puzzled to account for blocks of stones lying about you, and wonder why they have been cast down so carelessly and profusely here. What are they for?

Look here, my friend, and you shall see. Observe you this hut, ugly and ruinous as it seems? Well, here is a manufactory. It is quite close to the rails; and piled in open squares alongside are heaps of gray and red and brown pieces of stone, about a foot in length, which, at first, you cannot make out at all; but if you look a little closer and lift one piece in your hand, you will soon discover that these are whetstones for scythes and other rude cutting instruments. This almost roofless hut is the place where these are manufactured. When you enter, you find this is a dilapidated forge, with a smith's hearth, bellows, anvil, and a few tools; on the same hearth there is a huge cauldron, while on the opposite side are two large oblong slabs of freestone placed at a considerable angle, in great tubs of steaming water, at which two dirty women are working busily with an oblong piece of stone in each hand, rubbing them quickly and with a peculiar uniform sweep upon the large slab before them, dipping hands and pieces into the water at every descending sweep. On the other side, are two men equally busy, with curious picks of fantastic shapes, and hammers and wedges so small, that they look like children's toys after those we saw in the delph yonder. The picks are quite curiosities in their way, the points bent sharply inward and tipped with the finest steel; and did you not see them in use, you could never imagine for what purpose they were intended; but with them, used most deftly and rapidly, you see the solid masses divided, and subdivided, with a facility which is quite marvellous. The noise made in rubbing the sets, or roughly shaped pieces of stone, with the swash of the water which follows each descending sweep, drowns all the rest. The hut is rude and rather repulsive at first sight; but the material, when manufactured, is by no means so, and those piles out of doors may be safely and cleanly handled.

You would hardly think it, yet it is true, that a great trade is carried on in these small articles; and hundreds of grosses—for they disdain to count by any lesser numbers on Stourton Hill—are manufactured and sent all over the country—all over the world, in fact; for the whetstones made here are celebrated. It is quite surprising, too, how well they pay all the people concerned—the price for each seems so ridicu-

lously small, and what good wages both men and women can earn. A cubic foot of stone, which costs fourpence or fivepence, is cut up into some sixteen whetstones, each of which is surely well worth sixpence. A good example this of how greatly labour enhances the value of material, when even the finished product is so rude.

Two miles lower down is the port of the delph, on Bromborough Pool. Here are shipped all the stone, which is carried by water to Liverpool or elsewhere, in the river vessels; while, close at hand, there is connection with a line of railway, giving access to all quarters of England.

But the day grows colder as we reach the wharf, and it is time for us to go homewards, however much we may be interested in the great works and what belongs to them, or in the grand panorama before us, of which you seem never to tire. It is becoming too raw and cold on this hillside to stay longer. Besides, my landlady is a real imperious Cheshire woman, and if her cakes and cates be spoiled, woe betide us! So let us hasten upward, homeward once more. But at least your afternoon travel has not been altogether without interest; you have learned something, and know now what a delph is, and how they work on Stourton Hill.

W. W.

A MOHAMMEDAN'S SONG.

I CARE not for the deep red wines
In purple beads that roll;
I care not for the luscious lip
Of golden-crust'd bowl.

For these the Prophet has forbid,
That all men's lives be pure;
And sea-green stones shall deck the brow
Of those who, strong, endure.

But I would climb the white, white hills
Of heaven's resplendent plain,
To toy in dreamy dalliance with
The maiden's golden train;

To wreath the long and fragrant hair;
To kiss the rosy mouth,
While her breath would linger o'er my cheek,
Like the warm wind of the south.

Oh white, white are the hills of heaven;
And dear the damsels' eyes;
And pure the snowy bosoms that
In laughter fall and rise!

Oh fragrant are the cassia groves;
And welcome all the shade
That deepens under cedar boughs
To bless the blushing maid!

I weary all the afternoon,
I weary all the day;
The sun falls straight, my mouth is parch'd;
I long to be away

Where blood-red rose-leaves lie in beds,
And lilies, wan and pale,
Stand sprinkled with the perfumed dew
That sleeps in shaded vales;

Where murmur of the falling stream
Comes softly through the trees,
And tinkling of the maidens' lutes
Enwraps the gentle breeze.

O come, thou sweetly-dying day!
When silver wings shall rise
To bear me to thy ripe repasts
And groves, O Paradise!

W. BLACK.

ANENT THE DECIPHERING OF AN ANCIENT INSCRIPTION.*

INSCRIPTIONS may be termed the bones of history; and the whole body of monumental literature belonging to a country may aptly be designated its historical skeleton. Those records have to do uniformly with great facts, and these they narrate in the simplest words and most direct manner. Tradition, ballad literature, written chronicles, form themselves frequently upon and around these, and give to history its fulness and hue; but without the more simple framework, these in many cases could not have existence, or, at most, could convey no meaning. It is therefore of the last importance that we should be able to decipher these inscriptions with reliable accuracy. Our appreciation of this truth induces us to offer our contribution towards the deciphering of an ancient inscription, which has given rise to much learned, and, we trust we may be excused for saying, profitless conjecture. The work whose title we prefix to this article is wholly devoted to assigning a meaning to six simple lines; and its author brings to bear on the subject an amount of diligence and research and learning, which we frankly confess reflects credit on his age and country. Not the less, we believe, he has not only utterly failed to exhibit the true meaning of the monumental record, but has actually, by virtue of his very learning, gone far out of his way to give a construction quite untrustworthy, and, in point of fact, 'ab ovo que ad malum,' erroneous.

It is proper that we should submit to your readers the inscription, in a form as nearly as possible a fac-simile of the original record:—

HEYDIDDLEDDIDDLE;
THECATANDTHEFIDDLE;
THECOUTUMPEDOVERTHEMOON;
THELITTLEDOGLAUGH:D
TOSEESUCHFINESPORT;
ANDTHERISHRANAWAYWITHSPOON.'

The true rendering, then, of these six simple (we venture to call them simple) lines is the end aimed at in Mr. Brown's learned work. We have already said we think he has signally failed in his attempt; yet it is due to such a man that we should show cause for the judgment we have arrived at, and, following the example of the learned Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, when recently reviewing some new translation of Homer, not only point out the errors into which our author has fallen, but ourselves propound a theory and a translation, which we, in turn, willingly submit to critical analysis.

In order to enable the learned reader to estimate the value of our labours, it is necessary we should give a brief historical sketch of the inscription, and incidentally indicate the steps which have led us to the conclusions regarding it at which we have arrived.

It appears, then, that Messrs. Brown, Jones, and

* *Inscriptio Antiqua in Agro Bruttiorum Nuper Reperta.*
Edita et interpretatus est Joh: Brownius. Oxon: 1862.

Robinson, while travelling in Germany, chanced to meet with the celebrated Baron Munchausen, who presented them with the inscription, averring that it was copied from an ancient Calabrian monument. The task of deciphering the transcript was devolved on Brown; and he forthwith betook himself to the study of Mommsen and Huschke, in order to attain as much knowledge as can be attained in regard to the Oscan and Umbrian dialects. The result of these researches is that he presents us with the following rendering:—

'Hæyas give willingly, willingly;
God'(is) propitious, God (is) favourable;
God partaker of eggs at the cross-road, God of the world;
God chose kindly for atonement a kid; (and)
Once, to be carried within the precincts,
God, twice sprinkled, blesses the truth of Divine libation.'

Your space forbids that we should give even a summary of the steps which led Mr. Brown to the conclusions at which he has arrived; we have said we challenge these, and we think it due to him, and to the classical world, to give our reasons for the judgments we have formed. We venture, then, to think that our author has fallen into two utterly fundamental errors in the course of his inquiry; the latter, and probably the more serious, resulting from the former.

It was obviously of the last importance that there should be no ambiguity at all as to the locality of the monument whence the famous transcript was made, and, by consequence, of the tongue in which the inscription was expressed. But we venture to think that Mr. Brown has not taken the steps to verify this which were easily within his power, and which it was incumbent on him to take. There are, we are glad to say, scholars yet in Italy, and in very Calabria, who would gladly have lent their aid; but, so far as we can discover from the work, Mr. Brown has not put himself in communication with any of these, but relies with undoubting simplicity on the averments of the Baron.

It becomes, then, a matter of supreme necessity that we should know what amount of credit is due to the Baron; and it is here, we think, Mr. Brown makes his first great error. In a case of this kind, where historical truth is concerned, all false delicacy must give way; and, in consideration of this, we cannot refrain from saying that we have heard doubts insinuated as to the Baron's absolute veracity. We have heard it suggested, even, that although probably incapable of falsifying from any low or selfish motive, he was addicted to the vulgar habit of practical joking; and that the primary inference from the Baron's statement is that *the inscription is not Calabrian*.

We have said we would shortly indicate the steps which led us to the true rendering of this inscription. In this suggestion, then, as to the Baron's credibility, lies the germ or first principle of all our succeeding labours. It was, indeed, the start-point of that course of inquiry whose results enable us, with, we trust,

pardonable confidence, to say, 'Exegi monumentum.' 'I have worked out' (Egi ex) 'the monument.' And in so doing, may we humbly hope we have erected a not indecorous little cenotaph for ourselves.

'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time.

Assuming, then, the Baron's character to be such as we have indicated, we ask the candid reader what language would most naturally suggest itself to him as being that in which the inscription was couched? Would it not be the very vernacular of the parties at whose expense the Baron was disporting himself. We do not blame Mr. Brown for not perceiving this; a scholar himself, and a severe one, he had no suspicion of the 'fides' of his informant—thus easily and naturally were we, however, conveyed to the conclusion that the inscription was English.

Every one who has occupied himself in the task of deciphering ancient MSS. and inscriptions, knows that when the language of the record has been ascertained, the back of the difficulty is broken. We come now, then, to Mr. Brown's second error. Not perceiving the language of the inscription, and no one language thought of by him giving even a plausible sense, he has been reduced to the necessity of commingling at least three tongues, viz. Latin, Greek, and an unknown element—as he supposes, Oscan or Umbrian. This is unphilosophical in the extreme. We know he has Huschke's authority for it in his rendering of the inscription from the Engubine monument; but not the less are we convinced that the principle is unsound. This principle will extract a sense from any markings, however nonsignificant. It is well known to geologists and philologists that there is a peculiar sort of granite, found in Arabia, and on the coast of Banffshire, known as 'graphic granite.' In this rock the silica is arranged in thin semi-lucent lines, and appears against the red felspar as if it were tracings made by hand. An enthusiastic traveller brought well-marked specimens home from Arabia, and submitted them to the most famous decipherers; and they, by dint of this licence so freely used by Mr. Brown, by borrowing letters and words from every language with cuneiform characters, did manage to extort a sort of meaning from the flinty bosom of the rock. But further inquiry dissipated their conjectural renderings into empty air; all that is left of their labours being simply the significant epithet applied to the stone.

When we name these two errors, we exhaust all with which we have to charge our author, but we submit they are fatal. With several of his canons of criticism we cordially concur; and, indeed, candour compels us to acknowledge that we are indebted to him for some very valuable suggestions. In particular, we would intimate our obligations to him for suggesting the importance of accurately ascertaining the sense of the first word of the inscription. This, in most cases, is a proper name; and when this is known,

it is almost a key to all that follows. He, it will be observed, assumes it to be equal to Heius—a character referred to by Cicero; and, in ignorance of the true language of the inscription, probably no more plausible guess could have been made. But assuming the language to be English, the process of interpretation is easy. There is but one English surname like Hey, namely that of the noble family of Errol. In Scotland this is familiarly pronounced not *Hay* but *Hey*. The inscription is then probably Lowland Scotch, and applies to some event which occurred not far from Luncarty, in Perthshire—the hereditary home of the Hays. Now, at first sight we surmise the date to be somewhere about the fourteenth century. This we conclude from the following data:—(1st), Surnames were not in use in Scotland long before this. (2d), Monumental inscriptions recording historical facts do not occur of a much later date. (3d), The employment of the pronoun 'The' as a designation of the head of a clan or house, indicates a time when the Highland chiefs were known by semi-Saxon designations. The language, then, is fairly inferred to be old Lowland Scotch; and the monument, standing on the border land between Lowlands and Highlands, it most probably records some foray of a Highland clan upon their Low-country neighbours.

Before proceeding to give our own rendering of the inscription, we think it necessary to premise that, in all documents of such an age, the spelling is quite arbitrary and unfixed, varying frequently in the same record, so we are to be guided solely by the sound, and not at all by the appearance of the words.

We have thus the first line,

'Haydiddlediddle!

which at once resolves itself into

'Hay did ill, did ill'

Now, two things are to be noted here. First, there is the ancient mode of repeating certain words and phrases for the purpose of intensifying the sense. Every scholar will at once recall many examples—

'In me, me convertite ferrum.'

Next, we have the peculiar sense of the word *did*, which, in vernacular Scotch, to this day is equal to 'fared.' Thus, one farmer will say to another, 'I did no that ill at last market'—i. e. prospered or fared. Indeed, we use the verb in the same sense in the familiar phrase 'How do you do?' The sense of the line is

'Hay fared very ill.'

Now, the next line assigns a reason for this. It is as follows:—

'Thecatandtheadle.'

Which line very obviously resolves itself into

'The Catand thead ill.'

i. e. the Chief of the Clan Chattan thieved (plundered Hay's lands) ill—severely; or, to express it in the noble language of Ancient Rome—

'Agrum Halcum Cattanus late graviterque populatus est.'

Now, here a new light dawns on us, affording an

illustration of the well-known philological canon, that when one is on the right track, corroborations stream in from all quarters. Observe, first, the name of the clan—Chattan; the locality—Perthshire; the occupation—reiving; and say if we are not almost irresistibly forced to conclude that in some way this remarkable foray led to that famous contest between this clan and the Clan Quhele, which was fought on the North Inch of Perth.

'The cove jumped over the moon.'

The cove jumped over the (lands of, or laird of) Moon.

As to the locality here indicated, there is, fortunately, no difficulty. To this day, we have in the district the estate known as Bal-na-moon, which term even the merest tyro in philology is aware signifies the town or fort of Moon—the Gaelic 'bal' being identical with the Irish 'bally,' and probably allied to the French 'bailli,' and through that with our own 'bailie.' The fort was evidently not yet built; but it is probable, in the highest degree, that it arose in consequence of the raid.

The use of the definite article before names of places is too common in Scotland to require explanation; and the habit of naming a proprietor by his lands is universally recognised.

We confess, however, that the verb 'jumped' here presents a little difficulty. Several solutions have suggested themselves to our mind, which we will merely intimate. Can the word be 'jumped,' and imply that 'the cove' jumped on the prostrate body of the Laird of Moon, as Celts will do? Or does it mean that he passed over his lands leaping in a joyous gambol, on account of the savage joys which awaited him in the country of the Hays? Or, finally, is it a contraction for 'triumphed,' and is the line to be read, 'The cove triumphed over the (Laird of) Moon?' The well-known passage in Livy (lib. 21, cap. 42), describing the fierce hilarity of the Celts in Hannibal's army, when, in crossing the Alps, that chief indulged them in a little mutual slaughter, led us at first to prefer one of the two first conjectures—'Ut cujusque socius exiderat alacer, inter gratulantes gaudio exultans, cum sui moris tripudiis, arma raptim capiebant.' But further reflection induces us to adopt the last rendering; for, first, the initial letter of the word 'jumped' is the same with that of the Roman shout of triumph, 'io'; next, the absence of the letter 'h' supports this conclusion, for we uniformly find the word 'triumph' spelt without the 'h' when applied to the card which is the last to be distributed in dividing. This is called the 'trump' card; and, lastly, we think the context nearly demands this translation.

Note here the early use of the word 'cove,' equal to knowing fellow—dodger—thief.

'The little dog laughed.'

Here we meet a difficulty of common occurrence. The name of a property of no great importance meets us spelt in quite an arbitrary manner. In consequence, it is not easy to verify the locality. We are not,

however, without the means for forming a more than plausible conjecture regarding it. The first three letters have the form of our definite article. Every one acquainted with old Scotch knows that in many districts the 'th' of the article was sounded hard like *t*; and more particularly this held along the Highland border. There, indeed, the pronoun is pronounced broadly 'ta.' But in the Lowlands of Perthshire, where the Saxon and Scandinavian element were largely mingled, the pronunciation was 'Tay.' Here, then, is the key to the riddle—Taylit, Taylet, or Tayilt, is the name of some small property on the banks of that noble stream, at the sight of which the Roman legionaries shouted 'Ecce Tiber,' whose insignificance saved it from rapine. The proprietor, moved with envy at the greater dignity of his neighbours of Luncarty and Bal-na-Moon, laughed at their misfortunes. We will perceive in the sequel that he suffered a severe penalty for his unneighbourly jeering. The line then is—

'Taylit (ill dog) laughed.'

The inscriber, with rude, cynical humour, stigmatises Taylit or Tayilt as an 'ill dog'—a mode of objurgation not improbably brought over by some chivalrous Hay from the land of the Saracen, where the good soldiers of Christendom were often saluted with this obnoxious epithet.

The next two lines must be read together—

*'To see such finesport
The dish ran away with the spoon.'*

The general meaning of these is too plain to elude even the least initiated. The words divide themselves thus—

*'To Seesu ch fine sport,
The Dish ran away with The's (Tay's) Poon.'*

The The or Tay here is evidently Tayilt; such contractions being quite common in Scotland; and already poetical justice has overtaken him. From the soft liquid sound of the name, it is clear that 'Poon' or Poona was a lady—the daughter, let us hope, and not the wife, of Tayilt.

'The Dish' is obviously not the chief of the Clan Chattan, but some prime favourite on whom he used to confer a more than fair share of the plunder. His comrades, naturally dissatisfied, had applied to him this epithet, which, in Gaelic, signifies 'receiver,' or, as we might say, 'resetter.' There appears little doubt but that the Chattan designed the Dish for a son-in-law. This inference we draw from the chief's overgenerosity to him, and from the obvious conviction of the Dish himself, that in eloping with Poona he had transgressed beyond hope of reconciliation. He does not, it will be observed, convey his captive bride to the fastnesses of his own wild mountains, where, with the support of his clan, he might have held her against the world in arms, but to 'Seesu,' the nearest 'fine port.' It is clear that he fled here with a view to emigration. He durst not again meet his chief, after having so cruelly dashed his dearest hopes.

Now, we have said that it is probable that out of this raid arose the savage butchery on the North Inch.

Our supposition is that the old chief, maddened by disappointment, became reckless, and entered upon that course of proceedings which drew on him the royal vengeance. This conjecture we submit with, we trust, pardonable confidence. To the would-be captious critic we would address the admonition of the poetical sage of Venusia—

'Si melius habes, impertit,
Si non his utere mecum.'

Secsu we at once identify as the modern Paisley, the 'tu' of the natives being modified into the more vocal 'u' or 'you.' At first we were inclined to read this fifth line,

'Secsu which is a fine spot,

eliding the 'r' from the last word; but, philological reasons apart, a few moments' reflection induced us to reject this for the finer rendering,

'To Secsu (or Seestu) which is a fine port.'

The 'ch' in the original is obviously a contraction for which, and the 's,' there is little doubt, has been transposed from its natural position and appended to the end of 'fine,' instead of being made to precede it. This may be a mere clerical error of the copyist, or it may indicate a peculiarity in the patois of the inscriber. Be this as it may, such conjectural transpositions and fillings-in are quite permitted to decipherers of ancient records. Without them, indeed, there could be no room for controversy or difference of opinion; and in this light they are not only legitimate, but praiseworthy.

The fact that the rendering of this penultimate line adopted by us is the right one, is certified by the justifiable pride with which every son of the ancient city regards its noble harbour, with 'the shipping' which fill its docks. And long may noble argosies continue to glide, swan-like, round its classical 'Water-neb,' bearing love-struck swains and maidens to brighter climes; and, in return, bringing back the products of distant lands to the city which sits by the banks of the limpid Cart!

It would be deeply interesting to know whether any farther traditional records as to this raid yet exist in Perthshire; and, more particularly, whether Poona ever came back, or wrote home—what family she had—and to what colony she emigrated along with 'The Dish.' These questions we leave to local antiquaries. We conclude by presenting this valuable historical relic *in extenso*:—

'Hay did (sared) ill—very ill;
The Chattan thieved terribly;
The cove triumphed (also) over Bal-na-moon;
Taylit (ill dog) laughed
To Secsu (Seestu), which is a fine port;
The Dish ran away with Tay's Poona.'

ORLANDO.

P. S.—A learned friend suggests that Paisley, and not Perthshire, may have been the *locus* of the monument; and that the Baron may not improbably have received the inscription, with hints as to its employment, from a son of the maritime city. The peculiar

intellectual recreation of the dwellers in the ancient port gives an air of credibility to the conjecture. In this case, however—as in that of Perthshire—we leave the matter to local antiquaries, who are in every way the proper parties to pursue researches. O.

'DISTRESS.'

Who will absolve me? I am sick
And weary—sick at heart.
Who will absolve me? Time is short,
And I must soon depart;
And weak, unaided, and alone,
Must tread, to me, the great unknown.

I turn me to the wall to die.
Must sinners perish so?
Is there no gleam of sunlight hope
To pierce my world of woe?
Oh for one short sweet whisper given
To tell of pardon and of heaven!

O heart that knew not charity
For aught below, above!
That never shrined a pitying thought,
That never leapt with love!
Where are thy comforters? Are they,
In this dread hour, to pass away

No widows' tears flow down for me;
No children call me kind;
No deeds of charity I leave
As legacies behind;
Only my soul I have to give—
To whom? O God that I could live!

That I could walk abroad once more,
To lavish all my gold
Upon the countless miseries
That pitying eyes behold!
That I could wash the beggars' feet,
And clothe the homeless in the street!

Yes! I would do it. Ah! how late
Come tears and penitence!
The hand that grasp'd so eagerly
Not gold alone but penes—
The hand that never did good deed,
Is fetter'd in its hour of need.

Yes! I would do it. Is this love,
Or is it sordid fear?
Turn from me, O compassionate Face!
I cannot bear thee here.
O Arms outstretch'd! I cannot come—
Ye may not offer me a home.

He has been blessing all my days,
And I have bless'd not one;
He has been giving golden gifts,
And I have given none:
The death-damps gather on my brow,
I cannot, dare not seek Him now!

Where is the god I served so well?
The god I fear to-day?
Ah! I am he! my god—myself,
From whom I turn away;
From whom I turn, with shortening breath,
To face the woes of living Death! W. C. D.

* * * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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GEOLOGICAL REVERIES IN RAIN.

'Nothing in Nature is all evil.'

OFTEN during the present year have I thought of these words, when I heard the frequent rain cursed on all sides as 'only evil, and that continually;' and I have been tempted to become an apologist for rain, and to say a word in its favour. It is doubtless provoking to have our holiday walks or our pleasure excursions spoiled with rain; to have engaged a steamer, or organised a picnic, and then be obliged to postpone it, or to go and endure it under a deluge, which would be sure to make all idea of pleasure a mockery to us; or, what is worse, to have our stated holidays, our fair-days and fast-days, rainy—often so rainy that we cannot step out of doors without being 'drikked' to the skin in a few minutes. These, I admit, are all serious charges against rain; nor do I intend to say a single word in defence or excuse of any of them. I have no desire to abate the price we pay for rain, to seek a reduction of the public water-rate Nature exacts for the supply she so liberally lavishes upon us, and which she will not stint, however vehemently we may shout 'Hold!—enough.' All we can do is to get rid of the surplussage by drainage, and to comfort ourselves with the thought that too much rain is better than too little—that showers of rain are better than showers of sand—that over-much vegetation is better than none at all—that a peat-bog is better than a Sahara—as, though we cannot indeed eat the peat, we can burn it to keep us warm; while with sand we can do neither.

It may be urged in favour of rain, that it is the great beautifier of the earth, and, indeed, of the heavens also. It is true that the great purposes which rain subserves in nature are rather utilitarian than beautiful—that to clothe the earth with grain and grass for man and beast was more thought of in the institution of the rain-making machinery

of nature than to gratify a love for the beautiful. Yet, after all, perhaps, no other way by which we can imagine the water supply of nature to be maintained could be so full of beauty. A system of natural irrigation by an extension of springs (supposing that possible) would not answer the same ends, or confer the like benefits. We might, indeed, escape the evils of unwelcome or untimely showers, and might make a bonfire of our umbrellas and waterproof coats and haps; but beyond that we would gain little, while we would lose much. All the grand sky scenes—our gorgeous sunsets and our more subdued daydawns—the march of the thunder-cloud through the sky, with its trail of shadow across the earth—the gray morning or evening mist on hill-side or mountain-top—the sunny shower, with its coronal of rainbow—the grand snowy mountains in the air that the clouds become when transfigured with sunlight—the beautiful mottled appearance of light and shadow we often see in the broken clouds of summer weather—the fine ripple-marked form they assume when played upon by the passing breeze—nay, the very blue sky itself would be gone, for its blueness is due to the moisture that is ever in the air, and which is the raw material of which all rain is made. In that case, the sky would be a complete blank—good only at nights for astronomical purposes, as we would then have always a Chaldean sky over our heads, and our star-watchers could gaze from eve to dawn, night after night, without ever being blinded with cloud or mist, as they often now are.

But what I wish more particularly to notice is, that in the present arrangements as regards rain, we may find compensatory effects produced, which may in some degree mitigate the more aggravated evils, by enabling us to detect the 'soul of goodness' that lies under even the worst evils of rain. It has been always thought a mark of greater mind—an indication of higher intellect—to find many uses subserved by some single plan, law, or principle; to find the most diverse effects produced by the same cause, acting, of course, on different materials, or under contrary conditions. The law of gravitation attains almost the dignity of divinity, when we see it working everywhere and changing everything—from the flight of the comet through space, to that of thistle-down in a gusty day in August. We are also agreeably surprised and delighted to find unexpected results from familiar principles or long known causes. Thus, perhaps, nothing in the history of discovery gratified us so much, as the finding of the planet Neptune by means of that simple fact, that it was impossible to give attraction to the sun without giving it to the planets also; and that in virtue of the same power by which the sun holds the planets in their courses, the planets mutually disturb each other, making their courses slightly divergent from what they ought theoretically to be. Hence, when the disagreement of the true orbit of Uranus with the logical or predicted orbit manifested itself, the grand guess was made, that the disagreement must be due to an unknown planet; and when this idea was entertained, it was very easy, from the amount of the

disturbance and its direction, to point the place and prove the character of the disturbing planet.

So, in connection with rain, there are incidental effects produced by it which, though necessary results from its manner of occurrence, cannot be looked on as intentional, and do therefore escape notice, and work as it were underhand. Perhaps none of these are so important, or produce greater effects, or are capable of suggesting grander thoughts, than the geological effects of rain. These may be divided into two kinds, the destructive and restorative effects—the first being immediate and direct, while the second are remote and indirect. The destructive effects are admirably described by the two words 'disintegration' and 'denudation,' which again may be aptly interpreted into 'tear' and 'wear'—disintegration being 'tear,' and denudation 'wear.' These, again, may be taken as characteristic of two kinds of rainy weather, which prevail in the different seasons of the year—summer and winter; winter rain being most promotive of disintegration, while the rains of summer are most productive of denudation.

Situated as Scotland is, on the verge of the great Atlantic sea, and in the direct course of the great rain-bearing winds, our climate cannot but be exceedingly moist, and our winters more characterised by rain and mist than by frost and snow. We are, therefore, familiar with long tracts of rainy weather in winter. Indeed, we have often seen our streets and roads wet for weeks together in mid winter—rains falling almost daily, and not drying quickly after it had fallen. The winter rains are generally never very heavy, there being, during the cold season, no thunder-plumps, nor any of those washing rains that our city sanitary commissioners consider of more value than many scavengers; but, generally, the winter rains fall in drizzling showers, which a man with a good greatcoat may pass a whole day under, and not get wet through. The air is often so thick with mist that we cannot see farther than a few hundred yards, while everything we handle is saturated with wet. In such weather, disintegration progresses rapidly. The continual infiltration of rain was fresh from the skies, and highly charged with gas capable of dissolving the ordinary rock-cements, exert a most destructive effect on the rocks subject to its influence, and cause them to become what very appropriately termed rotten rock. This is disintegration, which is, indeed, but another name for the wet rot in soils, stones, and rocks. If we expand the agents of induration in rocks, we will find them be generally oxides, or carbonates of iron or lime, simple cohesion, induced by pressure. These all yield readily to wet. The chemical agents change their character, and lose their cementing power; the simple cohered rocks—generally sandstones—having their cohesion destroyed by the mechanical action of continual infiltration. This is the ordinary course of disintegration in rainy weather in winter; but, should frost occur when the country is soaked with rain, the action of disintegration is changed, and its rate

creased in a remarkable degree. The fact that water, when petrified into ice, becomes bulkier, and occupies more space, which space it must have at whatever expense, is the reason of this change and increase. The firmest cemented rock, the adamantine granite itself, is shivered like glass by the power of a few drops of frozen water. Of course the most destructive action of frozen water takes place when soil, stones, and rocks are over-saturated with rain. Every pore and interstice is then full of water, the conversion of which into ice loosens the strongest cohesion, resolving the gritstones into sand, and the shalestones into clay or mud. This method of rock-dissolution, like every other thing in Nature, serves a number of uses—not contemplated, or, at least, apparently not comprehended in the primary plan; but which, nevertheless, follow as inevitably as if they were the sole object of its institution. The matter which rocks yield, on disintegration, is often made use of as a soil, and that *in situ*. There are many districts where the soil is derived wholly from the rotten rock beneath; and which, if the rocks had not been disintegratable, would have been a region of barren stone—a stonier ground than that of the Parable, for there would, in that case, have been no depth of soil on it at all. The rocks that make the best soil are the traps, rich, from the large proportion of iron in them—often one-fourth—yield readily to the influences of the weather, and the soil thus made is especially good for pasture, indeed, some of the best pastoral districts are trappean.

I have said that the summer rains are most denuded, because they are generally heavier, and fall more in sheets than in drops; and, falling so, they wash away the disintegrated rock—the accumulated debris of the winter rains—and bear it into our burns and rivers, down which it is carried with the running waters as they hurry oceanwards. That rock debris is not finally wasted, though it has the appearance, when seen floating idly as mud in the waters of our rivers, of being 'thrown as rubbish to the void.' Yet, if we follow it in its fate, we will soon see it deposited in what are truly Savings Banks, in the name and for the behoof of all whom it may concern in the future; and a very high usury, indeed, will it yield to posterity.

As that disintegrated matter is—however finely comminuted it may be—heavier, bulk for bulk, than the water it floats in, or rather flows with, it is evident that it is kept suspended solely by virtue of the swiftly-flowing current, and, of course, as soon as that motion slackens, by the river reaching a wider channel, the specific gravity of the sand or mud overbalances the carrying power, and it sinks to the bottom and forms a shoal. This may happen often in the wider reaches of the river, or where it expands into a lake; or it may not happen till the sea is gained, and the river's carrying power is lost in the ebb and flow of the tide. A copious deposition thereupon takes place, and a delta is the consequence. These deltas, in lakes or seas, do often, through natural growth,

become dry land. As the delta bulges up near the surface, marshy plants grow upon it, and add to its height by leaving their mould among its sands or clay. Floods overwhelm, and leave a coat of sediment upon it; and thus the delta grows more and more above the ordinary level of the river, till only very high floods can overflow it. But ere this, man often steps in and bars the water out by a bulwark of earthwork, and thereby consummates the conversion of many a weltering delta into dry land. Another and a much shorter way is by a geological upheaval. Slowly, by a dilatation of the strata, through some secular change in the central heat; or, quickly, by an earthquake, the delta is elevated above sea-level, and the waste place of the sea becomes a fruitful field. This is the geological genealogy of all our great grain-growing carse in Scotland. They are all old retired sea or lake deltas of the rivers that now flow through them; and in them we have stored up for us the debris of the showers of the past—the rich legacy of geological rain!

Another way by which rain in drops or bulk makes soil, is in the form of snow or ice, or, rather, as glaciers and icebergs. The snow that falls on high mountains melts, in the summer-time, into a liquid ice, which exhibits all the properties, and conforms in its behaviour to all the habits, of a fluid. It flows down declivities—it is heaped up in strait places—it floats with its stray fragments of rocks—it wears away the sides and bed of its channel; in a word, it makes and carries with it a sediment as truly as water does. A glacier is, simply, a river of ice, and produces results identical in character with those of an ordinary river. A terminal moraine is its delta, and a lateral moraine is the wrack of a spate of ice; and both are glacial alluvium. In high latitudes, where glaciers flow into the sea, large portions are detached, and float away as icebergs. These often sail far before they melt; but, as they melt, they drop the sediment and boulders with which they are freighted upon the floor of the sea beneath; and thus a deposit of clay, gravel, and boulders is spread somewhat unevenly over the bare rocks of the sea bottom. This deposit—when the sea is, by an upheaval, converted into dry land—makes a first-rate soil; indeed, the very best soils that we have are composed, either primarily or secondarily, of this old glacier mud—primarily, in the 'till' of the agriculturist, which is simply a great collection of icebergal drift, boulders and all; while the heavy clay carse-lands are the clay of this drift without the boulders, being, of course, but a re-formation of it—the clay having, by an after-action of the sea, been sifted from among the boulders, and laid again in the regular way that clay is deposited from water. And thus, by processes we would never without the help of geology have known, we are indebted for the soil in which our daily bread is grown to fossil-rain. We have, therefore, both recent and fossil rain combined together in providing for our sustentation.

It is thus that in these two effects of rain, disinte-

gration and denudation, we have a geological destruction; and in the transportation and deposition of the debris of rain, by rain water in bulk, we have a geological restoration of the earth. If we follow both through all the changes and modifications they promote, we will find thoughts and fancies enough to make us regard rain, even when most of a mar-mirth, as one of those adversities that in the end turn into precious blessings. It may spoil our holidays; it may curse our excursions; it may often, when we take a meditative walk into the country, send us 'bootless back and weatherbeaten home;' but what of that, we cannot pray it away; we cannot coax or bribe it to postpone itself; we can only dodge it with umbrellas, or try to set it at defiance with waterproofs. I think it better for us to try and make the best of it, by finding in rain itself sources of pleasures—not agreeable sensations, of course, but entertaining thoughts—thoughts reaching both backwards and forwards through time, and awakening in their passage imaginations of the actual state of the earth in the dim ages of the past, and disclosing revelations of the possible state of the earth in the brighter but more uncertain ages of the future. I wish to make a magic mirror of the rain-drop, and see in it both the past and the future; the one dim and dark, yet definite—a land of shadows, indeed, but of forms familiar to the mind of the geologist; the other bright with hope and crowded with fanciful forms, the most kenspeckle of which are men transfigured into gods, knowing now both good and evil.

But there are other results of rain which perhaps are greatest of all. The sediment that flows seaward in river floods is not all deposited in deltas that by upheaval are restored again to usefulness, and may be made of service again to man; but many deltas are, by submergence, sunk beneath man's reach, and become, by some of the many 'long results of time,' parts and parcels of a new earth—the world of the far future.

Other portions of the sediment, the finest and most impalpable part of it, is floated away to sea; and there, perhaps, after floating many leagues, settles down in some deep recess of ocean, and lies through perhaps a thousand years before enough of it gathers to make a layer of one or two feet in thickness. It will of course enclose fragments of the present, to make of them fossils of the future; and I may safely assert that never before were fossils of 'such splendid purpose' wrapped up in rock as are now in all parts of the sea undergoing the immortality of petrefaction. No doubt, with many of the processes of rock-manufacture, rain has nothing to do. Its function is rather to supply the raw material, the chaotic stuff, 'without form and void,' of which worlds are made. It but 'sows the dust of continents to be' over the floor of the ocean, and leaves it there to ripen slowly into rock by the central heat, or to be baked quickly into stone by an overflow of lava from some oceanic volcano. But by whatever method this raw material, which rain furnishes, may be wrought into indurated rock again, we know that it will pass

through many vicissitudes, and be subjected to many strange influences, ere it becomes again part and parcel of the stage on which the Drama of Life shall in the future be acted anew. Most eagerly would we inquire at theology or geology the likely character of the life that would be acted on earth *then*? Whether it would be the sad, unhappy marplot of Comedy and Tragedy in which we are fated to act a part? or whether it would be, as many fondly dream, a celestial comedy throughout, a perfect pastoral, wherein there would be no villanous parts, for there would then be no villains to play them? But, more than even this, we would like to know who will be the *dramatis personæ*. Will they be men, angels, or gods? Will our children still inherit the earth, and live the same life as we live, only living it better than it was possible for us to do? Or will man be supplanted by some higher race, liker God than he in mind, character, and fate? Or will we ourselves, after having undergone, through death, disintegration as complete as that which the earth suffers through rain and the other agencies of change, be like it, in some far-distant time, 'blest with resurrection?' and will we, renewed in body and restored in mind, live for ever in the new heavens and the new earth, 'so long promised and so long looked for, in which we have been assured that only righteousness shall dwell!'

In illustration, I will relate in detail a late reverie, which was suggested by the brown, muddy appearance which the water of the Clyde had, after a 'terrible denudation-day,' as a friend calls a very rainy day.

The idea that occurred to me was,—How curiously compounded must the mud be that gave the water that colour! I then set myself to reckon, by the help of geology, the various rocks and the many formations that had contributed a portion of this mud; and found, in doing so, thoughts and imaginations enough to make the surface of this muddy river a magic mirror, in which I saw the past history of the earth represented in pictures and hieroglyphics, the interpretation and contemplation of which afforded me a pure and intellectual delight, far surpassing aught that unscientific poetry has ever afforded me in even its happiest efforts.

The metamorphic age passed before me; but so was it with fire, so lurid was it with smoke, and so loud was it with all the noise and bustle of frequent volcanic eruptions, that not only was it difficult to recognise that fire-world as the quiet, homely of earth we have dwelt upon so long, but we cannot even see through the trouble and the darkness which is actually taking place in or upon it, gaze we ever so intently upon it. We see, indeed, the earth enveloped in fire, or, as the old nursery rhyme has it—

'With fire above, and fire below,
And fire on every side of it;

but we cannot determine whether these eruptions and earthquakes, these floods of flame and clouds of darkness, are simply creative phenomena, and the earth is in course of being made out of nothing; or whether it is but a renovative and transmutative

process that is going on, and that some old earth, of which we knew nothing, is being destroyed or changed as far as fire can destroy or change it; and that a new world is arising, Phoenix-like, out of the ashes and glowing embers of its former self. All that we can be certain of is, that our view backward through time is finally closed by a wall of fire so dense that we cannot pierce through the mystery. In it, however, we sometimes think we see strange faces, 'glowering' at us from the eternity that we know lies beyond it; but ere we can mark the character or even the form of these faces in the fire—whether they are bestial, human, or angelic—they change with the flicker of the flame and baffle the promptest perception. At other times, we think we observe a Vulcan-like God busily engaged in passing the earth through the fire, giving to it its spheroidal figure, and to the individual rocks composing it, the form and character we call Plutonic and metamorphic.

The Silurian age passed next, with its gigantic pterygots and its minute trilobites—a time of shallow seas and muddy shores, when the mud stones of Loughagow were in the course of formation, as they now are in the course of dissolution.

Then the Old Red Sandstone passed, with its mailed hills. But, ere I could mark the characteristics of the time,

'A stern and stalwart ghost'

appeared to me, wrapped up in a gray plaid, such as Scottish shepherds wear in mist and rain upon the hills. I hailed him with 'What cheer?' and he turned on me a face radiant as that of Moses after he had talked with God on the Mount; and I knew that Hugh Miller, in mind at least, was himself again—that all his troubles had passed with time away; and that now, in rapt beatitude, he, like Enoch, walked with God. But beyond a quiet smile, which I felt instinctively meant that all was well with him, he gave me no news whatever—he was as silent as Lazarus, and blabbed out nothing of that dread thing death, or that dreadest of all times, the coming Eternity.

The Carboniferous period next started out of the mist, gleaming with the green light of its multitudinous woods. As my eye got accustomed to its green light, I marked with what beauty and grace the lepidodendron waved its green branches in the evening breeze, that came laden with vapour from the wide fresh-water lake or salt lagoon, ripple-marking, ere it came away, the shore sand into those beautiful undulations that are seen in every sandstone quarry round Glasgow. I marked, too, the sigillaria rising stiffly up as a living pillar in a living temple—fluted and beaded with a beauty far surpassing aught of the kind of human design or execution. Casting my eye to the ground, I saw my Carnyle ferns start into life, and live their graceful fronds in the evening breeze, not black and dead as now, but living and green, as its progenies now are, in

'You lone glen of green breckan,
With the burn stealing under the long yellow broom.'

The Boulder-drift period next came out of the black darkness of the past, white with snow and hoary with icebergs; and I saw a long train of icebergs and ice-floes floating round Dungoyne, at the end of the Campsie hills, and gradually fill up what is now Clydesdale with an ice-mottled sea. As I looked, I saw that these brilliant ships of ice bore, as cargo or ballast, boulders and mud; and, as I watched, I saw the boulders dropping into the sea and the mud floating away from the icebergs, destined, however, after a short suspension in the waters, to follow the boulders, and make, in time, what is now the native soil of Scotland.

One other scene came out of the past, as I looked on this magic mirror, but quietly, without noise or bustle, or emphasis of any kind. A broad, glittering sheet of sea, two or three miles broad, surrounded with quiet green banks—here pastoral, and there woodland—and so like the Clyde of the present day that we might almost think it the same. But no; there are the Cathkin braes to the south, with Dychmont crowning them as now; and there, far to the north, are the Campsie hills, dimly seen through haze and cloud—for the south-west wind is blowing as freshly as ever it does now. It is the elder and greater Clyde we are looking at; and, as we look, we see what was never seen in earthly scene before—we see man! Look close; shade your eyes from the light, and say what you behold yonder. A drift log, you say, floating seaward with the ebbing tide. Look again, and observe that it is not floating *with*, but *against*, the stream; and there, mark what strange figure is that so busily plying a paddle, as he looks anxiously at yonder black cloud rising over Cathkin braes. Saw ye ever anything like that in geology before? No; that is man, the future king of the world; and though he looks but little like a king to-day, wait till a millennium or two have rolled away, and you will behold the children of that log-canoeman build, on that self-same stream, ships that will bid defiance to wind and tide, and carry them wheresoever they wish to go. A voyage across the Atlantic then will have less danger to them than a voyage across Clyde to him now.

But enough of the past. Geology not only helps us to restore the past—it also enables us to forecast the future; and I could not help following the sediment as it floated down the Clyde, and saw, in imagination, its geological destiny and fate. Most of it will go and add to the delta now forming between Greenock and Helensburgh; a goodly portion of the remainder will go and add to the shores of Ayrshire, by Irvine and Troon; but its finer particles will float away far to sea, and, being caught by tide or current, will be deposited in the profound depths of the Atlantic, there to undergo all the metamorphoses necessary to make it rock again, and qualify it to be part of some future world—some new earth, wherein perhaps we, not as men, but as gods, may dwell!

J. B.

THE MOTHER'S ROOM.

WHENEVER I think of my childhood,
And the home where my young days sped,
I remember one room of all others
With its quaintly old curtain'd bed.

The invalid chair by the fire-place,
And the phials that told a sad tale
Of patient and weary suffering,
Of a bright face wasted and pale.

So far as my thoughts can go backward,
I remember that self-same room;
Now fill'd with young hearts and their gladness,
Now shrouded in sickness and gloom.

It was *there* where we all were cradled;
It was *there* our sister died;
It was *there* where our mother mourn'd
For one lost in his young life's pride.

It was *there* in the Sabbath evenings
That we cluster'd around her chair,
To listen to lessons of kindness
And to Bible stories and prayer.

It was *there* we carried our burden,
And pour'd into sympathy's ear
Each tiny grief of our childhood,
Each joy, and each hope, and each fear.

It was *there* where in silent sorrow
We helplessly gather'd around;
And mutely, with aching hearts, listen'd
To Pain's agonized stifled sound.

It was *there*, when in life's glad morning,
I came to my mother's side;
And she knew that her child no longer
Was hers—for one claim'd her his bride.

It was *there* in the early winter
That a spring flower open'd its eyes,
Like a primrose of fairest beauty,
Or a violet of rarest dyes.

And my mother carried the blossoms,
And laid in my arms to rest,
My living, my beautiful flow'et—
The first-born bird of my nest.

And *there* in that same old chamber
I learnt what each woman must know,
That no fountain of love runs deeper—
Or so fondly, freely, doth flow—
As a mother's love for her children,
Through happiness, peril, or woe.

So thus when I think of my childhood,
And the home where my young days sped,
I remember, above all others,
One room and its quaint old bed.

JESSIE EDMONDSTON SAEVY.

THE STORY OF THREE DANCES.
INTRODUCTION.

You have seen me probably many times, but you would not recognise me in the street. Yet I know you—many of you—well. I know of your flirtation with Daphne; your quarrel with Chloe; your engagement to Medusa; and your sneaking kindness for Sarah Ann.

I have been allowed to witness all this, for I am a nonentity. I am an outcast from society, although I enter many more ball-rooms in the season than you, O light-hearted and lighter-heeled Adonis! I am—for I must confess the truth—what the smartly-dressed

servant or white-gloved green-grocer designates 'The young man to play the pianer!' I have often smarted under the words; and, when some blooming, inexperienced damsel, struck by my noble appearance, flowing hair, and curled mustache, asks of the lady of the house, in low melodious tones, 'Who is that distinguished looking young man?' fancy the pang inflicted upon me by the answer—'Only the instrumentalist, my dear!'

I am a modern Diogenes, who, from a metaphorical tub, look with cynical eye upon the giddy throng around me. Night after night, as my weary fingers sweep the keys of the piano, in a mechanical manner, I glance from the corners of my eyes, and see the world—not the world of youths, not the world of poets, but the painted, made-up, false, smirking world—the world of shams, the world of humbugs. Look at Miss Lucinda, with her crowd of hopeful swains. Would they, think you, attend upon her so devotedly, if they knew the utter falsehood of the merry laugh, the innumerable repetitions of these pretty words?

Put one of them for a few evenings in my place. Let him hear and see for himself. She is angling for a good husband—good in the monetary sense of the word. She hides her hook with her piquante tones; she throws in her joyous laugh as ground bait, and the simple minnows hover round. The old carp are more knowing; many a one have I seen nibbling at the bait, but seeing the hook through it all the while.

How do I know? Because I am 'only the instrumentalist;' because I am a machine to produce music for the gratification of the party, and for ten and sixpence the evening! Bless you! (excuse the familiarity; they all come and talk where I can hear, without bestowing a thought as to whether 'the young man who plays the pianer' has ears or not.

If I were to publish half the things I have heard, it would diminish the number of marriageable young ladies by two-thirds.

However, I am above repeating scandal; and my object in writing is merely to relate what I saw in three fashionable drawing-rooms, in which several of the same company figured; but from whom I will extract but three or four, whose words and actions showed to me a little story of real life.

DANCE THE FIRST.

Mrs. Mountable was essentially a fashionable lady; that is to say, she frequented ball-rooms, theatre and flower-shows, with unparalleled assiduity. She preferred to live in a small and rather uncomfortable house, because it happened to be in an aristocratic neighbourhood; and in the said house she periodically gave a dance, to which all her 'set' were invited.

Mrs. Mountable patronised me; she recommended me to her friends as a 'very worthy young man,' and whenever she gave her dances I, in conjunction with a cornet (respectable but given to drink), was engaged for the evening.

It was at one of these parties I first saw Mr. Marlow. I had just finished playing a Mazurka, when a slight rustling and commotion among the company, and the turning of all eyes towards the door, proclaimed the arrival of some distinguished visitor; for it must be confessed that Mrs. Mountable was something of a lion-hunter, and that the writer of the last new novel, the explorer of some hitherto unknown region, or the discoverer of some new species of insect, were to her short-lived wonders, whom it behoved her to inveigle inside her house, and show off to her assembled guests.

Mr. Marlow was the latest novelty. He had written a book, which had attracted a good deal of public notice; and, consequently, Mrs. Mountable had given him no peace until he had agreed to make one of her guests.

He was a fine-looking, handsome man, with a lofty white forehead, and piercing eyes. I had but little time to look at him, however, for a fresh dance was being formed, and my aching fingers were called upon to supply the music.

Close by the piano upon which I was playing were seated two ladies. One short, old—well, middle-aged—and wrinkled; the other tall, red-faced, red-haired, and gawky. They talked.

Old young lady.—‘You see that girl Mr. Marlow is dancing with? That’s Miss Tudor, to whom he is engaged.’

The red young lady sniffed disdainfully, as if to express her disapprobation of engagements in general, and Mr. Marlow’s in particular.

‘They say he might have chosen better; but I suppose he knew what he was about. Do you think her pretty, dear?’

Red young lady.—‘Some people might, but I cannot. I do not admire such chalky complexions; and I should like her face better if her eyes were the same size, and her mouth smaller.’

Old young lady.—‘How satirical you are, dear; but I must say, that if she were not my dearest friend, I should be inclined to call her rather too stout, and a little too short, and a little too—there, now, look at Miss Stevens! She would be a proper wife for Mr. Marlow—such an imperial-looking girl!’

Red young lady.—‘H’m! Do you really think so?’

The dancing ceased for a few minutes, and I was able to look at the young ladies in question. They were standing one on each side of Mr. Marlow, and, indeed, presented a great contrast. Miss Tudor was certainly not pretty, neither was she the reverse, for she had a very lively and intelligent face, which beamed with joy when the great lion spoke to her, and answered him with rapid glances. Miss Stevens was a tall, stately beauty, with classically modelled features, without a spark of life in them. Mr. Marlow was relating some anecdote to them, and in no way would the contrast have been more apparent, for whilst in the face of one various expressions chased each other at each point in the story, the other’s countenance remained cold and impassive as if cut in marble.

Several times, when I looked up during the evening, I saw the literary lion dancing with Miss Stevens; and then, when I stole a glance at Miss Tudor, she was sitting by herself, watching the handsome couple whirling round the room. Supper was announced, and her face brightened in a moment when Mr. Marlow, surrendering his handsome partner to a smitten swain, offered his arm to Miss Tudor, and conducted her to the supper-room.

I feel tempted here to digress, and enlarge upon the pleasures of the supper hour to the instrumentalist, who, with a bottle of South African sherry and a plateful of stale sandwiches, rests awhile from his labour. I feel tempted to do so; but I won’t.

The cornet left me to procure for himself beer at the nearest public-house, which he preferred to the South African; and I, only too glad to do so, left the music-stool, and sat down upon a low, soft-cushioned, easy chair. The piano almost concealed me; and two persons entered the room, and stood close to where I sat without perceiving me. The two were Mr. Marlow and Miss Tudor. ‘I know you love me, Charlie, and are not at all ashamed of it; but would you mind dancing with me once or twice instead of with Miss Stevens. Please don’t think I’m jealous of her, and don’t be angry.’

‘What nonsense you talk, Carry!’

DANCE THE SECOND.

Mr. Stevens was a faithful representative of Her Majesty’s Civil Service. He lived in a pretty little villa in one of the suburbs, and liked to jog on comfortably and quietly through life; but this his wife would by no means permit. ‘My dear! we must keep up appearances,’ was an expression continually upon her lips; and Mr. Stevens sighed, and thought a very poor appearance was kept up by turning all the furniture from the drawing-room into his study, and taking up the carpet; but, like a sensible man, he kept his thoughts to himself, and became resigned to his fate.

Mrs. Stevens—who spoke of her husband as holding an important Government situation, (poor man, he was only a clerk!) and gave her acquaintances to understand that the family of Stevens was of great importance—was a stout, vulgar woman, although she was in the habit of saying, when speaking of her daughter, whom I have already described, ‘Ah! dear Georgina is the very image of what I was when her age!’ Her friends held their tongues, and thought she had altered very considerably.

Now, Mrs. Stevens determined to give a dance, and her husband, after feebly combating her desire, gave way, and preparations on a grand scale were made. Mr. S. agreed to have ‘a young man to play the piano,’ but resolutely stood out against the cornet, so I had that evening the sole responsibility of the quadrilles and polkas.

It was about three months from the day of Mrs. Mountable’s party, but many of the same people were

there; amongst others, Mr. Marlow, but not Miss Tudor. The gentleman's whole attention was given to Miss Stevens.

'What a handsome couple!' said one old dowager to another, as they scanned the dancers through their glasses.

'Yes; a much better match for Mr. Marlow than that insignificant Miss Tudor.'

'Miss Tudor! Who is she?'

'Oh! only an old flame of his; but he has very prudently broken off the engagement.'

'Indeed!' said a third. 'I heard Miss Tudor's brother put an end to it, as he considered Mr. Marlow did not pay her sufficient attention.'

'Oh, indeed!' chorused the other two, in different tones of surprise; and no more was then said upon the subject.

I am not going to hold myself up as an object of pity; but I must confess that, when four o'clock struck, and the dancers still called for another waltz, my patience nearly deserted me, especially when I remembered I had a music lesson to give, in quite a different direction, at nine o'clock. I watched my opportunity, and quietly asked old Mr. Stevens if any one there would give me a seat on the box of their carriage, and save me a walk of six miles into London. In a few moments he returned, and informed me that Mr. Marlow was going to drive home, and would give me a seat in his cab.

Mechanically, I played a few more dance tunes, and then the party broke up. Mr. Marlow came up to me, and kindly repeated his willingness to drive me to town; and, after a coldly affectionate farewell to Miss Stevens, which I could not help seeing, he mounted, took the reins, and was on the point of starting, when his servant, touching his hat, said, 'Beg pardon, sir. Young woman, sir, left letter for you, sir; said it was important, and immediate.'

Mr. Marlow took the letter, and read it by the flickering light of the lamp. He turned deadly pale, but said not a word, and in another moment we had started. Had I not seen him so calm and self-possessed a short time before, I should have thought he had taken more wine than was good for him. Luckily the highway was deserted, or some accident must have happened, for we zig-zagged across the road every minute; and once, had I not caught the reins, we should have dashed against a lamp-post.

'Can you drive?' he asked me in a strangely altered voice; and on my replying in the affirmative, he handed the reins to me. 'I cannot see,' he said, and hastily brushed his coat-sleeve across his eyes.

I drove on silently, Mr. Marlow sitting back, his face buried in his hands. 'Poor Carry!' I heard him murmur; then, suddenly starting forward, 'No—no! it can't be true!' he cried. 'Carry dying!' and then again he became silent.

'Stop!' he cried, after a long pause, laying his hand upon my arm, 'pull up beneath this gas-lamp.' I did as he desired; and he took the letter from his pocket and tried to peruse it. 'I can't see the words,' he

continued; 'read it to me;' and he put the letter into my hands. It was very short—

'SIR,—My sister is dying; and, contrary to my wishes, insists upon seeing you.—I am, &c.

'GEORGE TUDOR.'

'It is true, then!' said Mr. Marlow, with a convulsive sob, and he remained silent for the rest of the journey.

DANCE THE THIRD.

It was nearly a year after Mrs. Stevens' party, that I received a short note from Mr. Marlow, inviting me (in a professional capacity) to a ball he was about to give, and in the note he made mention of his wife. Who was she? I wondered. Had he married the marble, or the flesh and blood? or had he discovered a third, whose composition was a happy mixture of the two?

I arrived before any of the guests—took up my position at the piano—and anxiously watched the entrance of the ladies, in order to discover Mrs. Marlow. I had not long to wait, before Mr. Marlow entered with a lady leaning on his arm. It was the one I had known as Miss Stevens.

I was called upon to play; and my friend, the cornet, nudged me, and said every one was waiting for the music. The rooms were crowded, and dancing incessant—consequently, I got but little opportunity to watch for Mr. and Mrs. Marlow; but I had no doubt that the statuesque lady was the author's wife.

Blessful supper-time came; and a downright good supper it was. None of your South African and stale sandwiches; but regular good port and sherry, and anything you liked to ask for. 'Hurrah for Mr. and Mrs. Marlow!' said I, in a subdued voice, to the cornet, as I tasted the generous wine. 'Hurrah!' murmured he; and added, 'By the way, what do you think of her?'

'She is a handsome woman,' said I.

'Do you really think so? I've heard her called pretty, but never handsome.'

'Pretty! well, there's no accounting for tastes; and if people *do* admire a face artistically modelled in putty, what's the odds to you or me?'

'Putty! artistically modelled! Who on earth are you talking about?'

'Mrs. Marlow, of course.'

'There she is coming in with her husband. Do you mean to say her face is artistically modelled in putty?'

'Good gracious! Do you mean to say that she is Mrs. Marlow? I thought that lady behind, with the silly-looking old man, was she.'

'Ha, ha! They are Lord and Lady Monibaggis.'

'Then, he did marry Miss Tudor?'

'Of course. She was very ill, and he went to see her, and then she got better; then they pitched all the medicine bottles out of the window, and she got better still; then he asked her to marry him, and she got quite well. Where's the music? They're wanting a quadrille.'

W. S.

THE NIGHT OF THE MARRIAGE—AN ODE.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

So ends the Marriage-Day, this eve of March!
 Its ceremonies proud,
 Its crackling musketry and cannon loud,
 Its flowers, and flags, and bells, and martial strains,
 Have pass'd 'mid loyal shoutings of the crowd!
 Yet sweet are children's wiles,
 And bright are women's smiles,
 And hearts of men are more than worldly gains;
 For Darkness, hovering on her vaulty arch
 Of pallid stars, sees mountains-tipp'd with fire—
 Sees towns a-flame like glowworms on the plains—
 Sees torch-light glimmerings over endless miles!
 No night in Britain reigns;
 Nor sleep, that might an infant's eyelids tire,
 Weighs on the nuptial dream that fills our happy Isles.

II.

Now, while the astonish'd heavens shrink cold and blue,
 And scarce a star looks through,
 Ten thousand feasts are loud in civic halls;
 Ten thousand floors are quivering with the beat
 Of music throbbing to responsive feet;
 Fantastic walls,
 Fronting the upturn'd wonder of each street,
 Show lambent jets, or lamps of many dyes,
 Shaped into hearts, or stars, or blazonries
 Of crowns and crested plumes; at every turn,
 Fair ALEXANDRA'S name
 And ALBERT-EDWARD'S twined in tremulous flame,
 With mutual ardour burn;
 Hard by and far, as warning back the night,
 From tower and natural height,
 Fiftful and fiery splendours flout the skies,
 In arrowy shoots and spiral runs,
 Like sudden wrecks of rainbows bright,
 Or glittering fragments of exploded suns;
 While poets, with their visionary eyes,
 Divinely musing on their grand ideals,
 Sing glorious hymeneals!

III.

She has come with all the Sagas in her heart,
 The wild romances of her country olden,
 O' fairest Norland blood as fair a part
 As e'er did ancient Scald embolden
 To make his numbers golden.
 She has come, the flower of all her fair-hair'd line,
 At guileless Love's command,
 The undisputed conqueror of the land
 That for her sea-king sires had oft a grave—
 That to the requiems of the Baltic brine
 The later navies of her nation gave.
 She has come, the pearl of tender womanhood,
 In this our age of gentler mood,

To show how sweetly sceptres may be gemm'd,
 And warlike passions stemm'd,
 And nations knit for purposes of good.
 She has come, the blue-eyed Dane, in joy she has come
 To share the topmost throne of all the earth—
 To be the mighty Mother of our Kings!
 Oh sing the Welcome Home
 Of her who brings
 Goodness and beauty, to ennoble birth
 And give new jewels to the Crown
 Of Britain's old renown!

IV.

Hark! the midnight chimes are striking!
 May the newly-wedded Pair
 Feel that one another's liking
 Better is than people's stare—
 Sweeter is than city's glare—
 Dearer is than courtier's speech!
 Blessings endless be to each!

V.

Ah me! I would that all were ended well!
 Would that this day might pass without annoy!
 The things we covet rarely with us dwell:
 Pleasure has its alloy:
 In trembling hands is held the cup of joy,
 For happiness is ever kin to grief.
 All holiday is brief;
 And each new morrow the old tale repeats.
 No meteor now with sudden splendour glows;
 On yonder hill the lonely bonfire dies;
 And silence creeps into the darkening streets.
 But the majestic glories of the skies
 Mock all these meaner shows.
 Oh elder than the day-spring, grand old Night!
 Who wert before the words 'Let there be light'
 Threw magic lustres on the wondering deep!
 Thine of creation was the primal sleep,
 Ere flash'd the first pale beam;
 Such deep and pregnant sleep as did abide
 On Adam's sinless lids, ere from his side
 Emerged fair Eve as beauteous as a dream;
 For Light and Love were both of Slumber born,
 And oh! what dreams this night will break before
 the morn!

VI.

Happy be your sleep and waking,
 Peerless Prince and Princess fair!
 Anxious eyes and bosoms aching
 Never be it yours to share!
 Ever Heaven in mercy spare!
 And when all your days are ended,
 May your names be sweetly blended!

VII.

Oh! fear not Denmark for your lily Flower!
The British Lion is of royal mood,
Like him that, ramping from the savage wood,
Shrank at the sovereign touch of Beauty's power,
And laid his sinewy strength at Una's feet!

He will on her steps attend;
He will all her wishes yield;
He will guard his Lady sweet;
He her fiercest foes will rend;
He will die to be her shield;

Like fairy Una's ever-faithful friend!

VIII.

When I reflect on all this day has shown,
Or dearer still on all this night may prove,
The simple flower of human sympathy
Assumes a sweetness that can never die:

O flower in splendour blown!

Thou mak'st this night a jubilee of Love!
Through thee the sage thinks of the time
He wept in ink and sigh'd in rhyme!
Through thee the worldling dreams of old
How one to him was more than gold!
Through thee the maiden and her swain
Have this sweet lesson for their gain—
That what is best is theirs to prize,
The life in one another's eyes;
That purest bliss to princes known,
By humble hearths may be their own;
That Love is kingdom, crown, and throne;
That God has endless blessings for the wise!

IX.

Poets, let your lays be dumb!
Ended be the nuptial strain!
Hush'd be every trump and drum!
Leave, oh leave the Wedded Twain!
While their moments are the fleetest,
While their pleasures are the sweetest,
Leave them to themselves alone!
Leave them to their blessings ample!
Leave them to the care of ONE!
Leave them to their dear example
In the Grave and on the Throne!

MARY GORDON'S FIRST DAYS AT SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.

'Is this the day I am to go to Miss Weston's school, mamma?' said little Mary Gordon, one morning at the breakfast table.

'Yes, Mary; and, as soon as you finish breakfast, you must go up stairs to the nursery, that Rachel may make you ready; and then I shall go along with you, as this is your first day.'

'I am very glad you are going with me, mamma; it will be far better going to school than having a governess. And now I shall be a scholar,' said she, with an air of importance. 'I am very fond of Miss Weston, mamma; and I think she will like me better

than all the other girls, because she was so long my own governess.'

'That is a very selfish idea you have expressed, Mary; and I am glad you are going to school, just that you may learn you are of no more importance than any of the other girls, and can only share Miss Weston's attention along with them. I thought of engaging another governess; but your papa thinks school will be better for you, and that a new governess could not know, as Miss Weston does, what a silly little girl you are, and how rash in saying and doing things that are wrong; but I hope, my dear, you will try to be more thoughtful at school, and obedient to Miss Weston; and you ought to be so, Mary, for you are now eight years old.'

'Oh yes, mamma; I love Miss Weston so much that I would like to please her always, and you too, mamma; and if you will allow me, when we are on the way to school, I shall take you by a street where there is a beautiful toy-shop, and such a pretty wax doll in the window, the very same size as my little doll Sophy, but with blue eyes and fair hair. Sophy's hair, you know, has been quite destroyed ever since the day I washed her head with soap and water; but I thought her little straw hat would just fit the pretty wax doll's head, so I went into the shop and asked the price, and it was only one shilling. Just think, mamma—only one shilling! Did you ever hear of anything so cheap? I said to Rachel I was almost sure mamma would buy it for me. Now, will you, dear mamma?'

'No, indeed, Mary; I do not approve of children having many playthings, and you must content yourself with Sophy for some time longer. Now, go away quickly, my dear, and get ready, for we must be at Miss Weston's by ten o'clock; and it is a long way from Queen-street to Russell-square.'

They were soon walking quickly along the street—Mary, in high spirits, holding her mamma's hand, and gaily chatting to her about everything she saw. The toy-shop, however, was still uppermost in her thoughts; and presently she exclaimed, 'Oh, do look, mamma, for only one minute! Did you ever see such a lovely doll? Do buy it for me, dear mamma.'

'You are a foolish little girl, Mary, to insist upon what I have already refused you; but come along quickly, for I fear we shall be too late.'

With most unwilling steps, Mary dragged herself from the shop window, and they soon entered Russell-square, where stood the large and handsome mansion now occupied by Miss Weston, in which she was this day, for the first time, receiving her pupils.

The hall-door stood open, and in the hall there were already several parties of children, with servants, besides girls of various ages, who had come to attend the classes about to be opened.

Mary was very much astonished and excited at the sight of so many people and children, for she had hitherto lived quietly at home, with no other companion than her little brother; and she was thinking how gladly she would now be at home, and in the

nursery with him, when a young lady came forward, and said to Mrs. Gordon she would take charge of Miss Mary, if she would walk up stairs and see Miss Weston.

Mrs. Gordon thanked her, and turning to bid Mary goodbye, saw that her lip was quivering and her eyes full of tears.

'What is the matter, Mary?'

'Oh, mamma! I was thinking of Willie, and how dull he will be without me; and I would far rather go back with you than stay here. Please do take me home again with you, dear mamma!'

'No, no, Mary, I cannot do that; you must stay and get your lessons along with the other little girls; and, when you are busily occupied, the time will pass quickly and happily. At one o'clock, Rachel will call for you, and bring you home, so that you will have all the afternoon to be with Willie. Now, goodbye, my darling,' she said, kissing her, 'and let me see you dry your eyes, and go with this young lady.'

Miss Gray took Mary to the dressing-room, where she laid aside her hat and cloak, and thence to the school-room—a spacious and airy apartment, with three large windows facing the square—in which there was now a busy throng of youthful figures, and a hum of many voices.

Miss Weston, and the teachers engaged to assist her, had not yet made their appearance in the school-room, so that there was a good deal of confusion and busy talking going on—Miss Gray being too young and inexperienced a governess to maintain authority and keep order among so many.

Upon her entrance, Mary stood, awkwardly blushing, near the door, for she was suddenly aware that many eyes were staring at her; but Miss Gray told her to take her seat on a form, beside some little girls of her own age, and she was soon able to notice that every new pupil that entered was quite as much stared at as she had been.

She began to feel interested in her companions on the same form, especially the little girl next her, who had long drooping curls of fair hair, from under which she peeped from time to time in a very sly manner. At length Mary smiled to her, and received such a sweet smile in return that she ventured to ask her name.

'Fanny Wallace; and what is yours?'

'Mary Gordon.'

'Are you to board with Miss Weston?'

'No, I am only to be a daily pupil. Are you to board?'

'Yes; papa has sent me to live with Miss Weston.'

'Oh, delightful!' exclaimed Mary, joyfully; we shall see each other every day; and perhaps Miss Weston will allow you to come to our house on Saturday and play with me, and we shall have such fun!'

Full of joyful anticipation, Mary clasped her arms around her new friend; and at the same time, a girl who was seated on the form behind, and had been watching her opportunity, mischievously jerked their heads together with such violence that they both uttered exclamations of pain and alarm, with their hands raised to their heads and their eyes watering; and Miss Gray, who supposed they had been quarrelling, rebuked them sharply.

'It was not our fault,' said Mary, pointing indignantly to the real offender—who had now a handkerchief at her face, stifling her laughter;—it was that girl who knocked our heads together.'

'Miss Jane Duncan,' said Miss Gray, 'I am astonished that you, who are so much bolder than these children, can behave so foolishly.'

They had scarcely time to recover themselves, and were sitting demurely without venturing to look at one another, when the school-room door was opened, and Miss Weston came in, accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen; most of whom were teachers. There was silence immediately in the room; but, on seeing her beloved instructress, the presence of every one else was forgotten by Mary, and with her arms extended, and her face radiant with joy, she was hurrying towards her, exclaiming, 'O my dear Miss Weston, I am so glad to see you again!' when she was quietly arrested by a warning hand held up, and Miss Weston telling her, in a low voice, to return immediately to her seat, for Dr. Irving was going to address the school.

CHAPTER II.

A pleasant-looking gentleman now walked up the room, to take his seat at a table where a Bible had been placed for him. He had observed Mary's impulsive behaviour; but she thought he could not be angry with her, for in passing he stroked her head, and remarked to Miss Weston that he knew she was Mr. William Gordon's daughter; and Mary then recognised him as the clergyman who preached in their church on Sundays.

Dr. Irving opened the Bible, and read the Parable of the Sower, on which he remarked that the seed to be sown, as explained by our Lord himself, means the 'Word of God;' and the daily implanting of this precious seed, and training it up in the youthful mind, is that 'nurture and admonition,' without which all other teachings must prove vain and fruitless.

He proceeded to draw from the parable some useful lessons for teacher and pupil; to the former, recommending the exercise of kindness and forbearance, in preference to severity and punishment, which, he thought, should only be resorted to in extreme cases when gentler means failed.

In addressing the pupils, he earnestly advised them to try and be helpful to their teachers, by coming to school with minds prepared to receive instruction; to put away hardening things, such as quarrelling with one another, disobedience to parents, rudeness and impatience towards servants; these, and many other such unhappy hindrances, would harden their hearts, and render them impenetrable to every good influence; whereas, by cherishing good and right feelings towards every one, and so coming to school in a happy frame of mind, teachers will find they have got good ground to work upon, and will feel encouraged to do all they can for their best interests; or, in other words, they will sow good seed in the good ground, which, in some will yield thirty, in some sixty, and in some an hundred fold.

Dr. Irving then engaged in a short and earnest prayer for all those employed in the arduous duty of teaching the young; and for the young themselves, that the great Teacher and Governor of all, who taught as never man taught, would graciously vouchsafe by His spirit, to guide and direct them in their several duties; that He would pardon their errors and shortcomings, and supply all their wants out of His own inexhaustible fulness, so that the fruit might indeed be unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.

When he concluded, Miss Weston thanked him warmly for his visit, on this first morning of their meeting, when they had all so much need of his kind admonitions. He congratulated her on the auspicious commencement of her school, and hoped to repeat his visit soon. He was now going to visit a ragged school,

'which,' said he, looking round and smiling, 'will present a very different appearance from this one.'

After he had gone, the business of the school commenced, by the masters being shown to their classrooms; and the pupils separating into classes, followed, so that the large school-room was nearly half emptied; and Mary was whispering to Fanny Wallace, that she wished they might go too, when Miss Weston desired them, and all the little girls on the same form, to come to her, and bring their books; and after examining them successively as to their degrees of progress and ability, directed Miss Gray to give Mary's class a lesson in English reading, and when they had each read a portion, to hear them spell the principal words; after which, she might give them a simple lesson in grammar, such as naming the nouns, and whether they were in the singular or plural, &c.

Miss Gray, a young governess, or half-boarder, was really anxious to do as Miss Weston had desired, and got very well through the lesson, and so did the children; but when they came to the grammatical part of it, the word 'mouse' having occurred, Miss Gray remarked, that although the general rule for forming the plural was to add 's' to the singular, this word was an exception, for the plural was not mouses, but mice; 'and there are many other exceptions of the same kind,' said she; 'for instance, the plural of man is men; of woman, women; of tooth, teeth; of goose, geese; but perhaps I could make it plainer in this way. Suppose me sitting here alone; I am only one woman, and therefore in the singular; but suppose Miss Weston and I were sitting here together, could any of you tell me what we would be called?'

'Geese,' said Mary, without a moment's hesitation.

'Oh, Miss Gordon! what a strange mistake you have made!' said Miss Gray.

There was a sound of suppressed laughter throughout the room, and Mary looked down ashamed.

'Mary! Mary!' said Miss Weston, laughing herself; 'this foolish answer is entirely owing to your old bad habit of speaking without thinking.'

It was now twelve o'clock, and Mary's class was sent to get a lesson in writing in an adjoining school-room, where Mr. Macauley, a young assistant writing-master, was arranging copy-books for the pupils. This room was furnished with writing-desks, and in one corner stood a piano-forte, at which Miss Taylor, an elderly and experienced governess, was giving a music lesson to a most unpromising beginner, and at the same time trying to assist Mr. Macauley to keep his class in order and maintain his authority; this, however, being only a temporary arrangement, as the room to be occupied by Miss Taylor was still undergoing repairs.

The pupils were severally introduced by name; and Mary, along with the junior class, was placed at the desk nearest the piano, where she enjoyed the double novelty of getting her lesson in writing, and observing Miss Taylor, who was loudly beating time with a large pencil on the end of the piano, and her conversation running on as follows:—'Simple common time, four crotchets in a bar. One, two, three, four. Hold up your wrists, Miss Brown—down your shoulders, and in your elbows. One, two, three, four. Miss Fanny Wallace and Miss Mary Gordon, give over staring at me and attend to your writing. One, two, three. Mr. Macauley—sir, will you please to notice Miss Duncan, who is lounging over the desk, and poking her elbow in Miss Maxwell's face, so that she cannot write? Sit up, Miss Duncan, and attend to what Mr. Macauley is saying. One, two. Keep your thumbs over the keys, Miss Brown, and strike from your

finger-joints, not with your arms; hold down one note until you play the next. One, two, three. Very bad, indeed; that is all out of time, and wretchedly played; you are lifting every note, and your fingers are so stiff, they look as if they had no joints at all. Now, Miss Brown, I must be so plain as tell you that unless you agree to practise as I direct you, I really cannot attempt to make you play the piano-forte; for, with untrained fingers, it is simply impossible; and, until your next lesson, I wish you to play nothing but this page of five-finger exercises; and now,' she said, looking at her watch, 'you may go to your writing, and exchange places with Miss Mary Gordon, who will come to her music lesson.'

Miss Brown started from her seat like a prisoner released; and Mary, who had been an awe-stricken spectator of Miss Taylor's energetic method of teaching, advanced towards her with fear and trembling, and stood looking wistfully in her face.

'What is the matter with you, child?' said she, lifting her on the piano-stool.

'Nothing, ma'am,' said Mary.

'Then don't look so frightened, Mary, but let me see how you make use of these flexible little hands on the keys. Will you play this easy lesson?' she said, opening a music-book, and placing it before her.

Mary played it with great precision, counting her time audibly.

'Very well, indeed,' said Miss Taylor; and she turned over the leaves to some more difficult lessons, which were all played with equal accuracy, and not without indications of musical taste existing in the little performer, who played, besides, a variety of scales and exercises, showing that her hands had been well and properly trained.

'Well done,' said Miss Taylor; 'I am very much pleased, indeed. Will you tell me, my dear, who taught you to play so well?'

'Miss Weston,' said Mary, her face glowing with pleasure.

'Miss Weston!' said Miss Taylor, greatly surprised. 'Then you are the little girl who was fortunate enough to have her for your governess?'

'Yes, ma'am,' said Mary, very much gratified; 'and she taught me a great many things besides music.'

'And I suppose you mean to tell me they were things of far greater importance than music; but remember, Miss Mary, I shall always consider your music lesson of great importance; and I hope you mean to do the same, and prepare for it accordingly. So, for to-morrow's lesson I shall expect you to practise this page, besides the exercises and scales you played to me to-day. And now, good-bye my dear. You may go.'

Mary ran down stairs, and found Rachel waiting for her in the hall.

She was in such high spirits that Rachel remarked she must have been very happy at school.

'Oh, yes,' said Mary, 'I have been very happy indeed, Rachel; school is such a different place from what I expected, that I think I shall never weary of it.'

CHAPTER III.

On the way home, Mary's attention was attracted by a little child sitting on the pavement before the door of a shop, and crying bitterly for a ball, which was selfishly kept from him by his brother—a boy of about ten years old—and with which he was amusing himself, regardless of the little one's cries. Suddenly, making her escape from Rachel, and following the direction of the ball, Mary succeeded very nimbly in

catching it on its descent, and running with it to the child. 'Here is your ball for you, my poor little dear!' And he was smiling to her with tears in his eyes, when the boy rushed at her, and inflicted a sharp blow on her shoulder. He was about to bestow another on her face, when Rachel interposed herself between them; and, at the same time, the shopwoman, a powerful matron, who had witnessed the affray, issued from the door, and gave the boy such a blow on his back as sent him reeling into the shop; then, lifting the child in her arms, she turned to Mary. 'It was very kind of you, Miss, to give him his ball; but I am afraid Tom has hurt you, and I am ashamed of him.'

'I am not hurt at all, thank you,' said Mary, as she walked away; but Rachel rebuked her for meddling with what she had nothing to do, and said, if she left her on the street to do such a thing again, she would tell her mamma.

On reaching the toy-shop, Mary stood to look again at the wax doll in the window; and she told Rachel that she liked it more than ever, for now she saw a likeness in its face to her dear friend Fanny Wallace; and she ventured to suggest that, if Rachel had a shilling of her own in her pocket, she might just go into the shop and buy it at once, and she would pay her back again the first time she got money.

'No, no, Miss Mary; you told me your mamma refused to buy it for you, and you cannot suppose I will give you anything she has refused.'

'Oh very well, Rachel; I suppose you are quite right; but mind you are not to tell mamma what I was saying.'

'You should never say anything you would not wish your mamma to hear, Miss Mary; but it would not be worth while repeating what you have said, unless she happens to ask me.'

'Oh then, I am not afraid; for she will never think of asking such a thing.'

'Indeed, it is not very likely,' said Rachel, dryly.

On reaching home, Willie came running out to meet them.

'I am very glad you are come back, Mary, for I have been wearying for you so much; what a long time Miss Weston has kept you at school; I am sure you must be very tired.'

'No, no, Willie; not in the least. School is the most delightful place I was ever in; and I only wish you had been with me, you would have enjoyed yourself so much! I am very sorry you are a boy, and that you cannot go to a girls' school; but never mind, Willie, dear, you are but a little fellow—only seven years old—and so quiet and gentle that I daresay Miss Weston will let you come with me, although you are a boy.'

After their early dinner, when Rachel took them out to walk, Mary chatted away incessantly of all that had come under her observation at Miss Weston's. Dr. Irving's visit, the teachers and their classes, and, above all, her dear friend Fanny Wallace; and, at a later hour, when admitted to the dinner-table with her papa and mamma, where she was accustomed to receive a becoming silence, she continued to enlarge on the variety of tasks she had accomplished at school, until her papa reproved her for talking so much about herself, and, as soon as dinner was over, reminded her that, as she had so many things to do at school, she would better go and prepare for next day. When the children went up stairs, they found a young lady waiting for them in the school-room, who had been engaged by Mrs. Gordon to come for an hour or two in the afternoon, and give Willie his English lessons; and, as she was a good musician, to

superintend Mary's practice, and assist her in preparing her lessons for school.

Miss Elliot was the daughter of an early and intimate friend of Mrs. Gordon's, who, since her husband's death, from a long succession of adverse circumstances, had been reduced to great pecuniary difficulties, besides having now become a constant sufferer from declining health.

Miss Elliot was quite aware that Mrs. Gordon's kind sympathy had led to her engagement, and sincerely desired to be of use to her pupils. She was but a young teacher, having only attained her seventeenth year; but her countenance and manners were very pleasing, and Mary was at once prepossessed in her favour. 'Miss Elliot,' said she, 'after you have finished Willie's lesson, I wish you would stay and take tea with us, and spend the evening.'

'You are very kind, Miss Mary; but your mamma has only engaged me to remain for two hours, and the time is nearly expired.'

'Oh, but I know mamma would like you to stay to tea, and I shall go down stairs and tell Thomas to place a cup and saucer for you; and away she went.'

'Stop, stop,' said Miss Elliot; 'I cannot stay, and you must not interrupt me by talking in this way, for you are preventing me from teaching your little brother.'

Mary said no more, but as soon as she saw Miss Elliot's attention occupied with Willie's lesson, she quietly seized her cloak and bonnet, which were hanging near the door, and slipping into the next room, concealed them under a table; then returning quickly, seated herself so that she might watch the result of the trick she had played. Just as Willie's lesson was finished, the tea bell sounded; and when Miss Elliot rose and looked round the room for her cloak and bonnet, wondering where they could be, Mary clapped her hands, laughing noisily, and clapping her round the waist, held her fast.

'Come away down to tea with us,' she said; 'you think you will get away, but you cannot. I shall not allow you to go. Willie, come and help me to hold her.'

Miss Elliot disengaged herself quickly, and looked displeased.

'Miss Gordon,' she said, 'your behaviour is really very disrespectful, and unless you bring my cloak and bonnet immediately, I shall ring the bell for your mamma.'

Mary looked a little alarmed, for she saw she was in earnest, and she was moving towards the door, when Miss Elliot recalled her.

'I feel sorry to part with you in displeasure,' she said; 'but I am sure that if you knew that I have to go home as quickly as possible to make tea for my own mamma, who is sick and has no one to help her but me, you would not think of detaining me.'

'No, indeed, I would not, if I had only known; and now I shall help you to go away.'

She ran into the next room, and returning with the cloak and bonnet, assisted her to put them on, and then running before her to the hall door, opened it for her, and wished her goodbye.

After tea, the children were allowed to remain in the drawing-room for some time and occupy themselves with amusements suited to their age; and so great was Mary's enjoyment of this privilege, and having the society of her papa and mamma, besides that of Willie, that when evening worship was over, and Rachel came to put the children to bed, she begged to remain a little longer, and said the day had been far too short—she was so happy.

(To be continued.)

POPULAR SONGS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

No. XII.

A POEM called 'Miann a Bhàird Aosda,' or 'The Aged Bard's Wish,' is supposed to be one of the oldest in the Gaelic language subsequent to the Ossianic era. It is said to be older than the conversion of the Caledonians to Christianity. I am not aware, however, that there are any other grounds than the internal evidence on which this very remote antiquity is claimed for the poem. Judging from its contents—its train of thought and its tone of sentiment—there is certainly no reason to suppose that its author was acquainted with any of the doctrines of Christianity; but, on the contrary, every reason to think that he was not—that is, of course, granting it was really an old heathen bard, and not some one assuming such a character, who composed the verses. In the closing lines, as will be seen, the singer wishes his harp, his shell, and the shield that defended his forefathers in battle, to be laid in the grave by his side; and he speaks of his soul floating in its mist, on the breeze of the ocean, to Flath-innis—the Heroes' Isle—where Ossian and Daol reposed and slept in the house of the Bards on Ar-ven. All this is certainly quite heathenish. But all this could easily be done by a bard who lived all his life among Christian Caledonians, and merely took on himself, for the occasion, the person of an imaginary predecessor.

It is difficult to identify the locality of the poem. Mrs. Grant of Laggan says it was composed in Skye. But the editor of the 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry' thinks 'The poem itself seems to furnish some evidence, that at least the scene of it is laid in Lochaber. *Treig* is mentioned as having afforded drink to the hunters. Now, Loch-Treig is in the braes of Lochaber. We know of no mountain which is now called Ben-Ard or Scur-eilt. Perhaps Ben-Ard is another name for Ben-Nevis. The great waterfall mentioned near the end of the poem may have been Eas-bhà, near Kinloch-Leven, in Lochaber.'—*Mackenzie's Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, page 14.

Like almost all reflective poetry which extends to any length, the 'Aged Bard's Wish' is sometimes a little obscure. It is not always very easy to trace the connection of one train of thought with another, nor is it always very obvious what the old man is turning his mind to at all. The objects of his thought, and the terms in which he was in the habit of referring to them, were both so familiar to himself that he, like other poets of his class, seems never to have suspected they might be less intimately known to his readers. The 'Old Bard's Wish,' then, although a fine poem upon the whole, and very much admired in the original, does not, perhaps, bear translation so well as some others.

THE AGED BARD'S WISH.

Oh, place me by the little brook,
Of gently wandering pace and slow,
And lay my head near some green nook
That kindly shades the sunny glow.

At ease upon the grass I'll rest
Of the balm-breathing flowery braise;
My foot by the warm wave caress'd
That winds throughout the plain away.

There the pale primrose let me see,
There the small daisy close at hand,
And every flower so dear to me
For grateful hue or odour bland.

About thy lofty banks, my glen,
Be bending boughs and blooming sprays,
Where small birds sing from bush and fen
To aged cliffs their amorous lays.

Break rolling o'er the ivied rock
The new-born spring with heavy moan,
And let the answering echo mock
Its crowding surges' tuneful tone.

And let each hill and mountain steep
Return me back a joyous sound,
When thousand herds with lowings deep
From east and west will murmur round.

Let frisking calves before me play
By spreading hill or streamlet pure,
But the tired kid his head shall lay
Upon my breast and sleep secure.

Then, flowing on the breeze's wing,
Come the soft plainings of the lamb,
And let the mellowing distance bring
The answer of its bleating dam.

Oh! let the hunter's step go by,
His whizzing javelins let me hear;
And to my cheek youth's blood will fly
When comes the chase with tumult near.

New marrow to my bones 'twill bring
To hear the string, the horn, the hound;
When loud, 'The stag is 'down,' they sing,
I'll leap to hear the darling sound.

My dog, I'll see him in that mood
Who late and early follow'd me,
And O our dear hilly solitude
And crags that heard my bugle's glee.

And I shall see the welcome cave,
That saved us from the darkening night;
Its flickering flame shall wane and wave—
Its quacks once more shall give delight.

The sweet deer-flesh we'll roast it well;
The singing waves our thirst allay;
Though mountains roar and ghosts should yell,
We'll calmly rest us there till day.

Then high Ben-Aird his form will rear—
Chief of a thousand hills is he—
His looks, where dream the antler'd deer,
His head, where sleep the clouds, we'll see.

Sgor-allt looks o'er the valley's brow,
Whence first the cuckoo's music flows;
The hill where thousand fir trees grow,
And green herbs for the elks and roes.

The young ducks cheerily skim the pool,
Round which the fir trees wave their head,
And toss their green arms beautiful,
Above the ripening rowans red.

With snowy breast the swan comes nigh,
And crests the waves with graceful pride;
Or, raising up her wings on high,
Amid the clouds she'll lightly glide.

Oh! doth she journey o'er the sea
To lands where breaks the cold white spray,
Where sail or mast shall never be,
Nor oaken prow shall cleave its way.

Come to the brakes and mountain caves—
Thy mouth full of love's plaintive sighs—
O swan! from the land of the waves,
And sing me to rest from the skies.

Oh rise, with thy mild and sweet song!
Tell thy piteous tale from on high,
The echo will spread it along,
And send thy grief mournfully by.

Raise thy wing o'er the ocean's bound,
Grasp its speed from the strong wind above,
For sweet to my ear comes the sound
From thy much pain'd heart of sad love.

Whence do the wandering breezes roam,
That waft us thus thy grief and care,
O youth! who went so far from home,
And left my hoary head so bare!

Are thine eyes tearful still, young maid,
So white of hand, so fair and wise?
Peace rest with him that ne'er will fade,
Who from his strait bed may not rise!

O winds! tell me, whose eyes have fall'd,
The sighing reeds where now they grow,
Past which the trouts have often sail'd
On wings that never felt you blow.

Oh raise me! raise me with strong arm!
Beneath a new shade let me lie;
The sun is riding high and warm,
Let the green branches shield my eye.

Then wilt thou come, O vision mild!
That wand'ring 'mid the stars of night;
And in thy music sweet and wild
Thou'lt bring me thoughts of past delight.

Oh see, my soul! yon maiden fair
Beneath the oak-tree, king of groves!
Her hand amid her golden hair—
Her soft mild eyes on him she loves.

She silent while he plays and sings—
Her beating heart swims in the song!
From eye to eye his way Love wings,
Who melts the deer their hills among.

Now stops the strain, and her soft side
Is growing to her lover's breast,
And her fresh lips, the rose-tree's pride,
To his are long and longer press'd.

May joy attend you both for aye
Who wake my long-lost joy once more;
But on thy soul, thou fair-hair'd May,
My warmest, dearest blessings pour!

Oh dream of bliss! and art thou gone?
Return, return one moment still!
You hear me not; and I'm alone.
Then, fare-you-well each long-loved hill!

Farewell, O ye youths in your prime!
Farewell, lovely maidens, to thee!
I see not your bright summer time—
'Tis winter forever with me!

Not far from the waterfall's swell
That moans round its gray rock afar,
Let me lie with my harp and shawl,
And forefathers' shield in wild war.

And come o'er the sea as a friend,
Thou mild-moving saphyr and slow,
Raise my mist on thy wings, and wend
To the isle* where the heroes go!

Where the heroes go—where they lie
And sleep sound without music's tone,—
Hall of Ossian and Dall! open—fly—
The night comes, and the bard is gone!

But ere it comes—are my mist wings its way
To Arven, the house of the bards for aye—
With harp and shell for the road let me play;
Then farewell to the harp—the shell—the lay!

The measure is changed in the last verse of the original, as above.

'Suiré Oisein, or Ossian's Wooing,' is one of those old and popular bits of Highland poetry which, after having been sung for many generations, or many centuries perhaps, in ten thousand huts and houses, are still well remembered and repeated by people who never read them in a book. It and the 'Lay of Diarmad,' and the 'Death of Oscar,' and the 'Banners of the Fingalians,' and even the 'Address to the Sun,' are, to this day, found among old people who learned them from their fathers, who had again got them from theirs, and so on. The legitimate traditional lineage of every one of these pieces can even yet be traced back with ease for at least a hundred years, in a good number of Highland cottages where heroic poetry is never seen in print.

In the middle of last century, and before Macpherson published his far-famed work, 'Ossian and Eir-Alin' was one of the most popular of Gaelic ballads, as may be seen by a reference to the correspondence printed by the Highland Society in their report on 'Ossian.' It is also found in all the collections of Gaelic poetry. The different versions of it all agree in their essential features. The age of the ballad it would not be easy to determine. It is probably one of the oldest of all the Ossianic fragments.

* The paradise of the ancient Celts, Fiath-innis, or the Heroes Isle—a word now appropriated to a sacred use—was supposed to lie in the Western Ocean. There was another place called Eilean na-h-Oigé, or the Island of Youth, which is still frequently spoken of in Highland tales. I once heard a long story told in prose in which it made a considerable figure. It differed, however, from the above, or at any rate did not accord with the old bard's idea of Fiath-innis. For there were not only an uninterrupted felicity and unfading youth enjoyed in Eilean na-h-Oigé, but there were also activity and consciousness—not sleep. Neither was it a place for disembodied spirits merely. The story I speak of represented a man having been carried thither by a fairy wife whom he had married, and with whom he had lived for some years in the world. He was a middle-aged man when he was carried off, but his youth was renewed in even more than its early bloom whenever he set foot on the island. He stayed there, with the most perfect enjoyment, for a few weeks, as appeared to him. Then he expressed a wish to go back and see another wife and family whom he had left behind him in his own home. His wish was complied with, after he had promised his fairy wife to return with her whenever his curiosity was gratified. He was carried back as he had been at first carried away, in the shape of a swan, his fairy wife accompanying him. He was set down on his own old farm; but as soon as he touched the soil he became extremely aged and withered-looking—a mere fistful of a man, the narrator said. His fairy wife then left him for a short time, and he wandered about, exciting a great deal of curiosity in all who saw him, but knowing nobody, and even noticing changes in the very localities he had been so familiar with, as he had thought, about a year before. At last some people that were working in a field near by gathered about him. To them he told his story; and one of them recollected having heard his grandfather speaking of a great farmer to whom that place once belonged, and who had suddenly disappeared one day, many many years ago, no one knew whither. A little after this, the old man's fairy wife returned, and carried him off, in the shape of a swan. He was never more seen in the world at all. So much for Eilean na-h-Oigé.

* At this place Mrs. Grant of Laggan—who has given a translation of the 'Old Bard's Wish' among her poems, published 1858—makes the following remark:—'As there is very little snow in the islands, great numbers of swans come here from Norway in the beginning of winter. Some stay to the north, but they mostly go northward in summer. This furnishes the bard with the fine image, very strongly expressed in the original, of the north wind bearing towards him the moan of the departed; upon which he inquires of the swan from what distant country that well-known voice came. This affords him a chance for digressing.'

OSSIAN AND EVIR-ALIN.

A POET'S WOOLING LONG AGO.

Who is this friend that would soothe my grief
 Who comes my age to cheer?
 I know that light step and that gentle approach—
 It is thou, my daughter dear!

Daughter! a time was when I, now so weak,
 Could speed in the wild roe's flight;
 When I, now so blind, could the beacon descrie
 Far off in the dim dark night.

The time has been when with sounding step
 Away with the chieftains I'd wend;
 Though this night thou must see me so lonely and sad,
 Without father, son, or friend.

My son! O my hero! how mournful the tale
 Which Cona's slow wave tells of thee!
 And Fingal and Fillan are all pass'd away;
 Not one of the leaders I see.

Alas! and my sight too has faded,
 Nought around I descrie or above;
 Gone is the hue of my youth—all is gone;
 But the grave cannot alter my love.

White-handed maiden! this night though you see me
 Old and forlorn in this place,
 Renown'd have I been as a hero
 In my youth, with the bloom on my face;

On that day when soft-hair'd Evir-Alin,
 White-arm'd maiden follow'd me,
 Daughter of Branno of the silver beakers,
 Of many loved, herself of love still free.

Sons of kings and sons of nobles,
 She refused them great or small;
 Cormac woo'd her, gloomy chieftain,
 But him she hated worst of all.

Her I resolved to win, for I loved her
 With pure heart and steadfast truth;
 And with twelve of Fingal's chiefs I went;
 We strode in the strength of youth.

We came to the dark lake of Lego;
 There a noble chief came to meet
 And conduct us with honour to Branno—
 With honour and welcomes sweet.

Me he saluted—the twelve youths he hail'd;
 We sat with Branno at the feast;
 But ere the evening pass'd away,
 Ere yet the mirth had ceased,

Branno inquired, 'What is your purpose?
 What would you have of me?'
 And Calta said, 'We seek thy daughter,
 Her would we have of thee.'

Then Branno said, 'But which of you would have her?'
 'Fingal's son,' said Calta: 'this is he.'
 'Mighty hero of the wide ship havens,
 Happy is the maid gets thee.'

'So high the place, O Ossian!
 Do men's tongues to thee assign,
 If I twelve daughters had,' said Branno,
 'The best of them should be thine.'

Then they open'd the choice and spare chamber,
 That was shielded with down from the cold;
 The posts of its doors were of polish'd bone,
 And the leaves were of good yellow gold.

Soon as generous Evir-Alin
 Saw Ossian, Fingal's son,
 The love of her youth by the hero,
 By me, young maid, was won.

Then we left the dark lake of Lego,
 And homeward took our way;
 But Cormac, fierce Cormac, waylaid us,
 Intent on the furious fray.

Eight heroes Cormac had with him,
 And their men behind them stood;
 The hillside flamed with their armour,
 Their spears were raised like a wood.

Eight heroes with Cormac the stately,
 Of the Firbolgs the best at need;
 MacColla and Durra of wounds, and Tago,
 And Toscar's son good to lead;

Fresdal the dangerous son of the king,
 And Dairo joyful and bland;
 With Dail in straits hardy and good,
 He had Cormac's flag in his hand.

Eight came with Ossian the lofty,
 All equal to shield him in war;
 Mulla and Skeno's son the generous,
 True Skellachie known near and far.

Fillan and Cairdil the rash were there,
 And the black son of Bevi fierce and wight;
 And Toscar placed on the western flank
 March'd with my standard to fight.

Toscar and Dail met face to face;
 Fierce was their strife and long,
 Like the winds that rush forth on the ocean
 When the waves are heavy and strong.

Toscar remember'd his little knife,
 'Twas a weapon he loved to hold;
 Nine wounds he gave to Dail, and then
 The foe before us we roll'd.

But Cormac fiercely roused them, and look'd
 Like the hammer a strong hand wields;
 While he shouted and roar'd, and rush'd through the fight
 And struck on our helms and shields.

Five times he dash'd on my buckler;
 Five times I hurl'd him back,
 Ere I struck him down on the greensward,
 Cormac in battle not slack.

I swept the head from his shoulders,
 And held it up in my hand;
 His troops then fled, and we came with joy
 To Fingal's mountain land.

Who'er had told me on that day,
 I should be thus weak to-night,
 Firm must his heart have been, and strong
 His arm in the wild and desperate fight.

'So Ossian won his Genevieve—his bright and
 beauteous bride.' This is one of the very few tales
 which that old poet, prince, and warrior, is represented
 telling of himself. He certainly cannot be accused of
 being too much his own hero. This little ballad is
 decidedly Homeric. The feasting and the fighting are
 both quite in the spirit of the Greek. The manners
 are very ancient. The mode in which the wooing was
 conducted; in which the welcome was given; in which
 the business of the guests was asked and stated; in
 which Cormac's jealousy and wish for revenge were
 shown; the numbering of the heroes, with their epithets
 on each side; the combat between Toscar and Dail
 and between Cormac and Ossian; and the description
 of the spare chamber, thatched with the down of
 birds, with the posts of its doors of polished bone and
 the leaves of gold;—all these things will remind us
 again and again of Homer. Indeed this may be con-
 sidered altogether a very interesting as well as a very
 old and venerable fragment.

THOMAS PATTISON.

* The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Con-
 tributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention
 but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS.
 considered unsuitable.

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CRIMINAL TRIALS BY JURY.

THE question as to the advisability of Criminal Trials by Jury is one which is well worthy of the most careful consideration. I purpose, in the present paper, to treat of such trials, and to show wherein they are inconsistent and at variance with the proper administration of justice. It must be borne in mind, at the outset, however, that the object of a trial is *not* to find a prisoner guilty of the crime charged against him, but to solve the question whether such prisoner is guilty or innocent. This is too often forgotten; and many people are very much inclined to adopt the opinion, that unless the prisoner was guilty, the commission of the crime would not be imputed to him. This is manifestly unfair to the prisoner; but it is not the less true. By *law* a prisoner is presumed to be innocent until he is clearly proved to be guilty. Till the moment that the jury return a verdict against him, he is only a suspected party. Nor in strict justice could it be otherwise, for circumstances often throw around an innocent person the semblance of guilt. The object of the trial is to investigate these circumstances, and to give the prisoner an opportunity of rebutting them and establishing his innocence. But it is sometimes utterly impossible, for an *innocent* prisoner, to disprove the evidence of these circumstances and establish his innocence. The trial should, therefore, be an impartial inquiry—not made simply for the purpose of finding the prisoner either guilty or innocent, but for the purpose of deciding whether he *really is* guilty or innocent. Every means should be adopted for securing a safe judgment, because the life of a human being may rest upon it.

This is, I consider, the true object of the trial. The question, then, naturally suggests itself,—Is our present system of criminal jury trials the best and safest means for establishing the guilt or innocence of a suspected criminal? I think not; and, in what follows, I shall endeavour to sub-

stantiate the correctness of that opinion, by showing wherein the system falls short of, or is hindered from, attaining its true purpose.

As our law at present stands, before sentence can pass against a prisoner charged with any of the more serious crimes, he must undergo a trial before, and have his case decided by, a few men, ignorant entirely of the principles of criminal jurisprudence. Indeed, many persons boast of this institution, and look upon it in the light of a great national virtue, that no man can be punished for any very serious crime unless found guilty of its commission by, in England, the unanimous voice of a jury of his countrymen, and, in Scotland, by the majority of the jury. This being the case, the first matter which demands attention is the *character* of the jury—how far they are capable of discriminating and giving due weight to conflicting evidence; of deciding what is and what is not evidence applicable to the case immediately before them; of selecting that evidence from the mass of proof to which they have listened; of giving a proper weight, and attaching a proper degree of importance, to such selected evidence; of distributing it between the case for the prosecution and the case for the defence, according as it is in favour of the one or the other; and of arriving—from a consideration of that evidence, *and it alone*—at a correct solution of the question which they are empanelled to decide.

To do all this in a careful and satisfactory manner is no easy task, and yet such is only a part of the work which a jury have to perform. It is not every lawyer who is capable of executing such a task correctly; much less, then, must it be the case with men whose ordinary occupations and pursuits are of a nature totally different—men who would never, perhaps, during a whole lifetime passed in the fulfilment of their ordinary duties, be called upon to decide the most simple question of conflicting evidence.

As a general rule, are jurymen capable of deciding questions of evidence, conflicting and otherwise? Of what class of individuals is the jury composed?

The qualification for serving as a jurymen is a money and not an educational qualification. A jury must therefore comprise men of all degrees of mental refinement—from the ignorant clodhopper, in possession of a little worldly wealth, to men of the most profound learning and talent. As the latter are the least common in the world, it necessarily follows that the former make the majority of juries, which is considerably increased by the fact that lawyers of all classes, ministers, doctors, professors in colleges, army and navy officers, parochial schoolmasters—in short, the very cream of educated men are exempted from serving, and of course never serve, as jurymen. This will give an idea of what is likely to be the general character of a jury.

But it is said that a jury have only to decide a question of *fact*—yes or no; that they have not to decide any question of law. And this being so, the individuals of which a jury is generally composed are quite capable of deciding a question of fact, with-

out a knowledge of the rules of evidence—as much so as if they had studied these rules; that a fact is a fact all the world over; and that every man is capable of deciding when he is satisfied that a certain fact has been established. Besides, there is always the judge to explain any difficulty to the jury.

This is very true. The jury have *only* to decide a question of fact; but before that question can be decided, there are, in the vast majority of trials, a great many of the rules of evidence brought into play, which, to a non-professional person, seem to clash with each other, and involve the question in greater doubt than ever. Jurymen have to apply these rules. They have to accept some statements and throw aside others. They have to place one portion of the evidence, as it were, to the credit of the prosecution, and another portion to the credit of the defence. They have to throw aside and pay not the slightest regard to statements which do not bear directly on the case—which are not strict *evidence* (and to decide what is and what is not strict evidence is often a most difficult matter). And when all this is done, they have carefully to weigh the evidence in the balance, with an even hand, giving not the slightest degree of preponderance to one side more than to the other, but attaching to each proved fact its true legal importance; and, having carefully weighed the evidence, to decide in favour of the prisoner, or against him, as the evidence may warrant. This is a difficult task to fulfil. It is a task which the jury, unless compelled to perform, would shrink from. And yet it is not all. It often happens that there is very little, and sometimes no, direct evidence; but that the proof is all of a circumstantial or presumptive* character. This increases the difficulty of the task imposed on the jury a hundredfold. They have not only to decide matters of fact; but, after they have decided matters of fact, they must consider the various credible inferences which it is possible to deduce from such facts—a task which of itself involves questions of the most subtle nature, requiring often the highest intellect for their solution, and in all cases a clear logical mind, trained for the work. The consequences of a wrong application of the rules of evidence, or a deduction of an erroneous inference, are fearful to contemplate, and have often been exemplified.

Such are a few of the duties which juries have to perform; and in the vast majority of cases, the jury could scarcely be more unfitted for the task imposed upon them. If a jury are to decide the question of a prisoner's guilt or innocence, such jury should be composed—in trials for murder, at least—of men of the greatest intellect—men capable of discerning and discriminating, with clear heads to solve difficult problems, to deduce inferences, weigh conflicting evidence, and apply the result with firmness, confidence, and even-handed justice. The judge may be

* As explained in a former paper, the terms 'circumstantial' and 'presumptive' are not synonymous.—See 'Circumstantial Evidence,' p. 231.

a man of this stamp, and his charge may be one which it would be well, perhaps, to follow; but, can the judge always rely upon the capacity of the jury to follow and appreciate his charge, and to accept his explanations of conflicting evidence, instead of following their own confused notions on the subject?

In trials for murder, it often happens that insanity is pleaded in defence. Medical testimony is adduced, alike for the prosecution and for the defence—the one flatly contradicting the other. Now, insanity is one of the most difficult studies within the range of the medical profession, requiring long years of incessant application; it embraces questions upon which the most eminent professional men appear to differ. Does it not seem strange, then, that it should be left to those comprising the jury—to whom in almost every case the evidence adduced *pro* and *con* is as unintelligible as if it had been given in an unknown tongue—to determine between the conflicting opinions of medical men? Is it likely that they will arrive at a correct result? I think not. But the other day, Alexander Milne was tried before the High Court of Justiciary for the murder of James Paterson, his dearest friend. Insanity was pleaded, and the evidence went clearly to establish the plea. His conduct, at the party which he gave on Christmas night, was not that of a person in his proper mind. But, besides, the evidence of the medical witnesses, by whom he had been examined after the murder on behalf of the Crown, as well as that of the other medical gentlemen examined for the defence, is conclusive, so far as evidence can be conclusive, of insanity. The address of the Solicitor-General (Mr. Young), who conducted the prosecution, was mild in the extreme, as if he had been impressed with a belief in the prisoner's insanity. The Lord Justice-Clerk (Lord Glencorse) seems to have been of the same opinion, as was evidenced by his observations during the trial as well as by his charge. But, in the face of all this, the jury returned a verdict (by a majority) of guilty—thus showing that they believed Milne to have been perfectly sane when the murder was committed, as well as at the time of the trial. Similar instances might be multiplied; but I take the most recent case which has occurred under my knowledge, and I consider it a very strong illustration of the truth of my observations, for the jury in this case seem to have gone contrary to the opinions of the medical witnesses, judge, and counsel for the prosecution.

Juries, again, are liable to be guided by prejudices and preconceived opinions in arriving at their verdict. Although it appears simple, it is really a very difficult matter to lay aside preconceived opinions, and accept only proved facts in determining any question of difficulty. Besides, if a jurymen is unable to follow a counsel's line of argument, or to appreciate any of the evidence adduced by him for the defence, such arguments and evidence do not receive their proper weight, and sometimes no weight whatever; because, if the jury do not see the force,

or the object of such arguments or evidence, they very naturally, perhaps, conclude that they do not bear upon the case, and consequently pay no heed to them in arriving at their decision. It may not be in the power of the prisoner's counsel to avoid this, and that for two reasons. He cannot be expected to know the mental capacity of each member of the jury, nor can he make the evidence so as to meet their intelligence.—Again, when any very great crime is committed, the newspapers take up, and comment upon, every little circumstance which comes to light, and many little circumstances which never come to light at all—the prisoner's conduct, and various other matters. These comments the jury can scarcely fail to read; and, long before they are aware that they are to sit in judgment upon the prisoner, they have formed their opinion, individually, as to his guilt or innocence; and it is a very difficult matter for them to renounce such preconceived opinions. It is much easier to form an opinion of a prisoner's guilt or innocence from newspaper articles, than, once having formed that opinion, to be convinced that it is erroneous. Every circumstance which turns up, in the course of the trial, of a nature favourable to the prisoner, the jurymen, who has already formed an opinion of such prisoner's guilt or innocence, places against his preconceived opinion, and endeavours to satisfy himself that the circumstances proved are insufficient to make him renounce that opinion. This is manifestly unfair to the prisoner; but it is, nevertheless, often true. And even suppose such jurymen should be compelled to admit that these circumstances are too strong for his opinion to be retained, he still has a hankering that his preconceived opinion was the correct one, and that there are other circumstances unproved, which, if brought to light, would show this; and, consequently, the prisoner does not receive the full benefit of the evidence adduced on his behalf. The jurymen is convinced against his will, and we know that 'a man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still.' It is a very fine theory, that jurymen give up their preconceived opinions when they enter the jury-box; but, alas! for the theory; jurymen are but mortal; they do not differ from other men; and so it follows that this very fine theory seldom becomes more than a theory; the jury continue to hold the opinions which they individually entertained before they became jurymen, and, consequently, the evidence adduced does not receive that weight to which it is entitled. The law believes the prisoner innocent until proved guilty; but the law is in the hands of the jury, who, in most cases, believe the prisoner *guilty* until proved innocent. The reverse is the exception and not the rule.

I have stated a few of the objections which exist to trials by jury. Other objections might be stated; but I consider that what I have said is sufficient to prove the statement I made in the outset, that they are inconsistent and at variance with the proper administration of justice. If, as I believe, the system is an erroneous one, no one will deny that the sooner

a change is introduced the better. That the present system, on the whole, works very well I admit; but why should an erroneous system be continued when a remedy is simple and easy of attainment?

I do not see that there could be any objection to the abolition of trials by jury. The only circumstance in favour of such trials is, that the verdict is not the decision of a single individual; but it is doubtful whether this is a favourable circumstance, when considered along with the objections stated above. Whether it be favourable or not, however, matters little; for, suppose it to be favourable, the objections which exist to trials by jury are of a much more weighty nature than anything which can be said in their favour.

But, supposing trials by jury were to be abolished, what system could be introduced which would be safer and better? This is a question for the legal authorities to decide; but there is one system which to me appears preferable, and which I consider would give more general satisfaction—trial by skilled lawyers alone. I would not have a single lawyer to try the more serious crimes, such as murder. In a trial for murder, there might be three or five judges, the verdict of a majority deciding the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. This would be much fairer and more just. An innocent prisoner would have the benefit of his case being investigated by men trained for the purpose of investigating such cases, by whom every circumstance weighing against him, if not strictly legal evidence, would be cast aside and paid no attention to. His case would be decided by men capable of appreciating, and justly weighing, the evidence adduced, and the arguments of his counsel. He could depend that the judgment pronounced, whether for or against him, would not be biassed by preconceived notions and opinions, formed upon newspaper paragraphs. Every tittle of evidence would be carefully tested before being admitted as proof against the prisoner; and, if the case were one dependent for its solution on circumstantial or presumptive evidence, the really innocent prisoner would have the satisfaction of knowing that only those inferences or presumptions would be deduced from the evidence which a logical mind would draw from the facts proved. He would also be sure to receive the benefit of any doubt which might exist; and, on the whole, he would be more certain to receive justice than he can be under the present system, for his fate would never hang upon the verdict of ignorance.

The subject of trials by jury is one deserving of full consideration, and free criticism upon the part alike of the legislature and the press. It is not one to be gone into hurriedly; for, in that case, bad might only be made worse. It is of importance to the country at large, for criminal jurisprudence is as worthy of reform as civil jurisprudence. The well-being and prosperity of the country within itself depends largely upon the effective state of our criminal machinery.

HERBERT GRAHAM.

MARY GORDON'S FIRST DAYS AT SCHOOL.

CHAPTER IV.

Mary's first day at school had been indeed a success; and next morning she rose earlier than usual, that she might revise all her lessons—determined that this day should be quite as successful. But, alas! in this expectation she was to be miserably disappointed; and it must be acknowledged that, although naturally of a very amiable disposition, Mary could be very naughty indeed, and thoughtless to a degree that often brought her into much trouble.

She rung the bell for Rachel to dress her, when a young servant-girl appeared who had lately been hired as an assistant-housemaid.

'What do you want, Nancy?' said Mary.

'I came, miss, to tell you that Rachel was sent for late last night, by her sister, whose little girl is dangerously ill; and Mrs. Gordon gave her leave to go, that she might assist in nursing her through the night, and said I might take Rachel's place this morning, and help you to dress.'

'Help me to dress, indeed! And a pretty-like help you will make!' exclaimed Mary, scornfully—for she was greatly chagrined at Rachel's absence, as she wanted to talk to her about school. 'You may walk down stairs again, for I can dress myself without you; and I wonder what you can know about dressing a girl like me?'

'Oh, miss!' said Nancy, 'I did not think you would speak that way to a servant. I am sure I don't want to dress you; but before Rachel went away, she directed me about all I should have to do for you and Master William. And I know I can do all that is required, if you will allow me.'

'No; I shall not allow you. You may go and awake Willie, and dress him, but I am quite able both to wash and dress myself; and if I happen to want you, I shall call for you,' said she, in a tone of assumed authority.

Nancy made no reply, but left her, and went into Willie's room, the door of which opened off the nursery where Mary slept; and in a few minutes she heard her little brother's voice, newly awakened out of sleep. 'Why have you come to awake me, Nancy? Is Rachel coming to dress me?'

Nancy gave him the same explanation she had given Mary, and he continued—

'It is a pity the little girl is so ill, and I would like Rachel to dress me; but I daresay you will dress me very well, Nancy.'

'That I shall, Master William,' she said, in a cheerful voice; 'and I am very happy to dress so good a boy.'

Mary felt a little conscience-stricken; but she proceeded with her own toilet, and succeeded wonderfully well, until she came to the combing of her hair, for the comb unfortunately got entangled among the long curls that hung in clusters on her neck, and she was quite unable to proceed. She became impatient

and cross, and pulled with such violence and so untowardly at her poor head, that she only made matters worse.

By this time, Willie's toilet was completed, and he appeared at the door, refreshed by his morning ablutions—his hair nicely brushed and dressed, his countenance rosy and smiling.

'Good morning, Mary, dear. I see you are not dressed yet! and this is such a beautiful morning. I am going out into the garden for a little. Will you come when you are ready?'

'No; I have other things to do, so go yourself; and come you, Mistress Nancy, and comb out my hair.'

She was now looking like one of the Furies; for her hair was in a perfect uproar, and her face, flushed with her exertions, wore an angry expression.

Nancy commenced her task, and with difficulty succeeded in extricating the comb from the entangled hair, and then she tried to unravel and smooth it as gently as possible; but it was a difficult and tedious operation, and Mary's small stock of patience was fast giving way. At length, when her head was sorely hurt by some hard pulls, she turned quickly round, facing Nancy, seized the comb out of her hand, and flung it on the floor; and, when Nancy stooped to lift it, she pulled her cap off her head, and dashed out her comb, rudely tossing her hair about her shoulders.

'That is to pay you back, you stupid girl, for pulling at my hair, and spoiling it, and hurting me so much.'

'It was yourself, Miss, that spoiled it; and I wonder you are not ashamed to behave as you have done to me this morning. I am glad I am not your maid, and obliged to dress you every day, Miss Mary; and it surprises me that Rachel is so fond of you.'

Nancy lifted her comb, and fastened up her hair, and was proceeding to put on her cap, when she was attacked anew by her little tormentor, who leaped from the floor that she might seize her cap, and pull it off again. Nancy defended herself, and a noisy struggle ensued, when the door was suddenly opened, and Mrs. Gordon walked into the nursery.

'What is the meaning of all this?' she said, looking from one to the other, in astonishment.

Mary clasped her hands, and looked down on the floor, and Nancy was ready to cry with vexation.

'Mrs. Gordon, ma'am, I am sorry to tell you the truth, but Miss Mary has been very naughty this morning;' and she related exactly all that had happened.

'Is it possible?' said Mrs. Gordon. 'I could not have supposed my little girl capable of such rude and unfeeling behaviour, to a servant who was trying to do another's place, and doing all in her power to be useful; and who, because she was a stranger, should have received better treatment on that very account. And now, Mary, if you do not let me hear you apologise immediately for your naughty conduct, I shall keep you at home to-day from Miss Weston's school, and explain to her the cause of your absence.'

'Oh! don't, mamma,' she said, in great alarm, 'and I shall make an apology. Nancy, I am very sorry, indeed, that I pulled off your cap, and was so rude to you, and I shall try never to be so again; and I shall stand quite still now, if you will be so good as finish the dressing of my hair.'

'No, indeed, Nancy,' said Mrs. Gordon; 'you shall do nothing more for her; she does not deserve it. I shall finish the dressing of her hair myself; and, meantime, you may go down stairs and give Thomas this sovereign, for which I wish him to get change in silver; and tell him there are two gentlemen coming to breakfast this morning with Mr. Gordon, and I think breakfast will be a little later than usual; and you may tell him, at the same time, to bring Miss Mary's breakfast up to the nursery, as she is to breakfast alone.'

'Oh please, mamma, don't let him do that; for I want so much to breakfast with papa and the two gentlemen.'

'I daresay you do, Mary. But you have behaved so badly this morning, that I wish you not only to confess you have done wrong, but to feel it, and remember it.'

'Well, mamma, I am sure I feel it; and I shall try always to remember it if you will only allow me to go down to breakfast.'

'No, Mary; I shall not allow you.'

'Then will you let Willie breakfast with me?'

'No, indeed. Willie has been a good child, and shall breakfast with us in the dining-room.'

Mary now gave way to a violent fit of weeping, and continued to shed floods of tears while her mamma finished the dressing of her hair.

Mrs. Gordon took no notice of her tears, but, opening the window which overlooked the garden, called to Willie to come in; and he immediately laid aside his little spade, with which he was busily employed digging in his garden, and ran up to the nursery.

Mrs. Gordon then seated herself between the children, and heard them read their morning chapter from St. John's Gospel—questioning and instructing them verse by verse. When it was finished, she told Mary, that as Rachel was still absent, Nancy would walk with her to school; and she must remember to stay beside her, and be careful when crossing streets to keep out of the way of carriages. 'I regret much,' she said, 'that Rachel happens to be absent this morning; but far more do I grieve that your own behaviour obliges me to leave you here alone. But I trust, my dear Mary, that it will not occur again. And, meantime, I advise you to occupy your time looking over your lessons, until Thomas brings up your breakfast; and he will send up Nancy when it is time for you to go to school.'

She left the nursery, accompanied by Willie, who turned wistful looks on Mary as he went out.

'Mamma!' he said, as they went down stairs, 'I wish you would allow me to go back and get breakfast with Mary?'

'No, Willie; I shall not allow you. I wish Mary to breakfast alone.'

CHAPTER V.

Now that she was left alone, Mary shed some bitter tears. But, alas! they were not tears of repentance; for the evil spirit of jealousy was taking possession of her mind, and her thoughts were becoming more rebellious than ever.

'Mamma is turning very very cruel to me,' she said to herself; 'for yesterday she refused to buy me that pretty wax-doll I wanted so much, and which was only a shilling; and this morning she has refused to let me go down stairs to breakfast, although she has taken Willie down with her; and she makes such a pet of Willie, that he has grown a nasty, disagreeable, spoiled boy, and I shall not play with him any more. I suppose they will set him up at table next to Dr. Irving, who I know is one of the gentlemen that are coming to breakfast; and he will talk so kindly to him; and Willie thinks himself so pretty and so wise, he will set up his face and talk; and they will all listen to him, and admire him;—and not one of them will ever think of me, sitting up here all alone!' And again she wept bitterly. But tears she found were unavailing; and the remembrance of school and of Miss Weston coming fortunately to her aid, she took her books, and continued busily engaged with her lessons until Thomas appeared, carrying a small tray with her breakfast.

'I am sorry you have to breakfast alone, Miss Mary; and I have come early, that I may make you ready for school before I go to wait breakfast down stairs. But you must be quick, for if the bell rings I shall have to leave you.'

'Well, Thomas, you may just go away at once, and forsake me, like all the rest; for I don't care for any breakfast; and you can go and stand at the back of Willie's chair, and help him to everything he wants.'

'Come, come, Miss Mary; you must not speak that way.' And the old servant placed her kindly at table; and then taking out her walking dress, arranged everything, in readiness for her putting on.

Mary was greatly comforted by his presence, and certainly took her breakfast with a better appetite than could have been expected from her own predictions; but she had scarcely finished when the bell rang, and Thomas hurried away.

Mary dressed herself as quickly as possible, for she was unwilling to remain longer alone; and collecting her school-books in a leathern reticule, hung it over her arm, and ran down stairs, expecting to find Thomas in the butler's pantry, and that he would tell her the hour, and if it was time to call Nancy to accompany her to school.

In passing the dining-room, she stood for some minutes to listen, for there was a sound of lively conversation going on within; and she could distinguish her papa's voice talking so cheerfully to his visitors, that it was with great difficulty she re-

strained herself from opening the door and going in; but her mamma's prohibition recurred painfully to her mind, and again her foolish heart became darkened by an unhappy sense of having received injustice. In this miserable frame of mind, she sought for Thomas, but found he had gone into the dining-room. And now came the greatest and most unlooked for temptation that had befallen Mary, and into which, alas! she was to fall.

On a table in the pantry lay the change of the sovereign Mrs. Gordon had sent by Nancy to Thomas, which seemed to Mary a store of silver; and, as she stood looking at it, the following evil thoughts suggested themselves:—'What lots of money mamma has! And yet she will not give me a single shilling to buy a doll I would like so much to have. But I am quite sure if it had been Willie, she would have let him have it. Oh yes! she would have gone into the shop and bought it for him. Spoiled boy! I have a good mind to take one of these shillings and buy it for myself. I don't believe she would ever miss it; and I shall take good care to keep the doll out of her sight. Sophy's clothes will just fit it, so I shall have no clothes to get. How nice it will be to take it to school with me, and show it to Fanny Wallace! And I shall tell her I intend to name it for her.' This last idea was so delightful, that it filled up the measure of her temptation; and—oh miserable moment for poor foolish Mary!—the little hand was stretched out—the shilling taken, and clasped close within her palm! She hurried out of the pantry; and, thinking she heard the dining-room door opened, she fled like a bird through the hall out into the street, and continued to run at her utmost speed, often glancing behind her to see if there was not some one pursuing her. Her mamma's directions about Nancy going with her, and keeping out of the way of carriages, were all forgotten; and she rushed on, forgetful of everything in the world but that there was a shilling in her hand, and—oh dreadful thought!—that she had stolen it!

For a moment she thought of running back and replacing it; but it was too late, for she would likely meet the breakfast party coming out, or Thomas would be in the pantry and ask what she had come back for. So on she ran, with undiminished speed until she reached the toy-shop, very much heated and out of breath.

'Give me that little wax-doll out of the window,' she called to the shopwoman; 'and be as quick as you can, please. Wrap it up in paper, and give me the parcel; and there is the shilling.' She flung it across the counter as if glad to be quit of it, and thrusting the parcel into her bag, was gone, as suddenly as she had entered, leaving the shopwoman so much astonished that she came to the door and stood gazing after her until she was out of sight. She was too much exhausted now to run, but she walked on quickly, grasping her reticule tightly in her hands, and thinking every one that passed was looking at her suspiciously!

CHAPTER VI.

It was a lovely breezy morning, with bright sunshine; and as Mary turned into Russel-square she saw a party of young ladies walking in the garden, in the centre of the square, and heard them laughing and chatting merrily; and as they came towards a gate in the iron railing, opposite Miss Weston's house, she recognised some of her friends of yesterday, and saw Fanny Wallace running towards her.

'Good morning, Mary,' she said, shaking hands with her. 'I am glad you have come so early, for we are taking our morning walk, and Miss Gray says that, as it is only half-past nine, we may go round the garden once more. So come away with us.'

'I am very glad to go with you,' said Mary, taking a long breath. 'I did not think it was so early, but I did not know the hour when I left home.'

Mary's voice and manner were so unlike herself that Fanny looked in her face inquisitively.

'Mary,' she said, 'I am afraid you are not well, for you are very much heated. Has anything happened to frighten you?'

'Oh no, dear Fanny; nothing has happened to frighten me, and I am quite well,' she said, trying to assume her usual manner; 'and I have something I want to show you when we go into the dressing-room.'

They had now joined the other girls, and Miss Duncan accosted Mary.

'How do you do, Miss Gordon? I hope you are well prepared for school, and that you have practised your music properly for old Mrs. Thalberg! You seem to be rather a pet of hers; at least, she had more mercy on your fingers than poor Kate Brown's. I wrote my French exercise this morning beside that poor creature, while she drummed away at these horrid five-finger exercises, until the drums of my ears were in torture.'

Miss Brown, who was one of the walking party, was in fits of laughter; and Miss Gray, who had overheard the misnomer given to Miss Taylor, told Miss Duncan, that if she spoke in this way, and gave her teachers impertinent names, she would inform Miss Weston, who, she knew, would not allow it. 'And I do believe,' she added, 'you are the only girl in the school, Miss Duncan, who would do such a thing.'

'Now, really, Miss Gray, that is too bad, and you are doing me injustice; for Thalberg, I am sure, is a grand name to give a musician, especially a pianist like Miss Taylor; and I take you all to witness that Miss Mary Gordon is far worse than me, for yesterday she called Miss Weston and Miss Gray by the disgraceful title of geese!'

They all laughed so merrily that even Mary was restored to a degree of her own cheerfulness, and forgot, for a little, the painful events of the morning; and when their walk was over, and they were ascending the steps at the hall door, Miss Weston looked from the window and smiled kindly to her. Mary tried to return her salutation with her usual affectionate

frankness; but her next thought was, 'Oh, how glad I am she does not know what I have done!'

In the dressing-room, however, the contents of her bag were displayed to Fanny Wallace; and, 'Oh, Mary,' she said, 'what a pretty little doll!'

'Is it not lovely?' said Mary. 'And, do you know, it has such a likeness to you, that its name is to be Fanny Wallace.'

'Oh, dear me,' said Fanny laughing; 'that is a great honour, and I think I shall have to make it a present; for I once heard mamma say, when somebody named a little girl for her—"I shall have to give that child a frock."'

'You are very kind to think of that,' said Mary; 'but my old doll, Sophy, has so many clothes that Fanny will get the best part of them, and will not require anything new; and if Miss Weston will allow you to come to our house on Saturday, we shall dress it.' But now Mary's thoughts seemed to receive a check; for, she added in a lower voice, we shall go up to the nursery, and shut ourselves in; and I shall not let Willie come in, he is such a troublesome boy.'

'Did your mamma give you this doll?' said Fanny. Mary's countenance changed, but she recovered herself, and replied evasively—'No, she did not give it me; but it was bought with her money, which is very much the same thing.'

'Does she allow you pocket-money?' asked Fanny quite unsuspectingly.

'Sometimes I get a little, but I never have it long in my pocket,' said Mary. 'Do you?'

'I don't get any to keep myself; but papa gives Miss Weston a small sum to keep for me, and she gives me a little when I want it, if she thinks it right.'

They were here interrupted by Miss Gray coming to call them to their Bible lesson, with which the duties of the day commenced, and which was given by Miss Weston herself.

Mary wrapped up the doll hurriedly, and replaced it in her bag, thinking, while she did so—'It is strange that I feel none of the pleasure I expected, although I have shown Fanny the doll, and she is so much pleased with it. And now I don't care for it. And oh I wish I had never bought it!'

They went up stairs together in very different spirits; for Mary was a drooping little figure, with her bag hanging heavily on her arm and still more heavily on her mind; while Fanny Wallace tripped up gaily, singing all the way.

Mary got through most of her lessons quite as well as on the previous day; but all the keen interest she had then felt in everybody and everything that was going on, seemed now to have left her; and more than once, when she found Miss Weston regarding her with a look of grave inquiry, she turned from her and avoided her eye. 'How is it,' she thought, 'that school seems so different to-day from yesterday? And Miss Weston looks at me as if she was afraid I had done something wrong; and I

don't like to look in her face, although I love her so much!

Poor Mary imagined all was changed; but she did not realise that the change was in herself, and that she had spoiled her own happiness for the whole day by the great faults she had committed in the morning.

Her music lesson was played correctly, but without expression; and almost as if she neither felt nor cared about what she was doing; and Miss Taylor, having heard her play so much better on the former day, became first impatient, and then angry.

'Come, come, child!' she said. 'Arouse yourself, and let me see you make some exertion. What in the world is the matter with you? Are you half asleep, or have you not got your breakfast this morning?'

The question was meant for a joke; but it was an unfortunate one for poor Mary—giving rise to such miserable thoughts that her musical powers seemed all to desert her; for although she tried to do better, her playing became worse and worse.

'Stop, stop!' said Miss Taylor, pulling her hands off the keys; 'and let me ask you a question—*Can* you play any better if you choose to *try*?' And she spoke in a peremptory tone, laying a strong emphasis on the first and last words of her question.

Mary was alarmed by her manner, but she answered simply—'No, ma'am.' And had Miss Taylor known she was really speaking the truth, she would have made allowance for her, for she was neither ill-tempered nor unjust, although a firm and indefatigable teacher; but she attributed Mary's answer to stubbornness, and became really angry.

'You are a very provoking, naughty child, indeed,' she said, lifting her off the piano-stool; 'and I shall not hear you play another note until you confess to me that you can play better if you choose; for I know you can. I can scarcely believe you to be the same little Mary Gordon who played so well to me yesterday; and I shall take care to tell Miss Weston how greatly you have disappointed me.'

This was too much for poor Mary, whose untold misery had been sufficiently overwhelming; and she burst into tears, and stood weeping at Miss Taylor's side, with her hands clasped, as if to implore she would make another trial of her.

'You need not stand there any longer,' said Miss Taylor; 'I have no more time for you to-day, but let me see you try to do better to-morrow. You may go and take Miss Maxwell's seat at the end of that desk, and she will play her lesson.'

Mary did as she was desired, still weeping bitterly; and Miss Duncan, next to whom she was now seated, was moved to such pity at sight of her distress, that she determined she would try to divert the current of her thoughts.

Waiting until she heard the piano sounding, and saw that Miss Taylor's attention was occupied, she spoke in a whisper—'I see you are not such a pet as I supposed; but don't distress yourself, it is not worth

minding. I am quite sure, from looking at your sorrowful face, that you require some refreshment, and would be much the better of a little ink;' and she lifted an ink-bottle from the desk, and placed it before her. 'Will you allow me the pleasure of taking ink with you?' she said, raising the bottle to her lips, and bowing her head.

Mary, with tears on her cheeks, and yet ready to laugh, gave her a deprecating look, and shook her head. 'You won't take it! Well then, I can't help it; but I shall drink myself to the health of old Thalberg, and, of course, you understand I mean the great German pianist.' Again she raised the ink-bottle, and was in the act of bowing her head towards Miss Taylor, when—oh, unlucky moment!—that lady suddenly turned her head to look at Mary, and so startled was Miss Duncan that she dropped the bottle on the desk, upsetting it, and sending the contents in dingy little streams over her spotted muslin dress.

Mary started quickly from her seat, that she might escape from sharing the blame, as well as the ink, which was collecting in small pools on the floor; and Miss Taylor rose and rang the bell—looking at Miss Duncan with an expression of disgust. 'Mr. Macaulay,' she said, 'I beg you will observe that girl's behaviour. I am glad to leave her to your direction; and wish I may have nothing more to do with her.'

She returned to Miss Maxwell's lesson; and Mr. Macaulay rose from an adjoining desk, where he had been writing some words for a pupil, and was advancing towards the scene of the disaster, when Miss Gray appeared at the door to call Mary out, telling her to go and get ready quickly, for her mamma had come for her and was in the drawing-room with Miss Weston, and the carriage waiting at the door.

(To be continued.)

THE COMING HOUR.

WHEN I shall have gone, be it late or soon,
Not many things would I care to know
Of the world above, in its changeful tane,
While I sleep at peace below.

Unless I could think of the seasons' bloom—
Each lovely by turn; of the violet's breath;
When children were playing around my tomb,
Unmadden'd by fear of death.

I would like to know that young loving eyes
Found beauty in earth and a hope beyond:
While their calm soul mirror'd the calmer skies,
Nor sigh'd at some galling bond;

How man and his ways, from year to year,
Grew holier, happier, rising still
To a knowledge of all that befits him here,
Pure in heart, with devoted will.

That no sinful passion, no foolish pride,
No selfishness, fraud, or sloth might stain
The race that must here after us abide,
Would be knowledge sweet to gain;—

So the rich and the strong were glad to use
The gifts that are lent for others' weal;
While the poor and the weak, contented, chose
One balm which all wounds can heal.

If I knew all this, it would matter less
That my own existence had pass'd away.

Eyen now, there is glow of happiness—
For it *must* come true, one day! J. W. E.

ON CERTAIN TRIBUTES OF LOYALTY.

It would be difficult to form any approximate estimate of the cost of the late loyal demonstrations, throughout the country, on the occasion of the marriage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The aggregate must have amounted to many tens of thousands of pounds; yet the whole expensive show lasted but a few hours!

We make this remark in no carping spirit. In the large cities, it was a sore crush and weariness to perambulate the illuminated streets; but many old people were amazed—many young people were bewildered—all pretended to be happy; and a great deal of money was circulated among joiners, painters, gasfitters, pyrotechnists, and other meritorious tradesmen. Numerous enterprising firms, too, did politic strokes of loyalty in the way of advertising their establishments. They displayed their public spirit in a profuse expenditure of gas; and thus proved themselves to be good and true subjects, deserving of the extensive patronage which we hope they will receive. How delightful to think that the virtue of loyalty may thus, in a thousand instances, prove to be its own reward!

Our purpose, therefore, is not to blame the prodigious universal outlay in celebration of the Royal Nuptials. All we desire is, to direct attention to the fact of the extreme transiency of the spectacle which flared in the towns, and burned and smoked on the nights, and shot up rockets, with their dazzling constellations of green, crimson, and gold, compared with the length of time occupied in the preparations, and the vast lavishness of the cost. It was as if the enthusiasm of the nation had, after the most elaborate collection of combustibles, suddenly caught fire, and burned itself up in a night!

And is it really, then, all over? We confess it did our heart good to see stately monetary edifices, where the unprosperous can never get their bills discounted—austere and stern insurance offices, where sentences of death are pronounced on toil-worn and health-broken heads of families, desperate to make prudent provision for their families—and even legal establishments, whose business it is to turn remorseless screws of torture on the embarrassed and unfortunate—all tricked out in flaring theatrical gewgaws, like buildings that had bowels, and could be merry. But has all the unsubstantial pageant faded, and for ever? What has become of the miles of thickly perforated gas-pipe? Have the padellas been thrust away so much lumber? Whither have vanished the illuminated effigies of the poor calumniated Princess? Have all these things been destroyed, or turned to other account, or merely stowed past for some future use, like the scenery and decorations of a last year's pantomime? Beyond the incontrovertible fact of their disappearance, we confess that we know nothing. Looking upon the recent occasion as one of national rejoicing, we can only lament the fleetingness of the triumphant ovation; the whole paraphernalia of the

wild night of excitement being apparently as dead, after even this little lapse of time, as the shouts of the multitude that perished with the transitory breaths which gave them voice.

But we forget. Was not the wedding of the British Heir-Apparent with the beautiful daughter of the Dane commemorated in the bas-reliefs of the medalist, and, above all, in the jubilant strains of the poet? True. Yet the medals, not intrinsically valuable, may be set aside. Even the very loyallest of people wear not such things on their breasts. Few of them are on drawing-room tables, protected by morocco cases. Their chief destination we apprehend to be the nursery, where even full-length miniature representations of the human form divine seldom preserve, for any length of time, their eyes, their legs, or their heads. We have only, then, left the Epithalamiums of the Bardic race for a chance of anything permanent in the exultations which last week maddled the kingdom uproarious. The myriad lights which startled the night of the 10th of March from its propriety have long since been 'turned off,' or burned to ashes. Have the most brilliant tributes furnished by the sons of song proved equally ephemeral? This is the question which we wish gravely to propound; and we fear it must be answered, with scarcely an exception, in the affirmative.

If mere quantity afforded any title to immortality, then would the loyal versification of the present nuptial month endure to the remotest age. Poets of great name and poetasters of no name have been equally moved to vent their loyalty in song. The former have been passably successful, and the few lines of animated 'Welcome,' offered by the Laureate to the Danish Princess, will doubtless enjoy some faint life in the grand and lasting fame of 'In Memoriam' and the 'Idylls.' But that which must have struck every one is the extraordinary number of tame, spiritless, and distinctly trashy effusions with which the newspapers and magazines have been flooded. Professor Aytoun's 'Ode' is not without a certain elaborate grace; the verses of the Hon. Mrs. Norton and of Mrs. Newton Croasland abound in happy touches; but all the pieces we have seen, including even those possessed of considerable merit, are inevitably marked for oblivion. The failures, indeed, are so universal, and, in the case of some clever writers, so remarkable, as to render it worth while to inquire into the cause; and this, we may state at once, is the object of the present brief paper.

The remark has been again and again made, that poems written for particular occasions are scarcely ever happy. With the view of accounting for this, it is generally alleged that in such cases the subjects are suggested to the poet, in place of arising spontaneously in his own mind. In other words, when a poet supplies verses in celebration of any passing event, it is supposed to be somewhat forced-work—a sort of writing, as it were, to order, inimical to all natural and genuine inspiration. But to our mind this explanation is the reverse of satisfactory. No poet

achieves his highest successes when merely weaving dreams out of his own brain. On the contrary, the best verses are those which some passing occasion has suggested. When Burns drove his plough over the daisy or the field-mouse, the event suggested certain immortal lines. Byron, Campbell, Scott, Wordsworth, and indeed all our best poets, founded many of their gems on incidents which kindled their fancy or touched their heart. Had not young Arthur Hallam died, Tennyson might not have produced his greatest work. Why—the poets are continually searching nature and books for themes. They are even eager to take suggestions from friends, and may thus be said to write, not from inward but from outward influences, when the subjects of which a hint has been given strike them as being good. The usual non-success of pieces written for such occasions as royal birth-days, weddings, and coronations, is not, we believe, from the themes being suggested by actual events, but simply from those events not being in themselves poetical, or capable of poetical treatment. No doubt, there appears at first sight to be something wonderfully poetical in the spectacle of a whole nation making holiday—animated by one sentiment of loyalty—and giving vent to their enthusiasm by means of flags, bands, illuminations, and fire-works. Such a spectacle, however, is a theme not for poetry but for rhetoric, and is merely so far poetical in semblance as to entrap poets into mistakes hurtful to their reputation.

Our meaning may be rendered more clear by analogy. Take the sister art of painting. Every artist knows that a palace is less picturesque on canvas than a thatched cottage—that a fashionable lady may make a better portrait, but makes undoubtedly a worse picture, than a country milkmaid—that a pair of lovers in a carriage-and-four are much less valuable, for all artistic purposes, than a pair of lovers on a bank of violets, or beneath a hawthorn hedge. It is the same in poetry. The Muse shuns high and splendid situations, to consort with the poor and the humble. She is no worshipper of rank. Her dealings are with the normal passions and affections of humanity, and with the simple unadorned beauties and grandeurs of external nature. Such a spectacle, therefore, as a great national rejoicing, has no genuine attractions for her. She shuns crowds. In her eyes, a lonely ship at sea is finer than a forest of ships in harbour. Her admiration is for the cool sweet stars of heaven, and not for rockets and bonfires. The simple courtships of rustics befit her better than the dazzling alliances of princes. Hence it happens that loyal odes and epithalamiums are either inflated, unnatural, and bombastic, or feeble, flat, and commonplace, in comparison with the enthusiasm of even prosaic civic officials, and other totally uninspired mortals.

Now, if these views are correct, the poets who have endeavoured to give expression to the national sentiment, on the occasion of the marriage of our

young Prince-Royal and possible future King, do not so much deserve blame for their failures as credit for their partial successes. If they have erred, they have erred merely in seeking for inspiration in royal palaces, in densely-peopled cities, and amid the elaborate splendours of a nation's exultation, in place of by lowly hearths, among fields and running brooks, or wherever poor struggling humanity loves, languishes, or mourns. At all events, they are entitled to the approbation due to good impulses and lofty aims. They have laboured to give rhythmical expression to the magnificent homage paid by the people of this kingdom to the peace, order, and freedom enjoyed under their crowned republic; and, if their efforts have fallen short of their high and loyal desires, it is only for the reason that a ball-room—with its silks, feathers, jewellery, music, gleeful countenances, bounding motion, and dazzling profusion of lights—is, in reality, less calculated to stir the deeper fountains of poetic emotion than a ball-room dark and silent.

ONE WHO IS NOT A CANDIDATE FOR THE
LAUREATESHIP.

AMONG THE GODS.

It was in December. The shades of night had descended on the city. The lamps were burning brightly, and the shop windows were brilliantly lighted up, as if on the occasion of some festivity. The streets were busy with passengers, protected from the cold and rain by an abundance of great-coats, mufflers, and umbrellas; while, at almost every step, was met some shivering wretch—man, woman, or child. I saw all these, but heeded them not. Hurried along by some irresistible impulse, I sped over the wet pavements—up one street—down another. I suffered no hindrance; for, at my approach, others made way, and allowed me to pass. Quicker and still quicker I walked, till, in spite of the piercing cold, the perspiration gathered thick upon my brow, then trickled down my face, till it mingled with the rain-drops. I could see the people stare at me; and could hear their mutterings, in which the words 'madman' and 'thief' occurred more often than any others. But they did not cause me to slacken my pace. On, on I sped, till I found myself in the centre of a noisy crowd. Panting for breath, and unable to move one way or other, of my own will—but swayed, now here, now there—I gazed for a moment upon the eager faces of those around me. One expression was on them all—an expression of intense desire for something—a something which I could not see. Nor could I ask an explanation of their excited looks. I was for the time deprived of speech. Ere long, the crowd swayed backward and forward fiercely, and the air rung with yells and laughter. I was lifted from my feet, and borne, struggling, onward—onward into almost total darkness; then up, and still higher up, I was carried, till I fancied I should never again set foot upon the

earth. I had ascended to a considerable height, when suddenly a blinding flood of light burst upon me. For a moment I turned my eyes from the brightness, then eagerly rushed down a steep declivity, till I thought I must have fallen. But my course was soon impeded, and I was thrown back upon a seat. Here I sat, for I know not how long, with closed eyes—fearful sounds ringing in my ears, as if ten thousand demons were joined in some awful revelry. All imaginable shouts and cries were uttered, in every tone of voice, from the shrill treble to the deep bass. Then for a moment there was silence, followed by a burst of glorious music. I ventured to open my eyes and look around. The same eager faces were on all sides of me. I was seated near the edge of what seemed a yawning precipice. Looking down, I saw, away far beneath me, vast crowds of men and women, but they appeared small as pigmies. Above them sat other men and women, the former clad in dark funereal garments, and the latter in white that would have rivalled new-fallen snow. Here and there among them something of a bright scarlet colour could be seen. A tumber of the women held in their hands what appeared to me to be fans, which they occasionally waved before them. Above these, again, were other men and women, having no particular costume; and all above these were the men among whom I sat. I had scarcely made these observations, when some one, apparently from below, began to sing. Then I saw men and women, in quaint dresses, moving backwards and forwards, before what appeared to me to be a castle. A clear rich voice—the voice of some one unseen—rose above all the others, which almost took away my breathing, so anxious was I not to lose a single sound of music so sweet. Then it ceased; the men and women in the quaint dresses passed away; other men and women came, who also sang; these ceased, and then I saw a beauteous female appear, who was received with great acclamation by those around me; then all was hushed; she moved forwards and began to sing; the voice was the same I had heard before, though the beauteous female I had not seen. Oh that music! How shall I describe it? In what language shall I tell how it fell upon me, piercing to my very soul? I fancy I hear it still, though it has ceased long ago. The words to which she sung I could not make out—they were strange to my ear. But what cared I for the words while the ringing music was plain? I leaned forward—oh how eagerly! But soon the last notes of that song were sung; and then how I joined in the thunders of applause that followed! Would she sing again? I thought. Yes, she did. Again and again the exquisite music rolled upward. She sang of love; and the happy object of her love replied. She disappeared. I saw her lover and another female before me. I heard them sing, and then they also were gone. Others came and went, and then she came back and sang again; but see! she strikes her brow! How wild and disordered grows her look! She tears the wreath from her head and dashes it to the ground. Those around her stare

with affrighted gaze. Is it—can it be—that she is—*is mad?* She must be—she is mad; for hear how she utters that wild, wild air, and how they all join with her in the chaunt, which is a malediction on her lover, who has fled with the other female!

She has gone; and the echoes of her song are drowned in the wild uproar of those around me. 'Where am I?' I ask; and I hear some one answer, 'Among the gods!' 'Among the gods!' Are these the gods beside me? or are these the gods below? Surely not. Was it not the music of the gods I heard? It must be so, I mutter. Then I cease to wonder at the power of the beautiful female.

The music begins once more; but I am impatient till she again appears. Soon she comes; but how changed! She is *mad*. Ah me! I thought, is the life of one so beautiful doomed to such misery through man's perfidy? Her reason gone! I feel my eyes grow watery as she sings still so sweetly, but so differently from before. Then I, too, mutter maledictions on him who has blighted her young life. I feel glad when she is gone;—she is now so altered.

There is another interval; and once more I hear singing; but it is not the voice of the beautiful female. It is he against whom the maledictions were uttered. He sings sadly now. Has he come to seek her whom he so basely deserted? Hush! she comes again. I hear her sing. I see her. She recognises her lover. They embrace. The sight of him restores her reason. They converse together in songs. He did not desert her; he was not false. He tells her where he has been, and his errand—helping a helpless female prisoner to liberty. Then they sing together, more sweetly now than ever, pledging anew the vows of love. Her friends appear, to whom his story is told. And so at last they are united.

They are gone, followed by the ringing cheers of all. Then there is a rush to get away. I am in the dark again, descending—down—down. Now I am in the street. I awake as from a trance to find that I have been hearing Bellini's opera of 'I Puritani,' that the beauteous female and her lover were the celebrated Mdle. Titians and Signor Giuglini; and that I have been among 'the gods,' but only those of a provincial theatre! J. C. S.

POETICAL CONCEPTION.

No. I.

It may not be out of place, though we hazard it only as a conjecture, to turn aside from the whirl, turmoil, and agitation of this busy age—in which the wheels of industry are ever running at their utmost speed—into some quiet, retired nook, suited for calm contemplation. An hour thus spent will, we trust, not be unprofitable in enjoyment. The emotions of the heart are certainly not less interesting than the deductions of the intellect, though they may not exhibit themselves in the same utilitarian results. If for these reasons our readers will bear it, we propose to take them along with us, by as simple a path

as we can, into the fairy land, of *poetical conception*, where, if we do not gather all the flowers that deck that glorious country, we at least, in some small measure, 'smell their fragrance, and thence return with recruited spirits to the every-day business of life.

In certain domains of human investigation, mere reason may lead to what may perhaps be considered by us infallible truth; for instance, in regard to some of the doctrines of numbers, of size, of shape, weight, or distance, and many others, all relating to external objects which we may handle and freely examine. But when we attempt to investigate the properties and capabilities, the feelings and workings of mind, we find ourselves very much at sea. And it seems, indeed, impossible to measure, gauge, and take the exact height, length, and breadth of the subject of poetry. Though in all its aspects belonging to Nature itself, in some of its most interesting features it is one of the most incomprehensible, and perhaps the least understood of all subjects.

It is difficult, on such a vast field, to know best where to begin and where to end. The stars of heaven, as they shine forth beautifully in a wintry evening sky,

'Like fables of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright.'

may be counted, and many of them have been named. But what human mind can conceive, far less express, the almost infinite associations that may be linked to millions of minds in regard to poetical conceptions.

Poetry belongs almost, if not entirely, to the emotional and moral part of our common nature. This is scarcely a definition; at least, it is not the most comprehensive, or logical, or exact; but it seems to be the most simple and least abstract aspect in which the subject can well be viewed in a popular way.

Things are often difficult to be apprehended just in consequence of their entire simplicity. There is, indeed, and always will be, a charm in simplicity; and in poetry, simplicity is an essential element. And why so? Just because simplicity is the natural, and thus the universal feeling. There are some minds that, in their refined imaginative subtleties, are led away from true simplicity to some pre-conceived favourite notions or systems of their own; but these can have only very few admirers. The natural feeling, in its simplicity, will find the readiest sympathy and echo in the human heart. It is necessary to separate the subject of poetry into its feeling or conception, and its expression; or, in other words, first, to view it in its emotional conception, or as merely existing in the mind—and, second, in the expression of it as conveyed from the poetical mind to the minds of others. The first division of the subject, viz.—poetical conception, or feeling, or imagination, will form the subject of what we are now to state.

The feeling, the conception of poetry—or, in other words, imagination—gives life, animation, soul, and spirit to all the fine arts. When the poet Carpani inquired of his friend Haydn how it happened that

his church music was always so cheerful, the great composer made a most poetic and beautiful reply:—'I cannot,' he said, 'make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think upon my God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me if I serve him with a cheerful spirit.'

And what would be all our paintings and sculptures, as works of art, without the living spirit which has conceived and executed them, and the mind which can relish their beauties? There might be, and there no doubt are, both paintings and sculptures faultless almost as to colour and form, as mere imitations of nature, but which fail to please or interest, just because the poetical conception or feeling is wanting in the painter or sculptor. In works of art, there may be only mere imitation, the view of which gives a certain kind and degree of pleasure altogether apart from the realization of the existence of poetical feeling in the simplest and most intelligible form; as we may wonder at, and perhaps even admire, the grimaces of a mountebank, who only professes to imitate some of the most grotesque forms of natural expression. But this is certainly the lowest form of poetical conception, which sensible men will ultimately reject as below the dignity of human nature.

There is unquestionably something in the nature of man beyond the power of appreciating what is merely useful, or even what we may regard as absolutely true. The eye is made for seeing, but not for seeing *only*, but perceiving, through the mind, external beauty; the ear for hearing, not for hearing *only*, but for appreciating the melody and harmony of sounds; the sense of touch exists, not for the mere handling of matter, as if all were alike pleasurable. What is the warm shake of the hand, or even the feeling of nearness, though not in actual contact, with a loved object, compared with the gentlest touch of the cold marble which the sculptor may have delineated with all the truth of nature, except that he has not filled it with soul and life, which, indeed, it was beyond the power of art to accomplish. We smell differences of odours, indeed; but it is more than the sense of smell that enables us to relish the delicious fragrance of nature; and although the mere sense of taste has less to do with our higher emotional enjoyments than any of our other senses, the pleasures of taste have by a poetical fiction passed into a proverb, and the man of taste though he may and most frequently is a man of common sense, is not a mere utilitarian.

The poetical conception or imagination is something quite beyond and apart from the utilitarian matter-of-fact view, which mere reason presents to us of objects. Imagination brings into play the idea of beauty, the feeling of passion of some kind or other, and to some degree. The memorial of some dear departed friend, trifling it may be in itself, and worthless as it may seem to others, is valued by affection as beyond all

price. We would not part with the old arm-chair, now, alas! vacant, in which a now sainted father or mother used to sit, for double its weight in gold. We love their former places of resort, and perhaps all the more strongly just because of their absence.

We cannot fail to have noticed that children, mere infants, have often their likes and dislikes, their loves and hatreds, before ever reason can have taught them anything of the true causes of love or hatred. They have a feeling beyond, and altogether apart from, reasoning; and beyond, and altogether apart from, mere physical enjoyments.

You may have seen the helpless babe smiling on its mother's knee. We cannot dive into the depths of an infant's heart; but can any one say that this placid smile, which passes over its features so sweetly, is only the utilitarian feeling of having all its wants supplied by its loving mother. We are told that infants smile in their sleep. May not this be the first, the earliest germ of that feeling of beauty, which is poetry in its most simple conception? Have we not in this a key to poetical feeling, to the sense and appreciation of the becoming, the beautiful, the pleasing, the lovely, as an inherent part of our wonderful nature?

The joys of childhood and youth are the staple of poetry. Who, among those who have reached full-grown manhood, and retains the real frankness and simplicity of humanity, has not seen and felt the exhilarating influence of childish sports and pastime; or, and if he was one of nature's true nobility, was not ready to share in them with all his manly heart? If we stop to inquire what leads to such rollicking fun, such grotesque antics, such exhausting mirthfulness, it will not do to say merely that it is good for them, for they never think of that; they are enjoying themselves, giving expression to their feeling of happiness, and the gray-haired man looks on delighted. The scene brings back to him his own early, happy days. He, too, is for the time transported from the world of sense to that of youthful feeling and emotion. Perhaps, if the world has scowled on him, he forgets for a time its displeasures; if it has smiled on him, he thinks that, after all, its smiles are less pleasurable than the enjoyments of childhood.

Who has not seen a bevy of girls, in their artless simplicity, but with all the enthusiasm of nature, attempting it may be to delineate some of the ground lines of their ideal homesteads, by arranging together, according to their early fancies, a number of shells or pebbles, or even pieces of broken glass or earthenware, so as to form their conception of some very odd or quite unarchitectural dwelling? Or a few boys may be seen, on a wintry day, rolling snowballs so large as afterwards to form houses. The girl with her doll, and the boy with his wooden horse—what do we see in these but an illustration of the simplest and earliest of our poetical conceptions acted before our eyes, and which, could we who are older but turn to childhood, we too ourselves might again dish and enjoy?

Burns, like a genuine poet as he was, does not forget his childhood days, their happiness and enjoyment, in 'Auld langsyne.' He casts back his sympathising look from the present to the past, and beautifully contrasts the pleasures of childhood with the toils, and cares, and wanderings of manhood; thus adding, by way of contrast, a fresher beauty to both pictures, in the well-known stanzas—

'We twa ha'e paidl'd in the burn
When summer days were fine;
But seas between us twa ha'e roar'd
Since the days of auld langsyne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Since the days of auld langsyne.'

In manhood, when we enter the great world of business—with its fears, its hopes, its cares, and even its difficulties—does the poetical feeling cease to exist, or is it less powerful or influential? No; by no means. We talk, and justly, of 'life's fitful dream'—of man's toiling ambition to reach the summit of fame—of his untiring efforts after wealth; and when, if he at all does accomplish his object, he finds it was but some vain imagination, some creation of his own fancy, that impelled him forward; and not learning wisdom from experience, he sighs for something more, and perhaps, like Alexander the Great, weeps because there are no more worlds to conquer.

We have had young poets, such as Chatterton, Kirke Whyte, Ferguson, Michael Bruce, and a host of others; but their feelings were all manly; their conceptions were not childish, otherwise they would not have been relished. They gave us the common feelings of a full-grown, not half-fledged, humanity, in all their length and breadth.

External nature is nothing without the mind to enjoy it. It is in itself, and without the touch of imagination, the mere canvas on which feeling may be painted. If it is beautiful, (and who does not feel and know that it is so?) it is because the human soul sympathises with it, or, in other words, because the feeling of the beautiful, the sublime, has a strong hold on our nature.

Hence the poetical conception is so different from what at first sight one would imagine; but if a conception is truly natural, it cannot fail to be poetical, though it may not belong to the highest class of feeling. Some have the poetical conception more largely inherent in them than others, but all who have the ordinary feelings of humanity possess it to some extent.

Perhaps most have heard of the almost idiot, regarding whom it was said that he was perfectly happy in possession of the poor and almost blank intellect God had been pleased to give him. This, it is said, was tested by Sir Walter Scott, when he asked the idiot if he was quite happy, to which he answered, 'quite happy;' but on being pressed, he admitted his happiness was sadly spoiled by 'a bubbly jock.' The fancy, indeed, was a mad one, but it was a fancy

pregnant with untold misery to its possessor. It was a sadly poetical feeling; but, at the same time, true to nature in the case of the poor half-witted creature who entertained it. He, like the poet, felt it as a reality from which he could not escape, because the light of reason's lamp glimmered but weakly in his poorly furnished mind.

The consideration of such a fact, if fully carried out, might, by contrast, lead us to think of the grand conceptions of higher intelligences—of angel and archangel, and all the hosts of heaven; ay, and of the Devil and his angels, who cannot appreciate the beautiful, but entertain, in its most comprehensive fullness, the awfully grand and to them the overpowering idea of an Almighty God as their enemy; unlike the Christian, who, indeed, by no merely poetical feeling, but by the eye of faith, can recognise this glorious being as his Creator, Preserver, Benefactor, and even Redeemer.

The poetical feeling may not be, indeed, and is not always, that of the beautiful. It may be that of the tender or sympathetic, or it may be the feeling of the sublime, of terror, awe, majesty. It may be of the sweet beauties of spring—the lark soaring upwards in his heavenly anthem of praise; the glories of summer, with its flowers of surpassing odour and beauty; the riches of autumn, with its exuberant fulness; or the wild storms of winter, with their dreariness and desolation.

The elementary principles of our feelings, either of the beautiful or the sublime, may perhaps be far too deep for human investigation. Burke, like a true philosopher, owned this. He felt there were steps which might be made by human investigation, but he says, most beautifully and poetically (Part IV. Section I.), 'That great chain of causes, which, linking one to another, even to the throne of God himself, can never be unriddled by any industry of ours. When we go but one step beyond the immediately sensible quality of things we go out of our depth. All we do after is but a faint struggle that shows we are in an element which does not belong to us.'

Burke, indeed, endeavours in his own way to account for our feelings of the sublime, but he has done nothing more than merely given an illustration of that grand truth which he has enunciated, that in doing this he was going beyond his element. In the same way, Dr. Brown, in his lectures on moral philosophy, though he has given many ingenious and original thoughts in the best possible manner—clothed in the most beautiful and poetical diction—has yet failed to picture forth the true causes of the feelings of the sublime.

I believe we must be satisfied rather with illustrations than investigations into the causes, or perhaps, to some extent, the nature of the feeling. We must be content to admit that we are mere scholars, ay, poor scholars, perhaps only dunces, in the great school of Nature. Nature, or rather the God of Nature, is simple, beautifully simple, in all His arrangements, so far as we can understand them: and the man who

has dived the deepest into the mysteries of nature, if at all of a philosophic and Christian spirit, will be the readiest to admit that there are mysteries that press upon his observation on every side, which he cannot solve. The ancient philosopher, Dion, when asked to say what God is, requested, day after day, to consider the matter; and when ultimately pressed for an answer, declared the longer he thought of the subject the more incomprehensible it appeared to him.

It was a beautifully poetical, and not less truly philosophical, saying of Sir Isaac Newton on his death-bed, who, in regard to what are called the exact sciences, has never been surpassed—'I seem to have been like a little boy gathering pebbles on the sea shore, and have left the vast ocean of eternity undiscovered.' And Dr. Chalmers, when his opponents cast in his teeth some of his early speculations, written before he had been baptised by the Divine Spirit, said, in answer, with all the humility of his childlike but great mind—'True, I admit it; these were but my sentiments; I was then engaged in discussing magnitudes, but I had overlooked two great magnitudes—the littleness of time and the greatness of eternity.'

The inherent feeling of the beautiful or pleasurable will be at once admitted; but the feeling of the sublime, comprehending the vast, the grand, the awful and terrific, the overpowering, the incomprehensible, the infinite, horror, terror, blackness, and darkness—how can such conceptions be pleasant, or how should we indulge in them! and yet, after all, we find the highest pleasures in them as poetical feelings.

We recollect, even yet with a feeling akin to terror, when a boy, of reading Mrs. Radcliff's romance, 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' which was devoured on winter evenings with an awful relish. The narrative was horrifying; so much so, that we could not venture to look about for fear of realising the narrative in the conceptions of the authoress. The feeling was both pleasing and painful. The imagination was roused, and overbore for the time the faculty of reason.

And how can this be accounted for? However we may philosophise on the subject, the feelings do certainly exist.

Perhaps it may go some way, and in a negative form, to a solution of this apparent anomaly to state that we do not, after all, understand human nature. Man was originally created after the image of God, in knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness. He has not entirely lost these divine characteristics; and though he does not naturally love the divine knowledge and holiness, he yet aspires after some ideal perfection of knowledge, holiness, and righteousness, which is presented to his darkened view, and he presses after a more full acquaintance with the method of Divine government—the ways of God to man. It is the finite endeavouring ever vainly to reach its source and its centre in the Infinite. We have the authority of Divine Inspiration that imagination was one of man's original mental qualities. The Prophet

Ezekiel pictures forth the darkness of the Chambers of Imagery, and the Apostle Paul tells us expressly that men through the fall became vain in their imagination, and their foolish heart was darkened.

Dr. Brown strikingly remarks, 'It is in the moral conduct of our fellow-men that that species of sublimity is to be found which we most gladly recognise as the character of that glorious nature which we have received from God. A character which makes us more erect in mind than we are in stature, and enables us not to gaze on the heavens merely, but to lift to them our very wishes, and to imitate in some faint degree, and to admire at least where we cannot imitate, the gracious perfection that dwells there. It is to mind, therefore, that we turn, even from the sublimest wonders of magnificence which the natural universe exhibits.'

There is a universality of the feeling or the emotion of greatness; but, coupled with this, is there not also a universality of the moral feeling of guiltiness? May not this account for the actual enjoyment that is felt in contemplation of scenes of awe, terror, and even horror—of darkness, dreariness, and desolation? as Milton thus makes hell to ring with the awfully solemn voice of the enemy of God and man, when he is thrust into his dreary prison-house:—

'Hail, horrors! hail!

Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell!
Receive thy new possessor—one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same?
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven!'

If this theory be correct, the whole false religions which prevail in the world may thus be accounted for. They are illustrations of the poetical conception—the darkened imagination groping after the great and the glorious, or writhing in the agonies of conscious guilt and terror. It would form a very interesting subject, but far too extensive, to enter upon the vast range which the darkened imagination has embodied in the realms of superstition. To compare the superstitions together, and find how widely asunder they stand, we might almost conceive they would not have arisen, nor could be seriously believed in, by beings of the same order of intelligence, or mental or moral emotion. Immensely dissimilar, indeed, they are; yet they may be all traced to one source. The stumbling-block of the Jews—the foolishness of the Greeks—the gorgeousness of Poetry—the darkness and cruelty of Druidism—the subtleties of Hinduism—the ferocities, and at the same time the voluptuousness, of Mohammedanism; what are they all but the wild, wandering, unsettled, erring, guilty, and terror-struck imagination of sinful and fallen creatures, groping in the midnight darkness after a realisation of the great and yet simple truth—'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.' They are but illustrations of the poetical conception striving

after the ideal of beauty, of grandeur, of sublimity, but warped in its exercise by, it may be, a thousand prejudices—the greatest of which are; however, the perversity of the human heart, its enmity to God, and its utter ignorance of him.

Dr. Johnson decried religious poetry; but, great critic as he was, he erred most grievously in this respect. Religion gives a new impetus, but it does not change any of the essential qualities of the human mind, which still preserves its own individuality. The capacity of poetical conception remains the same, but with fresher, higher, and nobler aspirations. If Byron, in the darkness of infidelity, mournfully conceived of man as a 'Poor child of doubt and death, whose hope is built on reeds,' an apostle could say, rejoicingly, 'I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him, against that day.' The highest poetical conception and the most sublime strains of poetry are to be found associated with religion; and it would be wonderful indeed were it otherwise, for the God of religion is the God of nature, and is served with that mind which he has given to his rational, intelligent, and moral creatures. The works of nature are never contemplated with so high a zest as when associated with their Creator; and the separation of God from His works, the alienation or even indifference of the human soul to external Nature, or to its fellow feeling with other human souls, would be of all divorces the most unnatural and pernicious, and would, in the view of every pious and enlightened mind, throw a gloom over the face of creation infinitely more profound than the removal or annihilation of our material sun.

No one who has attended to his own feelings, or reflected on those of others, can fail to have observed how the same objects, seen under different circumstances, have at times excited far different and often opposite emotions. The objects presented to view may be the same, while the emotion is altogether different; or, which is as likely, the mind takes hold of one feature at one time, and of a different feature at another; or it looks at the object from one point of view on one occasion, and from another point of view on a different occasion.

It has been said, with true poetic feeling, there is only a step between the sublime and the ridiculous, and yet, how vast is the difference. We talk of some things intellectually grand, and of others as intellectually small. Could we appreciate facts in all their length and far reaching results, we might not think anything a small fact. There may be a grand poetical conception in regard even to what are thought small facts, which utterly sinks into insignificance what we think grand facts; as, for instance, the discovery of steam, &c.

What have been all the feats, the victories, the bloodshed of the Great Napoleon, compared with the little fact of James Watt observing the steam issuing from the tea-kettle, which originated in his mind the power of steam, and has led to all those mighty in-

ventions, by which that power has been rendered applicable to a thousand departments of human industry and art. The great victories of Napoleon may have dethroned monarchs, scattered ruin and desolation over kingdoms, made rivers of blood and suffering to run down a part of this weary world; and there are some who no doubt will, with poetical feeling, glory in them, and there is no doubt much on such a theme to excite poetical feeling. But are they for a moment to be compared to the tranquillity, happiness, and domestic comfort, the glory and habits of peaceful industry, that the steam-engine has opened up and realised?

We are not going into political economy. We have been led into this train of thought as showing the different direction or range of poetical conception, and not for the purpose of comparing the victories of war with the triumphs of steam. Both have their admirers; but the poetical conceptions of each class, if strictly confined to the particular subject of their admiration, will find no sympathy in feeling from the other class. The imaginative glories of the one may be regarded by the other as disgraceful to human nature; and those of the other, by its opposite class, as mean and weak-spirited. There will be, in fact, no chord of sympathy between them.

There are undoubtedly glories in war as there are pleasures in industrial pursuits. The glories of war, however painful may be their attendant circumstances—and they will almost always be so—when they effect liberty for the slave, emancipation for the prisoner, and, above all, liberty of mind and action, will ever be regarded with the highest esteem, and call forth a corresponding poetical feeling. But the triumphs of peace and industry—a contented and happy home, especially if lighted up with the lamp of true religion, will give birth, if not to such turbulent passion as is excited by the horrors and victories of war, at least to a deeper, warmer, and more genial and heartfelt sympathy. These will reach every man's heart, and he will and cannot fail to rejoice in them with true poetical feeling.

Wordsworth, a true and a great poet, may be appealed to regarding industry and science as a source of poetical conception. He says, 'Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge, it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep no more than at present; but he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only on those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed. If the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us, as

enjoying and suffering beings;—if the time should ever come when what is now called *science*, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and divine inmate of the household of man.'

It is utterly impossible to give all the actings of our emotional and moral nature, which form the essence of poetical feeling, taking in, as it does, the sublime and the ridiculous, the simple, the grand, the great and the small, the apparently mean and contemptible, and the glorious and overpowering in nature, whether animate or inanimate—whether of soul or body—whether the whirl of excited passion or the uncontentative calm of infancy; for to these, and much more than all these, do the poetical feelings extend.

It has been said of the poet Thomson that he could not have viewed two candles burning but with a poetical eye. Thomson had indeed a highly imaginative cast of mind; but there is scarcely any mind, however thoroughly prosaic, which is not visited with some poetical feeling at one time or other.

ON THE SANDS.

In the morning I wrote on the sands of the bay,
And I pass'd by the spot in the gloaming gray,
But o'er it the winds and the waters had swept,
And my words in the womb of the ocean slept.

So when we and the few that have loved us are gone,
And the earth and the ages go rolling on,
O'er our mem'ry the tide of oblivion shall pour,
Blotting out every trace we may leave on life's shore.

Ye sons of ambition! who pant for 'a name,'
For the brilliant hope-bubble the world calls Fame,
Ye may get it when dead; you are certain now
Of a weary back and an aching brow.

Then live not for glory, nor labour for praise,
For a mention in story, a chaplet of bays;
E'en the fame that is fairest one tempest may blast,
And the greenest of laurels must wither at last.

But labour and live with a mightier view—
For the wrongs you may right, for the good you may do;
To lighten the blow of the chastening rod,
To woo some poor wanderer back to his God.

Oh! wherever you are, and whate'er be your sphere,
You will find weary hearts that a kind word may cheer.
Some tear-bedimm'd eyes that your smiles can make bright,
Some soul-crushing burdens your hands can make light.

Whatever is noble, and holy, and true—
Of high purpose born—that think, speak, and do;
Seeking ever, in working out life's simple plan,
The glory of God and the saving of man.

Tracing thus on Time's sands, ye need never fear tide;
In faith if ye labour, the work shall abide;
And our Father's 'Well done' shall be glory for aye,
When the honours of earth have all melted away. J. I.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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DRAWING FROM THE LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

IN reading the fictions of the great masters we are frequently forced to the conclusion that such and such characters must have been drawn from the life. This circumstance I often pointed out to Mr. Crayon, the celebrated artist, as constituting the grand secret of their success. My object in so doing was to stimulate that gentleman to attempt something in the department of fictitious literature, in which I believed him to be specially qualified to excel.

Perhaps of all men I have ever known, Mr. Crayon has the happiest knack at telling a story. His powers of graphic delineation are of the first order. Not only can he imitate the expression, voice, accent, and gesticulation of any one possessing the slightest peculiarity of feature, speech, or manner, but he is able to perform the much more rare and difficult feat of extemporising appropriate and characteristic dialogue, with an ease, freedom, and brilliancy which I have scarcely ever heard equalled. It accordingly always occurred to me, when listening to any of his dramatic—I might almost say Shaksperian sketches—that there was really nothing to hinder him from becoming, with a little courage and practice, a Dickens, a Thackeray, or even a Scott.

This high estimate of his powers I did not disguise from himself. He pleaded, however, that although he might succeed tolerably well in setting forth such characters as he chanced to be thoroughly familiar with, he had no facility whatever in inventing new ones. But therein, I assured him, lay his special guarantee of fitness for the task which I urged him to undertake. He who copies exclusively and directly from nature can scarcely err. This truth I impressed upon him by a variety of arguments, and I at length extracted from him a promise that

he would turn the matter over in his mind, with a view to the production of some brief and humorous tale, if only by way of experiment.

There were several gentlemen of our acquaintance whom Mr. Crayon was accustomed to 'take off,' and that with so much force and vividness as to constitute them about the best portraits in his *répertoire*. One was Mr. Golfer, a tall, well-built gentleman, with dark whiskers and mustache, a spiritual forehead, and something of a military air. Golfer was extensively read in the poets, and had undoubtedly a fine, though fastidious and severe taste. Out of doors he wore that disreputable form of hat familiarly known as the 'wide-awake,' and his custom was to walk along the streets haughtily and dreamily, as if with his head towering in other worlds. This majestic, cynical individual, with his handsome Roman nose, and dreamy suspicious eyes, never seemed entirely comfortable except when discussing, usually in emphatic monosyllables, some doubtful point of poetical taste, with the aid of a long pipe and a glass of bitter beer. He scarcely ever smiled, and never laughed. If any one perpetrated a pun in his hearing, a cloud of rebuke would settle on his brow, and he would draw himself slowly up with an expression of ineffable disgust. If, however, the said pun happened to be conspicuously destitute of wit, he would perhaps smile a little, but with a grim expression, as if to indicate that he was ashamed of the slight weakness into which he had been betrayed.

Another of the set was Mr. John Anderson Bankier, a large man with a soft voice and a philosophic turn of mind. His head, which was thickly covered with hair prematurely whitened, was one of the hugest ever mounted on Caucasian shoulders. Within his capacious brain there were gropings of power, large and imperfectly exercised, yet evermore dim and vague, like the gropings of the blind Cyclops. Mr. Bankier had a habit of forcing down all discussion to a basis of first principles. When the argument waxed loud, he seldom failed to command attention, not so much by his massive presence as by soft persuasive waves of the hand, and some such gentle appeal as—'Hear me for my cause!—gentlemen, hear me for my cause!' It was only, however, when the hours warmed and brightened into a glow of conviviality that Mr. Bankier exhibited his finer characteristics. Then it was that his friends discovered the full and complete amiability of his disposition. At such times he became even affectionate—grasping, in a friendly way, the hand of any one near him—and crooning forth, in low, soft tones, like some veteran minstrel mellow with the inspiration of time, certain homely ditties expressive of the more tender and poetic emotions of the soul.

The third of Mr. Crayon's originals was Mr. Bowler, a square-built, high-spirited gentleman, very bald, and with whiskers and beard originally black, but now slightly grizzled. Mr. Bowler had a voice like a cannon. In the most uproarious company his laugh drowned all other noises. His belief seemed to be that the use of speech was to stimulate the risible faculties. Every time he opened his lips it was to thunder forth a joke.

Whenever he said anything smart, which was, in fact, always, his laugh followed instantly, like a guffaw transmitted through a speaking trumpet. He would then look his victim straight in the face, with a keen, vehement, and irresistible 'Eh? eh?' in order to compel a cacchinatory tribute to his wit. This was awful to good-natured people, who found their features hardening into a fixed grin. After a night with Mr. Bowler, I have been fain to breakfast in bed, and enjoy a forenoon's rest. I have even felt as if I could luxuriate in quiet dreams for a week.

Then there was Mr. Mallet, a gentleman of pleasing Scandinavian complexion, but with a beard of flaming vermillion, of which he was perversely proud. Yet so wonder he clung to his beard, for was not every hair of it gold? His temper was as fiery as his chin, having a personal dignity to support which often caused him to stand angrily on the defensive. Between him and Mr. Bowler there existed a perpetual feud, which Mr. Bankier, reasoning from abstract principles, considered unphilosophic, but which Mr. Golfer, little given to speech, and for the most part a mere spectator of what was going on, pronounced to be 'decidedly amusing.'

Only one more character remains to be noted, that of my dear particular friend, Mr. J. B. Buckingham. This gentleman was slightly *en bon point*, bald-headed, and with a dark eye glowing like a coal, which the phrenologists described as indicating 'language large.' His vivid geniality, immense relish for enjoyment, and bright nimble faculties rendered him a kind of pivot around which all the others revolved. His *forte*, however, was oratory of the loftiest kind. His was no slipshod Parliamentary style. Had opportunity afforded, he would have shaken the senate. Yet, when pouring forth his fervid and sublime sentences, the sneering cynic Golfer would listen with a look of haughty disdain—Golfer, of all men, professing to despise sentiment!—Golfer, notorious as a stealthy concoctor of plaintive little ditties, like a youth who had been crossed in love!

Mr. Crayon had made an almost life-long study of this strange medley of persons, and the result was an elaborateness and perfection of portraiture which commanded universal approbation. His anecdotes regarding them were inexhaustible. With what intense relish did the silent and cynical Mr. Golfer listen to his cynical delineations of Mr. J. A. Bankier, Mr. Bowler, Mr. Mallet, and Mr. Buckingham! Then, how did Bankier chuckle, and Bowler guffaw, and Buckingham and Mallet scream with enjoyment, as Golfer was exhibited with his secret convivial heart and lofty morose exterior! But, indeed, they each manifested a thorough appreciation and enjoyment of Crayon's delightful caricatures of all the rest. Crayon would not have hurt the feelings of any one of them for the world.

The brilliant artist and myself had many a long talk as to how the five notabilities in question could be best thrown together in a consecutive and well-constructed plot. To both of us they seemed to be a set of well-marked and boldly-contrasted characters, and therefore admirably adapted for the purposes of fiction. True, Mr. Crayon continued to exhibit many *qualms* of con-

science. He did not like the idea of any writer holding up his particular friends to ridicule. The more, however, he wavered, the more I encouraged him to proceed. 'Why should not the *litterateur*,' I exclaimed, 'draw from the life, as well as the artist? And where is he to find life-models, unless among those about him and within the range of his study? Rely on it that creation of character means only observation of character. Frankenstein thought to create an entirely new man, and he only succeeded in making a monster.'

This reasoning had its effect; and Mr. Crayon, confirmed in his intention of writing an original tale, wrought at his task with a commendable degree of diligence. At first he proposed to introduce myself as one of his *dramatis personæ*, but to this I would not consent. 'No, no,' said I, 'there are no peculiarities about me; if I were really a character I would submit at once.' He tried to assure me that I would shine as the hero of a story, 'just as much as Golfer, or Bankier, or Bowler, or Mallet, or Buckingham.' Seeing, however, that I was seriously alarmed, he very prudently desisted.

CHAPTER II.

Artists are notoriously unpunctual. They work by fits and starts. As usually happens with men of lively imagination, they are not always in the mood. Even when most determined they are sometimes helpless. I have seen them waiting for an inflow of inspiration like mariners waiting for a tide.

Mr. Crayon had, besides, a multitude of engagements both professional and social. He had kept lively on the canvas the family pride and affection of more than one generation. To him many of the existing race of juveniles were indebted for whatever knowledge they possessed of their grandfathers and grandmothers. Filial, conjugal, and parental memories were extensively kept dewy and bright through his agency. By virtue of his art, innumerable walls glowed with a life—an immortality beyond that of the living men and women who daily looked on them with admiration and love. He had still many faces to preserve, so to speak, for posterity—many new links to establish between the age that was passing and the age that was to come. But the demands on the genial qualities of the man were even more engrossing than the demands on the exquisite skill of the artist. He was bombarded with dinners. For him the most accomplished cooks were daily perspiring; for him the most fastidious wine-merchants were daily producing their choicest vintages. His company was widely courted for the graces of heart, soul, and intellect which it was calculated to throw over the unspiritual materialities of wealth.

Yet he made good use of his leisure. The story which he had planned grew to considerable bulk in his imagination. In writing it out, too, he made surprising progress. When completed, the result was such as to justify my anticipations. It was plain to me that I had not misjudged the peculiar bent of his genius. He had, in fact, produced a work abounding in racy descriptions of character, imbued with the keenest wit, and pointing the most appropriate moral.

It would be gross and ridiculous affectation in me to pretend that I was not proud. That he was indebted to me for setting him on the right track he confessed. Had he set about inventing characters, they would, in all likelihood, have been monstrosities. They might have had no flesh and blood in them. But he had gone to nature—to the unerring fountains—to the eternal well-heads of truth. His descriptions had the veracity of photographs. There was nothing forced. Every touch was in harmony with every other touch. Some of the traits represented might be singular, but none of them were grotesque. Golfer, Bankier, and the rest, might be different from anything hitherto known, but only as newly-discovered plants might be different from those familiar to the botanist. In themselves they were clearly nature's handiwork, not something of man's device. Their *vraisemblance* was charming. I anticipated an extraordinary measure of success.

Not only had I put Mr. Crayon on the right track, looking at the matter in the abstract, but I had put him on that track with which he was most familiar, which was in fact his specialty, and on which his experience was prodigious. Hence the astonishing ease with which he accomplished his purpose. It was like Blondin on the tight-rope, or Leotard on the trapeze. He was like the man who had devoted a lifetime to drawing profiles of the late Duke of Wellington, and who could hit off, with pen or pencil, the well-known features of the Duke as easily as he could sign his name. Crayon had been describing, delineating, in fact impersonating the originals of his story for years. He was as much at home on them as the great Paganini was at home on his fiddle. The consequence was a certain easy mastery—a completeness of finish combined with an absence of elaboration—which materially heightened the effect.

Several of the scenes were superb. Among these was a quarrel between Mallet and Bankier, on the subject of art. The former was made to quote Ruskin dogmatically; while the latter was represented as not to be put down, but as motioning with his hand softly and deprecatingly, and exclaiming, in the blandest voice—'My dear sir! You don't understand Ruskin. I pity you. Ruskin is not for shallow and ignorant people to quote. You should begin with some simpler author.' Heavens! this to a man who had made art the study of his life! The flame of his beard burned upward until his very forehead was on fire! Bowler laughed like a cavern; while Mallet hurled defiance all round. In the midst of the *mêlée*, Golfer was made to smile sardonically. Golfer enjoyed a public execution. He also delighted, in his dignified way, in seeing a friend scarified.

Another good passage was one in which Buckingham was called upon to make a speech. His fervour, his intensity, his free and appropriate gesticulation, his vast range of imagination, his brilliant snatches of poetical quotation—all were reproduced, with their inevitable cheers, and with Golfer sublimely sneering, in a style worthy of Smollett, or Fielding, or Addison, or Goldsmith, or any of our best fictionists. The grand

figure in the picture—that which gave it its individuality and humour—was still, of course, Golfer.

So clever, indeed, was the plot, so quietly and finely were all the characters developed, and so full of hilarious humour were some of the incidents, that I had really nothing to suggest. All I had to do was simply to congratulate Mr. Crayon, and hurry the precious manuscript into the hands of the printer.

But, at the eleventh hour, a difficulty arose which I had not anticipated. Crayon himself became alarmed at the idea of publication. His original delicate scruples revived in all their intensity. Every one of the characters would, he felt assured, be recognised at once, in spite of the false names assumed. He dreaded lest his conduct in the matter should be pronounced 'too bad.' In vain I tried to convince him of the contrary. They were all, I argued, men of sense, and would no more object to filling up the figures in a story, than they would object to filling up the figures in a historical picture. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'do you mean to tell me that Bankier would object, if you asked him to sit to you for an ancient philosopher? Or that Golfer would hesitate for a moment to stand to you for a Life Guardsman? Or that Mallet would have the slightest scruple in donning a broad-brimmed drab hat, and acting as your model for an unshaven Christian Israelite? Or that, if you desired to represent a modern Wamba, with sword of lath, scattering his jokes on all sides, Bowler would not submit to be your man? Or that Buckingham would not feel honoured to appear as the principal figure on the hustings in any Frithian picture of a popular election? How absurd, then, to suppose that they would give themselves up to painting, yet deny themselves to literature! Most men wish to be of some use in the world; and why should *they* be an exception! The fact is,' I concluded, 'that if novel-writing is permissible at all, the novelist must, like the painter, have a free run of society and the world.'

All, however, would not do. Crayon still shook his head. His apprehensions were instinctive and insurmountable. He, accordingly, determined to read the story over to each of the party in turn, ostensibly in the way of consulting their judgment, but in reality for the purpose of ascertaining whether they would take offence on discovering their own likeness. The result was a squelcher to the whole affair. Golfer thought the characters of Bankier, Bowler, Mallet, and Buckingham delightfully drawn. He must say, however, that he considered Golfer an odious caricature. The 'fine Roman nose of him' he especially deprecated as an exaggeration. Bankier, on the other hand, pronounced Golfer a masterpiece. But, patting the air blandly, he declared Bankier to be a truly pitiful failure. Bowler shook the neighbourhood with his laughter at the humorous portraits of Bankier and Golfer; he called them 'famous;' but Bowler, he exclaimed, 'would not do at all. To do him justice he should have had all the talking to himself. Ha, ha! A story to be worth reading should have dialogue, and how can you have dialogue with a character that allows nobody else to speak!—eh!—eh?' 'Well, allow me to speak,' remonstrated Crayon. 'No, no;

the fact is, you must either cut out Bowler, or allow Bowler to cut out everybody else. Ha, ha, ha!—eh!—eh?' Mallet was pleased with the story in the main, and thought most of the characters first-rate; 'but as for Mallet,' he said, 'it is neither more nor less than a piece of stupid impertinence; and I would recommend the writer to be very careful what he did. I like a joke as well as any man, but I must be laughed *with* not *at*.' Buckingham chuckled immensely, particularly at Golfer; 'but, for goodness sake!' he exclaimed, 'you must leave Buckingham out of the group.'

In short, greatly to my annoyance, Mr. Crayon decided not to publish. I urged, however, that the tale was too good to be thrown aside, and that if he would only disguise the characters a little the whole difficulty might be got over.

The artist became thoughtful for a moment. He at length said—'Your suggestion is a good one, and I shall see in a day or two what can be done.'

CHAPTER III.

The more I reflected on what had occurred, the more I became convinced that people were unnecessarily thin-skinned. Why should any one be eager to put on a cap merely because it happened to fit? I began to wonder how Shakspeare came by his characters, and whether he lived at perpetual feud with his neighbours whose characters he had pilfered. Or, did he manage to disguise them so as to render them unrecognisable, yet without destroying their inherent truthfulness? Did he, for example, take a hot-headed cheesemonger of Cheapside, who had captivated an alderman's daughter by telling her bouncing stories of how he had flogged his rivals in the cheese-trade, and whose married career had terminated in jealousy, murder, and suicide? Did he, I say, take some such veritable personage—blacken his face so that his own mother would not have known him—call him by the strange name of Othello—and pass him off as a soldier under the Venetians? Or did he go more fearlessly to work, and incur the wrath of some grave prototype of Dogberry, by incontinently writing him down an ass? How Shakspeare did I know not; but I could not avoid thinking that, after Mr. Crayon's experiment, a modern fictionist trode upon dangerous ground the moment he attempted to make use of his friends in the way of literary portraiture.

Yet, unless models are selected from those really known to the writer, successful fiction would appear to be unattainable. A mighty genius like Shakspeare might no doubt take merely a broad basis of natural qualities, develop them in other circumstances, and present them under phases alike yet different. With any one else, however, such disguises could never be complete without utter confusion and defacement of those qualities which gave truth and naturalness to the picture. For instance, had any one but Shakspeare attempted to manufacture a Venetian Othello out of a Cheapside cheesemonger, the smell of the Stilton and the Cheshire would probably have clung to him through all his wars against the Ottoman. The littleness of the petty trafficker would

have destroyed the sable majesty of the hero. It would still have been the soul of a Cockney cheesemonger in the gaudy trappings of a Moorish chief. However, I determined not to make up my mind on this point until I had seen how far so able a man as Crayon might prove successful in his attempt.

Two or three weeks elapsed, and still there was no appearance of the new story in its altered and inoffensive shape. At length, however, the artist came to me with a thin roll of manuscript, and assured me, with more confidence than I had hitherto observed him assume, that he had succeeded far beyond his expectations. I was naturally enough delighted, the plan of alteration having been a suggestion of my own; and pressing him into an easy chair, I ordered the wherewithal to make us both comfortable, prior to the reading being commenced. These preliminaries over, Mr. Crayon opened the first chapter with his usual gravity. The descriptions were minute, and characterised by occasional touches of exquisite observation. Here and there I discovered some distinct feature of our friends, but this was usually followed by something calculated to throw the most suspicious off the scent. I listened with keen attention, and got interested. By degrees, however, it began to dawn upon me that the new version of the story was nothing more than an elaborate practical joke. The first thing that awakened my suspicion occurred in the course of a philosophical argument. 'But before going farther,' Mr. Bankier was made to say, in a persuasive tone, and with a soft wave of the hand, 'let us first settle the question, what is the end and aim of all existence?' This was, of course, a natural and characteristic touch. But what was my surprise to find the same gentleman represented shortly afterwards as stroking his flaming beard, joking in a voice screwed up to the pitch of a cotton-mill or a boilermaker's yard, and ha-ha-ing as nobody ever heard the gentle Bankier ha-ha in this world. I then became suspicious and watchful, when, in due time, I discovered that Mr. Crayon had produced his disguises by sticking the beard of Mallet on the wrong chin, transferring Bowler's voice to somebody else, fastening the fine Roman nose of Golfer on a totally erroneous countenance, and producing other mixtures and confusions such as were never before witnessed in life. The result, I must say, was exceedingly droll to one acquainted with the parties. Mr. Crayon had, in fact, produced a burlesque—an extravaganza—taken from life, yet as unlike life as possible—like one of those toy sets of figures, cut into sections, and capable of numerous transmogrifications, none of them being good copies from Nature, but merely bizarre combinations of impossible occurrence in the flesh.

We had, of course, a good laugh over the affair, but the more we thought of the fastidiousness of Golfer, Bankier, Bowler, Mallet, and Buckingham, the more we became convinced of its unreasonableness. We set them all five down as the stupidly sensitive enemies of the just rights and privileges of authorship. Why should Bowler make such use of his stentorian voice if he is ashamed of it? Will Mallet pretend for a moment that he is not proud of the beard which Crayon designed to

make famous? If Bankier is at all sincere in desiring to be heard for his cause, wherefore should he shrink from the glory of a wider audience? Does Golfer mean to contend that his beautiful gift of nose is a possession to be modestly concealed? On what principle of common sense should the splendid oratory of Buckingham 'go no farther?' I tell these gentlemen that they have lost a chance of that immortality for which thousands are content to toil and die. But their feeling is, I admit, a common one. Most people shrink from publicity, unless under lights so absurdly flattering as to be, in fact, glaringly false. There are few who care, like Cromwell, to be painted as they are, with all their seams and warts. No one, indeed, knows better than Crayon that, in the eyes of a sitter, it is only when the expression is pleasing that the likeness is held to be correct.

The hesitation of authors to make a free use of their friends as models, is probably at the foundation of much that is preposterous in current fiction. Our ablest writers exhibit a constant tendency to depart from nature. They are afraid to be personal. All around them, their keen eyes detect characters that would shine in their pages. But these they labour to avoid. They are thus engaged in a continual effort to get away from what is natural and true. Hence exaggerations, monstrosities, unrealisable caricatures of humanity. Hence a perpetual borrowing—not from men, but from books. Yet I can hardly blame the poor authors. Whenever they hold the mirror up to nature, some one is sure to recognise his own likeness, and start up with an angry—'How dare you?'—'gross breach of friendship!'—or 'abominable impertinence!' There is therefore nothing left for them but to exhibit men and women as alien as possible to anything that has ever existed, or can possibly exist, in nature.

In conclusion, I can only regret the existence of a weakness to which I thought the lofty cynicism of Golfer, the bland good nature and profound philosophy of Bankier, the defiant, bantering spirit of Bowler, the fierce resentful pride of Mallet, and the large-hearted *bonhomie* of Buckingham would have rendered them superior. I hope, however, they will profit by this narrative; and that, in particular, I shall not lose so valued a friend as Mr. Crayon by this hasty, and it may be courageous, attempt at drawing from the life.

SICKNESS AND HEALTH.

See how the brown leaves lie, mamma;
Scatter'd all around!
Hark how the sad winds sigh, mamma,
With such a wailing sound!
They are ever singing, singing—
Like the weary church-bells ringing—
Where my wee brothers lie, mamma,
Under the cold, cold ground!

Oh! it is bright and gay, mamma,
Upon the green hillsides!
I love so well to play, mamma,
Where the clustering harebells hide.
The merry winds are singing, singing,
Like the cheery church-bells ringing
On yon bright summer day, mamma,
When sister was a bride!

J. P. H.

JOTTINGS ABOUT THE INSANE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PHILOSOPHY OF INSANITY.'

THERE are few, if any, who have not some weak point, which requires to be watched and fortified, or some morbidly active feeling which ought to be checked and controlled. The first of these is a relative, though it may be a distant one, of idiocy; the second to madness is allied; and by neglecting the one or nursing the other, the mind may sink or soar below or above the temperate region in which alone exists true sanity. The study of the aberrations of the human intellect, if wisely conducted, naturally leads to a knowledge of, and a desire to, encourage the weak and control the strong points which every student will feel to be inherent in, and a portion of, his own individual nature.

There are a certain number of topics all of which are necessary, in different degrees, to our moral and physical development, and ought to be balanced in the mind in proportion to their usefulness. When any one of them usurps an undue influence over the others, then is the mind thrown off the balance, and a step, or it may be a stride, taken in the direct road to insanity.

There are very many crazy folks who have never been, and who have no reason ever to be, within the walls of a lunatic asylum; so that the student in this department of science can never be at a loss for subjects for study, and perhaps he would do well to begin by a careful examination of himself, and, by so doing, he may possibly discover some vulnerable point well known to all his friends and foes, and quite visible to almost everybody except himself.

Not far from where I am writing, there lives a man, a working shoemaker, possessed with a mania for collecting canary birds. He has been known to give fifty shillings for a fancy bird, and to fare sparingly and toil from morning to midnight, apparently grudging himself the necessities of life, in order to save money to buy canaries! He will then get upon what is vulgarly termed 'the fuddle'—sell off his favourites at whatever price they will bring—drink every feather of them; and then, lamenting over his empty cages, with trembling hands and aching head, he begins to slave and to save to buy back the old stock, or invest in new purchases! Can this man be sane? He makes a capital shoe; and a famous cobbler he must be who could beat him at mending. He is, upon the whole, a useful man, can talk well upon any ordinary subject; and certainly, so far as canaries are concerned, is decidedly a natural philosopher.

A very intimate friend, of something like twenty years' standing, lately deceased, believed that the Cloud department of Heaven was entrusted to his care, and that he was personally responsible for the aberrations and fluctuations of the weather. If a scorching, unclouded sun burned up the summer field, or rain flooded the ripe grain in harvest, his distress of mind was extreme; for this arose from a criminal neglect of some duty which he was placed upon earth to perform.

I called upon him a few nights after a concert in the Asylum at Gartnavel, over which he had presided, and been particularly lively and bright, and complimented him upon his very successful display. 'Oh yes,' he said, with a look of anxiety almost amounting to anguish; 'it was all very well till I came up to my room, and then I saw that before going down I had neglected to turn my pillow; and what distress I have suffered since for my neglect!'

'My dear friend,' I replied, 'why should the turning, or the not turning, of a pillow cause you to wear such a look as that?'

It was a dreadfully coarse night, the rain lashing and the wind roaring. He led me to the window, and pointing to the sky—'Do you not see,' said he, 'what sort of weather we have had since?' The appeal was perfectly unanswerable—not a word to gainsay it had I.

Peace be to his ashes! He had keen perceptions, a fervid imagination, a warm heart, and a fluent tongue. I sat by his bed on that night when the thunder-cloud of death burst over him, and for ever dispelled those vapour-bearing clouds which had troubled him so oft. I assisted to lay him in his grave; and I thought then, as I think now, that we could have better spared a wiser man.

In 1860, I was requested, by that true friend to the maniac, Dr. Mackintosh, of the Glasgow Royal Lunatic Asylum, to pay a little attention to a young gentleman, then a patient under the Doctor's care. I of course did so; and found him to be one of those from whom hope had departed, and given place to calm, quiet, settled despair. Sad cases these!—cases in which the cool, apparently passionless, sufferer clutches at death as eagerly as a drowning man would at a hand outstretched to save. Dangerously logical was he, and justified suicide religiously and morally; and, had his premises been true, proved it to be in his case an act of necessity and mercy. I got deeply interested in this man; for I, too, had suffered, and was at one time as hopeless as he—

'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.'

I advised, and, better still, I sympathised; and sometimes succeeded in sending a transient gleam through that terrible darkness which enshrouded his soul.

His was one of the pleasantest faces and kindest natures that ever I knew; but, from the first, I had little hope, for he had a small head, and had not slept for months without opiates. Bad—both dreadfully bad. Still, had he been watched, no one knows what time might have done for him. But his friends, misled by a false hope, removed him from the Asylum; and, although he had a kind and careful attendant, he took the first opportunity of taking the last dark leap. Poor fellow! He could no more help it than the ripe apple could help falling from the tree.

Had he been allowed to remain under the judicious superintendence of Dr. Mackintosh, how different might have been his fate! That gentleman, so far as regards his patients, is a personification of kind-

ness, firmness, perseverance, and hope. No amount of provocation or perverseness on their part can ruffle his temper or cloud his brow. I have seen him purchase a small quantity of oatmeal in Glasgow; and take it with him, in his carriage, to the Asylum, to satisfy the whim of an old female pauper-patient, who had taken it into her head that the Asylum meal was too coarsely or too finely ground—I do not recollect which. He works and hopes to the last. There is no such word as 'incurable' in his vocabulary. Nor till death has seized its victim, does he cease from his efforts to alleviate mental or physical distress.

A remarkable case of what we might almost call tenderness of conscience, although I suspect that the proper name is diseased conscientiousness, occurs to me in the case of a very intimate friend of mine, who has been long insane. The neglect of that which the sane mind would justly consider quite immaterial, occasions to him a violent fit of remorse. His system, as explained by himself to me, is this: he believes himself to be the Personification of Purity and Order, and as such he feels the slightest deviation from either to be a crime against his high appointment; and consequently it results in a fit of deep mental distress. He also believes, by virtue of that Purity of which he is the incarnation, that any edible in passing through his hands loses all power to hurt the consumer. Even were it poisonous, he thinks it could scarcely kill; but he is not perfectly confident about this, and declines to try the experiment. On the other hand, the substance, whatever it may be, becomes imbued with a virtue transmitted from him to it which it never possessed before, and which is again transmitted from it to the person who is fortunate enough to receive the gift. This, combined with the natural benevolence of his disposition, causes him to be enthusiastic in giving. Any little present of confections or such like, which he receives, he freely distributes, seldom reserving anything for himself, and insists with a pertinacity which brooks no denial on returning a goodly portion of the gift to the giver, who, in his blindness, cannot see the use or the propriety of taking back that which he had so recently bestowed. I suspect that in almost every case of insanity there is a motive impelling every action, however meaningless it may appear to the onlooker to be. This man claims not the slightest degree of merit to himself for giving; for he believes that he who gives in compliance with an instinctive yearning to bestow is no more deserving of praise than the flower for blossoming under the influence of the summer sun, or the rain-laden cloud for gilding the broom-clad hill with a brighter gold, or for setting free the spirit of fragrance, which slumbering lies in the birch leaf, the heather bloom, and hawthorn blossom.

Nearly twenty years have passed since I resided in the same place with a patient who had been connected with the London press. His intellect was far gone; he was apparently unable, and certainly unwilling, to enter into conversation, but he was book mad. He

was very near-sighted, and from morning to night the book was ever close to his eyes. You might be beside him for months, and never get a proper view of his face. He would read, or at least appear to read, every page of the largest book that was given him; and, if another was not forthcoming, he would read and re-read it again and again. Although habitually silent as the dead, if the book was taken from him he would chatter like an angry ape, and find no rest till it was restored.

For many years I had never thought of this man, or if a transient shadow of him passed before the eyes of memory, it was accompanied with the idea that he had long since gone to his rest; when, a few weeks ago, in passing through one of the galleries in a lunatic asylum, I was struck almost motionless by seeing the same figure that, twenty years ago, had been so familiar to my view—the book still close to its face; the same slow measured step; the same stooped shoulders; the same cut and colour of coat; the same soft slipper that so noiselessly moved over the floor.

Was I dreaming? Was I insane? Or had death and time really passed by this man, and not even altered a button upon his coat?

Upon inquiry, I found that his habits had, during this long period, remained unchangeable and unchanged, and that few inquired about him now.

Long continuation of life in a lunatic asylum is a melancholy thing. Old and true friends gone; and a generation arisen who—although, it may be, related by blood—shrink from visiting the old, forsaken maniac. Under some circumstances, how precious a thing is death!

From among a mass of papers, written while the mind was still hovering on the brink of insanity, I quote a few passages:—

'For months after I left the Asylum, everything spoke to me by signs. Every lineament in the still pale face of a corpse seemed bursting with tidings from beyond the tomb. Not an adornment upon the coffin-lid, not a fold in the winding-sheet or the shroud, but had a tongue. Not a skull grinned at the grave's mouth, but seemed horribly intelligent unto me. There was deep, there was dreadful meaning in the footprints of a beast. Every straw driving before the wind, or lying still in the calm—the raven's croak—the bird's song—were all replete with a meaning awful and intense. Not a cloud in heaven, not a shadow upon earth, but thrillingly told some tale of dread and fear. Not a sound in nature but to me was a signal; not a movement, but was a sign.

'Many years ago I saved a young woman from drowning, who fell into the water from the paddle-box of a steamer between the boat's side and the quay, at a very serious amount of personal injury and the imminent risk of my life. This I used to consider a good deed. But a fearfully heinous crime it appeared now—a crime utterly beyond the reach of salvation, a crime of a dye too deep for blood or tears to purify,

of a nature too dreadful for repentance or remorse to cancel. The sting, the torture of this delusion lay in the intense belief that this girl was to be the progenitor of a race of monsters, who were to desolate the earth, and commit the most horrid cruelties down to the end of time, which could not have been the case had I not interfered with the merciful designs of Providence, but allowed the girl quietly to drown.

'At another time, within a few yards of the same place, a large glass vessel, containing sulphuric acid, fell from a cart and went to pieces upon the stones, drenching a lad from the feet to the waist with the acid, which would in a very short time have burned him to the bones. He stood still and terror-struck. I instantly seized him by the collar, rushed with him down a stair close by, which led into the river, and before the acid had time to penetrate his woollen clothing plunged him into the water, which, of course, effectually quenched the acid's power to destroy. This, also, was now a crime, for which my cries and prayers for forgiveness were hurled back, striking on heart and brain as forcibly as though the cries and prayers had been as material as shot or shell.'

The more fervently a maniac strives, the harder he struggles with his disease, the madder he becomes. The cause of this is evident, for by so doing he keeps his mind intensely fixed upon the delusion, drives it deeply, it may be permanently, into the brain, and keeps a stream of electric fire pouring in upon the already inflamed membranes which give forth the manifestation of mind; and the natural results are—first, agony; second, idiocy; and lastly, death. Passive, not active, resistance is the only true moral treatment; all else is throwing fire upon flame.

By far the most dangerous class of lunatics are to be found outside the walls of an asylum. The most violent maniac that ever flew at his keeper's throat, or dashed his own head against the walls of a cell, is harmless in comparison to a fanatic upon the judgment seat, or an ardent lover of military glory upon a throne.

MARY GORDON'S FIRST DAYS AT SCHOOL.

CHAPTER VII.

WE shall now leave Mary for a short time, and return to the home she had quitted so unhappily in the morning.

After breakfast was over, Thomas waited until he heard Mr. Gordon and his visitors leave the dining-room and go out, when he lifted the change of the sovereign from the pantry table, and took it to Mrs. Gordon, and, on counting it, was surprised to find there were only nineteen shillings.

'There is a shilling wanting,' he said; 'and Nancy must have made some mistake, for it was she who got the change, and I shall go and ask her about it.'

Before doing so, however, he searched in the pantry and over the hall floor, but of course the shilling was

not to be found; and he proceeded to the kitchen, where he got Nancy, and asked if she could explain it.

'I can in no way account for it,' she said; 'for Mr. Anderson, the grocer, who gave me the change, laid it down on the counter, in four lines of five shillings each—which I saw with my own eyes, and counted them while I took them up, and held them in my hand until I walked home; and if Mrs. Gordon or you have any doubts of my word, you may inquire at Mr. Anderson, who will tell you all I have said is true.'

'There is nobody suspecting you,' said Thomas; 'and you should not labour so much to convince people of your innocence, for it will only make them think you guilty, whether you are or not.'

'You seem to think there is but a small chance of my being innocent,' said Nancy, who was very sensitive about her character; 'and I suppose Mrs. Gordon and you will agree that I have made off with the shilling. It is a very easy matter for an old servant like you—who have been so long in this house that nobody will suspect you—to turn over the guilt upon a poor girl like me, who only came a few weeks ago, and have nothing but my character to depend upon; and now everybody will set me down for a thief,'—and Nancy sobbed hysterically, and put her apron to her eyes.

'Did ever anybody hear such ridiculous nonsense?' exclaimed Thomas. 'You are nothing better than a young fool, Nancy, for you don't understand what people mean when they speak to you. Who ever spoke of you being a thief?'

In pronouncing the last sentence, Thomas raised his voice to a high pitch; and, while he was speaking, Rachel came into the kitchen, having only then returned from her sister's; and when she saw Nancy sobbing, with her apron covering her face, and caught Thomas's last words, which spoke of her being a thief, she was greatly alarmed.

'Tell me, Thomas, what all this means? What is the matter with Nancy?'

On hearing Rachel's voice, Nancy pulled her apron from her eyes. 'Rachel,' she said, 'I'll tell you myself. He says'—and she pointed to Thomas—'that I stole a shilling from Mrs. Gordon, and that he knows I am guilty because I tried to show him I was innocent.'

'Well! I declare that beats everything!' said Thomas, striking his hand forcibly on the table. 'And you are the stupidest girl I ever met in all my life; for all I said was, that if you know yourself to be innocent, you need not be saying so much about it to other people, for that will only make them think you guilty; but I shall not waste more words upon you. How is your sister's little girl, Rachel?'

'She is rather better this morning, thank you, Thomas.'

'I am very glad to hear it; and now, as I am going up stairs, I hope you will try to persuade Nancy, if she is really innocent, to say nothing more about it; and Thomas left the kitchen.

'He is very impertinent,' said Nancy; 'and I have

a good mind to tell Mrs. Gordon of the way he has spoken.'

'Oh! never mind him,' said Rachel; 'you are a stranger to Thomas yet, and don't know that he is a joker.'

She then inquired how Nancy had got on dressing the children in the morning.

'Very well with Master William, who is a dear good child; but Miss Mary would not let me dress her at all; and, when I was combing her hair, which she could not do herself, she pulled off my cap and called me names.'

'Oh, dear! I am very sorry to hear this. Does her mamma know of it?'

Nancy related exactly all that had occurred, and the circumstances connected with the lost shilling, as far as she knew them. 'And, indeed, Rachel,' she concluded, 'this has been an unlucky morning for me.'

For a few minutes, Rachel seemed lost in thought; and then, as if some new suspicion had arisen in her mind, her next question was—'Did you say Miss Mary walked to school alone this morning?'

'Yes,' said Nancy. 'Mrs. Gordon told me I was to go with her, but she went off without me.'

The dining-room bell now rang, and Rachel ran up stairs. She met Thomas coming out of the pantry to answer the bell, and said she would do it for him, as she wished to see Mrs. Gordon.

'Then tell her,' said Thomas, 'that Nancy says she gave me the full change of the sovereign this morning, and knows nothing of the lost shilling; and I have searched every place I can think of, but have not found it.'

'There is some mystery about the loss of that shilling,' said Rachel; 'and I feel almost afraid to conjecture how and where it is to be found.' And she shook her head ominously, as she opened the dining-room door.

'Rachel!' said Mrs. Gordon, 'I am glad you are come back. How is your sister's child?'

'She is a little better, thank you, ma'am; for the doctor says there is now some hope of her recovery. And I came to tell you that he assured me her complaint is not in the least infectious, or I would not have ventured to remain all night. But I feel very grateful to you, ma'am, for allowing me to do so; for it was the means of my sister getting a night's sleep, and she had not been in bed for nearly a week. I was sorry, too, for being so late of coming home this morning; but I waited for the doctor's visit, and he was later than usual.'

'You are most welcome to all the time you had, Rachel; and you shall have more if it is needful. But, meantime, it is fortunate the little girl is better. Has Nancy told you how badly Mary behaved this morning?'

'Yes, ma'am. She told me all about it.'

'What annoys me most,' said Mrs. Gordon, 'is, that she walked to school alone; for I have felt uneasy about her ever since. And I rang the bell

just now, to tell Thomas to order the carriage, as I wish to go and bring her home. But you may give him my message, Rachel; and tell him he will require to be quick, for I have other places to go, and I must be at Miss Weston's by one o'clock.'

'I shall tell him to get ready immediately,' said Rachel. And, before leaving the room, she gave Thomas's message about the lost shilling.

'That is rather a strange circumstance, Rachel. But perhaps Thomas may find it yet.'

'I hope and trust he may,' said Rachel, earnestly.

CHAPTER VIII.

Truth had been carefully inculcated in every part of Mary's education by her parents as well as by Miss Weston, and her disposition was far too open and artless to admit of her continuing to practise deceit; but never, poor thoughtless child, had she been so far overcome of evil as on this unhappy morning, for there seemed to be no way of escape from the snare she had so foolishly spread for herself, and she was already suffering the punishment of her errors, in being obliged not only to hide the doll, but to tell untruths, in order to keep up her concealment of it.

When Miss Gray came to call her out, she was greatly disappointed that Rachel had not come for her, for she dreaded meeting her mamma, and having to answer the questions she would be sure to put to her; and so terrible was the idea that she might open her bag and look into it, that before leaving the dressing-room she seized it, and in great trepidation, stuffed the doll down to the bottom, disposing of her books and other things, so as most effectually to conceal it.

On going out, she was glad to find that her mamma was still with Miss Weston; and when Thomas lifted her into the carriage, she hid the bag in one corner, seating herself before it with her hand behind, holding it carefully in concealment.

While sitting thus, with a beating heart, waiting for her mamma, she looked up at the school-room and saw some of the girls' figures near the windows, and Fanny Wallace was nodding to her and smiling sweetly.

'How happy Fanny Wallace looks!' thought Mary, as she nodded in return; 'and oh! how I wish I could remain with her at Miss Weston's, and had not now to go home!'

On looking again, she saw Miss Duncan, who had advanced to the window, and was making hideous faces and gestures; while she held up to Mary's view her muslin dress all stained with ink; and so astonished was Mary at her strange appearance that she even forgot to watch for her mamma, who now came down the hall steps and into the carriage.

When they drove away, Mrs. Gordon looked anxiously into Mary's face, and inquired if there was anything the matter with her, for Miss Weston had said she did not think her looking well.

'I am quite well, mamma.'

'I hope you got safely to school this morning?'

'Oh yes, mamma.'

'And will you tell me, Mary, why you ran away without Nancy, after I told you she was to go with you?'

'I forgot all about it, mamma.'

'And did nothing happen by the way to frighten you when you were alone?'

'Nothing, mamma,' said Mary; but she blushed up to her forehead.

'Mary, I know there must be something the matter with you, for you are colouring so, and I see the marks of tears on your cheeks.'

'Oh, mamma,' she said, 'that is because I played my music lesson so badly that Miss Taylor was very angry with me, and turned me away from the piano, and I was crying just before I came out.'

Mrs. Gordon said no more, but she was far from being satisfied with her explanation.

On coming near home, Mary took her bag from its hiding-place, and by an almost imperceptible motion hung it over her arm, and was preparing to leave the carriage when her mamma told her to remain until Thomas inquired if Rachel had gone out with Willie. 'For if not,' she said, 'I wish to take you both into town to get you fitted with new boots; and as I have some visits to pay afterwards, you will then walk home with Rachel and get dinner.'

When Thomas inquired, however, he learned they had been away for some time, and Rachel had said they were going to the shoemaker's.

'Oh very well,' said Mrs. Gordon, 'it does not matter; I shall take you with me another day, Mary; and meantime you may go to the nursery and wait until they return.'

Mary alighted and ran up stairs.

'How fortunate it is,' she thought, 'that they happen to be out, for now I shall get Sophy's clothes tried on the new doll!'

She flung off her hat and cloak in great haste, so as to make the most of her opportunity; and fearing that Rachel might come in suddenly and see what she was about, she went to fasten the nursery-door, but found, much to her disappointment, that the bolt had been removed; and as the stair and passage leading to the nursery were thickly covered with carpet, it was impossible for her to hear an approaching footstep, and so be warned in time to hide the doll. She had therefore to proceed with her work under the dread of sudden discovery, and kept running out from time to time upon the landing at the top of the stair, that she might look over the railing and see if there was any one coming up, always closing the door carefully after each survey she made.

The whole contents of Sophy's wardrobe were spread out, and the clothes fitted the new doll exactly; the little straw hat was a crowning success, and Mary tried to persuade herself that she was delighted, and yet the pleasure she felt was far from being satisfactory or what she had expected; there was something wanting—something all wrong about it; and 'oh!' she thought, 'if Fanny Wallace were only here to see it, or if I might go down stairs and

show it to everybody in the house, I should be so much happier; and now that I think of it, surely I might venture to go down to the housekeeper's room, and show it to Mrs. Wilson, for she would never suspect anything wrong about it! She must be very dull living always down in that room, and I think it would amuse her to see so pretty a doll.' She was preparing to go down stairs, when suddenly her ear was startled by a hand on the lock of the door; and with the speed of lightning the doll was flung headlong under the chest of drawers before which she was standing, and where she continued to stand without daring to look behind her, while Rachel and Willie walked into the nursery, followed by 'Prince,' a small pet terrier.

'Look at my new boots, Mary!' said Willie. 'I put them on at the shoemaker's, and Rachel carried home my old boots, and I can slide almost as well as if I were on ice—look at me!' and he began a skating expedition over the nursery floor. Mary, however, had been far too much frightened to notice what he was doing; and, as soon as she was able, tried to conceal her confusion from Rachel, by seeming to be busily occupied dressing her doll Sophy; but her agitation did not escape Rachel's observation, and, while she went into Willie's room, and told him to come with her and get off his boots, she continued, unseen, to watch Mary all the while, who, supposing herself now out of sight, began to recover a little; but, meantime, the little dog Prince, whose entrance she had not observed, ran ferreting about the floor in every direction. He had been taught many droll tricks by Mary and Willie, and, among others, to fetch Mary's doll, and lay it at her feet; but what was now her consternation on seeing him rush from under the chest of drawers, carrying the wax-doll triumphantly between his teeth; but, instead of dutifully laying it at her feet, he seemed instinctively to guess there was something extraordinary about this new acquisition, and continued careering round and round the nursery. Mary pursued him with the energy of despair, but he eluded her at every turn, always darting off in a new direction when she was about to seize him. At length, when he was making for the door of Willie's room, she sprang forward so as to intercept his entrance, and fairly caught him. 'You wicked, bad Prince!' she said, extricating the doll from his mouth, and putting it into her drawer, 'go down stairs this moment;' and he whined dismally as she shut him out. Mary returned to the drawer, where she had deposited the doll, and remembering that when Rachel dressed her for dinner she would likely open this drawer, she took it out again, and carrying it across the room, hid it under the bed-clothes at the foot of her bed.

All this was seen by Rachel; and most servants in her place would have searched the matter at once, and have obliged Mary to disclose the truth; but she had been directed by Mr. Gordon never to question the children upon suspicion of their faults, for fear of inducing them to tell falsehoods; but, whenever she

suspected them of doing wrong, to come at once and tell Mrs. Gordon or himself; and although her suspicions of Mary now amounted almost to certainty, she thought it her duty to ascertain the truth more fully before speaking of it to her master or mistress. After dressing the children for the late dinner hour, and sending them down stairs, she searched for the doll where she had seen it hidden by Mary; and, on finding and recognising it, she put on her bonnet, and walked immediately to the toy-shop, where she learned from the shopwoman of Mary's visit in the morning, and her purchase of the doll; and so minutely did she describe her appearance, and the hurry and excitement of her manner, that there could be no mistake.

With a heavy heart Rachel returned home; for she was faithfully attached to the child she had nursed since her infancy, and had always borne patiently with her faults, from knowing and appreciating her better qualities. And now she found it a painful duty to inform against her.

CHAPTER IX.

When Thomas opened the hall door, Rachel inquired if Miss Elliot was come?

'She came a short time ago,' said he; 'and the children have gone up stairs with her.'

Rachel walked to the dining-room door, and opening it gently, looked in.

'Mrs. Gordon, ma'am, will you please to speak with me for a few minutes?'

'What is it, Rachel? Is there anything wrong with the children?' said Mrs. Gordon, rising from table, alarmed by Rachel's appearing at so unusual a time.

'Miss Mary has done something wrong, ma'am, and I wish to tell you about it.'

'Then come in, Rachel, and let me hear it too,' said Mr. Gordon. And she went in and shut the door.

'I am very sorry to tell you,' she said, 'that I have discovered it was Miss Mary who took the shilling that was missing from the pantry this morning; and on her way to school, ma'am, she bought the doll that you refused to buy for her yesterday.'

'Oh Rachel!' said Mrs. Gordon, turning very pale, and sitting down. 'This is far worse than anything I could have supposed of Mary.'

'For my part, I do not believe it at all,' said Mr. Gordon; 'the child is incapable of such things. What are your proofs, Rachel?'

She related every circumstance that had occurred, and was sharply cross-questioned by her master.

'I am sorry to find,' he said, when she had finished, 'that your evidence is only too clear; but I hope you have not put any questions to the child.'

'Oh no, sir,' said Rachel; 'I remembered you had forbidden me ever to do so.'

'I am very glad that, Rachel; and I hope you will keep in mind that I strictly desire you will not now say one word to her on the subject, but leave her entirely to me.'

'You may depend upon me, sir.'

'Then you may go, Rachel; and I thank you for telling us so promptly of this painful affair.'

'William,' said Mrs. Gordon, after Rachel had

gone out, 'I feel quite at a loss how we are to deal with Mary in this matter; for the fault—or rather I should say the crime—she has committed amounts to depravity, and is so much worse than anything she has ever done, that I really do not know how she is to be suitably punished.'

'I am not sure that I shall punish her at all at present,' said Mr. Gordon; 'at least until I have watched her for some time. She was unusually quiet and grave at dinner to-day, and from all Rachel has told us I feel convinced that a childish longing for a toy has tempted her to sin against her own convictions, and that she is now suffering in her mind for what she has done. I shall try, by showing her the evil nature of her sin, to bring her if possible to a voluntary confession; and I beg of you, therefore, as I desired Rachel, to say nothing on the subject, but leave her to me.'

'But if you are going to allow her to escape punishment altogether, I cannot leave her to you, William. You think her conscience will punish her sufficiently; but I can assure you that all Mary feels about it is dread of discovery and punishment; and I have no faith in the convictions of children.'

'Then you and I differ greatly, Anne; for not only do I believe in the convictions of children but in the conversions of many. I may possibly have to punish Mary, but there is no occasion for proceeding rashly to do so, as she does not yet know we have found out what she has done; and I must say, from what you told me yourself, that your punishment this morning was to very little purpose, for by being left to breakfast alone in Rachel's absence, she only fell into greater sin.'

'Then I can see very well that it is not likely you will punish her at all,' said Mrs. Gordon; 'but if her voluntary confession does not come to-night before she sleeps, I think she ought to be kept at home from school to-morrow, and confined in a room alone without Willie's society, until she is glad to make confession and regain her liberty; but I fear that even this will not make her confess such a fault, and perhaps she ought to be whipped at once.'

'I shall never whip her,' said Mr. Gordon decidedly.

'He that spareth the rod hateth his son, and his daughter, too,' said Mrs. Gordon; 'and how do you explain this text—Folly is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him?'

'That is an excellent text you have quoted, my dear, and most applicable to our subject, for it tells us that when folly is "bound up" in the heart—that is to say, when it is as a part of the child's very nature, and the little fool persists in it without any sense or consciousness of its own foolishness—then there is nothing but the rod of correction that will drive it out; but I cannot believe it is so with Mary—at least, I hope not. I shall soon discover, however, for her character is open as the day; so much so, indeed, that I am often amused with reading her thoughts in her face before she speaks them; and it will be all the more easy for me to search and try her, that I feel persuaded she has convictions. Yes, Anne, although I see you smiling so doubtfully and shaking your head, I repeat it—I believe the child has convictions of her sin, and no one shall intermeddle with these while I am here to prevent it.'

'Oh then, of course it is useless for me to say anything more, and I shall leave her to you, as you desire. I only hope her convictions may prove a reality, and that I may not have to punish her myself to-morrow morning!' And Mrs. Gordon rose and went up stairs.

(To be continued.)

SUB-EDITORIAL PHILOSOPHY.—No. IV.

ON SOME IMPOSTORS OF MY YOUTH, WITH A FEW REMARKS ON SOCIAL IMPOSTORS IN GENERAL.

HOWEVER much I may wonder at it, and despise myself for it, and endeavour, by whatever process of mental sophistry, to argue myself out of the belief of it, still it is a fact which I cannot get over, in my calm, reflective, reasonable moments, that at one time I had the most profound respect, awe, admiration, and hero-worship for several persons whom I discovered afterwards to be most barefaced impostors. True, I was very young at the time; and true it is, also, and a matter of congratulation, that I was not much older when the mist was removed from my eyes, and I saw to my horror that I had been grossly taken in.

In reviewing some of those impostors of my youth, I find the shadow of the late Dr. Baggall starting up, and with his old pomposity of manner, puffing his cheeks, levelling his forefinger at my head, and saying, 'Now, boy, attend to me, d'ye hear?' I will attend to Dr. Baggall, not solely by right of seniority, but for the satisfaction of refuting the constant assertion which he made, not only to me but also to large numbers of my friends—some of whom have, in consequence, had a bad impression of me to this day—that I would never rise higher in the social scale than a coalheaver or bricklayer's assistant. I am, in spite of Dr. Baggall's prognostication, at a considerably higher altitude in the social scale than either a coalheaver or bricklayer's assistant, and I have never been indebted to any of my friends for assistance. It was at Dr. Baggall's academy that I received my elementary instructions in knowledge, with the stimulating encouragement, at the commencement of my career, that once in possession of 'knowledge,' I should be in a far more enviable position than the rich proprietor of houses and lands of great yearly rental. It did not strike me at the time that there was no particular amount of knowledge specified; and it strikes me now that, though I have been to college, and honourably distinguished myself there, I cannot yet have gained the requisite amount of knowledge, as I find that, both in my own eyes and that of all my acquaintances, I am much less an object of legitimate envy than my brainless cousin Bob, who is the hereditary possessor of houses and demesnes of great yearly rental. So much was I in awe of the Doctor, and so great was my belief that his prognostications would turn out correct, that it was only by my removal from his academy that I believe my fate was averted. While with him, the shadow of his great presence hung over me like a prophetic cloud, which I felt certain would gather over my head and descend upon me like an avalanche, if I presumed to shirk the destiny which he had provided for me. Why it was that the Doctor inspired me with so much awe I cannot now conjecture. My honoured parent was also taken in with him sadly; for I recollect that, after the preliminary arrangements had

been made by which I was to be transferred to the care of the Doctor, he (my honoured parent) gave me to understand, with much bating of breath and significant gestures of awe, that he (the Doctor) was a wonderful man, a man of 'presence,' and a man who was likely to draw out and fructify any seeds of genius which might be within my brain. There were seeds of a certain amount of genius in me; but I emphatically deny that it was through his influence that they blossomed and bore fruit. He was a great impostor Dr. Baggall, and of course his real character was found out at last. Nevertheless, it was a considerable shock to me when I discovered that the seedy, dissipated, peripatetic vender of stationery, who paid me periodical visits, was no other than the veritable Dr. Baggall, one of the impostors of my youth. I paid sadly for revealing myself to him. The Doctor's wares rose prodigiously after he discovered my identity. I am not a coward—would like to see the party who would venture to call me villain, break my pate across, tweak me by the nose, pluck off my beard and blow it in my face, give me the lie in the throat as deep as to the lungs; yet I will confess that I felt a little nervous every time Dr. Baggall came to my office; and although my consulting-room smelled, for an hour after he left, like a parlour next door but one to a 'public,' I could not refuse to ask him in and buy some of his wretched articles; nay, at such times I actually felt, and the injured expression of the Doctor's eye tended to heighten the hallucination, that I myself was the impostor; that the hard-earned balance at my banker's properly belonged to him; and that I had basely shirked the destiny provided for me, in order to clap it on his shoulders. He appeared to take that view of the matter himself, as, the other day, he called at my private house while I was entertaining some of my aristocratic friends—how he contrived to get in I am at a loss to conceive, both Ferkins the boy and Mary the housemaid deny having admitted him—and staggering into the room, during the course of dinner, publicly taunted me with dressing in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, while I allowed him to feed on husks. 'Husks, bedad! Husks!' he repeated, blinking in the gaslight like a dissipated owl. 'I appeal to you, ladies and gentlemen. Cast him out from among you. The impostor! Shame, man! Shame!' Of course I could do nothing but blush up to the eyes, and assure the company that I had no connection with the man whatever. 'Hear him!' he shrieked out with an awful gurgle and hiccup. 'Hear him, gen'lmen! Declare to you my heart's breaking; it is, indeed. I was his preceptor. I put him in the position he now occupies. These chairs, tables, and this house, he has me to thank for. I am an old man, and my feelings will find vent (bitter weeping and hiccuping). Forgive those tears. I am fallen into the sear and yellow leaf; but what wrecks he? Not a fig! Ah, gentlemen (hiccup), how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!' The last taunt was sufficient.

'You drunken old idiot!' I shouted out. 'Your child! imbecile! Go out of the house, impostor! or I'll give you in charge.' In a minute I was engaged in a personal encounter with the drunken old hypocrite. He appeared next day at my office to apologise, and to force on me a job lot of envelopes at about four times the original value; but I sternly refused to speak, and now that idol is shattered and in the dust.

What an arch impostor was that Blatterton, of my native town; and what a shock it was to my fellow-townsmen when he married, and his real position came out! Blatterton had scarcely a farthing to leave; yet all the world of Whimperwell believed that he was rich, immensely rich; he looked rich; he looked a millionaire.

Why?

Did he live in a fine house? Did he keep a carriage? Did he subscribe handsomely to charities? Did he dress like a lord? Did he carry in his hand a cane with three-quarters of a pound of gold on the head? Did he wear gold spectacles, a diamond ring, diamond studs, diamond sleeve-links? No, he did none of these.

What then? Did he say that he had money?

No. On the contrary, he always asseverated that he was as poor as a rat, as a church-mouse, as a charity-boy. If he had stated that he possessed money, nobody would have believed him; but because he said the contrary, people whispered that he was up to the ears in money. Whimperwell had been his native town; he had left it at the age of ten years, and returned from foreign countries—California, folks said—after an absence of forty years, and settled down in the old town—all his relations being dead—a lonely old bachelor. Who it was that started the rumour that Blatterton had money, I cannot say. I should like to know who it is that starts any rumour. There is a tradition that no man, woman, or child has ever been witness of the dying struggles of a donkey, or present at its interment. I question this. Common sense suggests that this is a palpable exaggeration. If I were to advertise to-morrow for the remains of a dead donkey, I am confident I should get a hundred offers; but if I were to advertise till doom's-day for the originator of any popular rumour, I should remain unanswered. Who it was that originated the rumour that Captain Blatterton was rich, I, of course, am unable to say.—By-the-by, who was it, also, that gave him the title of 'Captain'? It transpired that he had not the remotest claim to such a dignity. Blatterton's crime was that he contradicted the statements about his wealth in such a mysterious manner, that it only made assurance doubly sure. He barricaded his wretched old hovel, as if he had the wealth of Golconda to protect. He contrived to be seen in strong moonlight evenings, surveying his mangy plot of ground, and poking into every nook and corner with a blunderbuss, as if searching for any unseen form concealed with burglarious intentions. He kept a huge Newfoundland dog in the house, and always had

his front door double-bolted with iron bars, which took about half-an-hour to undo. If any of his acquaintances called after six o'clock in the evening, they were obliged to give a pass-word, which he used as evidence of their friendly intentions. He lived alone, paid for everything in advance, and disappeared for a month every year, not without employing a private watchman to guard the outside of the house. He would admit no one inside in his absence. He was mean, dreadfully mean; drank nothing but sour ale or porter; and when bantered about his wealth would asseverate, with a dry hard chuckle and a significant shrug of the shoulders—'No, no, gentlemen. I'm a poor man—a poor man; but you wont believe me.' Of course the company would take this as a splendid joke, grin, and laugh, and wink, and poke each other in the sides, with the most beaming satisfaction in their faces and knowing winks in Blatterton's direction. I used to do so likewise. I used occasionally to meet the old rascal out fishing, and joked him about his immense wealth, hoping to be remembered in his will; and with confident anticipations of being remembered, for I was his favourite, and used to spend days with him on the banks of my native stream, wondering to myself how such a wealthy chap could be content with the namby-pamby life he was leading; and speculating as to my own conduct if I had a tenth part of his money. I would be off to London, to Paris; I would travel; I would do a hundred things. Great heavens! If I had only known or believed him (for he was earnest with me); but, of course, I could not believe him. I left my native town for a few years. I returned one evening; put up at the 'St. George and the Dragon;' and the first object which I encountered when I entered the coffee-room was the veritable Blatterton, got up regardless of expense—a diamond ring on his finger, splendid gold watch and albert, best blue broad cloth suit, elegant scarf, boots, hat. He saluted me affectionately. He was intoxicated. I had supper with him. During the course of the meal I observed that both of us were scowled upon by a select lot of my late townsmen, by the landlord, by the very waiter who had served us. 'Halloo! John,' I said, after Blatterton had been assisted up stairs to bed; 'Blatterton has come out in his true colours at last, and is spending his money like a Briton.' John's eye assumed a stern look at those words, his brow grew dark, he breathed hard, he bit the nail of his little finger, always keeping his eye steadily fixed upon me, he sighed significantly, and his whole appearance suggested some grievous wrong which I had committed against his peace of mind. A casual observer would have fancied that I had slandered him grossly behind his back, and was now attempting with brazen composure to deny it; or had trifled with the affections of his only and beloved daughter; or had a set of silver spoons, for which he was answerable, concealed up the sleeves of my coat; or something equally as bad. I regarded him with innocent astonishment, depicted in nearly every one of the lineaments of my

countenance. He kept the stern expression, however, for five minutes, growing sterner every minute, as if he were reading my very soul, till it reached a climax; it then all gradually dispelled, like weak snow before a strong sun. He said 'What! don't you know, then?' On my answering him, with the innocent astonishment depicted in every lineament of my countenance without one single exception, he dashed away a tear which had gathered in his eye—whether from remorse at his suspicion of me, or from the steadfast mesmeric gaze which he had kept up for five minutes, I have never yet been able to discover—held out his hand frankly, and said 'Forgive me! forgive me! I ask your parding from the bottom of my soul. I will tell you all when I have served those gents who have just rang in the commercial room.' He did tell me all, which was sufficient to prove that I, as well as a great number of the inhabitants of my native town, had been grossly imposed upon. 'Why, you see,' said John, 'the fact is, as you know, every one believed that the old impostor had money; the consequence of which was that he began to be introduced into society. He always maintained, on those occasions, that he was poor as a rat; but nobody believed him. Miss Tweadell, old Tweadell the boiler-maker's daughter, did not believe him; made love to him (she is forty years of age, and therefore only ten years between 'em). He resspisitchkated the attachment. Everybody expected that the £13,000 which she got left by her father would be doubled, and she of course expected ditto. He still maintained, however, that he was poor as a mouse, and was married in an old snuffy suit. His house was opened, cleaned, refurnished elegantly, at his wife's expense—she expecting, poor soul! that he would soon reveal himself in his true colours, and keep up a style like a British gentleman. She's awful fond of state, you know. Well, to cut a long story short, it turned out that his statements were true, although he had made them appear as if it was a fine joke. She took on awful, of course. Now he's got her money in his 'and, and is flaring up and down like a fury.'

The last time I saw this arch impostor, he was attempting to get up a lamp-post to light his dirty, greasy pipe—his fine blue coat was all mud—his hat was in the gutter—and his gold watch was dangling from the chain outside his pocket. 'Illo, my boy!' he said, on seeing me; and, sliding down as I disappeared, he shrieked out, with a horrid gurgles—'No offence, ol' chap! I'll 'member ye in my will! He! he! Poor's a rat!—s'elp me! Ha! ha!' He imitated an Indian war-whoop till I was out of sight, and I have never seen him since.

The commencement of my commercial career introduced me to a most unmitigated impostor, and whose fall was a cruel blow to my feelings, and a crueller blow to the pockets of some of my friends. I refer to the great Dottleton, of the firm of P. Q. R. S. & T. Dottleton, the great linen manufacturers—the men who were to revolutionise the linen trade by the in-

troduction of straw as a staple of manufacture; the great merchants whose straw scheme came to such a dire conflagration; who depended so much on straw, surrounded themselves so thickly with straw, were so much over head and ears in straw, that the only way of extrication was by setting the whole place on fire, and creeping out like rats. They did set it on fire one fine windy day, and the flames spread so rapidly that hundreds of smaller ricks were smoking and flaring away all over the kingdom, to the dire consternation of myself and all who had sworn so implicitly by the great straw man; I say the great straw man, because I count Q. R. S. & T. Dottleton as nought—never had any faith in them. So entranced was I by the great Dottleton—not great in stature. He was a little man; a man with a half stoop, as if the great globe itself on which he walked were only one huge piece of foolscap, on which he was perpetually casting figures, leaving at every calculation hideous margins against himself, to be washed off either by one grand mercantile margin in his own favour, or one dire swoop which would bring down all the unfortunate victims whom he had honoured with his notice; a man who had visits from members of Parliament and peers of the realm, and who kept interpreters to show foreign princes all over his great establishment; and the foreign princes went, wondered at the multitude of the wares, at the numbers of the retainers, at the shrewdness of the great little Dottleton (great in finance, little in stature); and stepped into their carriages at the door with the opinion stronger in them than ever that this was a great country, a wonderful country, a country of merchant princes. Ah! if the foreign princes had known at the time that they were only walking on straw, and that the match was laid, waiting for the tread of the heel to set the whole fabric in a blaze! But they discovered at last, and still they said it was a great country—for gorgeous bankruptcies. I used to be almost petrified when my great idol walked into the room where I was working; the consciousness of his august presence confused me, and made the figures dance and caper before me like so many fiends delighted with my bewilderment. It was a sight to see him walking quietly through the room, his hands clasped behind his back, his small foxy face and keen black eyes moving from side to side. P.'s coming, we would whisper to each other, and down would go our heads close to our ledgers, and our pens would scrape away diligently till he had passed; and then we would stop, release our pent-up breaths, and feel a glow of pride at being, however humbly and remotely, connected with such a prodigy of mercantile genius. I used to gaze with reverence at his coat, at his boots, at his shirt, at his modest gold chain, and wonder how they were not blacker, shinier, whiter, more brilliant than Pringle's, my *vis-a-vis* at the desk, who dressed smart, and who pretended not to feel awed when the great Dottleton passed. The hypocrite! well as he was, I am sure he would have felt himself grateful if the great P. had condescended to ask

him to brush his boots, and would have bragged about it afterwards. But, my dear reader, such is always the case when an idol is shattered and laid low; its former most devout worshippers kick it for falling, and cry out that they never had faith in it. I, however, speak honestly, and say that I was grievously imposed upon by the great Dottleton. Smith may laugh at me; Jones may laugh at me; and Robinson may sneer at my misplaced hero-worship; but a word to you, dear readers, and bear witness that it is in all kindness I speak, without any secret elation and chuckling, no malice or unchristian crowing at the motives which are in Brown, Jones, and Robinson's eyes. They are, although they don't know it, bending and bowing before men of straw in all conditions of life. Alas for them when the heel touches the phosphorous, and the smoke and the flames mount up a short distance between heaven and earth, and leave Robinson, Brown, and Jones desolate, with their idols prostrate in the dust!

What a lot of social impostors go through the world with a mask! and how transparent the mask is after all! What a calf art thou, Scrawfington, to suppose that because thou chooseth to wear a dirty shirt—to wash thy face only twice a-week—to be heedless of the state of thy tawny locks, except that they do not interfere with the development of thy polished brow, blue-veined temples, and huge ears—to walk the earth with pretentious strides, as if it were made for thee alone—to affect indifference of anything material—to glare wildly with thine eyes—to enter the society of thy fellow-creatures as if thou wert oblivious of their presence—to mutter scraps of Shelley, or Keats, or Byron, or Wordsworth! What a calf, I say, art thou to suppose that because of all these absurdities the world takes thee for a genius! Out upon thee for an ass! Get thy ways to a wash-house, scrub thyself well, abhor sack, and live cleanly like a gentleman. And you, my dear Puldub! you are a good fellow, but a word to you. You are among a bad set. Your means will not enable you to keep up the connection with such men as Captain Barzegreece. You are proud to be seen with him, you know, and when you are promenading up and down Regent-street, I dare say that you get credit from people who don't know you for being a fast blade. But you are not by any means a fast blade. You have not the ground to work upon to be fast. A railway train that has a hundred miles to run can put on steam to the full, and keep up a terrific speed for a time—drawing in before it reaches the station; but a railway train that has only a quarter of a mile to run could not venture to do it without being smashed to pieces at the end. You think you can play billiards; and you feel proud to display your linen sleeves, leaning over a table, with Captain Barzegreece's set. You think to stagger us poor fellows who happen to drop in; but we see through it. Don't ruin yourself for the sake of trying to put dust in our eyes about your position. We know you. You are counterfeit there;

and only genuine when you are working away at your office in Gresham-street, No. 37, second north-east flat; or quietly taking your bottle of Bass and game at cribbage, in your parlour in Kentishtown, with a few of your City friends. Be advised now, like a good fellow, for your own sake.

Look at little Dott, as he struts about at the Academy exhibition; regard him as he peers at that picture through a roll of paper; look at the comments on his catalogue, and how cautiously, conspicuously he allows the pencillings to be seen by that group of young ladies. 'He's a critic,' whispers one of the darlings; at which Dott throws back his hair, and frowns savagely, making a memorandum on his catalogue, as if he were anything but satisfied with the work of art. 'Oh! see, he's writing on his catalogue; he is a critic,' another young lady whispers, at which words Dott's soul rejoices, and he passes on with all the airs which he fancies become a man of taste, a judge of pictures, and of one upon whose verdict great artists wait and tremble. Dott is wrapper-clerk in the *Weekly Tadpole*, and has contrived by some means or other to borrow a ticket. Some of his friends believe him to be, on the faith of his own statement, theatrical and art critic for that distinguished literary and artistic medium. He knows as much about art, and no more, as he does of the grammatical construction of the language spoken by Adam and Eve before the fall. Many mightier-looking men, however, have formed reputations on as slender materials as he, and have kept it up as slenderly. If you were to consult the pencillings on the catalogue, you would find that they were composed of scraps of bacchanalian songs, sentimental choruses, and a few of the names and addresses of subscribers to the *Tadpole*. Miserable little deceiver!

Ah! my dear Christian friends, who would believe that that amiable young pastor of yours was capable of perpetrating all sorts of little deceits, which of course are very paltry after all, but which are none the less deceptions. How severe he is on those little sins, and what a beautiful course of sermons he had on the subject; yet what an impostor he is himself! It is all very well for him to be so mild and delicate-looking, and soft-spoken and solemn in his manner; but you ought to see him when he gets shut up in that snug little back room of his, with his friends Hawkins the lawyer and Simmons the doctor, who were at college with him. How they chuckle quietly, over their punch and cavendish, at some of your peculiarities! What would you think of the rev. young pastor talking about you as 'wearisome old tabbies'? and how they discuss between them the prospects of his getting a good match among you? How the handsome young fellow puffs and sighs, and ruffles his fine black curly hair, and shows his fine row of pearly teeth as Hawkins and Simmons banter him about how many conquests of hearts he has made; and, good gracious! would you believe that he actually proceeds to count them on his fingers. 'Ah! my boy,' Simmons says, 'that Miss Gelatine is nuts upon you, be certain.' ('Nuts!' fancy the vulgarity.) At which the dainty young fellow smiles

blantly, stretches out his elegant limbs, surveys the woollen slippers which Miss Gelatine has worked for him. 'I am certain that she is smitten,' he says, with a good-humoured laugh; 'but she's not for me. No, she won't suit—too old. Of course she has money; but I look for both—cash and good looks.' 'Can get both, my boy!' breaks in Hawkins, who is half-intoxicated. 'You play your cards well; you've the ball at your foot.' 'Of course he has,' echoes Simmons; 'I only wish I had his chance.' And the object of their flattery looks pleased, and insists upon another tumbler round, and after that another; and it is three a.m. before they part; and of course the Rev. Abinadab makes his appearance at that Dorcas Society meeting next morning, looking interestingly pale and handsome through hard study, poor fellow! This young fellow is actually getting hardened in imposture. You remember how you surprised him by inviting him to a tea-drinking in the vestry, and presenting him with a gown and a purse of thirty sovereigns. How gratefully surprised the poor fellow was to be sure, and what a beautiful reply he made on the spur of the moment, the tears actually standing in his eyes at your kindness to him; how he stammered, and made a stop a few times, to gather words eloquent enough to express his overflowing gratitude; and how surprised you all were that he should make such a beautiful extempore speech! Ah! it was very pretty; but if you had happened to know that the speech was written a week before, in the dead of the night, and was composed under the influence of strong tobacco and whisky-toddy, your admiration would not have been so transcendent. Of course he wormed out all the particulars of what you were doing for him, and of course he was justified in making a reply suitable to the magnificence of the gift; but there was no necessity for stumbling so often in the delivery, when he had rehearsed it, tears and all, about twenty times previously.

But what impostors are you and I, dear reader, ourselves? There is no use denying the fact. When we are comfortably seated in our cosy parlour, having a quiet bit of intellectual chat, in steps our friend Limpid. 'Ha! Limpid,' we say, 'how are you?' and off we jump from our chair, and grasp Limpid by the hand, and vow that we are glad to see him. No; I am not about to say that we are impostors, in so far as we feel annoyed at Limpid's intrusion, and although we pretend to welcome him heartily, wish him at Jericho. We are right glad to see Limpid, because

we can amuse ourselves by drawing Limpid out with his conversation. He sits down; you call for another tumbler, and Limpid sips his toddy, and launches at once into glowing accounts of the mighty deeds which he has been about since we met him last; how he has had a private interview with Lord Palmerston, with reference to some scheme about which he (Lord Palmerston) wishes his (Limpid's) opinion; how he has received a letter from some distinguished author—an invitation to dinner from an equally distinguished actor, and to supper from a more distinguished actress; how he walked up Parliament-street, and round Trafalgar-square with Sir. R. Peel, and refused an invitation to luncheon from the O'Donoghue, on account of having an appointment with Bulwer. What a shallow impostor Limpid must be, to think for a moment that we take all this for truth; but what culpable impostors we are to pretend to Limpid that we do believe it! Much worse and more cowardly than he. But star. What a world it would be if we were all to speak our mind about people of the Limpid *genus*. Oh the want of moral courage which is in the world! It would be rude to state bluntly that you did not believe Hawkins, when he states what you know to be an untruth. It would be a palpable insult to Hawkins to say—'Come now, Hawkins; stick to truth and shame the fiend.' But it never happens to strike us that in pretending to receive all this as fact, and in smiling, and 'indeed'-ing! and 'you don't say so'-ing? and 'really now'-ing! and 'upon my word'-ing! we are as much impostors as the people who are endeavouring to force the nonsense down our throat.

I am sure I could run on, for a couple of Numbers, about the small impositions which we all perpetrate every day, and which are perpetrated upon us, were it not that my space is exhausted for this week, my copy behind, and the printer's boy sitting opposite me—his cap on his knee, his eyes fixed, with a sort of pathetic indignation, on the point of my pen, and his soul wrestling with his tongue, to keep down the words of remonstrance which would fain escape from his lips.

R. L. GENTLES.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND ADVERTISERS.

NEXT Week, will be published the FIRST NUMBER of the SECOND Half-Yearly VOLUME of *Hedderwick's Miscellany*, when the opportunity will be taken of introducing a few changes which, it is hoped, will meet with general approval. In particular, the first leaf will be devoted to Advertisements, so as to serve as a Cover for what follows, and save the repetition of the frontispiece in the Monthly Parts and Volumes. This will, of course, involve a slight reduction in the quantity of literary matter in each Number; but, independently of the fact that the *Miscellany* is about a third cheaper than any existing periodical of its class, it will enable the Publisher to keep up a superior quality of paper. The price of the Monthly Parts, however, being at present higher in proportion than the Weekly Numbers, will be reduced from 6d. to 5d.

A new story entitled 'Leaves from the Cardiphonia (Private Diary) of a Married Lady,' by JANE C. SIMPSON, will be commenced in next Number, and continued from week to week until completed. 'Gabriel Gray: A Glasgow Story,' re-edited by JAMES HEDDERWICK, will likewise be commenced in an early Number.

Cases for Binding the First Half-Yearly Volume are in preparation, and may be had in the course of next week at the LONDON and GLASGOW Offices, where also may be had, handsomely done up in Cloth, Vol. I. of *Hedderwick's Miscellany*, Price 3s. 6d.

The Publisher has only farther to thank the Public for the liberal support hitherto accorded to the *Miscellany*, and to urge its claims, both as regards the Weekly Numbers and Monthly Parts, on the earnest attention of Advertisers.

HEDDERWICK'S MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

EDITED BY

JAMES HEDDERWICK,

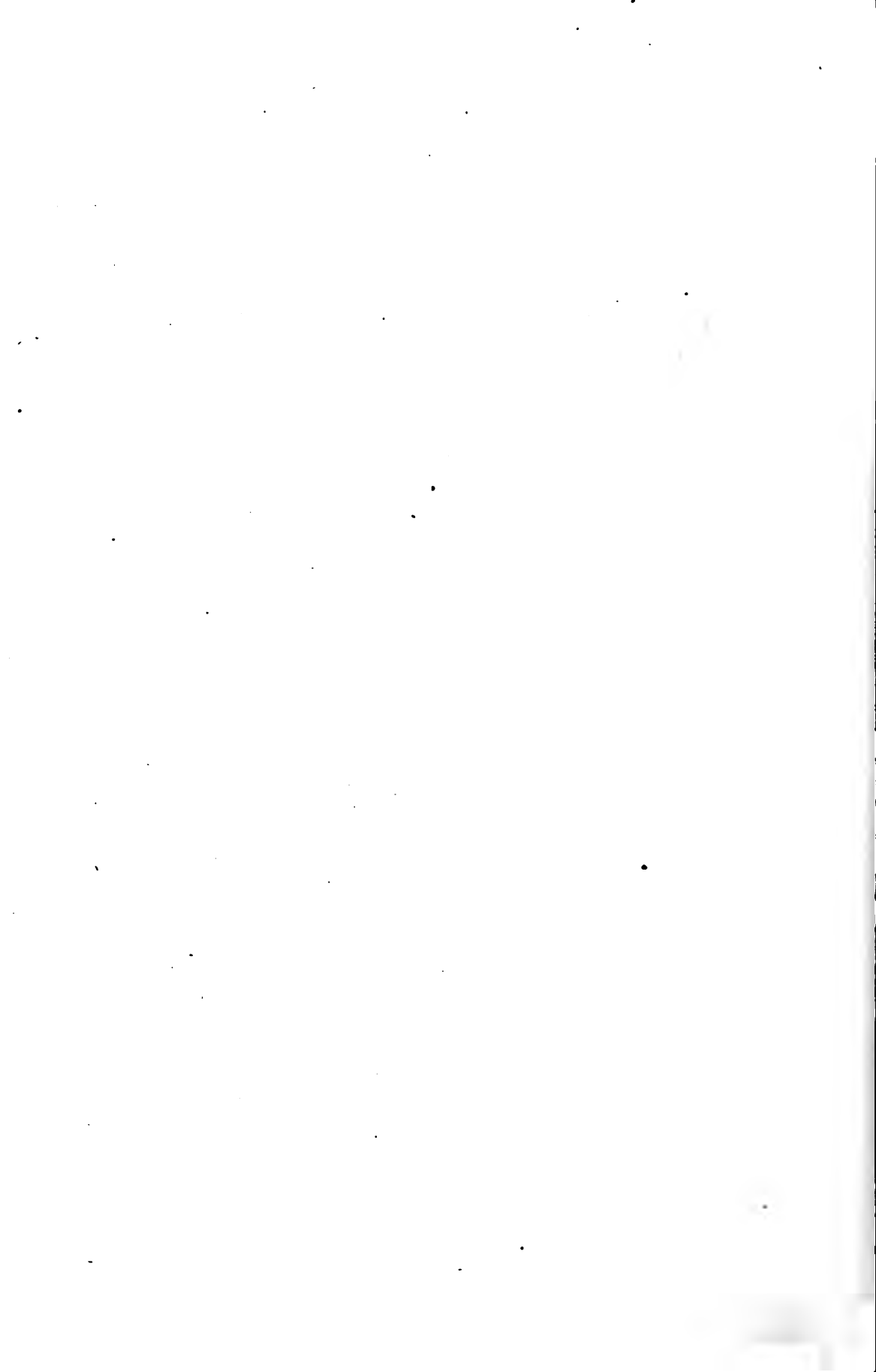
AUTHOR OF "LAYS OF MIDDLE AGE," &c.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

[PRICE 1d.]

LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

INTRODUCTORY.

We have been acquainted only two years, yet I seem to have known her all my life. She is not young now. I see some tell-tale threads of gray beginning to peep out from her rich brown hair. But she is sweet and simple in heart, as she must ever have been, and I love her.

We were talking the other day of the present rage for authorship, and the multiplicity of female writers. I asked her whether she had ever attempted any literary composition? She smiled.

'Oh no! All my literary bent finds expression in my Cardiphonia.'

'And pray what is that?' I inquired.

'An old-fashioned name for a journal,' she answered. 'A true heart-utterance of the sayings and doings of my daily life. I have been carrying it on a long, long while—almost since I learned to write. Even after I was married, I held by the custom unremittingly, and by this time I must have covered as much paper as would fill two or three goodly volumes.'

Knowing the character with which I had to deal, I exclaimed, 'How interesting that autobiography must be!'

'Interesting to myself, I allow, and to a very few most nearly allied to me. But to all others "stale, flat, and unprofitable."'

I ventured to differ, without appearing to flatter her. For flattery, I felt, would be as distasteful to her to receive as it is foreign to my temper to offer.

'As to outward incidents,' she resumed, 'my history has been but moderately eventful, comparing it with the marvellous stories that some have to tell, making fiction pale and dull beside the phantasmagoria of living truth. But the inner life is ever changing its hues, and to watch and record these may be both pleasant and profitable.'

My sympathies gave ready echo to this sentiment. I suppose my face betrayed as much; for she added immediately, with all the fine ingenuousness of her nature,

'If you would care to see my Cardiphonia, I will show it you some day.'

Of course I reminded her of her promise on the first favourable opportunity.

'The whole diary,' she said, 'is far too voluminous for your perusal. Hercules had many labours; but to go over this entire chronicle would be an arduous attempt, scarcely repaid by its novelty. I will therefore give you merely some extracts, of va-

rious dates, from my married life. Take the leaves home with you; and when you have read them, tell me candidly whether I am anything better than a busy idler, making "much ado about nothing."'

My friend's MS. is before me. What induced her to register all these simple experiences? She has herself answered the question—the force of habit. But now here comes my dilemma. I have a habit too, which, though innocent in general, is sometimes far different. *I always read aloud.* Of course there is no harm in this when it is a printed book; but when they are private papers, it is another affair. I know the public has itching ears; and if they are told of aught that must on no account be blabbed, they never rest till they get hold of the secret. My habit, therefore, is altogether in their favour. I cannot help it. Read aloud I must and will; and, if any inquisitive sprites (I have heard say the air is full of them) are hovering about at this moment, and this private Cardiphonia gets wind after all, I can only assert my innocence, by pleading a harmless custom, and quote the national adage—*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Here commenceeth the Diary.

July 30th, 1834.

'Good-bye, George! You will not be later of coming home than six?'

'Not a moment later, my love! and you must not weary. Play your piano, and read one of these nice new books, and go out for a walk if the day continues fine. No doubt you will have some people calling for you; and now, one more kiss, Kate! and good-bye, my darling, till six o'clock.'

He is gone; and I am alone—more truly alone than I have ever been in my life before. Just five weeks to-morrow since I was married! We only returned last night from our wedding tour, and here I am, in my own house—I may say, literally quite alone—with nobody but the two domestics, and they are nothing to me as far as companionship goes—useful agents to come at my call, do my bidding, and then off again to their own separate quarters.

Well, I am glad of one thing, that George acceded at once to my wishes that we should live a little way out of town. And this seems a very suitable home, indeed, that he has provided for me—so light and airy, and handsomely furnished, too!—though I have scarcely had leisure yet to examine it properly—six rooms—that is the extent of my domain. The two sitting-rooms on the street floor, the bed-rooms above, servants' accommodation below. A neat, compact house, and quite as large as we are likely to want.

What a lovely day it is! Now, how far may George be on his road by this time? Nearly at his office, I daresay; for he is a quick walker. Men

mostly do walk fast. Yes; he will now have got to his dingy chambers, and be sitting down among his papers and parchments, his law-deeds, and fire-proof boxes. How can he take any pleasure in such dry work? Yet, when I ask him, he says he likes it; and then he quotes some horrid Latin proverb, in which I think the word 'gustibus' sounds conspicuous. This he deems quite unanswerable, and so stops my mouth.

I have just been over all the house—all my part of it I mean—for I do not care to invade the servants' territory. They are strangers to me as yet; and, sooth to say, I am a little—afraid of them almost. That cook, Rachel (though I had an excellent character of her cooking qualities), seems to have rather a sulky temper; and Grace, the housemaid, though quiet and civil, has a look of watching and weighing every word I utter, as if making up her mind whether I shall play my part of mistress ill or well, according to her fancy.

But really our apartments (George's and mine), now that I see them properly, are charming. The dining-room is rich and warm, with its crimson hangings and massive mahogany; the drawing-room elegant and cool, with its rosewood and lively green. The bed-rooms, too, are commodious, and delightful in their garniture. Our own bed-room is just, if anything, too large. No doubt that magnificent wardrobe, with the plate-glass doors, needed space, as did also that superb bedstead and ample marble wash-stand. But the blue-room is my favourite. It commands such a lovely prospect of the distant country; and, facing the west, will catch all the glories of the sunset. I will often sit there in the little window recess, with my book or my work, and 'nurse sweet fancies till the daylight dies.'

Out into the garden. How hot the sun is! We have a bit of ground behind as well as before the house. The back part has fruit and vegetables, and a bleaching-green. The flowers are in the plot in front. Let me put these roses, lupines, and mignonette into the tall glasses on the mantelpiece, and then I shall eat the strawberries I have just brought in. I thought I saw the servants peeping at me from the kitchen window as I was gathering them, so I did not care to stay longer.

Mem.—I wish servants would mind their own business, and not be always spying. Perhaps they are waiting to know what I would have them do. Oh! by-the-by, I have never thought of dinner. I may ring and speak about that.

It is all settled. How thoughtful George is! The markets are made for two or three days, to save me trouble—everything we could need at hand, except green peas. George is so fond of peas, I have desired Rachel to go out and procure a dish wherever they are to be had. What did she mean by that sly little laugh, as I named the errand to her? Perhaps she surmised my reason for wishing this particular vegetable. *N'importe*. I must try to please George whether servants laugh or no.

What o'clock is it now? Only twelve. Six hours till he comes home! But I must not weary already. What did he tell me to do? I was to play the piano; and so I will, for a good hour and more. That will make the time pass. Besides, I am really a lover of music, and George likes my singing. So I must not neglect it.

Mem.—Of all natural advantages which a human being may possess, few, to my mind, appear more desirable than a musical ear—the organ of tune—a clear voice of song. To the owner it is a perpetual feast—an outlet for gladsome feelings—a sweetener of sorrowful ones—a delightful companion always. If others love it, the dower is tenfold more precious. I have seen George so pleased when I sang one of Moore's melodies, that I would not have changed places with an empress.

What a full, melodious tone this instrument has! Now to my practising in earnest.

Half-past 1 o'clock.

I have played enough. And, by-the-bye, I am still in my morning toilet! I must fly to change my dress. I shall wear my lilac silk; it is George's favourite colour. How long now till he comes home! Nearly four hours! But he bid me not weary; and I won't. Hark! The door-bell rings. Visitors are ushered in. I must go down.

4 o'clock p.m.

What a prim business is this reception of morning callers! I mean, when you are but slightly acquainted with them, and it is a visit of ceremony upon your marriage. Everybody is so careful to give me all my matronly honours; saluting me by my new name so determinedly, with—"How do you do, *Mrs. Weston*?" and "I hope *Mr. Weston* is well?" &c. &c. For the first day or two I was a little startled by my strange title; but that is over now, and I just hear it as a matter of course. I have held a *levée* for the last two hours! But of the whole ten persons who came, singly or in parties, those I liked best were the two Miss Thorndales and old Mrs. Aubrey. The former are nice lively girls, and my near neighbours here. The latter is George's aunt. A perfect picture of a staid, sensible, benevolent lady—one who could be a true friend—of valuable counsel in perplexity, and of soothing consolation in sorrow. Orphan as I am, I think I shall love and revere this Mrs. Aubrey; and gladly avail myself of her evident good sense and experience, should any little difficulties arise in my progress through life. But perhaps there will be none such in my case. For am I not united, heart and hand, to the man of my choice? And he is everything I could desire; and life is beautiful, and my cup is full to running over!

A quarter to 6.

The dinner-table is neatly spread, and the minor details exactly *comme il faut*. It is very near George's hour now, and I think I have done everything to-day that he wished me to do—except, by-the-by, the new books. I have not even looked at them. Let

me see. How elegant the bindings are, and how varied the contents—history, biography, fiction, prose, and verse—something for every taste and every mood. But I really cannot read at this moment. I must sit at the open window and look out for his arrival. 'Tis pity I cannot see more of the road for these trees! He will be close at hand ere I am aware. I have a good mind to petition to have the branches lopped at once. Then I could watch his coming a great way off. He might be in sight just now, were it not for that impertinent beech spreading itself out so broadly! It will be different in winter, however; that is one comfort. How still everything is! Not a sound save the beating of my own heart. Hark! there is surely a footstep coming along behind the high wall! Will the gate be opened? Yes, it is George—let me fly out to meet him!

'Ha! Kate, my love! how fresh and happy you look! And what a delicious afternoon it is! and what a busy day I have had!'

'My dear George! I am sure you are tired. Come in and have dinner, and tell me all your news. Oh this is a charming house! And I am so glad we live here, rather than in the smoky town.'

We stand a few minutes in the porch looking out. The rose that I stuck in his button-hole in the morning is still there—faded a little, and drooping.

'You must give me a fresh flower every day,' George says, 'before my setting out.'

'And when the flowers are all gone,' I ask, 'what shall I give you then?'

George looks puzzled; so I make answer myself—'A sprig of evergreen, to be sure!'

George smiles—'We shall never want flowers where you are, Kate!' And so into the *salle-à-manger* we go.

8 o'clock p.m.

I have just ran upstairs for my bonnet and shawl, as George wishes a walk.

What cunning creatures servants are! George was praising the peas at dinner, saying he was glad our home produce had turned out so well. Whereupon I told him that, not knowing there were any peas in the garden, I had despatched one of the maids for some, and that she had remained out nearly three hours in her search for them. George laughed immoderately.

'Kate! Kate! these sly damsels have been too much for you; and no doubt one of them has taken a holiday with her friends in honour of your new house-keeping.' So, that was the cause of Rachel's merri-ment, which I noticed. It is provoking to be thus imposed on. I shall ring this moment, and speak about it. But then if I speak I must be angry, and I hate to lose temper. No; I will do nothing in it—only take a lesson for the future.

Tap, tap at my door—'Yes, George, I am coming; I am quite ready.'

'Have you been thinking any more of the peas?' quoth he.

'Of course I have been thinking of the peas, and a great many other things connected with them. I

shall take good note, I assure you, of all the contents of the garden early to-morrow.'

10 p.m.

Never, never shall I forget this evening. We set out for a ramble in the adjoining woods. We ascended the hill, winding gradually upwards—the luxuriant herbage and wild flowers at our feet, the magnificent trees towering overhead. Ever and anon we caught exquisite gleams of the sunset through the foliage, when, all at once, by a sudden opening in the green enclosure, we came full upon sight of the noble river—turning, broadening, expanding, to meet the great ocean, dimly discernible afar. The sun had now gone fairly down, and the blended colours in the west—crimson, orange, blue, violet, gold, and pale green—threw their softened reflection in the waters. A lovely little island, on which stand the ruins of an ivy-mantled tower, lay cradled in the mid stream. The landscape was steeped as in a holy trance; on one side the dying glory of day—on the other the pearly radiance of the young moon! Urged by indefinable emotion, my clasp of George's arm tightened involuntarily. In true sympathy with the mood of our national bard, on a like occasion, I felt that this was indeed 'a golden moment for a poetic heart,' and my whole soul was subdued under the silent influence. For a few minutes neither spoke—my husband evidently enjoying, while at the same time sharing, my admiration.

'Kate!' he said at length, in a low voice which thrilled to my heart, 'let us rest here awhile. There is no hour of all the day so beautiful as this. Sit you down, my darling! on this mossy bank, and gaze your fill on that delicious scene.'

We seated ourselves beneath a spreading elm. And while my eyes wandered over the expanse of hill, wood, water, and sky, George drew a small volume from his pocket, and commenced to read that exquisite poem of Coleridge's—

'All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame;
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.'

Need I tell, that long ere he had finished, my tears had fairly obscured the prospect? I had taken off my bonnet, and fancied that my hair, which flowed profusely about my cheeks, would hide my emotion. But, no! For just as he reached the concluding stanza, an arm was thrown tenderly round me, and the tears were all kissed away; and I was smiling back my gratitude to the kind, manly, handsome face, dearest to me, till death, of all in this wide world!

Mem.—Few persons read well—poetry especially. Most readers attempt to make too much of the exercise, emphasising almost every word, and leaving no point for the listener quietly to interpret for himself. If the author's thoughts are powerful, and the feelings expressed are truthful and earnest, we do not need to have every sentence beat into our ear, and the close of each stanza clenched on our attention as with a

hammer. But some again make too little of the work of reading, performing it in a perfunctory and slattern manner; and this, after all, is not the result of carelessness—it is the very mode in which they conceive most justice is done to the writer, by giving him no extraneous aid, but throwing the whole matter, as it were, whether for praise or blame, into his hands. George hits the golden medium exactly. As there is no exaggeration, there is also no remissness in his rendering of another's compositions. What a treat would it be were he to read to me out of Shakspeare, or Milton, or some of the grand American poets!

So the first day of married life in my own house is over! Can such felicity last? Is the full cup never spilt?

O fair young moon! now gleaming so softly through my window-pane, are any of thy bright inhabitants (if such thou hast) only one half so happy as is poor little earth-born Kate on this July eve?

(To be continued fortnightly.)

THE VOICE.

It prefereth no set hours, but comes indifferently at all—morning, noon, and night—breakfast, dinner, and tea. Like royalty, I am waited on by music. Sometimes, with far-off murmurs, I hear it crooning and brooding over itself, like Wordsworth's self-commemorated stock-dove. Sometimes, with melancholy cadence, it falters and dies away. Again it rises, with reiterated power in its swelling tones, ending often in distressful shriek, as if to blame my inattention. But its gentler strains are the sweetest—when it murmurs, like a summer brook, and tells me of the days gone by, the hopes and animations for ever dead. True, the loud harsh call of business overpowers its music, as the breathings of a flute would be lost in the blast of a trumpet. When, also, my friends sit with me, and the laugh and jest pass round, its plaintive remonstrances fall on a heedless sense, and only in pauses of our conversation does its long and sorrowful wail strike through my heart a wordless rebuke of its inconstancy and mirth. Peace, perturbed spirit! Thou shalt have thy will anon. I do not deny I owe thee much. Thou hast made the sweet utterances of poets still more sweet, and hast given to the counsels of sages a wisdom more profound. Yea, from some distant past, from the land which lies beyond our birth and consciousness, methinks thou hast brought some murmurs of the winds which blow in ante-natal fields—some echoes of the songs which fall from lips untroubled and sinless.

When the day goes down in pomp, and the red clouds deepen and darken, till on the great sun-altar in the west lies but a smouldering sacrifice—when the dim eyes of the night, peering through the dusky windows of my room, see there a kindred darkness, broken only by flickering gleams of the firelight—when the shy shadows, which all day long have hidden themselves in nooks and corners, whither the envious sunbeams chase them, troop out of their hiding-

places, and in quaint masque and revelry dance up and down the walls and ceiling—when the half-read sentence wavers away from my eyes—when the hand which holds the book falls unconsciously on my knee, and I find myself, after long fits of abstraction, staring at the dying embers in my grate,—then do I become conscious that the Voice has all along been accompanying my meditations, and ever blending with them its own melancholy suggestiveness and pathos. *O vox et præterea nihil!* But art thou, indeed, nothing more than a voice? Resolve this doubt—assume some visible, if shadowy, image of the emotional sadness and charm excited by thee in my breast. Gather from the impalpable air some ethereal outline and form expressive of thy gracious ministry. Afford some presential *simulacrum* of thyself to these desiring eyes; and though but dimly visible in thy remote mystic beauty, like the shadow of some fair angel seen in water, steal beside my chair, and sadly, sweetly, remember with me the story of the past.

Didst thou not visit—or was it thy sister sound?—during the long cruel winter nights, that lonely boy, the victim of their terrors? Five stories high, with but a tile betwixt him and the stars, slept that solitary child. How often, when he has been kneeling by the bedside, repeating his innocent prayers, has he cast a startled glance behind, as if dreading yet half expecting to see some felon face set in the gloomy frame of darkness at his back! Quick, quick into bed! There would he lie, with eyes upturned to the ceiling, seldom daring to turn his face sideways, lest he should discover a dreadful figure standing beside the bed, motionless but threatening! Poor victim of instinctive and engrafted terrors! I could weep even now for the shadowy agonies thou didst endure.

Nevertheless for this too imaginative little one, this infant St. John in that lonely Patmos of a bedroom, were reserved no trifling compensations—sweet in the long and bitter draughts of his loneliness—a sugared coating to his acrid nightly pill. Hours of comparative blessedness intervened—hours when there was a silver lining to the dark cloud of horror impending over him—a resolution into sweetest harmony of the frightful discord of his distorted imagination. Streaming through the narrow window-panes came the pitiful moonbeams, and his solitude was cheered. Gladly he lay and watched them, now lying across the little white coverlid, or stealing in narrow bands across the floor, or gleaming on the panels of that mysterious closet, which, whatever might be his knowledge of its contents during the day-time, punctually every night resumed its dread prerogative of concealing in its mysterious recesses every grim and ghastly apparition.

But when the moon was shining, the boy feared no longer. So long as those blessed beams stole into his room he was safe—safe from all wandering spirits, all gliding impalpable terrors, all cerner-crouching eyes, all sudden terrible whispers, curdling his young blood, and making him sick and breathless with fear. No longer did mysterious fancies ever seem tampering

with the door-latch; the boards forgot to creak; the rustling curtains hung down, quiet and motionless. Once in his life the child had witnessed a pantomime, the fairy scenes of which—resplendent with ethereal beings, floating in glorious tissues of golden gauze, and waving, in the varied play of coloured fires, their silvery rods—had supplied both memory and imagination with some of their choicest pleasures. Surely it was no unworthy, if childish, thought which, reproducing the old pantomime feeling, welcomed, in those slender threads of moonlight, the long white wands of angels, who, floating in an infinite azure of light, themselves unseen, did nevertheless charitably reveal to the poor comfortless babe the insignia of their power to befriended him.

Nor was this all. What though the gentle moonbeams passed away to other lands, to other little children, covering like himself in nurse-deserted beds! yet, in their place came sounds so sweet, so ravishing, that the smooth raven wing of darkness smiled, and every gruesome ghastly shape seemed banished, never to return. Yes, there came a night, the first of many blissful nights, when upwards from the street, the distant mystic street, floated a voice—a mellow, far-reaching voice—a voice that, rolling over deepening floods of human interests, rose like a flame, and, higher still and higher, went soaring onwards to the stars. Though subdued and awestruck, the child as he heard it rejoiced. He knew not whence it came; he did not care to know. To none did he ever speak of it. It was better that he should remain still deceived. Around the house of his parents, set in the thickest part of a great town, surged and clashed the multitudinous billows of a great red sea of brick and mortar. Life, plenteous and overflowing, flooded each street, and alley, and court; and, not content with this, from sullen areas and dirty cellars, dribbled over on the pavement, and dripped into the gutter. Surely, from this great sea of human lives weltering at the base of the house where he lay, he might well suppose that wonderful voice to have originated a clear distinguishable murmur in its ever restless tides. But no; such an explanation never once crossed his mind. There was nothing mortal or of the earth earthly in that voice. 'Twas a wandering utterance in space, an airy tongue that had no language except in the strange sensations of the heart. He listened, and at vast distances, sonorous still and musical, it rolled along over wide ranging heaths and windy wildernesses, where only rains, and storms, and lightnings dwelt, or across the waters of deserted seas went sounding on its long reverberative way, like the clang of the wild swans searching a path through the sunsets to some distant isle, placed far amid the melancholy main. Nor, to an imagination filled with Scriptural images from earliest years, did it omit to suggest a lonely John the Baptist cry of warning and remonstrance; or, while barely audible, dying faintly, sweetly, on the ear of night, to seem as if it had wandered earthwards from the music of angelic choirs, who, clashing their immortal harps, stood on the

extremest verge of heaven, that men might catch more plainly the divine echoes of their song.

Thou wilt laugh, O reader! after this, to be told that this very voice—so musical, so melancholy—was nothing more than the admirable vocal organ of a poor man who, night after night, during the winter months, went about the streets of my native town, crying Oysters! But has *thy* childhood never idealised and made wonderful, spiritual, ethereal, some after-discovered commonplace? Heaven help thee if it never did!

Bear with me if I attempt to describe to thee another scene in the boy-drama of my life. With this voice at my elbow, babbling of old times, how can I help maudering of the man myself? and why shouldn't I? What subject am I better acquainted with? Reader, I do thee a service in being egotistical. There beats no pulse in my breast to which one in thine does not throb in the fellowship of sympathy. Ah! if I could only touch that heart! Alas! so thick a crust of worldliness gathers about the best of us! Yet, I beseech thee check me not in these juvenile reminiscences. Thine hast thyself been a child. Listen!

If, some quarter of a century ago, thou hadst been walking in one of the quietest parts of Warwickshire, thou mightst have seen a gallant gentleman riding swiftly along. Clapsed firmly on the saddle before him was that young boy whose acquaintance thou hast just now made. The road along which they were travelling was long and devious—pathing a dim way amid the silences of furrowed fields, patches of purple heath, sandy hollows, and by the side of gloomy pools into which the bushy thickets wove dark overhanging shadows. Hark! The child is shouting, as he feels the onward rush of the rapid gallop, which throws his long and sunny locks backward on the wind, and brings a flush into his cheeks and a fire into his eye which it will take some time for the narrow streets round his home entirely to quench. He fears not now that country solitude. Protected by the strong arm of love, he is tempted to look with disdain on those great wastes—those vast outlying silences of nature. A *sic* for the gloomy terrors which lie behind the clumps of gorse, or thread the silent paths of yon dark wood! They cannot harm him now. But yet he would not let the black-bearded gentleman should go away. What if he did? How would the dismal fears revenge his boastful scorn! Let us leave them altogether. 'Faster, cousin Tom—faster! Make him gallop faster!'

Ah me! even as he says the word, the horse is suddenly reined up. The rider has forgotten something, and is obliged to go back. The little boy must wait, sitting quietly on the grass till his friend return. Do not be afraid. He won't be gone long—a quarter of an hour or so. The child, unable to express the misery begotten of that dreadful loneliness, or too proud to confess his fears, allows his friend to depart without a remonstrance, and is left alone.

For the first few minutes it was not so bad. B-

wildered by the novelty of his position, he experienced none of its terrors. But in a while, the silence—so deep, so awful—began to throb with a thousand pulsations on his acute nerves. The dry grass cracked and creaked, the loosened particles of sand rolled noisily into the great cart-ruts, the booming of the bees sounded like distant thunder, a wind arose and smote his cheeks in audible sighs, the once motionless clouds began to stir; and life, visionary, fantastic—the life of those fearful shapes with which his imagination had peopled the country solitude—woke up in all its terrors. What if some dreadful being had all along been creeping towards him through the shaggy furze? Or, thought as dreadful, what if those strange dark faces, those wild elfish locks, those long sinewy hands, ever connected in his mind with long red cloaks and weather-beaten straw bonnets, should suddenly come before him now there was no possibility of escape? How often had he been threatened that, if he were naughty, he should be given to the gipsies! Fearful, mysterious people, whose home was in the waste places of the earth—deserted heaths, and solitary gorse-covered ways like this. Oh horror! if he were to be seized upon now! His face darkened, those long sweet mother-locks to be cut away, that pretty dress to be exchanged for sordid miserable rags! Which way did his cousin go? Cruel, hard-hearted cousin Tom! Suppose he were never to come back, or might fall! But that last consideration was too dreadful. Impelled by terror, half-sobbing, half-screaming, the too imaginative child, barely six years old, ran back along the road.

He was stopped by a voice.

'Halloo! young ahaver, where are *you* agoing?'

The speaker had been lying by the wayside, but so hidden by the heather that the child had no consciousness of his presence till he was addressed in the above terms. Perhaps the man was a tramp—perhaps he was a tinker—perhaps he was nothing more than a Brummagem button—perhaps a cadger, a mere picker up of unconsidered trifles; or, something worse, a slip of the gallows tree—a knight of the order of the hempen collar! The boy never knew. He only remembers that there was a man who spoke to him, and that the conversation ran somewhat after this fashion:—

'Where are you agoing to, I say?'

'Please, sir, I am going back to my aunt's.'

'Oh! And what have you been and done to that nice-looking gentleman as was a holding of you on his horse? I was looking at both of you, and I was afraid there was something wrong.'

'Oh no, sir; I assure you there was not. He's left something behind, and has gone back to fetch it.'

'And why didn't you stop where he put you down, instead of coming it along the road in that unchristian manner? I'm quite ashamed of you.'

'Please, sir, I grew frightened.'

'Oh! that's it, is it?' he replied. 'And now, you oudacious young sinner! I know all about it. You've been a doing what you didn't oughtn't for, and he's

been a punishing you for it; and quite right too. I know a little boy as his father gives him a licking when he's been naughty, and he takes off his coat for it too. I've a great mind —'

'Oh sir; please, sir; don't,' screamed the boy.

'Well, then, I'll forgive you this once,' replied the scamp; 'but that coat I *must* have.'

The rest is a mist. Looking in the glass of memory, I see a vision of a young child running alone down the lane, minus coat, waistcoat, and the contents in the pockets of those garments—a handsome pearl-handled knife and bran new half-crown, of which he had been the possessor only some two hours. In this plight he was encountered by his astonished cousin. He supposes that they returned to the avuncular residence; but as at this part of a boy's reminiscences appears rather unexpectedly the face of his mother, the fact being that both his parents were then many miles distant from him, it is evident that the stream of his childish emotions about this time had returned into its usual placid channel.

What! art thou murmuring still, old Voice? Of what wilt thou now discourse? Shall it be of the first bird which the boy-sportsman shot—alas! in ignorance of its being a robin? or of that foolish fish—that evidently life-wearied suicidal perch—that gorged the bait and felt the hook, and cowardly, unresistingly submitted to be dragged out of the water, when but a little effort towards self-preservation would have torn the feeble rod from those baby hands? Good heavens! how I gloated over that fish! Cook it! eat it! The idea was profanation. For that day at least I was never tired of looking at it; and, if family tradition is to be believed, took it up with me to bed!

Oh! Thou refusest to pursue those fond, old, silly memories? Good friend, they are very pleasant to me. But what wilt thou be busy about now? Didst thou not whisper, then, the name of that fine old mulberry tree, under whose shadows her childish lips and mine exchanged eternal vows, and ratified the declaration with a most sweet, cousinly kiss? Nay; an thou wilt babble of the innocence of love, like the old age—if thou preferrest to go sounding amid the things of many memories, till thou hittest upon that sadly sweet, that earthly-ethereal harmony in the music of our lives, that as often ends in the last sigh of a funeral dirge as it swells into the joyous strains of a wedding-march; why, have with thee, then! Only, do thou silence thy hoarser breathings. With faint, scarce audible murmurs, whisper her name—rehearse the glories of her shining hair—her eyes, within whose depths gleamed light ancestral, eastern—the fair, calm brows, bound with the beauty of two worlds—the splendour and the grace of Vashti and of Ermengarde. For in her veins, thou knowest, flowed the descended currents of that blood which, springing out of the hot soil of Syria, had murmured under the cedars of Lebanon, thrilled at the trumpet-blast of Sinai, and throbbled with religious exultation in the Temple-courts of white Jerusalem. And though, in the lapse of ages, some snows of the colder north

had melted within the current, yet thereby lost the stream no whit of its intensity and fervour. 'Twas only made deeper and more equable. Less of a race, but more of mankind—as beautiful, but with the beauty which is universal as the light of morning or the loveliness of flowers—that fair heiress of orient and of occidental charm passed along the ways of men—a clear and legible type of their higher humanity. The young, beholding her, wished they might ever more behold—the aged, as they blessed her, in return were comforted. Parents desired that their daughters might grow up like her—brothers their sisters. And, with all this, she was yet more loved than praised—more sought for than admired. So perfect a union, so entire a simplicity, existed between and in her outward loveliness and inward graces, that her goodness would have been more largely commended if she had possessed less of beauty, and her beauty have attracted greater admiration if it had not so mysteriously and spiritually been allied to her virtues.

Peace! peace! thou troublesome remembrancer! Why wilt thou persist in turning back these leaves of life, wet with unavailing tears, and intercrossed by lines of hopeless sorrow, repenting harshness, and prayer-regardless death? Sure thou art pitiless, or thou knowest not what sad misery burns in my heart, as with eyes, grief-blinded, I look upon the rising visions. For Love, that held above our path his arching crown of life and hope—Love, after whose happy feet sweet flowers of gladness crowded along the ways of Time—Love, that from the strings of our united hearts fetched day by day some heavenlier harmony, so exalted and ethereal, but of such abounding temporal bliss withal, 'twas as if it had suspended in its mystic chords the scent of the earthly rose and the throb of the distant star—Love, that from his own intensity quickens every passion and emotion to their utmost power of suffering, illuminating with added brilliancy the ray which gladdens, but, alas! also sharpening the lightnings which destroy—Love, flushed in the dawn of his most glorious promise along the horizon of our lives—but darkened, shall I say died? Nay, not died, but floating over the boundary of Time, was met and absorbed into the aurora of its own eternal day. 'Tis gone—whither I hope to follow it.

For, O melancholy Voice! thou knowest well the last hour came—the hour of sinking life and sinking heart. There, in that darkened room, dim sacrificial scene of youth and love and loveliness, she lay and pressed this hand with last and dying clasp. Wilt thou recall her words? They were meant to be consoling. Alas! I remember *them*; but what of their consolation? So terrible a grief of heart! Comfort sinks before it, rebuked and silent.

'God of my fathers! it was Thy will that I should die; and if that will was bitter once, it is Thy goodness hath made it so no more. Weep not, dear friend. Thou seest death hath well ended the sorrow of that parting which race and creed would perhaps have enforced. And yet, how little now appear the differences that sundered us! Perhaps 'tis but a feeble woman's thought;—yet, O my Father! think if in the love which still endured those sharp and constant pains, that mutual confidence which during these

long years of separation beat like an electric pulse within our hearts; think if in that love so earnest, so unflinching, there be not some hints of a faith that is universal and a creed which shall embrace all the true and loving! Forgive me this. Sorrow and suffering have made me think of many things. O my love, my love, be comforted. Whither I go thou too shalt come. My home shall be thy home. Thy God shall be mine.'

It is well, too melancholy Voice! that even now thou fallest into murmurings indistinct and valedictory. I could not bear to have thee lengthen out that strain; yet ere thou sinkest asleep in the bosom of all-hushing silence, tell my bewildered readers that thou art nothing more but the sorrowful wind for ever crooning above the lintel of my study door. Tell them this, also, not to trust over-much in the substance of these shadows, and yet not altogether disbelieve that they are the reflections of some truth.

A. S.

A CONTROVERSY IN SONNETS, ON THE PROJECTION, IN 1844, OF THE KENDAL AND WINANDERMERE RAILWAY.

I.—By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and, 'mid the busy world, kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish. How can they this blight endure?
And must he, too, his old delights disown
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright scene! from Orrest Head,
Given to the traveller's rapturous glance!
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature! And, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds! Ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong!

II.—By THOMAS SMIBERT.

O THOUGHT unworthy of the poet sage!
Can the most lovely of terrestrial scenes
Be marr'd, when human science intervenes
To place the marvels of a recent age
By God's old grandeur? What can so engage
And raise the mind as to behold the proud,
Long tameless elements of nature bow'd
To turn to mortal good their govern'd rage?
How grand to note the use of slightest things!
Such formless vapours as the mountain lake
Gives to the warming sun, serve, as man wills,
To bear him mighty loads on thought-swift wings;
At his call only, earth's full glories wake,
And echo else were silent on the hills.

III.—By JAMES HEDDERWICK.

Nor all unworthy of the tuneful race
The wish to save, from 'rash assault,' the scene
To which affection clings, as doth the green
That clasps it yearly in a fresh embrace.
When the poor field-mouse fled before the plough,
Or the meek daisy crush'd and ruin'd lay,
The hand of culture held its onward way;
Yet were poetic tear-drops wept as now.
Art must pursue the triumphs of its might.
Yet ever, as a sweet, sequester'd nook
Is torn like some fair leaf from nature's book,
Blame not, nor think it either weak or strange,
That, though the patriot's heart may own the right,
The poet's feelings should bewail the change.

POETICAL CONCEPTION.

NO. II.

THERE is a vast interval, in the range of imagination, between a Milton or a Shakspeare and the least mentally gifted of mankind. But can it be said that even in the lowest type of humanity imagination is quite wanting; that there is a total blank of poetical conception; that there exists nothing greater than the mere animal enjoyment of physical wants fully supplied? We perceive beautiful gradations, but no entire vacuities, in animate or inanimate nature; and the same grand and yet simple rule pervades the region of mind.

How different, how varied, how numerous are poetical feelings in different orders of mind, and even in the same mind at different times and under varying circumstances!

It is one thing to behold the ocean in a summer's day, like an infant asleep—smooth as glass—its ripple scarcely breathing a gentle murmur on the shore; but it is quite another thing to see this same ocean, with its mountain waves lashed into foam, and thundering among the rocks of our sea-girt isle,—and perhaps some noble vessel, with its hapless crew, exposed to all its awful fury, toiling for very life, or perhaps engulfed in its angry bosom. Or again, on some lovely day, we take a ramble among the hills, when all is calm and peaceful, bathed in sunshine, except where the deep glens, with their silvery threads marking the leaping course of the little rivulets, are clad in shadow, and contrast so finely with the sunlight around. But the heavens grow dark, and, blacker still the Highland loch, and for a time there is an awful stillness; then the lightnings flash from peak to peak and down into the dark dreary shadow at the foot of yonder mighty precipice below; the thunders utter their voice; the rain pours down like a flood, and the war of torrents is heard all around; and what just before was a scene of surpassing beauty, becomes, by the mere change of circumstances, one of profound awe, terror, and sublimity.

Or again, we see noble rivers like the Forth, or Tay, or Clyde, carrying on their bosom from the sea, into which they pour themselves, the wealth of nations. But trace these to their sources, high up among the everlasting hills. What are they? Often not seen even as mere streamlets, but known by a rich green waving streak, giving variety and somewhat of animation to the vast expanse of rock or heath all around. Instead of busy haunts of men which stud either side of the noble Frith—the clang of the hammer and the ring of the anvil—all is solitariness and peace, perhaps dreariness, except the whistle of the plover, or the wild cry of the curlew. Is it not certain that these circumstances do call forth very different poetical feelings, scarcely akin to each other, except that they arise naturally in the same mind on different occasions?

Then, again, as we are fearfully and wonderfully made, what varieties of feeling arise, according to the prevailing disposition of our minds, and, it may be, even the state of our bodies, and what we may call for the time the overmastering passion! The dominant feeling

will subdue everything to its own overwhelming emotions or excessive excitement. Unlike the plant whose roots search out the very soil that suits its vitality, the mind that is depressed naturally turns everything, even what to all others is pleasing, into gall and wormwood. It seeks for and associates with images of sadness and solitude, if not terror; and having discovered these, it finds in them a sad species of enjoyment.

There must thus be, for the time, a unity of feeling and of sympathy between the external object and the mind which perceives it. The soul, suffering under some sad bereavement, seeks solitude, where it may indulge the joy of grief. The house and the songs of mirth would only add to the darkness of its desolation. The wise king felt the dreariness of all his former pleasures when he cried, in the anguish of his spirit, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!'

It is beautifully narrated by the Evangelist John, that the Jews—when they saw Mary after the death of her beloved brother Lazarus, and that she rose up hastily and went out—followed her, saying, 'She goeth to the grave to weep there.' Ay, and what imaginations, what almost overpowering sympathies, would naturally arise in the heart of Mary, as she thus, for a time, was supposed to have as it were satiated her grief!

The law of association of ideas—of sympathy—is one of the great laws of poetical conception. We do not see things, persons, circumstances just as they are in themselves—for this would be no better than the mere use of our sense of sight—but as we may possibly conceive them. Hence the circumstances of darkness, incomprehensiveness, vagueness, uncertainty, terror—a sense of loneliness, and solitariness, and wild and rude scenery are all favourable to, if they do not actually raise, the feeling of the sublime.

It has been beautifully and truly remarked by a great thinker, John Foster, that 'There are many to whom local associations present images which they frequently wish they could forget—images which haunt the places where crime has been perpetrated, and which seem to approach and glare on the criminal as he hastily passes by, especially in the evening or night. No local associations are so impressive as those of guilt. It may be observed that as each has his own separate remembrance, giving to some places an aspect of significance which he alone can perceive, there must be an unknown number of pleasing, or mournful, or dreadful associations, spread over the scenes inhabited or visited by men. We pass, without any awakened consciousness, by the bridge, or the wood, or the house, where there is something to excite the most painful or frightful ideas in the next man that comes that way, or possibly the companion that walks along with us. How much there is in a thousand spots of the earth that is invisible and silent to all but the conscious individual!'

'I hear a voice you cannot hear;
I see a hand you cannot see.'

Solitariness and loneliness, if not absolutely necessary to the feeling of the sublime, do certainly enhance it. It is not in a crowd that we can fully appreciate the

grand and sublime in nature. And if our companion does not or cannot sympathise with us, we would be much better without his company. Byron says truly,

'There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture in the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.'

One of the writers in the *Mirror*, Mr. Craig, thus humorously writes,—'Our road lay through a glen,' and he describes some scenery as presenting views truly sublime. 'Mr. Fleetwood (he says) felt an unusual elevation of spirit. His soul rose within him, and was swelled with that silent awe, so well suited to his contemplative mind. Our silence had now continued for about a quarter of an hour, and a universal stillness prevailed around us, interrupted only by the tread of our horses, which, returning at stated intervals, assisted by the echoes of the mountains, formed of a hollow sound which increased the solemnity of the scene. Mr. Johnston, tiring of the silence, and not having the least comprehension of its cause, all at once and without warning, lifted his voice and began the song, "Push about the jorum." Mr. Fleetwood's soul was then wound up to its utmost height. At the sound of Mr. Johnston's voice, he stared and viewed him with a look of horror, mixed with contempt. During the rest of our journey, I could hardly prevail on my friend to be civil to him, and though he is in every respect a worthy and good-natured man, and although Mr. Fleetwood and he have often met since, the former has never been able to look upon him without disgust.'

This quotation is perhaps, and indeed we suppose is altogether, a work of fiction, but still it is quite true to nature.

Professor Upham, in describing 'Travelling in the Desert,' says,—'Marching over wide and arid plains, and with hills and mountains of rock and sand in sight, we go on from day to day. The eye rests upon forms and upon life, but forms are the background of beauty, and imagination sometimes fills up the picture. I walked out at midnight. The moon was in all its brightness; the sky, without a cloud to suggest the idea of form or limitation, seemed vast as eternity, and being studded all over with stars, it was bright with the brightness of God. The camels, stretched out at length upon the ground, were long dark shadows in the moonlight. The men slept at their side. There was no sound. But the soul heard the silence. I have stood at the foot of Niagara. I have listened to the deep moaning sound of the vast forests of my native land. I have been on the ocean, where each wave had its voice, and that voice was thunder; but these great voices entered less deeply into the ear of the spirit than the mighty silence of the desert at midnight. At such a time the soul opens its capacity; it magnifies and expands itself in the greatness of its dilated conceptions, and takes hold of eternity, and in the voice which is sent forth—a voice uttered in brightness without a shadow, in vastness without limit, in harmony without variation—it hears the proclamation, so dear to every soul, of the unutterable tranquillity of God.'

Much, if not all, of the sublime in feeling arises from the vastness, greatness, and apparent infinity of the works of nature. I visit the sea-shore. There is nothing in view, far as the eye can reach, but a mighty world of waters; and though reason cannot conceive of it, imagination can transport me into a space endless, boundless, illimitable. Or, I go to some of our grand and most elevated mountain-tops, where an apparently tiny world is scattered out before me, without living thing or work of man's hands in the whole range of my vision. I am alone. I feel overpowered by the grandeur I survey; the feelings for the time are too big for utterance. If a living creature or a human habitation appear in sight, they, rather than otherwise, distract the feeling; and I consider that any work of man, in the midst of such grandeur, appears like a specimen from some toy-shop. It is ill-assorted as it is placed there, and breaks the grandeur of feeling which otherwise the scene is calculated to produce.

Yet it is, notwithstanding, a true thing—true in poetical feeling—for it calls into operation some of the most beautiful and poetical aspirations and sympathies of the human soul, when, amid the grandeur of an ocean scene, whether in calm or storm, we can deary the full set sail, in a calm day, or the ship in an angry sea, without sail or rudder, tossed amid the tempest; or when we can discover some little peaceful nook, in some wild romantic glen, where man has fixed his abode, and the feelings of domestic affection well forth in all their tenderness. To some views of poetical feeling, external scenery appears like a body without a spirit, unless there be added to all the decorations of nature some signs of human life. An agreeable female writer has said—'Even the most captivating scenery is to me almost like a blank sheet of paper, till it be written over with the actions of feeling, the history or poetry of other days; and, as the loftiest mountain gains a new interest if even the most insignificant living animal be seen on the surface, and the wide ocean itself is overlooked while our most eager gaze rests on a distant vessel buffeting the breeze; so, also, the permanent abodes of men, where families have successively lived and died, and where the joys and sorrows of life have been or still are felt, afford subjects for reflection and thought not to be exhausted. Neither music, poetry, nor scenery can awaken permanent interest, without in some degree touching our sympathies. I seldom read books of Eastern travel, because they seem all filled with gold embroidery, dark eyes' fringe, and chocolate. I am wearied, too, of savage countries, with tatooing, red feathers, hunting, and idolatry; but, as Madame de Staël says, the homes of Great Britain are the best homes upon the earth; and there, among hills and glens of surpassing beauty, we may imagine scenes of domestic felicity such as can only be known in a civilised and Christian country. Here every mountain and stream speaks of days long past, and reminds us of the vanished generations whose history, distinctly recorded in the memory, is so nearly connected with our own.'

So much for poetical conception, as derived from or suggested by scenes from the great world of externs'

nature. But there is, if we may so say, another and perhaps even a greater world, of the existence of which every one is conscious. The sweetest, the most beautiful, and at the same time the grandest and most sublime poetical conceptions are to be gathered, not from external nature, but from the apparently little though really great world of the human soul. We may apply to this subject, in the widest sense possible, what the ancient poet said—'*Homo sum humani nil a me alienum puto.*' 'I am a man. I think nothing human is foreign to me.' Like a well-tuned instrument, soul answers to soul in all its circumstances of feeling. It is there that the depths of poetical conception are to be best found—in the warmth of associations which cluster around the domestic relations; or the almost overpowering imaginations which link us with the wild grandeur of a great soul in the highest exhibitions of human passion; with all the vast space of feeling that lies between these extremes. What are our mountains, our lakes, our rivers, even our seas, with all their amplitude, but spaces of creation which can be fully measured! But who has ever sounded, or will be able to sound, the depths of human feeling? As Burns says—

'Who made the heart—'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us.
He knows each chord—its various tone;
Each spring—its various bias.'

The poetical conception or feeling cannot be satisfied with any mere exhibition of external nature. It must, and always does, associate itself to some extent with life—the living and the life-giving Creator; or the life and soul of an intelligent emotional humanity derived from Him. It links itself to our common joys or sorrows, our fears or hopes, our aspirations, or, it may be, even our despair; and, unless it do this, it is not, and it will undoubtedly fail, to be recognised as true poetical feeling.

The poet may in words—like the painter in form and colour—picture forth some grand and pleasing view of external nature. Neither is bound to give an exact copy; and a mere copy, as I have already said, would scarcely be relished, for, though perfect, it would only be an imitation, which might indeed show the skill of the artist, but nothing more. The painter of genius may gather for his landscape a thousand beauties which, though existing separately, never have been seen actually combined in nature. It is in such combinations that he will manifest the richness, and fulness, and freshness of his imagination.

But this is not the highest branch of poetry. The poetical conception—at least if strongly excited—raises *inanimate* to the dignity of *animate* nature, and gives to mere matter human feeling, sentiment, language. Perhaps the most striking example of this is to be found in the Psalms, as, for instance, 'The waters saw thee, O God!—the waters saw thee. They were afraid. The depths also were troubled;' or in this passage, 'Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together;' or in that magnificent Psalm cxlviii. where all nature is called on to utter praise.

How does Milton, in few words, set forth the beauties of Eve, and the nuptials of our first parents, as described by Adam—

'Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eyes,
In every gesture dignity and love.'

To the nuptial bower
I led her, blushing like the morn. All heaven
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selected influence. The earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from their spicy shrubs,
Disporting till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill top to light the bridal lamp.'

But the mind is not always, and indeed is rarely, in such a state of poetical excitement as to give birth to such exalted conceptions. There is, however, a world of imagination in the human soul, between the extreme of highly passionate excitement and the deep lonely wailings of sorrow, or the pathos of the gentle, loving, tender heart. The human soul is an instrument of almost illimitable compass, and will find its corresponding chords of poetical conception in every heart, if only there is the other human soul to touch the lyre. If the poetical feeling is not thus originated, it must fail to be interesting. Listen to the highest strains of poetical conception in deep distress—'Deep calleth unto deep; at the noise of thy water-spouts, all thy waves and thy billows pass over me;' or this almost unutterable longing of a human soul for its real happiness—'Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly far away and be at rest.'

While the passion of terror gives energy to the sublime, the passion of love gives a really new expression to beauty. The feeling of the sublime is unquestionably most deeply entertained or enjoyed in solitariness. If not loneliness, and may be so overpowering for the time as to *command* silence; but it is different with the passion of love, which is evidently of a social, glad, enlivening character, and will not be repressed; but, seeking to meet with congenial sympathies, makes its object as alluring and inviting as possible, by setting it forth in all its real or ideal beauties.

It is indeed beautiful to see how love, and indeed every human passion, can not only wake up an echo in the human heart, but how it can and does assimilate and subdue external objects to its own all-engrossing power, and make external nature speak in its own language. Innumerable examples might be given, but perhaps one instance from Burns may be sufficient. In his address 'To Mary in heaven,' when he last met her by the winding Ayr,

'To live one day of parting love,'

hear how surrounding objects are made full of his own deep-welling passion of love:—

'Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined am'rous round the raptur'd scene:

*The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.'*

This is an exhibition of poetical conception which, if fully understood, is worth a dozen of lectures on poetry. The passion of love, indeed, of soul knitting and mingling itself with soul, is perhaps more widely diffused over the human family than any other of our moral sentiments. As Southey says, most beautifully,

*'They sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity;
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell.
Earthly these passions, of the earth,
They perish when they have their birth,
But love is indestructible;
Its holy flame for ever burneth—
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth:
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress'd,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here in toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there.'*

Love-songs are so innumerable that it would be quite a hopeless task to quote, in any reasonable compass, not the trash, but the real and substantive elements of poetical conception which they contain. Burns's love songs must ever remain splendid illustrations of this feeling, although every lover has his own picture of the object of his adoration, which he sees from his own stand-point. Yet, if he is to conceive of it at all worthily or poetically, it must not be arranged in the tinsel of dress, or show, or mere outside ornament, but in its enduring beauties. It is the depths of his own inmost heart that the lover must represent, for only these will be appreciated by others as quite natural feeling. Artistical decorations, however complete, or unnatural contrasts, will not fill up the universal poetical conception.

DESPONDENT.

*HEAVY days of pain—
Weary nights of waking—
Can a wounded heart
Be so long of breaking?*

*Friendless now, I muse
On the past days only;
Dark the future lowers—
Sad, forsaken, lonely.*

*Heavy days of pain—
Weary nights of waking—
Hush, O troubled heart!
Why so long in breaking?*

*Take thy griefs to Him
Who heareth not the scorers;
But whose kind voice said,
'Blessed are the mourners!'*

*He will not despise
This dark hour of sorrow;
Sad has closed the night,
Fait may dawn the morrow.*

*Life's dark dream may end
In a glorious waking;
Wounded hearts may find
Only rest in breaking.*

MARGUERITE.

MARY GORDON'S FIRST DAYS AT SCHOOL.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN the children came into the drawing-room to tea, Mary took her accustomed place next to her papa; but instead of chatting with her usual animation, she sat looking at him, as if afraid to speak.

'Mary,' said Mr. Gordon, 'you have scarcely spoken a word to me to-day! How did you get on at school?'

Simple as the question was, she was startled by it, but answered truly—'Not so well as yesterday, papa.'

'And will you tell me the reason of that?'

She hesitated. 'I am not sure,' she said. 'I think I did not do my lessons so well. At least, my music lesson was very bad; and Miss Taylor turned me away from the piano.'

'Have you been as happy as you were yesterday?'

'Oh no, papa.'

'To be good is to be happy,' said Mr. Gordon. 'Have you been as good as you were yesterday?'

'No, papa,' she said, in a low voice, turning away her face from him, and gazing into her tea-cup.

'Papa,' said Willie, 'when I was reading my lesson to Miss Elliot, some tears fell upon my book; and when I looked up, and asked her why she was crying, she said her mamma was very ill.'

'And why did none of you come and tell me?' said Mrs. Gordon.

'I was coming, mamma,' said Mary; 'but Miss Elliot would not allow me.'

'I shall go to see her to-morrow,' said Mrs. Gordon.

I forgot to tell you,' she said to her husband, 'that young Mr. Stanfield called here to-day, wishing to see you; and is to call again this evening. He is one of Mrs. Elliot's boarders; and she told me, some days ago, that his friends wish him to go abroad; and he is anxious to obtain a situation. She asked me to mention it to you, thinking you might possibly know of some one that would suit him; and I remembered that you had spoken of a vacancy in the establishment at Bombay.'

'That is filled up,' said Mr. Gordon. 'But perhaps I may learn of some other.'

When tea was removed, Willie brought to the table a Chinese puzzle, in which he was interested, and commenced putting it up; and Mary, glad to escape any more questions, stole round the table and joined him. The various pieces were nearly all put together, only one or two being wanting to complete the whole, and Willie was trying them in all possible ways; but when Mary lifted one and placed it correctly, Willie pushed her rudely away from the table. 'I don't want you to help me, Mary,' he said. 'I want to finish my own puzzle myself. You may go and dress your doll, that you are so fond of.'

'Willie,' said Mrs. Gordon, 'you were very rude to Mary just now; and if you push her from you in that way again, I shall take your puzzle from you. You may go, Mary, and open that box, where you will find

some of the doll's clothes you were sewing yesterday evening.'

'No, thank you, mamma; I would rather not sew my doll's clothes to-night.'

'And why not, Mary?'

'I cannot tell you, mamma; but I would much rather do anything else, if you please.'

'Then come to me, Mary,' said Mr. Gordon; 'and Willie, come you too; I want to tell you a story I heard this morning.'

He seated himself in an easy chair, with the children on either side, placing Mary so that the light shone full on her face.

'One morning,' he said, 'some weeks ago, when my friend Dr. Irving was walking along one of the crowded streets of the town, he saw a ragged boy, of about ten years old, come out of a baker's shop, carrying a loaf of bread, and after looking around and behind him, with evident marks of fear, he darted down the street; and presently the baker came out and ran after him, calling out, "Catch the thief—catch the thief!" And when the boy looked back, and saw his pursuer, he threw the loaf on the pavement, and ran off at full speed; but the baker ran much quicker, and on reaching him, seized him by the collar of his ragged jacket, and shook him with violence.'

"You young thief!" he exclaimed, "how dare you come into my shop and steal?—but I shall get you sent to the police-office without delay;" and he signed to two policemen, who were standing at the corner of the street, who came immediately, and held the boy between them.

'Dr. Irving crossed the street to inquire into the circumstances, and a large crowd gathered quickly around them. The boy was crying bitterly, but seemed to take hope instinctively from the doctor's benevolent aspect.'

"Oh, sir," he said, addressing him, "I did steal a loaf, for our family are all starving, and mother sent me out this morning to beg; and I have been at ever so many doors, and got nothing; and when I came past the baker's shop the smell of the bread tempted me, for I was very hungry; but if he would forgive me this once—I would never do it again."

"Not till the next time," said one of the policemen. "I think I know your face, my lad; is your name O'Neil?"

"Yes, sir," said his prisoner.

"Then come along with us, my boy, and at our office you will meet with your respectable father, who was carried into it last night dead drunk."

"Jim," said the older policeman to his comrade, while he looked respectfully at Dr. Irving, "the boy is the more to be pitied; he is a young offender, and perhaps this gentleman could help to get him off."

'They moved along to the police-office, and Dr. Irving was so much interested, that he accompanied them.'

'On the way, he learned from the boy that his mother and four children younger than himself were reduced to beggary and starvation, caused, he said,

by his father having one of his drunken fits, and being off work. On reaching the office, Dr. Irving asked to see O'Neil, and found him in the gloomy stupor that follows excessive drinking. And with an earnest desire to save a sinking fellow-creature, he tried to arouse him, by every means in his power—by reasoning and expostulation, and, more than all, by sympathising with him; and showing him that, by cruelly forsaking his family, he had driven his poor boy into such straits that he was tempted to steal a loaf of bread to save them from starving. The man's heart was moved and softened; and he said, with tears, that he would gladly return to his work if his employers would take him back.

'By applying to the proper authorities, Dr. Irving not only succeeded in getting O'Neil and his son liberated, but through using his influence with the man's employers, he got them to make trial of him again, and reinstate him in his daily occupation, at which he has, as yet, continued to work steadily. But the good doctor's benevolence did not stop here, for he has got the boy placed at a ragged school, where he is getting on well, and the teachers say he is a clever fellow; and we all hope he will grow up to be a good man.'

'Tell me, Willie, whether you would be a clever fellow or a good man?'

'A clever fellow,' said Willie.

'But, Willie,' said Mr. Gordon laughing, 'do you think you could not be both?'

'I don't know, papa.'

'But you must try, Willie, my boy; and now, children, tell me what you think of the poor boy being tempted to steal a loaf of bread. I am sure you must feel sorry for him.'

'Yes,' said Willie, 'I am very sorry for him being so hungry.'

'But that is not what he was so much to be pitied for,' said Mr. Gordon. 'Tell me, Mary, what you think it was?'

'For being a thief,' said Mary, with such a deep sigh, that it sounded like a low moan.

'You are quite right, my dear; and there is something that he was more to be pitied for still—that his parents had never taught him to distinguish between good and evil, or to know that it was a sin to steal; for the poor boy cannot even read his Bible. But in pitying him, we must not overlook the fact that when he stole the loaf, he committed a great sin, for he broke God's holy commandment—"Thou shalt not steal." The baker did quite right in pursuing him, and delivering him up to justice, for he had tried to cheat him by robbing him of his lawful property—the very means by which the man was seeking to obtain an honest living. It is the boy's ignorance only that we should pity. And I should like both of you to think how differently you are placed from this poor boy, in being taught to know and fear God, and keep his commandments; and that, as you are provided with all needful food and clothing, you are not under the same temptation to put forth your hand and steal;

and that if you were to do so, your sin would be so much the greater than his. But oh! my dear children, if I thought that any of you, in order to gratify some selfish whim, would secretly take anything that is not your own, or, in one word, would *steal*, I don't know what I should do,' said Mr. Gordon, clasping his hands, and sinking his voice to a tone of deep sadness. 'I think it would break my heart!'

Willie, who was greatly excited by the unusual tone of his father's voice, started from his seat, and stood before him, with one arm stretched out—

'Papa,' he said, 'don't be afraid of me breaking your heart; for I shall never, never steal anything from anybody.'

'I hope you will never be tempted to do so, my dear boy.'

Poor Mary would have given the world to use the same words that Willie had spoken; but alas! she dared not; for had she not already done what her papa said 'would break his heart?' The thought was agony, and she bent down her face on the arm of his chair.

'What is the matter, Mary?'

'Oh papa!' she said, in a low earnest voice, 'I would be very, very sorry to break your heart.'

He raised her head from the chair, and, on looking into her face, was moved to pity at the misery it expressed.

'I do believe, my dear, you would be sorry to break my heart. I think it would break your own, Mary.'

'Yes, papa,' she said, trying to smile, but her eyes overflowing with tears—'it would break my heart too!'

CHAPTER XI.

Thomas now came in with a card for Mr. Gordon, and said there was a gentleman waiting in the library who wished to see him.

'Mr. Francis Stanfield,' said Mr. Gordon, looking at the card. 'I must go and speak with him, Anne; but I am sorry I do not know of any situation abroad that would suit him.'

'But perhaps you may hear of one,' said Mrs. Gordon.

He left the drawing-room, and she followed him out, and shut the door.

'William,' said she, 'it is time for the children to be put to bed; but I cannot allow Mary to go without telling her that we have found out all she did this morning. I am sure it would be a relief to the child, before she goes to sleep, to confess it, and even to be punished, rather than endure her present state of misery.'

'That very misery is her punishment, Anne, and a far greater one than either you or I could inflict; but her sin was a great one, and it is right that she suffers the penalty. I believe, however, that she will very soon make a full confession, for I saw symptoms of it in her face just now before I left her.'

'She will never confess,' said Mrs. Gordon impatiently, 'unless she is made to do so; and I wonder

how you can expect that a child like Mary can act as if she had the experience of years; but since you think her so near confession, it will be all the easier for me to make her speak out before she goes to bed, and I shall just go and do so at once.'

Mrs. Gordon was about to open the drawing-room door, but was prevented by her husband.

'You will oblige me greatly,' he said, 'by leaving this matter to me. Send the children to bed, and if Mary is not asleep by the time Mr. Stanfield goes away, I shall go and speak with her; and if she falls asleep before then, which I think is not very likely, I shall go to-morrow morning and hear Willie and her read. I wish her to have the full benefit of her *convictions*, Anne; and we must let *patience have her perfect work*.'

He left her and went into the library, and Mrs. Gordon returned to the drawing-room.

Mary was seated on a low stool by the fire, and she asked her if she was sleepy.

'No, mamma.'

'But I am very sleepy,' said Willie, 'and I want to go to bed.'

She rang the bell for Rachel, and told her she might put the children to bed.

Rachel looked earnestly at Mary, who was sitting gazing into the fire, and then turned a look of anxious inquiry to her mistress.

Mrs. Gordon shook her head. 'No, no, Rachel,' she said in a low voice; 'there has been nothing said yet, and you must make no allusion whatever.'

While Willie was put to bed, it was Mary's custom partly to undress herself; but this evening, when Rachel returned to the nursery, she found her sitting exactly as she had left her; and while she was undressing her, she stood passively in her hands without speaking a word. After her night-dress was put on, Rachel stood as usual waiting until she would kneel to pray, but Mary would not kneel.

'Lift me into bed, Rachel; I am not going to pray.'

'I am very sorry to hear you say that, Miss Mary; you do not look happy to-night, and when people are unhappy they ought to pray.'

'But I cannot, Rachel; put me into bed, please.'

She did as she desired; and drawing the curtain so as to shade her from the light, sat down to read, thinking it unlikely she would sleep for some time.

Contrary to her expectations, however, Mary soon fell asleep, for she was worn out by the unusual strain that had been on her mind throughout the day; and as Willie had been fast asleep for some time, Rachel lowered the light, and went down stairs to the kitchen. On passing the drawing-room, she opened the door, and told Mrs. Gordon that Miss Mary had fallen asleep; and while proceeding down stairs she heard the gentlemen come out of the library, and Thomas showing out Mr. Stanfield.

'Is Mary asleep yet?' said Mr. Gordon, as he came into the drawing-room.

'Yes, Mary has fallen asleep; and I must say I think you have gone far wrong in the way you have

treated her; but I am glad I am not responsible,' said Mrs. Gordon.

'Well, my dear, I am quite willing to take all the responsibility upon myself, and I feel convinced this matter will come all right. What a handsome young man Mr. Stanfield is!'

'Is he?' said Mrs. Gordon. 'I have never seen him.'

'From what you told me about his anxiety to obtain a situation, I expected to see a poor fellow with a shabby coat and a very anxious face, and I felt sorry to tell him that the opening you had spoken of was filled up; but to my infinite relief, he came to tell me that he has been appointed to an excellent situation, and is to sail for India next week; and he looks and speaks with as much independence as if he were going abroad merely for his amusement.'

'Did he speak of Mrs. Elliot?'

'I really think his principal motive in calling here was to speak of Mrs. Elliot and her daughter, and to bespeak our sympathies for them. He thinks Mrs. Elliot very ill, and fears she is dying; and is so sorry for Miss Elliot being left alone in the world, that I suspect there must be a stronger feeling than sympathy for her.'

'You are quite right,' said Mrs. Gordon; 'there is a far stronger feeling; and I am sorry to say it is a mutual one.'

'How have you learned this?'

'Mrs. Elliot has confided in me; and it was at her request I engaged Miss Elliot to come here in the afternoon, for at that time Mr. Stanfield is always in the house.'

'What is Mrs. Elliot's objection to him?'

'His friends are very proud people; and last time he visited home his father found out his attachment, and has forbidden him to make any engagement with Miss Elliot; he has even written to Mrs. Elliot, requesting her to warn her daughter against such an idea; and he is sending his son abroad, I suppose, that he may forget her.'

'Poor girl!' said Mr. Gordon, 'I can now understand the silent tears falling on Willie's book! Is there not some risk of her running off with him?'

'No; not the smallest; at least while her poor mother lives to prevent it. My acquaintance with Mrs. Elliot was during our boarding-school days; and I do not think I ever told you that she was the daughter of Mr. Anstruther, a wealthy country gentleman, and that she was disowned by her whole family and friends for her marriage with Mr. Elliot, then a young student, and tutor to her brothers, with whom she eloped from her father's house. I have never seen her since, until we came to town this winter, and I happened to hear of her, and went to see her; but dearly has she paid for her early imprudence, for her husband died soon after her marriage, and her life since has been one continued struggle with adversity. She tried at first to establish a boarding-school for young ladies, hoping thus to maintain something of her former position, and get her daughter educated; but the report of her runaway marriage, and her friends disowning her,

went so much against her in this attempt, that she was quite unsuccessful, and gave it up in despair. Some of Mr. Elliot's friends, however, were kind to her; and she was glad, through their recommendation, to receive young gentlemen as boarders, who came to town for the university. She has succeeded so far in this way as to maintain herself and daughter; but it has been with great difficulty, for her education is too much that of a fine lady to fit her for such an occupation, and now that she is so ill I do not know how they are to get on. And what is to become of poor Jane Elliot without her mother, who is evidently dying?'

'We must be kind to her, Anne, my dear,' said Mr. Gordon; 'and if she is thus left alone in the world before we go to Lochlee for the summer, she must go with us, and be governess to Mary and Willie.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

BEYOND THE TOWN.

THREE she comes, a little girl,
Laughing, bright, and free—
Forehead fair as sea-born pearl,
Eyes that dance in glee;
Curis that tremble forth in light,
And, twinkling, fall adown
Her little neck, so stately white,
In ringlets golden-brown.

Sweet Helen! my Helen! little Helen Lee!

I would that all the flowers of spring were beautiful as thee!

Then her voice so sweetly rings
Through the shaded wood,
Where the crested linnet sings
O'er her chirping brood:
All the leaves in joy repeat
What she has begun,
Till again her tripping feet
Bear her to the sun.

Sweet Helen! my Helen! little Helen Lee!

I would that all the flowers of spring were beautiful as thee!

What! a woman—fully grown,
Beautiful, and fair!—
Azure eyes and ringlets brown,
Laughing curls of hair;
Pearly teeth, that, when they smile,
Two bright dimples fill:
Woman grown, yet free from gulle—
So I think she's still!

Sweet Helen! my Helen! little Helen Lee!

Ne'er a flower of all the flowers is beautiful as thee!

Cottage leafy-clad and small,
Whitens in the sun;
Roses up the garden wall
Clusteringly run:
There she dwells, beyond the town,
A very little way;
But just so far, when sun goes down,
That I can with her stay.

Sweet Helen! my Helen! here's a kiss to thee.

The prettiest wife in all the world is little Helen Lee!

WILLIAM BLACK.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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THE MISSIONARY ABROAD.*

FIRST NOTICE.

MR. WADDELL'S name will be familiar to numbers in this country, as that of a distinguished and laborious worker in what might be called the black department in the Christian vineyard. Nine-and-twenty years, the prime of his life, has he spent among the negroes of Jamaica and Old Calabar, sowing the seed and superintending the growth of our Divine religion. From 1829 to 1858 has Mr. Waddell preached and exhorted, not in the language of Shakspere, Jeremy Taylor, or Professor Caird; but in Negro-English—a dialect which, as a branch of study, could only be supposed to delight the souls of the missionaries, and that great master of philological anatomy, Professor Max Muller of Oxford. Not only, however, was Mr. Waddell compelled to express the divinest conceptions in this undivined of dialects, but he was also under the perpetual necessity of making these conceptions plain—not to understandings sharpened and prepared for their reception, but to minds darkened and overlaid with the jungle of old mythologies, from which the unboly ghosts of demon-gods were ever ready to start and play havoc with the little flocks of the missionaries—pretty much in the same manner as a famishing tiger, with eyes like comets, will now and then burst from a silent forest, frightening some Indian village out of its wits, and leaving perhaps the breast of some poor Hindoo mother vacant of its sucking babe, whose last cry of distress is heard as the mighty beast disappears like lightning in an opposite cloud of thicket.

Compared with the life of a missionary, the life of a minister at home is, in every essential respect, a perfect luxury. Home-keeping preachers move in a charmed circle of friends, whose converse is an endless feast of profit and delight; the missionary abroad has seldom more than his wife, if haply even her, on whom to depend for the luxuries of good English, British feeling, and British thought; clergymen at home have all the conveniences of good living at their doors; missionaries in foreign lands are compelled generally to live in the midst of a civilization which is known in this country by the name of barbarism; where science and art are as young as they were in the garden of Eden, and where the merest suspicion of modern refinement has only crossed the brains of the natives at the sight of some European despiser of the serpent and the tiger; and, more than all, preachers at home preach in complete safety, under the well-patched canvas of law; while planters in many foreign vineyards, standing face to face with nature, have not

only to endure the vertical fury of the sun-torrent, but have frequently also to submit to the wild decisions of those original tribunals, whose attorneys are Malice, whose judges are Revenge, and whose executioners are Murder.

Yet, in spite of these little drawbacks, it is quite wonderful how eagerly the Christian volunteers step where their comrades stood—even although their last stand is a cruel field of death. To such men, there seems an absolute fascination in the crown of martyrdom; or, rather, the duty of sowing the Divine intelligence in the wildest wildernesses towers so supremely above mortal calculations—that dangers, difficulties, oppressions, nay, death itself, appear to be the very wages of such heroism. These men rightly think that, by pouring out their blood on the desert, they will make it blossom with the roses of Christ. Certainly, nothing is so fertilising as the blood of martyrs—a shrewd and beautiful process of compensation, which Nature has rendered, and will for ever render, invisible to oppressors. This phenomenon, in which Nature seems to snap her fingers at the apparent master of the situation, is everywhere the same—at home as well as abroad.

Still more remarkably does the heroic persistency of the missionaries appear, when we reflect on the apparent disproportion between the labour and the harvest. To take two instances, and study them through arithmetical and pecuniary spectacles,—How many men and how much money have been spent on Indian and African missions? and, What has been gained by the double expenditure? The human element in India and Africa may be regarded as two dark barbaric floods—the outer edges of which the crystal waters of Christianity have as yet only been able to touch, as with a pencil of silver, leaving the vast body of the two oceans as black and wild as they were twenty hundred years ago. Not only so, but even the silver edges are perpetually in danger of being diminished by the stormy overflowing of the barbaric element. So terribly fierce and irresistible has this re-expansion and restoration of chaos sometimes been, that on certain points of coast, Christianity has been entirely swept away, or so utterly deteriorated, as to exist only like rotting weeds, after the subsidence of a destructive inundation. But even the knowledge of such dismally mysterious workings does not appal the missionaries. Like true knights of the Cross, they return to the attack. Again and again do they appear in the old fields of conquest; again and again is the thin but glorious white line seen silvering up against the stormy and impetuous billows which lap the barbaric isles; and it is easy to believe with the deep heart, and see with the far-looking eye, of Faith, the certain coming of the time when the white line will clasp the darkness like a crescent

* 'Twenty-nine Years in the West Indies and Central Africa. A Review of Missionary Work and Adventure, 1829-1858.' By the Rev. Hope Masterton Waddell, formerly Missionary at Old Calabar.—London: T. Nelson & Sons.

moon; and, like a moon, increase until it overlap and overorb the world like the Eye of God.

This grandest of all consummations will not, however, be achieved by merely religious means. Even in civilised countries, a thousand secular agencies must combine to publish, and render universally effective, the smallest moral truth. Indeed, religious truth, like light, can only act and be propagated through material media; although in itself it is spiritual, and has spiritual as well as material ends to accomplish. Christianity flourishes best in new countries, when its plantation is coincident with the plantation of new colonies. Certain idolatries can only be wholly extinguished by the powerful bodily presence, so to speak, of the superseding religion; or when it manifests itself in its triple panoply of secular, moral, and spiritual power—with majesty of law, purity of life and custom, and reasonableness and divinity of doctrine. When the missionary goes into the wilderness, alone and unsupported, his success is fluctuating, precarious, and too often ephemeral. This is so well known to modern evangelists, that they wisely follow out the spirit of Christianity, by pressing every legitimate force into its service. In reality, all the powers of Nature work together for the discovery and propagation of truth; and, whenever it is possible, the aid which can be rendered by art, science, commerce, diplomacy, and even by military demonstrations, is not only not refused, but rather eagerly accepted, by those who would increase and protect the growing kingdom of their Divine Master. Christianity will henceforth more and more spread and expand with commerce, and commerce with Christianity; and the consular agencies which Britain has planted, and will yet plant, along the coasts of the savage seas, and in the interior niches of savage countries, will form centres from which the white religion may radiate into dark spaces, and to which it may return in seasons of wrathful passion, until the danger has disappeared.

In Mr. Waddell's book, while there is much to excite gratitude, there is also something to waken feelings of depression. Both in Jamaica and Old Calabar, the keen zeal and unflinching energy expended on missionary enterprise are conspicuous and superabundant; while the results do not always satisfy our expectation, either as to quantity or quality. Mr. Waddell's work in Jamaica extended from 1829 to 1846, and in Africa from 1847 to 1858—both periods being crammed with hard, earnest labour, and much curious incident. In 1829, the population of Jamaica consisted of the planters and their slaves, of whom there were, at that date, 322,000 in the island. The number had been much larger; but, after the abolition of the slave-trade in 1817, the slaves decreased at the rate of several thousands annually, in spite of the eager efforts of the planters to facilitate their natural reproduction. Nowhere is slavery an institution to be admired; but the manner in which it was maintained in Jamaica rendered it hateful and absolutely

abhorrent. If multiplied insurrection can afford any clue to the system under which it occurs, the murderous character of slavery in Jamaica may be inferred from the fact, that, from 1678 till 1832, there were twenty-seven outbursts, which were repressed with such ferocious cruelty and vengeance, as well entitled the island to be designated the Pandemonium of the West Indies.

Like others of the beautiful West Indian group, Jamaica is frequently subjected to the terrific influences of earthquakes and hurricanes. The most destructive since the island came under British rule occurred in 1692, when Port-Royal, the wicked and wealthy city of the buccaners, containing three thousand inhabitants, was swallowed by a merciless rent in the mountain, as if they had been mere pills or sparrows. Over the ruins of the old town the sea rolled and ships floated. When the city was rebuilt, near its old site, it was destroyed by lightning striking a powder magazine. Several years afterwards, when partially restored, it again took fire, and burned for three days; and again, in 1744, one of those hurricanes which blow solid wind, came rushing across the island, and smashed the hard masonry of the place as if it had been a town of toys. This was the finishing blow to Port-Royal. It disappeared, and Kingston took its place as the great commercial capital of the West Indies. The wildest hurricane which ever swept over Jamaica was accompanied by an earthquake, and occurred in 1780. Savanna-la-Mer and nearly all the plantations in the west end of the island were destroyed. So large and irresistible had been the surge of the sea, that ships which had been at anchor in the bay were afterwards found far up the town, stranded among the ruins of the houses.

Notwithstanding these little meteorological irregularities, Jamaica is a magnificent island—in fact, a sort of West Indian paradise, the loveliness of whose surrounding seas is only equalled by the radiant skies they mirror. The verdure is eternal, clothing the peaks of the loftiest mountains as luxuriantly as it enriches the lower ridges and the undulating valleys. Beauty and grandeur are its prevailing features.

'Through its whole length of 160 miles,' says Mr. Waddell, 'run lofty and precipitous mountains, from the Blue Peaks in the east, 8,000 feet high, to the Dolphin Head in the west, 3,400, clothed with eternal verdure and noble forests to the summits. In a succession of lesser ridges, they decline on the north side to the sea; while, on the south, great spurs, striking off, enclose vast plains, twenty or thirty miles each way. Everywhere the mountains are broken into deep valleys, abrupt, rugged, and filled with impenetrable woods; and everywhere the cultivated districts present the most lovely landscape of hill and dale and mingled woodland and plantation scenery. Innumerable groves of cocoa-nut trees, their giant leaves waving and glancing in the sun and wind, the bright skies, brilliant atmosphere, glowing colours, deep contrasts of light and shade, and universal irrepressible luxuriance, present a perpetual feast of tropical splendour to the imagination of the beholder.'

The first missionaries in Jamaica were the Moravians, who inaugurated their work among the slaves

in 1754; they were followed by the Wesleyan Methodists at the close of last century; in 1800, the Scottish Missionary Society commenced operations, which were suspended, and renewed in 1825; and in 1814 the English Baptist Mission began to teach their version of Christianity with equal fervour. It should be remembered, also, that the Church of England occupied the field from an early period, although it was only in 1825 that Jamaica was constituted an Episcopal See. By these various agencies, some good had been done; the good work was going on; and although the religious condition and progress of the island could not afford unmingled satisfaction to a Scottish missionary, coming to the country inspired by a high and untested Christian ideal, still, reasonable hopes were entertained for the future. So Mr. Waddell went earnestly to work among the negroes of Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall, both sugar estates—at the latter of which he took up his abode, having received a free residence from the proprietor. The situation of these estates was naturally very attractive, being on the sea-side, in a scene beautifully fertile, and within little more than ten miles of the nearest towns, Montego Bay and Falmouth. It was also an excellent centre for missionary operations. About twenty estates, with some five thousand negroes, lay around it within a radius of five miles.

We do not intend to follow Mr. Waddell with particular closeness in his religious operations. All we profess to do, in the meantime, is to cull a few characteristic anecdotes and incidents, which will in some manner act as mirrors of the manners and customs of black and white Jamaicans during Mr. Waddell's residence in the island.

One of the first social discoveries made by Mr. and Mrs. Waddell, at Cornwall, was the notable fact that the negroes of the place were thoroughly acquainted with the eminent virtues of oatmeal. How they discovered the secret is simple enough. A Scotch overseer on Cinnamon Hill had a quantity of it sent from home one year instead of rice, for the use of the sick and the children. The women, in expectation, surrounded the store on Monday morning, with cans and calabashes; but when the new dainty was served out to them, they were horribly disappointed, examined it with their fingers, turned up their noses, and finally laid it down on the ground. 'How, now?' exclaimed the overseer, as he locked up the store, and observed the black eyes of the women made blacker with sullen thunder. 'Why don't you take your things and go away?' 'Busha, whara dis ting be?' said one of them. 'Why, that is the oatmeal I told you about.' 'And whara o' meal be?' she asked with contempt. 'Busha, dese 'im good for your dogs, give 'em; 'im no good for we picaninny.' 'No good for your picaninny!' he shouted. 'Look at me.' He was as tall and stout as a Highland chief. 'Look at me! Did ever one of your breed raise a picaninny like me? Now, that is what my mother fed me on, and what made a man of me. So leave it if you like; but you'll get nothing else till you find the good of it.'

It is needless to say that they were not long in making the grand discovery,—when the social sovereignty of oatmeal was established in Jamaica. So well did the negroes remember the virtues of the Caledonian delicacy, that when they found that the new minister had a quantity of it among his stores, it became in such demand for sick picaninnies that Mrs. Waddell, in a very short time, had a *toom meal-pock*.

Among the proprietors and overseers of the various estates, within the orbit of Mr. Waddell's labours, the missionary encountered such specimens of human nature as do not impress us with a high idea of the condition of society in Jamaica, at that period of its history. Indeed, Mr. Waddell's experiences in the island only furnish another proof of what has been long regarded as almost universally true—that the grand and ultimate effect of slavery is to produce a radical deterioration in the character of the slave-owners. When human beings are owned, bought, and sold, as mere cattle are, they come soon to be looked at and valued as mere cattle; if as cattle, then, tacitly, as soulless animals; but if blacks are *probably* soulless, then whites are *perhaps* soulless also—Who knows, or who cares?—and so the wild and withering welter of practical atheism crawls insidiously over the religious intuitions, beliefs, and moral actions of men, until right and wrong, and purity and its black opposite, are things, not of the individual soul and personal privacies of life, but of the law-courts, to be judged of according to the holy statute-books of the lawyers. This transitional declension is generally so gradual, as to be fatally imperceptible to its victims. So gross is their blindness to the actual phenomena of their lives, that they regard the revelation of it as a vile calumny, to be repelled with curses, or lived down with the hard and unresponding indifference of mud-embedded stone.

One of the gentlemen to whom Mr. Waddell presented his credentials as a regular Christian minister, so as to obtain leave to preach among the negroes of a certain district, was chief-magistrate of St. James, and a member of the island Legislature. His reply to the missionary was favourable, but singular. His people (about three hundred of all ages), he said, had a desire for religious instruction; and he thought it better for him to provide them with what was safe and approved, than that the poor creatures should seek it for themselves, and probably err in the search. 'But I must in candour own,' he added, 'that I am not influenced by religious principles myself in this matter, but simply by self-interest. I have a bad set of people. They steal enormously, run away, get drunk, fight, and neglect their duty in every way; while the women take no care of their children; and there is no increase on the property. Now, if you can bring them under the fear of a God, or a judgment to come, or something of that sort, you may be doing both them and me a service.' Some knowledge of the character of the Hon. Richard Barret (such was the gentleman's name) havin-

reached Mr. Waddell, this singular and rather cool declaration did not come upon him unexpectedly. It is almost comical to hear Mr. Barret immediately exclaiming—'By-the-by, what would you think to begin by christening them? It is long since the clergyman of the parish was here for the purpose, and I have got a good many people since. It might have a good effect.' Of course, Mr. Waddell declined this mode of procedure; declaring that, in the case of negroes, baptism should not precede, but follow, instruction.

Mr. Waddell was successful, also, in obtaining leave to visit the estates of Rose Hall and Crawl, which were both in Chancery, and at that time under the management of a gentleman who had gone from Scotland in the lowest capacity, but who had risen almost to the highest position in the Colony. He was 'Custos of Trelawny,' Major-General of Militia, and had the management of so many properties, that he was known by the splendid nickname of 'Attorney-General.' A reputed relative of the attorney overseer of the Crawl was one of the meanest, most despicable, and troublesome fellows whom the missionary ever encountered. He was, in every possible way, a mighty oppressor of the negroes; in fact, one of those who render insurrection not only possible, but a perfect luxury.

Although public marriage was permitted among the negroes in Jamaica, it seems to have been greatly neglected about the time of Mr. Waddell's visit; and had it not been for the missionaries, the rite must have entirely disappeared. Curiously enough, the legislature, which provided for the baptism of the negroes, did not only do nothing for their marriage, but actually 'recognised the state of concubinage as equivalent to marriage, by requiring that a body of new catechists it gave the bishop must either be married men, or "*living with respectable coloured females.*"' The terms *husband and wife* were almost unknown among the slaves, *brother and sister* serving every purpose in their temporary connection; for, naturally enough, these ties were dissolved as well as formed with the strangest and most unthinking facility. When the minds of the negroes became somewhat enlightened by the teaching of the missionaries, the consequences in reference to marriage were altogether beneficial. At first, however, those negroes who possessed several 'sisters' were rather puzzled as to the principle of selection by which they should be guided in adopting their single and only wife, from the number of claimants which might present themselves. Generally, says Mr. Waddell, the one in possession was retained, especially if she had children. There were some who wished to make an entirely new choice, to the exclusion of every old claim; but as this was not precisely Christian in its aim and effect, it was strictly forbidden; and those who had thrown their wives and children overboard for new flames, were compelled to put away the young childless 'sister,' re-adopt the mother of his children, and marry her in a Christian manner. Those who did not adhere to the new law of marriage, were excluded from church privileges. To head men, who had several expectants of the matrimonial honours, the missionaries very wisely said—'Some have stronger claims than others, the first more than the last; the old "sister" more than her younger rival; the mother of your children more than her that has never borne.' Although there was

some difficulty in the settlement of such cases, good sense and right feeling generally triumphed in the end. Indeed, to be a married man came ultimately to be an honourable distinction and a certificate of character. One of Mr. Waddell's anecdotes, relating to a head negro's method of choosing a wife, may form an apt pendant to this article. John had provided for the lady of his love the gown, hat, shoes, gloves, and whatever else was necessary to deck out the dusky belle for the happy occasion—such being the custom. But as in the matter of stability of affection, there is really little to choose between black and white, John's smoky flame jilted him for the refuge and ecstasy of another bosom. We are afraid, however, that John's own affection was no deeper than his black skin; for his chief and immediate concern was how to recover the bridal finery with which he had dowered his Jamaica jilter. The old rogue recovered his property, and was greatly comforted. Some time after, when Mr. Waddell inquired at the black lover what he was doing about getting married, his eyes flashed like the Twin-stars under his cloudy brow, as he replied—'Minister, me just look out one now to fit the gown!' Had John lived at the present day, and in this country, his reply would probably have been that he was looking out for one to fit, not the gown, but the crinoline. For it does actually seem as if crinoline had, by some mistake, been manufactured before woman was created, so vast is the disproportion between her own sweet slenderness and the uncircumnavigability of the outer circles in which she is fixed like a pole in a pyramid.

W. F.

POPULAR SONGS OF THE HIGHLANDS. No. XIII.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, universally known in the Highlands as 'Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair,' that is 'Alexander, the son of Mr. Alexander,' is a very highly esteemed Gaelic poet. His father was the Episcopalian minister of Ardnamurchan, though he seems to have resided in Moidart principally. It is in compliment, I suppose, to his clerical capacity, that he goes by the name of 'Maighstir Alasdair.' Alister, son of Mr. Alister, was born in the beginning of the last century. He was well educated, attended college for some time, and became, it is said, a good classical scholar. His studies, however, were interrupted by his marriage before he was qualified for a profession. He then lived in Ardnamurchan, teaching and farming, an elder of the Established Church, and a Presbyterian, till the year 1745; when he not only left his all to join Prince Charles, but even changed his religion and became a Catholic. The fiery and warlike songs with which he roused his countrymen, and animated their devotion for the unfortunate Stuart cause, prove how true a Jacobite and how good a poet the son of Mr. Alister was. He held a commission in the Highland army, but what his exploits as a soldier were I have not heard. To judge from his songs, he ought to have been a particularly good one. It is singular to think that both he and Duncan Ban MacIntyre were engaged in the battle of Falkirk, and on opposite sides too. Had they met, it is not to be supposed that MacDonald would have found a very fervid foeman in the younger bard. In his first song,

composed on this same battle of the 'Speckled Kirk,' Duncan Ban celebrates the defeat of his own party with great glee. The MacDonalds, who charged breast to breast against a troop of Galldom, seemed to have excited his special admiration. He has no soft words for the rout of the royalists, and himself among them. 'As if a dog,' he says, 'should follow sheep, and they running over the face of a glen. Just so did they take scattering on the side on which were we.'

After the battle of Culloden, MacDonald lived in hidings, and was exposed to considerable hardships for some time. The rest of his life appears to have passed in peace and quiet, but not much seems to be known concerning it. He died, it is said, at a good old age in Eilean Fionain, Loch-Shiel, Ardnamurchan. The year is not mentioned. His first work was 'A Gaelic and English Vocabulary,' published in 1741. His poems were published in Edinburgh in 1751. As a poet, he displays a great command of the Gaelic language, and a vast deal of talent and fiery energy. His great fault seems to be that he composed too often, just to show his own power; at least, we do not so much feel the beating of his own heart in all his compositions as in Duncan Ban's; they do not appear to have sprung from so fresh and sweet a fountain of pure human love. This is perhaps the reason that MacDonald is less known and less popular on the whole than MacIntyre, though there are not wanting admirers of his who place him at the head of all the modern Gaelic bards. There is certainly no poem in Gaelic, or indeed in English, or in any language, which, in point of singular originality of conception, arrangement, and expression, excels that which now follows. Round a most unpromising theme it gathers an immense amount of graphic painting, and contains, in its short compass, a measure, pressed down but running over, of breathing, powerful, emphatic human life. The whole poem displays abundant proof of this. It is almost superfluous to point out the descriptions of the boatmen with their different offices, which have the verisimilitude of photographs, with the freedom of a great master; or that of the storm in the end, which even in its exaggeration has something Shaksperian about it. I must give the poem, as it is so long, without any further preface. The name it goes by is 'The Birlinn.'

THE BLESSING OF A SHIP;

Along with an incitement for the sea, that was made for the crew of the Birlinn, of the Lord of Clan-Ranald.

May God bless the ship of Clan-Ranald!*
This first day it floats on the brine;

Himself, and the strong men who guide it,
Whose virtues surpassingly shine!

* In Bishop Carwell's Gaelic Prayer-Book, published in the year 1667—the first book ever printed in the Gaelic language—there occurs a prayer somewhat similar to this one, to be used by mariners on going to sea. It, too, is a prayer to the Trinity; very well arranged and expressed, and full of devotional feeling. It could hardly have been used or appreciated by a wild and savage people, such as we are sometimes, I think, very incorrectly, taught to regard the Highlanders of three hundred years ago.

May the Holy Trinity temper
The stormy breath of the sky,
And sweep smooth the rough swelling waters,
That our port we may draw nigh!

Father! Creator of ocean,
And each wind that blows from the sky!
Bless our slender bark and our heroes;
Make all ill things pass them by.
O Son! bless thou our anchor,
Our tackling, helm, and sail;
Everything on our mast that is hanging,
Till our haven at last we hail.

Bless our yards and all our mast-hoops;
Our masts and ropes, one and all;
Our halyards and stays keep unbroken—
Let no ill through them befall!

May the Holy Spirit be at the helm,
And guide to the proper place!
He knows each port beneath the sun.
We cast us on his grace.

THE BLESSING OF THE ARMS.

May God bless all our weapons—
Our blades of Spain, sharp and gray,
And our massy malls which are able
The sharpest edge to stay;
Our blades of steel and our corslets,
And our curled and shapely targets—
Bless them all, without exception—
The arms our shoulder-belts carry;

Our bows of yew, well made and handsome,
Bent oft-times in the breast of battle;
Our birchen shafts not prone to splinter,
Cased in the sullen badger's hide!
Bless our poniards and our pistols,
And our tartans fine and folded,
And every implement of warfare
In MacDonald's bark this hour!

Be you, our crew! not soft or simple;
Hardly brave deeds encounter;
While four boards shall hold together,
Or one plank to plank be tied—
While beneath your feet she walters,
Or one knob remains above,
Oh! defy each sight of terror
Your strong hearts to melt or move!

If only you battle it well,
And the sea does not feel that you quail,
She will humble herself in the knowledge,
And her pride to your might will she vail.
Battle thy spouse on the land;
Let her not see thee get weak,
And the chance is she yields in the strife,
Nor such contests will daringly seek.

Even so is the mighty deep,
When fierce frenzy her bosom fills;
She will yield to you, nevertheless,
As the King of the Universe wills.

THE INCITEMENT TO ROW TO A SAILING-PLACE.

To bring the barge so dark and stately,
Whence we'd sail away,
Thrust out those tough clubs and unyielding,
Polished bare and gray;
Those oars well made, smooth waisted,
Firm and light;
That row steadily and boldly
With smooth palm foam white;

That send the sea in splashing showers
Aloft unto the sky,
And light the brain-fire bright and flashing,
As when coal sparks fly,

With purpose-like blows of the great heavy weapons,
With a powerful sweep,
Wound the huge swell on the ocean meadow
Heavy and deep.

With your sharp narrow blades white and slender,
Strike its big breast;
Hirsute and brawny, and rippled and hilly,
With the rough crest.

Oh stretch and bend and draw, young gallants!
Forward going;
Let your fists' broad grasp be whitening
In your rowing!

Ye lusty, heavy, stalwart youngsters!
Stretch your full length;
With shoulders knotty, nervy, hairy.

Hard with strength;
See you raise and drop together
With one motion;

Your gray and beamy shafts well ordered,
Sweeping ocean.

Thou stout surge-wrangler on the foremost oar!
Shout loudly 'Suas orr!'

The song that wakes the arm's best vigour
In each cruiser,
And hurls the Birlinn through the cold glens,
Loudly snoring;
Or climbing, cleaving the swollen surges,
Hoarsely roaring.

Thou fling behind each awful mountain,
Those stout shoulders;
With 'Hugan' on the ocean walling, shouting,
And 'Heig' on the oar holders,

A thud, a dash of spray, from mighty billows,
On each timber,
And creaking oars, and blisters on each finger
Strong and limber,

The heroes, stout, and stiff, and manly,
Must work untiring,

Till each board of her is quivering—
Oak, and post, and iron;

While blades are splashing in the water,
And knobs creak on the side,
With such huge might she gives a lurch,
Bold in her pride.

Strong arms can drive the slender bark
Through the wide deep.

Right in the face of the blue billows,
Rising, bristling heap.

These are the mettled, manly crew,
Our oars to sweep;

To make the gray-back'd oddies whirl
Where each stroke press'd;

And flag not, tire not, drowse not, bend not,
In the storm's rough breast.

Then after the six men and ten are seated at the oars, in order to row under the wind to the sailing-place, let stout Calum, son of Rannald of the Ocean, shout the Iorram† for her, and be seated on the foremost oar, and let this be it:—

Now, since you are rank'd in order,
And seem all to be well chosen,
Give her one good plunge, like champions,
Brave and boldly.

Give her one good plunge, &c.

* 'Suas orr,' 'Up with her'—i.e., 'The Birlinn.' 'Suas' is a common cry of encouragement. Whoever has seen the Highlanders dance their reels must have witnessed the inspiring effect of 'Suas e.'

† Iorram (pronounced 'Yirram') is a boat-song or an oar-song and sometimes a lament. This double meaning it acquired from the fact of the Iorram being so often chanted in the boats that carried the remains of chiefs and nobles over the western seas to Iona.

Give her not a plunge imperfect,
But with right good will, and careful
Keep a watch on all the storm hills
Of the ocean.

Keep a watch, &c.

With a mighty grasp and manful
Stretch your bones and stretch your sinews:
Leave her track in light behind you,
Stepping proudly.

Leave her track, &c.

Give a gleesome bout and lively;
Stoutly rousing one another,
With the dainty boat-song chanted
By the fore-oar.

With the dainty boat-song, &c.

Raise the foam-bells round the tholepins,
Till your hands are bare and blister'd,
And the oars themselves are twisted
In the strong waves.

And the oars themselves, &c.

Let your brows be hotly lighted;
Heed not should your palms get skinned,
And the huge drops from your forehead
Fast be falling.

And the huge drops, &c.

Bend, and stretch, and draw, young gallants
Your shafts of fir, in hue light gray,
And pass with heed the wild rough currents
Whirling briny.

And pass with heed, &c.

Let your set of oars, full sweeping,
Mash the great sea with their vigour,
Going splashing in the wild face
Of the billows.

Going splashing, &c.

Row together, clean and steady,
Splitting the great swelling water;
Work with life and work with spirit,
No delaying.

Work with life, &c.

Give a graceful and a strong pull,
Looking off on one another;
Wake the force that's in your sinews
All so strongly.

Wake the force, &c.

Be her ribb'd and oaken body
In the wild glens moaning sadly,
And her two thighs ever pounding
Down the surges.

And her two thighs, &c.

Let the ocean, crisp and hoary,
Rise with rough and deep-toned heaving,
And the lofty walling waters
Shout and welter.

And the lofty, &c.

Let the gray sea, ever foaming,
Splash her forward pressing shoulders,
And the currents groan and mingle
Far behind her.

And the currents, &c.

Stretch, and bend, and draw, young gallants!
Your shafts, with smooth waist painted red:
Work them with the pith and marrow
Of strong shoulders.

Work them, &c.

Sweep around you point before you,
Till your brows are streaming moisture;
Thence, with full-spread sail, leave Uist
Of the solans.

Thence, with full-spread sail, &c.

They then rowed to the sailing-place.

And they hoist up the new-bless'd sails
Tautly on high,
And rattle in six oars and ten
And lay them by,
Clear of the pegs that hold the sails
Along her thigh:
Then, Clan-Ranald from his nobles order'd
Good ocean skippers to sail by—
Men who fear'd not any spectre,
Or sight of terror came them nigh.

Then was it ordered, after choice had been made,
that every man should look after his own particular
charge. Immediately on this, there was a shout
raised for the steersman to take the helm, in these
words:—

Let a broad, heavy hero sit at the helm,
Powerful, ready;
No dash of the rising or falling sea
Must make him unsteady;
A well-spread prop full of vigour,
Broad-seated, thick,
Stout and sure, and cautious and wary,
Skilful and quick.
Never once hasty while watching the linen,
Which swift winds unfurl.
When he hears the shaggy ridge of the waters'
Roaring whirl,
He'll smartly keep her narrow head
Against the swirl.
He'll guide her so that she rocks or reels not
In her tack;
Ruling sail and sheet with eye that windward
Glances back.
He must not lose one finger's fore-joint
Of the right course,
In spite of all the tumbling surges,
And their force.
He'll beat so boldly, when there's need,
In the wind's eye;
He'll make each oaken plank and fastening
Creak and cry.
He must not blench or get confused
With doubts and fears—
Not should the sea's gray-headed swell
Rise round his ears.
This stalwart seaman every terror
Must withstand;
Nor stir, nor move, but keep his place,
With helm in hand;
And, watching the old hoary ocean,
Stern though it be,
Must loosen or draw in the sheet,
As need he'll see,
And make her battle, run, or beat.
With full-sail'd glee.
Thus he keeps her stiff and stubborn,
On top of the wild wave—
Straight and sure unto her harbour,
Let storms howl or rave.

A MAN IS ORDERED OUT TO WATCH THE RIGGING.

Place a shrewd man—great slated—there,
To watch the rigging,
Who'll be sedate and full of care,
With huge grasp—strong-finger'd;
Who'll haul the yard with right good will,
When the ship needs it;
And watch the mast and tackling still,
And bind and loosen.
And he must know the winds that blow,
What course best suiting;

And he must work in harmony
With him who holds the sheet,
And guide the tackling manfully,
So long as his stout ropes and high
Shall hold together.

THE MAN SET ASIDE FOR THE SHEET.

Let this man, with mighty shoulders,
Sit on the thwart;
He must be sinewy and hairy,
With his bones big—
A thick-set, broad, and craggy champion,
With fingers huge.
The sheet he must be ever guiding
With scrambling force;
When the winds come fiercely blowing,
Pulling well in;
But when it slacks, and lags, and flutters,
He lets free.

A MAN ORDERED OUT FOR THE EAR-RING.

Let a man who's tight and sturdy,
Handy, nice, and fine,
Work the jib-sheet without flinching,
When she nears the wind;
Bring it up and down in order,
To each fitting hold,
As the wind may chance to follow,
Or the high-topp'd wave;
And if he finds the tempest rising,
Or loud groaning come,
Who'll bring it with good grasp heroic
To the gunwale down.

A LOOK-OUT ORDERED TO THE FORE.

Now, rising, let a slow man go
Up to the prow;
Our harbour with unerring knowledge
He must show;
Every art decrying keenly
Whence the wind can blow,
And telling to the steersman surely
The right way to go.
Each landmark he must note and gather
From afar,
Since it, with Him who rules the seasons,
Is our guiding star.

A MAN SET ASIDE FOR THE HALYARD.

At the halyard place a wight
Who is no sloven,
But athletic, full of might,
Skill'd, and well proven.
Careful ever, free of haste,
With dark frowns ready;
And to guide his rope well placed,
Dainty and not heady.
With a tug and with a twist
The sail restraining;
Bending downward on his fist,
And strongly straining,
Hard and fast he must not tie
The tough, tight rope;
He only dares a loose loop try,
Giving it scope
To run freely and to fly
And murmur hoarse
Round the peg, with hum and cry,
So swift its course.

A reporter of the waters set aside, and the sea
getting too rough, the steersman says to him—

Let a man to watch the rain-squall,
Quick, come nigh;
And sharply on the weather's heart
Let him keep his eye.

Choose me a man half-frighten'd,
 Cautious, sly,
 But not a coward out and out,
 And let him pry,
 With curious watch, until the shower
 He rippling spy;
 Then mark keenly if the gusts
 Before, behind, it fly;
 Nor must he let my heedless thoughts
 Securely lie,
 But wake me up at sight of danger
 With an eager cry,
 When towards us the drowning waters
 Walling hie;
 He must say, 'The beam's thin head
 Quick put about!'
 'A breaking wave!' with thunderous accents
 Must he shout.
 He must thus inform me duly
 When danger's nigh;
 But let no other weather-watcher
 But himself be by,
 To make confusion, doubt, and tumult,
 Through the whole crew fly.

A balesman is ordered out; and the sea, rushing
 over her behind and before—

To bale her let a strong man rise,
 Active, brave,
 Who will not blench, or yield, or tremble
 For the shouting wave;
 Who will not quail, who will not soften
 For cold sea or hail,
 Though they lash and splash his neck and breast
 On the strong gale.
 With a thick, round, wooden vessel
 In his horny hand,
 He lets not the impouring water
 One moment stand;
 His trust he rigidly discharges,
 Not one moment slack,
 Nor straightening while a drop remaineth
 His bent active back;
 Though her boards should all get riddled,
 He could keep her snug,
 As a well-made lid, close-fitting,
 Keeps a polished jug.

Two are ordered to watch the ropes behind the
 canvas, and every appearance that the sails will be
 swept from her with the roughness of the tempest:—

Now let a pair of strong and raw-boned men,
 Rough and hairy,
 Be set to watch the ropes behind the sails,
 Well and wisely.
 With pith and marrow, and great bone and brawn,
 And tough sinews,
 To draw well in when time of danger comes,
 Or else let free;
 Careful to keep it always with smart hand
 In the right middle.
 Donald MacCormac let us choose for this,
 And John MacLan—
 Two most audacious fellows and expert,
 Of the men of Canna.

Six are now chosen as a reserve, in case any of
 those I have spoken of should fail, or that the fury of
 the sea should pluck him overboard, then one of these
 could take his place:—

Let six men now get up—ready, agile,
 Handy, lively,
 Who will go and leap and run
 Fore and aft her,
 Like a hare upon the hill-tops,
 And the hounds near by.
 They must climb the hard smooth ropes,
 Fine and hempen,
 Like a squirrel in the spring-time
 Up a tree side.
 They must be skilful, hardy, active,
 Sure, and restless,
 And spring to rope, or chain, or sail, or any
 Needful order,
 Guiding the good ship without weakness
 Of Vic Dhomhuill.

Now, when everything appertaining to the sailing
 had been got under famous regulation, and every
 gallant hero drew without softness, without fear,

without trembling, to the exact place where he had
 been ordered to go, they raised up the sails about the
 rising of the sun on the day of the feast of St. Bride,
 and they bore out of Loch-Ainneart, in Uist, looking
 southward.

The sun just open'd, golden-yellow,*
 From his case,
 When the sky grew dark and drumly
 In its place;
 Livid, swarthy, thick, dun-bellied,
 Tawny, gray;
 Every dye that's in the tartan
 O'er it lay.
 Far away to the wild westward
 Grim it lowers,
 With clouds that on the thick squall wander,
 Threatening showers.
 Up they raised their speckled sails though,
 Cloud-like light,
 And stretch'd them on the mighty halcyons,
 Tough and tight.
 High on the mast, so tall and stately—
 Dark red in hue—
 They set them firmly, set them surely,
 Set them true.
 Round the iron pegs the ropes ran,
 And the right rings through;
 They arranged the tackle rarely,
 Well and carefully.
 Then each man sat waiting bravely,
 Where he ought to be;
 Now the airy windows open'd,
 Spotted and blue-gray;
 Now blew the keen and crabbed wild winds—
 A fierce band were they.
 Then his dark gray cloak the ocean
 Round him drew—
 Dusky, livid, ruffled, whirling—
 Round it flew.
 And up he swell'd to mountains or to glens—
 Dishevell'd, rough, sank down—
 Soon the kicking, tossing water
 All in hills had grown.
 The blue deep open'd in huge maws,
 Wild and devouring,
 Into each other's grasps in deadly struggles
 Fiercely pouring.
 It took a man to look the storm winds
 Right in the face—
 Lighting the sparkling spray on every hill wave,
 In their fiery race.
 The waves before us, shrilly yelling,
 Raised their high heads hoar,
 While those behind, with moaning trumpets,
 Gave a bellowing roar.
 When we rose up aloft, majestic,
 On the heaving swell,
 Need was to pull in our canvas
 Smart and well.
 When she sank down with one huge swallow
 In the hollow glen,
 Every sail she bore aloft
 Was given to her then.
 The drizzling surges high and roaring
 Rush'd on us louting;
 Long ere they were near us come,
 We heard their shouting.
 They roll'd, sweeping up the little waves,
 Scouring them bare,
 Till they became one threatening swell,
 Our steersman's care.
 When down we fell from off the billows'
 Towering shaggy edge,
 Our keel was well nigh hurled against
 The shells and sedge;
 The whole sea was lashing, dashing,
 All through other.
 It kept the seals and mightiest monsters
 In a pother.
 The fury and the surging of the water,
 And our good ship's swift way,
 Spatter'd their white brains on each billow,
 Livid and gray.
 With piteous wailing and complaining,
 All the storm-toes'd horde,

* Any one who has ever watched a threatening February
 morning in the Hebrides, will be at no loss to perceive that
 this vigorous description has been taken directly from Nature.
 The varied colours of the sky, and the wild aspect of the sea,
 are particularly striking.

Shouted out, 'We're now your subjects;
Take us up on board.'
And the small fish of the ocean
Turn'd over their white breast,
Dead, innumerable, with the raging
Of the furious sea's unrest.
The stones and shells of the deep channel
Were in motion;
Swept from out their lowly bed
By the tumult of the ocean,
Till the sea, like a great mess of pottage,
Troubled, muddy grew
With the blood of many mangled creatures,
Dirty red in hue—
Of the horn'd and clawy wild beasts,
Short-footed, splay;
With great wailing gunless mouths,
A huge wide-opened way.
But the whole deep was full of spectres,
Loose and sprawling,
With the claws and with the tails of monsters
Pawing, squalling.
It was frightful even to hear them
Screech so loudly;
The sound might move full fifty heroes
Stepping proudly.
Our whole crew grew dull of hearing
In the tempest's scowl,
With the quavering cries of demons
And the wild beasts' howl.
With oaken planks the weltering waves were wrestling
In their noisy splashing;
While the sharp beak of our swift ship
On the sea-pigs* came dashing.
The wind kept still renewing all its wildness
In the far west,
Till with every kind of strain and trouble
We were sore distress'd.
We were blinded with the water
Showering o'er us ever;
And the awful night-like thunder,
And the lightning ceasing never.
The bright fire-balls in our tackling
Flamed and smoked;
With the smell of burning brimstone
We were well-nigh choked.
All the elements above, below,
Against us wrought;
Earth and wind, and fire and water,
With us fought.
But when it defied the sea
To make us yield;
At last, with one bright smile of pity,
Peace with us she seal'd.
But not before our yards were injured,
And our sails were rent,
Our poops were strain'd, our oars were weaken'd,
All our masts were bent;
Not a stay we had but started,
Our tackling all was wet and splashy,
Nails and couplings twisted, broken,
Feeehie, fashie,
All the thwarts and all the gunwale
Everywhere confess'd,
And all above and all below,
How sore they had been press'd.
Not a bracket, not a rib,
But the storm had loosed,
Fore and aft, from stem to stern,
All had got confused.
Not a tiller but was split,
And the helm was wounded;
Every board its own complaint
Sadly sounded;
Every trenel, every fastening
Had been giving way;
Not a board remain'd as firm
As at the break of day;
Not a bolt in her but started,
Not a rope the wind that bore,
Not a part of the whole vessel
But was weaker than before.
The sea spoke to us its peace prattle
At the cross of Islay a Kyle,
And the rough wind, bitter boreal!
Was restrain'd for one good while;
It rose from off us into places
Lofty in the upper air,
And after all its noisy barking,
Ruffled round us fair.

* Sea-pigs (muca-mara) are porpoises.

† *Fine, false!* pronounced as above, occur here in the original.
They are mere expletives, and have no meaning.

Then we gave thanks to the High King,
Who rein'd the wind's rude breath,
And saved our good Clan-Ranald
From a bad and brutal death.
Then we fur'd up the fine and speckled sails
Of linen wide,
And we took down the smooth, red dainty masts,
And laid them by the side.
On our long and slender polish'd oars
Together leaning—
They were all made of the fir cut by MacBarais
In Eilean Fionain—
We went with our smooth dashing, rowing,
And steady shock,
Till we reach'd the good port round the point
Of Fergus' Rock.
There casting anchor peacefully,
We calmly rode;
We got meat and drink in plenty,
And there we abode.

* Fergus' Rock, or Carrickfergus.

THOMAS PATTISON.

MARY GORDON'S FIRST DAYS AT SCHOOL. CHAPTER XII.

MARY had fallen asleep, but her slumber was broken and disturbed, for her papa's story of the poor boy O'Neil had made a strong impression on her mind, revealing her own guilt, and exciting her imagination to such a degree, that it seemed still to be busily at work; and thus, in what appeared at first a happy dream, she was wafted away to her own summer home—a beautiful mansion on the banks of a Highland loch, surrounded by woods and rocky mountains, heaths and valleys, watered by streams, and enlivened by the rural abodes of the tenantry. It was a summer day of sunshine, and Mary, in her dream, was with Rachel and Willie, wandering in their accustomed haunts, through woods and over fields, gathering wild flowers, and striving with Willie which would collect the finest bouquet. She had run to some distance to pull a wild rose, when a beautiful butterfly passed her, fluttering sportively in the summer air; and Mary pursued it—not that she might catch it or hurt it, but that she might see it alight, and admire its mottled wings, with their bright colours; and so, continuing to follow it, from flower to bush, and from bush to flower, she forgot to think about Rachel and Willie, until she found herself in a woody dell, by the side of a stream too deep for her to cross, but over which—away flew the butterfly! She turned, and tried to retrace her steps, but Rachel and Willie were nowhere to be seen. She ran in every direction calling their names, but there was no answer returned, and she became greatly alarmed. Suddenly the sky was overcast with clouds, and heavy rain began to fall, and poor Mary felt utterly helpless and ready to sink with dismay; when lo! by one of those wonderful transitions that belong to dreams, but which in dreams never appear wonderful, she found herself in town, and on her way to Miss Weston's school; and on passing the toy-shop she looked in and saw the shopwoman, who called out, 'There is the little girl;—catch her! catch her!' and immediately two policemen ran out of the shop and pursued her.

Terror seemed now to supply her with new strength, and she ran, with a rapidity amazing to herself, until she reached Russell-square; and on coming near Miss Weston's house, she felt greatly re-assured when she saw her standing on the hall steps, beckoning and calling to her to come quickly. She struggled on to reach her, but suddenly all strength seemed again to

leave her—her limbs refused to carry her farther; and when she looked behind, and saw her pursuers close upon her, and one of them about to seize her by the arm, she clung to the iron railing, and with a piercing cry—awoke!

The light was burning very low, and the nursery filled with dark shadows, and Mary sat up in bed and called loudly upon Rachel; but the kitchen was too far off for her to hear. Willie, however, had been startled from his sleep by the cry she had uttered in her dream, and now he was thoroughly awakened; and, springing from his bed, he ran into the nursery.

'What are you calling for, Mary dear?'

'Oh Willie, Willie! Come to me and give me your hand. I have been dreaming a terrible dream, and I am very frightened; for oh Willie! I am a thief!' And Mary wept bitterly.

'No, no, Mary dear; you are not a thief,' said the kind-hearted little boy, getting up beside her, and putting his arms around her; 'you are dreaming yet, Mary.'

'No, Willie, I am not dreaming now. I stole a shilling of mamma's money, and bought a doll with it on my way to school.'

'Mary, Mary, why did you do that? Have you told mamma?'

'No, Willie, I could not; I was so much afraid. I once thought I would tell papa when he was telling us about the poor boy, but I was not able; and oh Willie! I am very frightened God will punish me.'

'You must come to papa, Mary, and tell him all about it, and he will help you.'

'But when I tell him what I have done, Willie, he will never love me any more, and neither will mamma,' said Mary, weeping.

'Mary, I am sure they will always love you, and so will I. Come away, and I will take you to papa.'

He helped her out of bed, and on opening the nursery door, they were dazzled by the brightness of the light that streamed in upon them.

'Look,' said Willie, 'the stair-case lights are burning yet, and nobody is to bed.'

Mary searched for the doll, and took it out from the foot of her bed.

'Oh Willie!' she said; 'how can I go and tell papa about this? I am all trembling.'

'Don't be afraid, Mary. I will help you.'

He supported her kindly, with an arm put round her waist; and they went down stairs together, and were advancing to the drawing-room door, when Mary stopped.

'Willie!' she said, 'I am not able to go in. Oh what shall I do?'

'Stand here for a little, Mary dear, and I'll go in and tell papa.'

He opened the door quietly, and went in.

'Papa,' he said, 'Mary has something she wants to tell you, and she is very frightened to come in.'

Mr. Gordon walked immediately to the door. 'Come in, Mary,' he said; but the little white figure neither spoke nor moved, but stood dumb and motionless, under the bright light of the stair gasolier, with one hand holding on by the railing, and in the other hung the wax-doll, the cause of all her woe.

When Mr. Gordon stooped down to look at her, he was shocked to see that her face was colourless, her breathing oppressed, and a cold perspiration stood on her forehead; for, besides the effort she was making to come into her father's presence, Mary was still suffering from the effects of her dream.

'My dear child,' he said, lifting her in his arms, and carrying her into the drawing-room, 'tell me what is the matter?'

When Mrs. Gordon came forward and looked at Mary's pale face and closed eyes, she was greatly alarmed.

'I told you, William, that this had gone too far; and now there is an illness coming on the child.'

'Don't be afraid, Anne; this will prove a salutary illness, and it is just what I hoped for, and told you would come. Ring for a glass of water, please.'

Mrs. Gordon went for it herself, and brought besides a warm shawl, and wrapped it about her.

Mary drank a little water, and for a short time lay perfectly quiet in her father's arms; and Mr. Gordon watched until he saw her colour return, and that she was really better, when he raised her up gently. 'Mary!' he said, 'Willie says there is something you want to tell me, but that you are frightened to do so. Now, I would like you to think that you are sitting on your own papa's knee, who loves you, and wishes to help you to do what is right; and if you have done something that is wrong, even although it is very far wrong, you are doing right now to come and confess it. So, speak out at once, my dear, and tell me what it is, and why you are so frightened.'

With a strong effort she roused herself, and, lifting up the doll, laid it on the table, shuddering as she did so.

'Papa,' she said, 'I have been very wicked. I stole a shilling of mamma's money from the pantry table this morning, before I went to school; and, on the way, I bought that doll, although mamma refused to buy it for me yesterday. I have been very unhappy all day; and when you told Willie and me about the poor boy that stole the loaf, I knew I had been far worse than him. I once thought I would try to tell you, but I was not able. And I have dreamed a terrible dream; and I am very frightened that God will punish me,—for I am a thief!'

It was out at last. The terrible truth was spoken; but so terrible did it sound in her papa's presence, that Mary hid her face on his arm and burst into a violent fit of weeping.

Mr. Gordon allowed her tears to flow unrestrained for some minutes, and then spoke.

'Are you going to remain a thief, Mary?'

'Oh no, no,' she said, earnestly. 'I shall never steal anything again.'

'Then you are really sorry for what you have done? You are ashamed of it; and wonder now how you could allow yourself to take, secretly, what was not your own? You despise yourself for it, and hate the very idea of being a thief?'

'Oh yes, papa!' she said, astonished at hearing her own thoughts so truly expressed.

'Now, Mary, I should like very much to know what could tempt you to do such a thing? And, although you are but a little girl, do you think, my dear, you could try to remember your thoughts after you rose this morning? And tell me what bad, unhappy feelings led you so far wrong. And, however bad they were, don't be afraid to tell me out truly.'

There was something in her papa's tone so calm and encouraging, and altogether so unlike the severity she had expected, that Mary gradually gained courage. And now that the ice was fairly broken, her confession flowed forth like a stream that seemed to be gathering strength as it went along, and revealing the innermost thoughts of her heart.

'Papa,' she said, 'I shall tell you everything I can remember. When I rose this morning, I thought I would try to be as good as I was yesterday, for everybody at school was pleased with me, and I was very happy; but when Nancy came to dress me instead of Rachel, I grew angry and naughty, because I wanted

to talk to Rachel about school, and Nancy did not know anything about it. I was behaving very badly to her, when mamma came into the nursery, and punished me; and when she took Willie down with her to breakfast, and would not let him stay with me, I thought she was very cruel to leave me alone, and that it was because she loved Willie more than me, and was petting him—and oh! papa, I hated Willie for it. Yes,' she said—turning round to her little brother, who was seated on a footstool by the fire, gazing at her with a face of anxious concern—'I hated my own Willie, who has been so kind to me, and helped me to come to you to-night.'

'Never mind, Mary, dear,' said Willie. 'I know you don't hate me.'

'But I did hate you then, Willie; and I grew worse and worse; for when I came down stairs, and listened at the dining-room door, and heard you all talking so happily together, I thought mamma so cruel for keeping me out, that I hated her too. Yes, mamma,' she said, looking at Mrs. Gordon, 'I hated you too; and oh! mamma, will you forgive me?'

'Yes, I forgive you, my dear little girl, for I see you are truly sorry for having such wrong thoughts of me; and I shall say to you, just as Willie said—I know you don't hate me, Mary.'

'Oh no, indeed! I love you dearly, mamma,' she said, smiling sweetly for a moment, but her countenance changing again as she continued—

'And then I grew more wicked than ever; for when I went into Thomas' pantry to ask him the hour, he was not there, but on the table there was a heap of money; and I thought that although mamma would not allow me to be happy by giving me the doll I wanted so much, I would make myself happy, and take a shilling, and buy it; and I took—I—stole—oh, papa! I cannot tell you any more. I don't know what made me so wicked.' And again she hid her face on his shoulder.

'Mary,' said Mr. Gordon, 'I shall not ask you to say more; and I am glad you have had courage to tell me so much of the truth; for now I can easily comprehend the misery you must have endured all day—trying to conceal a theft you had committed—deceiving everybody, and telling untruths—drawn on by an evil power from one sin to another, until there seemed to be no way of escape; but I rejoice to learn, my dear child, from all you have now told me, that there has been a better influence ruling all the time in your heart, making you feel that sin brings its own punishment, and helping you to escape from it, like a bird from the snare of the fowler; and now, before you go to bed, Mary, let me ask you one or two serious questions. You say that you are afraid God will punish you, and it is quite right that you should fear Him at all times; but did you not forget to pray to Him this morning, when you went so far wrong, and broke his commandments?'

'Yes,' she said, looking down sorrowfully.

'Then you know you have sinned against Him, and you are sorry for it—you repent of it—and you will ask Him to forgive you, and help you to do so no more?'

'Yes, papa.'

'But you know, my dear little girl, that there is only one way—one only, Mary—by which any of us, young or old, can obtain forgiveness; that it is only through Jesus Christ, our Lord, you can be pardoned and kept from sin, and that all you ask must be for his sake.'

'Yes, papa.'

'And when you speak the concluding words of his own prayer—"Lead us not into temptation, but

deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power"—will you remember that, by these very words, He teaches you that you have no power of your own to keep you from sin, but that your safety must all come from himself?'

'Yes, papa; I shall remember that.'

'Then, my dear, you need not be frightened any more; you may go away to bed, Mary, and sleep in peace and safety, for, sleeping or waking, He will take care of you. So, good night, my own Mary,' said Mr. Gordon, clasping her in his arms, and kissing her affectionately.

'Good night, papa!' she said, warmly returning his embrace, and smiling for the first time with her own happy expression.

'Good night!' said Willie, springing up on the back of his papa's chair, and clasping him tightly round his neck, at the risk of choking him, for Willie's spirits were mounting high, so glad was he that Mary's troubles had come to a happy conclusion.

'Come down, Willie, and ring the nursery bell,' said Mrs. Gordon. 'And come and speak to me, Mary, for a few minutes. I am surè,' she said, in a low voice, 'you will be glad to see this doll no more?'

'Oh yes, mamma. Will you hide it away out of sight?'

'Oh no, my dear; it is really a very pretty doll,' she said, smiling as she looked at it, 'and quite innocent, I am sure, as to all the sorrow it has caused; and I think we shall ask Rachel to give it to her little niece, who has been so ill.'

'Oh yes; thank you, dear mamma. I shall be very happy if Rachel will give it to her.'

Rachel now came in, and gladly undertook to do so, expressing great pleasure at seeing Miss Mary look like herself again; and the happy children accompanied her to the nursery.

CONCLUSION.

'From all I have heard to-night,' said Mrs. Gordon to her husband, 'I acknowledge I was wrong this morning about Mary's punishment. So you see, William, I can make "a voluntary confession" when I feel it is right to do so.'

'Then you must have "convictions," Anne?' said Mr. Gordon, smiling.

'Yes, I have convictions,' she said gravely; 'at least I feel now that I did wrong in leaving her alone when Rachel was absent; and I regret it exceedingly, for I only drove her from bad to worse.'

'You are quite right, Anne; but do not vex yourself, for it has been the means of drawing out her character in a new light, and developing such bold features as I did not know she was possessed of; and yet so warm is her heart, that I believe a single loving remonstrance would do more to turn her from doing wrong than any amount of severity or any punishment we could inflict; and I think we shall both know better how to deal with her in future.'

In about an hour after, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon visited the nursery, and found Rachel still watching by Mary's bed; and on drawing aside the curtain, they saw that she had fallen into a quiet sleep. Her long eyelashes were matted together by the tears she had shed, but no other trace of sorrow remained, and a happy expression rested on her features.

'She is all right now, Rachel,' said Mr. Gordon, looking at her.

'She is indeed, sir,' said Rachel; 'and she dropped asleep while telling me how happy she was; and that to-morrow morning she would go down to breakfast, and sit beside her papa.'

'I am afraid I shall grow jealous of such a decided preference,' said Mrs. Gordon smiling; 'so I shall go and pay a visit to my son.' And she stepped lightly into Willie's room, followed by her husband.

Willie lay in a profound sleep; his curly hair pushed back from his fair open forehead; his cheeks warm and rosy with health.

'He is a noble little fellow,' said Mrs. Gordon, stooping to kiss him; 'and how kindly he has behaved to Mary to-night!'

'He has indeed behaved nobly,' said Mr. Gordon, 'just because he behaved so kindly, and as every brother should behave to a sister in sorrow. You quoted a text from Proverbs this afternoon, Anne, when we were speaking of Mary, and I may now apply one to Willie:—"A friend loveth at all times, and 'a brother' is born for adversity."'

POETICAL CONCEPTION.

No. III.

THERE is often a loveliness, a grandeur in truth—the mere simple narration of which, without extraneous adornment, speaks powerfully to, or calls forth, our poetical conceptions. We have many examples of such in our older ballads, and in a thousand other narratives, in the simplicity of which there is an indescribable pathos which fastens on the soul, or strikes every chord of affection in our emotional nature. But this view, to be fully elucidated, would lead us rather to the expression than to the conception of poetry.

Truth, it has been said, is often stranger than fiction; and fiction will not please unless it bear the similitude of truth. There are circumstances and events ever occurring, in the history of human life, of such deep and overpowering pathos, as to call forth some of the finest and tenderest sympathies. We think of Napoleon the Great, the devastator of kingdoms, the dethroner of monarchs—who overthrew dynasties, and whose nod made Europe tremble—as at last the caged eagle, pining away his life and his restless and troubled spirit in exile, and terminating his strange career on the lonely rock of St. Helena. Or, turn we for a moment to another and a quite different scene,—we enter one of the cells in Bedford jail, and what do we see?—a *prisoner*; but not alone, for a blind girl is with him, the child of his deepest affections, over whom his manly heart yearns with such tenderness as only such a nature as his could feel. He turns to his Bible, which lies open before him, and he reads, and then he writes. This is Bunyan, the tinker of Elstow, working out his immortal allegory of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Or, take a scene of domestic affection. There is the childless Naomi intreating once and again that her daughter-in-law, now a widow, should separate from her; and hear the thrilling answer of Ruth, 'Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.'

We have selected these instances as well known; but a thousand others might be given, of a similar description, in which the very circumstances are of an essen-

tially poetical character, and he who does not feel this must be devoid of some of the finest susceptibilities of humanity.

It is the province of the poet—we should rather say it is the unfailing, constraining, all-controlling, ruling, and directing exercise of the poetical faculty—to view circumstances and events in connection with the sensibilities of our common nature. It does not require strange or great events, affecting perhaps a nation's destinies, nor the actings and doings of men of great renown, nor the stern strife of a battle-field, where victory may hang in suspense between hostile armies, to give birth to true poetical conception. Fitting circumstances for this purpose may be found in the walks of common life, and among the ordinary occurrences of every day's history. A slight, trivial, apparently casual incident may give birth, in a highly poetical mind, to some of the most tender and pathetic poetical conceptions; and that not by any affected, or constrained, or far-fetched sentimentalism—which, as mere trick and sham, are barely tolerable, if not positively disgusting—but by the fresh welling forth of the perennial springs of genuine sympathy and affection, which ever find their natural channels into the human heart.

Two well-known poems of Burns, written regarding apparently trivial incidents, are full of the deepest pathos, and might both be quoted at large as illustrations of poetical conception on such subjects. The 'Address to the Mountain Daisy' and the 'Address to the Mouse' are perfect gems. It is, indeed, difficult to say which is best. Perhaps the pathos in the address to the daisy, especially in the concluding stanza, is the deepest and most overpowering:—

'Er'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!'

The address to the mouse is perhaps the more graphic in its description, though scarcely so full of pathos; at least the pathos does not reach the same depth as that of the other.

The description is so simple, easy, and natural, that when we read it we almost think—'Well! any of us could have done it.' But just let any one try such a theme, and he will find how sadly he has overrated his own powers; in other words, how far short he will come in his poetical conception.

'Thy wee bit house, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the winds are strewn!
And naething, now, to big a new ane
O' faggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen!'

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thoughtst to dwell—
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!

Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
'Bout house or hauld,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld !'

If we imagine it would be easy to conceive and write as well on such an incident, then let us feel the pathos, particularly of the last stanza:—

'But, mouse, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain.
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us naught but grief and pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art bless'd compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear;
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.'

I hope it will be understood from these illustrations which are given of *poetical conception*, though they belong to *poetical expression*, what is pathos, or, as the original Greek word means 'passion,' so often referred to in critiques on poetry. It is not necessarily imagination, or fancy, or poetical conception, but, like all true poetry, it touches the passions—either the lofty or sublime, or the tender or affectionate; and perhaps it cannot be otherwise described than as meeting its echo in the human heart, as all classes of poetry must do. The field is thus, it will be seen, of almost illimitable extent and variety. The pathos of a scene, or event, or incident may be felt, perhaps, by any one; but to carry the pathos into a written description, as Burns has done, so as to affect the minds of others, belongs to the poet's art of description and not to poetical conception merely.

The poetical conception of events, or their attendant circumstances or results, however, remain different, it may be in different minds, but still they are not so in their marked rational reality, but only as viewed through some natural feeling, rising up spontaneously in the human breast; for feeling cannot be forced any more than it can be restrained. According to the Latin saying—*'Tanquam furca naturam expellas, usque recurret'*—although you expel nature with a fork it will still return.

Passion or emotion, indeed—not rage, nor hate, nor jealousy, nor any other exciting and turbulent passion *exclusively*—is the soul of poetical conception, as there is a pleasure in the placid stream as it runs noiselessly, smooth, and deep, like a coy maiden, between dark overhanging rocks—suggesting the still pleasures of happiness and contentment—as well as when it forms a cascade, tumbling, and whirling, and rushing, and roaring, filling the air with its thunder, like some mighty giant in a storm of passion.

Before dismissing the subject of poetical conception, there are at least two overmastering passions worthy of especial notice, viz. *patriotism*, or the love of country, and what has been called in the present day *hero-worship*—which two passions, though somewhat different, are not very dissimilar at least in their operation.

The subject of *patriotism*, or love of country, is the grand overmastering passion of Scotchmen; and, in-

deed, it is almost universally found to characterise the natives of mountainous countries. It is so strong that the air of '*Ranz des vaches*,' the favourite song of the Swiss mountain herdsmen, was forbidden to be played in the French army, as it called up associations and feelings in connection with their fatherland in the Swiss soldiers, so exciting as frequently to lead to desertion from the service.

A somewhat similar trait has been said to characterise our own hardy Highland soldiers, who, in a foreign land, have been melted into tears on hearing some of their native airs; and '*Lochaber no more*' has drawn a Highlander from America back to the land of his birth.

Sir Walter Scott says, like a genuine Scotchman as he was—

'Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land?"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd?
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell:
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?'

And another Scotchman thus writes:—

'Dear to my spirit, Scotland! thou hast been
Since infant years, in all thy glens of green!
Land of my love, where every sound and sight
Comes in soft melody or melts in light!
Land of the green wood, by the a' ver rill,
The heather and the daisy of the hill;
The guardian thistle, to thy foemen stern;
The wild-rose, hawthorn, and the lady fern!
Land of the lark, that like a seraph sings
Beyond the rainbow's quivering wings!
Land of wild beauty, and romantic shapes—
Of shelter'd valleys and of stormy capes;
Of the bright garden and the tangled brake;
Of the dark mountain and the sunlit lake!
Land of my birth, and of my father's grave,
The eagles' home, the eyrie of the brave!
Land of affection, and of native worth!
Land where my bones shall mingle with the earth!
The foot of slave thy heather never strain'd,
Nor rock that battlement thy sons profaned!
Unrival'd land of sciences and arts,
Land of fair faces and of faithful hearts!
Land where Religion paves her heavenward road!
Land of the temple of the living God!
Yet, dear to feeling, Scotland, as thou art,
Should'st thou that glorious temple e'er desert,
I would disclaim thee, seek the distant shore
Of Christian isle, and thence return no more.'

These quotations, though rather long, may well be placed side by side, and we have done so to show how two highly poetical minds may view the same interesting subject, and to illustrate poetical conceptions in a great variety of its phases. Indeed, we know no better way of enlarging our views of poetical conception than to collect together the many passages of our best poetry, and see how almost infinitely various they are in their leading features, yet all true to the grand principle of nature.

There is also, as we have said, the passion of what has been called '*hero-worship*,' which is a most inviting subject. It is the origin of the heathen mythologies even of the present age. It exalts heroes into the place of gods, and sinful erring men into the calendar of saints.

Few, indeed, in this Christian land, and in our day, will admit this species of idolatry, founded on erroneous and overstrained poetical conception. But it is nevertheless true that each mind has the god of its own poetical idolatry, in some types of humanity, dead or living, which it exalts under the power of poetical feeling to a supernatural dignity and worth, and, with what is called a poetical licence, turns their vices into virtues. This is not a worthy, though it is a favourite poetical conception with many; and some casts of mind may so far sympathise with it. When this passion is not overstrained or warped by vice, it is at least an honourable, though sometimes a weak one; and we feel that, when rightly conceived, it adds dignity to human nature. The feeling in such cases leans to virtue's side; and if we do not always approve of it, we cannot find quite in our hearts to condemn it.

Wherever there is a perception of beauty, a feeling of loveliness, an idea of grandeur or vastness, an association of sympathy, a breathing of gentle emotion, or a storm of overwhelming passion; wherever there is a hope or joy, fear or grief, hatred or pleasure, the poetical conception will naturally and necessarily arise as inherent in and a part of the prevailing sentiment. Neither the humble cottage nor the palace of the great; neither the ruined castle, with its towers 'gray with the mist of years,' nor the modern seat of wealth and splendour; neither the dilapidated rural church, placed in some lonely nook or hollow glen, nor the stately city cathedral, with its vaulted aisles—no human occupation, from the shepherd tending his flocks far among the hills, or the sailor who, in loneliness, ploughs the midnight deep—no period of life, from the smiling babe to hoary, tottering, decrepit, half-childish old age—no relation in society, from the domestic hearth of our own beloved land, all through the vast and various institutions that prevail in Britain's great domains, over which, it has been no less truly than poetically said, the sun never sets—nothing in all external nature that we can perceive, and nothing in the universe around us, hid in the impenetrable recesses of distance, which even conjecture cannot for a moment reach—nothing, in short, whether in life, death, or eternity, but the poetical feeling may associate with or link to itself in some mysterious, yet, at the same time, truly simple, easy, and natural manner. As Shakspeare says—'What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in form and moving how express and admirable; in apprehension how like a God! The beauty of the world; the paragon of animals.' If we could go over all the vastness and grandeur which are discoverable in external nature, and all the conceivable varieties and circumstances of human loves, fears, associations, and sympathies, we would then only perhaps reach but the outer bounds of poetical conception. The field is, indeed, to our view, without end or limit; for, as we continue to survey it, we find the prospect widening and stretching out before us on all sides, just as when we ascend some lofty hill, and think we have reached the summit, we perceive at each successive elevation some new features of the landscape; and when at last we reach the summit elevation, we descry far off objects hazy and dim in the remoteness of distance. Were all our written and oral poetry at once and for ever swept away by the besom of destruction, we can scarcely conceive the extent of the loss we should sustain—irremediable, indeed, to an existing generation,—yet nature, animate and inanimate, physical and spiritual, intellectual, emotional, and moral, unchanged in themselves and their relations to each other—would still furnish new and fresh objects to delight the imagination. Like the fabled Phoenix, rising from the ashes of the fire, the human soul would again wing its adventurous flight

over new realms of surpassing beauty or grandeur; and revel in the enjoyment, perhaps with a freshness of pleasure and delight, not now to be felt in consequence of our familiar acquaintance with poetry. It may be said in regard to such a catastrophe, what Dr. Chalmers has most beautifully and poetically said in his astronomical discourses—'To an eye that could take in the universe, the dissolution of this world, with all its inhabitants, would be as nothing; from many other worlds it would not even be seen, and from a few, and those the nearest of them, it would only be the disappearance of "a little star which had ceased from its twinkling."'

D. C.

LANGIEWICZ—DICTATOR.

BY ALLAN PARK PATON.

[General Langiewicz drew up his small army in order of battle on the 12th, in front of his camp. He then formed a square, in the midst of which an altar was erected. After a sermon from the chaplain, the Dictator took an oath of fidelity to the nation. The troops and the civil Government afterwards took an oath of fidelity to Langiewicz, amid cries of 'Long live the Dictator!' At this moment a rainbow was visible, which added to the enthusiasm of the army. The soldiers imagined that this was a sign of a celestial blessing sent to the nation fighting for its rights. The Polish Dictator received a sabre which had belonged to Kosciusko, and was worn by him when he defeated the troops of the Empress Catherine in the adjoining valley of Radawitz.—*Times Correspondent.*]

My Countrymen! within your eager square,
And by the altar that ye here have raised—
Bound which we have the God of nations praised—
I stand, my oath of faithfulness to swear.

When Kosciusko once, hard by, pursued
Our ruthless foe, this sword was in his hand.
To me you give it. O thou hallow'd brand!
While mine, be stain'd with nought save Russian blood!

Devoted weapon! While I draw free breath,
Thy blade shall be to foeman ever bare,
But sheath'd to years and weakness everywhere—
Shall wave in victory, or be clutch'd in death!

Clear Patriot Soul! Leave heaven's rest and light
A little while, to watch the dear old plains.
Once more, with raw wrists, Poland bursts her chains,
And rises, arm'd, against the Muscovite!

Swoop'd on and shared by the Imperial knaves,
Long time our nation hath been blotted out;
Her sons, at home o'ershadow'd by the knout,
Wandering the world, or, in Siberia, slaves;

Her mothers, brooding o'er their children's fate;
Her maids self-pledged from their loved dance and song;
A ban laid even on her ancient tongue;
And little heard save sobs or words of hate!

But now, blind Tyranny! this long held cup
Of bitterest bondage and of glowing shame
Hath fill'd to overflow, and stir'd to flame;
And, dashing it aside, the land is up!

Up, o'er its length and breadth! And here stand we—
You, Poland's soldiers—as Dictator, I—
To swear truth to each other; and to die
Freely, or make our goaded country free!

My brothers, we have sworn. See! God's fair bow
Set in the cloud! We hail it as a sign
Of Heaven's blessing—as a smile Divine
On this wrong'd People struggling. HARK!—THE FOE!

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.
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[PRICE 1d.]

LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

July 30, 1835.

I am in the blue room now, lying in bed. I have been married more than a year; and though George has gone off to town as usual, I am not alone, as I used to be when he left me. There is a little waxen face laid close to mine on the pillow, and a sweet small breath is heaving from a tiny mouth; and a new interest and a new existence have been wefted into mine. This week has given to me the sacred name of mother.

I write a few lines by stealth while Nurse is absent, for I begin to see signs of tyranny in my guardian, and my babe and I must needs for a time be passive in her hands. To be sure, it is rather hard to be thus caged up, when I feel quite well, and able for all my wonted duties; but that sweet Aunt Aubrey does everything for me wisely and pleasantly, so I must not murmur.

George declares that nurse is always either eating or else dosing over some warm mixture of questionable ingredients; and I must allow there is some truth in what he says. But, I have heard tell, this is a weakness incident to all of her class; and I daresay the poor woman finds the day long enough in this dull room; besides, my little darling thrives with her wondrously, looking fresh as a daisy, and what more can I desire?

August 2.

Very grave thoughts will sometimes come over me, as I look on this tiny treasure lately sent me from God. To me the presence of a pure and helpless infant seems as a silent commentary on all that is harsh, and gross, and selfish in our human nature, whispering in language clear and unmistakable—'As I am to-day, such were you once; why are you now so different?' Yes, dear babe! thou art indeed a sweet still witness against the change wrought by years upon every one of us. Thy mild companionship is a protest against angry and unworthy passion, and I hail thee as a messenger for good—a teacher of all lovely and gentle things.

August 7.

Do what I will, I am rather fretted by that Mrs. Poole. She is so cool, so precise, so self-satisfied, and takes her own way so perseveringly! I should not mind it so much, but that I see it annoys George; and he is just a very little apt to be quick in temper, at any rate. Our kind aunt does all she can to smoothe matters, and is excellent company in herself for my husband; but nurse is a constant bugbear to him—ever cutting short that quiet con-

verse with me which he prizes so highly, and making a hundred excuses (all on account of my health!) to have him turned out of the room, ere we have well spoken two words together. I can assure her that is not the way to make me get soon strong; for, unless the mind is happy, it is vain to lay the body at ease. And as for talking, depend upon it, there is far less harm in letting warm and earnest thoughts find expression, than in forcing a weak creature to swallow them down and make no sign. I wonder what nurse would say if she knew my writing propensity? Her offended dignity of office would be something awful to behold! One day, she found a pencil on my bed; and I shall not soon forget the stern perplexity with which she eyed it, and then darted a suspicious glance at me, requesting to be informed 'Whether I felt any inclination to headache that morning?'

But, as I tell George, the obnoxious dynasty will soon be over, and we shall be back once again to our old ways—only far more delightfully, with this cherub stranger to engage our love and care.

Dr. Armstrong, my medical attendant, has just left me. He says I may go down into the dining-room to-morrow; and George is in heroics at my promised emancipation, and is coming earlier home from town to inaugurate the occasion. Mrs. Poole looks more than usually important in prospect of the auspicious event; and George cries 'Bravo, Kate! This is the first alarm for liberty!'

August 15.

I like Dr. Armstrong. He is a superior man, of unquestioned skill; and with no pomposity or professional airs about him. A widower, without children. His wife died within twelve months of their marriage. To judge by looks, I should guess his age about 35. But, knowing the sudden darkening of his hopes, I should not be surprised though he were much less; for, though it is three years since his loss, the lines of grief are yet heavily impressed upon his features. His voice, too, has a melancholy touch at times—no doubt referable to his early sorrow. What a trial must that have been! Two loving hearts severed at the very commencement of their happy career! For my part, I wonder the Doctor could hold up his head afterwards! If anything were ever to happen to George! Oh horrible! (And I am sure he feels exactly the same in regard to me.) Neither of us could survive the other, or else it would be in the wretched dependence of insanity. By-the-bye, what can detain him to-day? It is past his usual hour. Ha! there is a step at this moment. Yes! it is he. His foot is on the stair. Foolish Kate! to be frightened for shadows.

September 6.

George and I have had a slight skirmish this

morning; ending, however, very peacefully. The subject in debate was the name by which we are to call our little daughter. And it was a strife of love, after all; he declaring for Charlotte, after my dear departed mamma, and I proposing it should be Ellen, after his mother, also deceased. George wished me to fix which name I preferred; of course, I wanted him to do the same. Finally we agreed it was best to follow the prescribed rule, and so Charlotte carried the day.

Mem.—Nothing appears to me more absurd than the way some parents have of ignoring the good old fashion of calling their children after near relatives, and substituting, for ordinary sensible names, the rarest and most high-sounding ones they can think of. Hence the incongruous appellations we frequently hear, making us smile (we are expected, doubtless, to admire), when an awkward girl is presented to our notice by the grandiloquent title of Adelinc, or Constantia; or some raw, clumsy boy, is introduced to visitors as Master Frederick Augustus, or Reginald Vivian! The only excuse for such euphonious nonsense is, that it is a genuine patronymic which we would not willingly let die. And I would seriously advise all fathers and mothers to ponder this ere they invite the clergyman to sprinkle the holy water.

Mrs. Poole is gone; and George has celebrated the riddance by presenting me with an elegant new card-case, in token, as he phrases it, 'that the term of my bondage is ended, and that I may now go out and in at pleasure, and visit my friends, none daring to make me afraid!' Aunt Aubrey only waits for the baptism, to be gone too. Her husband has been dead many years. She has three sons, however, two in the army abroad, and one married at home. She lives in a curious old-fashioned house, situated on the property bequeathed her by her father, and which is nearly ten miles off. A charming woman—I shall regret her exceedingly; the more as she is not strong, and speaks of passing the coming winter in Germany, or the south of France. We had a little talk the other evening on the subject of health. It was in the sweet twilight, ere candles were lit. George had gone out for a stroll, and we were sitting in the window recess of the blue room, with our little lily snugly ensconced and asleep in her dainty cot, which was laid on the couch beside us. The day had been wet and windy, but had cleared towards sunset; and now the moon streamed into the room through a sky perfectly calm and cloudless. How I love the moon! Her light seems made to shine on a better order of beings.

The tender beams caught Mrs. Aubrey's placid countenance, and strayed among the folds of her dress of silver-gray, as she sat leaning her cheek on one hand, the other meekly laid upon her lap. I never remember noticing before how much expression there is in a hand. As a key to character, there is nothing like it next to the face. And I am persuaded that a very little study of the shape, colour, and general appearance of the hand, would go nearly as far to prove the idiosyncrasy of its owner as ever did the

boasted science of physiognomy. Who could ever mistake Aunt Aubrey's for other than the hand of a serene, judicious, and most charitable soul?

I thought she looked paler than is her wont, and ventured to remark upon it.

'The moon's light is pale, Katherine,' she replied. She always names me thus, as if conceiving that the more endearing appellation of Kate should be held sacred to George's use alone. 'But I feel just the same as usual—not ill, and yet not quite well. Do you know, my love,' she went on, 'that it has been said (and I think correctly) that not one person out of many thousands enjoys perfect health. Ignorance may cause some to believe they do; but they are mistaken. A full, vigorous, delightful hold upon health is one of the rarest things in this world.'

I suppose I must have opened my eyes pretty wide; and I know that the words 'Nay, surely, you cannot believe this,' fell at the same time from my lips. My aunt resumed.

'You will not wonder at my theory, if you consider how complicated a machine is the body, and how numerous and subtle are the agencies constantly at work by which health is necessarily more or less affected. The food we eat, the air we breathe, the clothes we wear, the houses we inhabit, the occupations we pursue, the customs that govern us, and, what is perhaps of more consequence still, the temper and dispositions not only of our own minds, but of those about us too—the joys and sorrows which accompany our lot in life. We are not puppets to be wound up each morning, and so made to run smoothly and regularly all day. We are twofold, delicately organised creatures, the one half outward and material, the other half spiritual and invisible. And as these two parts are ever acting and re-acting upon each other, perfect health (as an invariable gift) grows less and less probable.'

'Yet George is perfectly well,' I interposed. 'The baby is perfectly well; and so I am myself.'

'Yes, yes; and it will be time enough for you twenty years hence to study so intricate a question,' pursued my aunt, taking my hand and looking with her soft gray eyes full of earnest kindness into mine. 'It is best that all knowledge should come by degrees; and always remember this, Katherine, that wherever there is most happiness, there is purest health. So I have no fear for you or yours in this respect.'

So saying, she embraced me affectionately. Then I turned towards my baby's cot, and noted, in the pearly light which had now shifted from my aunt's face to that of the sweetest child upon earth, that a smile hovered round the rosebud mouth. As I looked, one liliputian hand, with the miniature fingers spread out like a fan, was raised a moment in air, and the next fell softly on the coverlid.

'It is the angel,' murmured Aunt Aubrey, 'whispering a message of love.' Charlotte opened her eyes on the instant. My aunt took her up quietly, and placed her in my ready arms.

'This is my angel,' I breathed, stooping to imprint a kiss on the fair smooth brow. Was it a tear that touched my lips as I did so? Yes; it was indeed a modest tear-drop, fallen from the dear old eyes right on my baby's face. When I looked up once more, my companion was gazing out of the window on the placid night. I have heard that Mrs. Aubrey had once a little girl of her own—an only daughter, who died in infancy.

September 15.

The Miss Thorndales have just been here. They come a great deal oftener since my aunt is away, and my liking for them grows upon me. Hester, the eldest, has most intellect—Emma most beauty. I have a scheme *in petto*, in which I should wish George's co-operation. I want Dr. Armstrong to fancy one or other of these young ladies, and that we should do what we can to promote an attachment between them. The Doctor seems eminently qualified for domestic life—of a temper naturally lively and agreeable, yet rendered sombre and retiring by reason of the setting of his first hope. I would have him roused up, and all his inherent qualities brought into play. I would have him find a new object of interest. I would have him fall in love with Hester, as being on the whole best suited to him of the two sisters; and, finally, I would have him married and happy, as he deserves to be.

George says he has no taste for match-making, and is of opinion that it seldom turns out successful; but adds, that if I choose to indulge for once in an escapade of that sort, I may try my skill.

Let me consider, then, what are the chief points in an able general. Decision, promptitude, prudence, foresight, courage, sagacity, perseverance. Stratagem, too, is permissible; though George says I have no particular talent that way. *Nous verrons*. Meanwhile, I must review my ground, and decide what forces to bring into the field.—I declare, there is Dr. Armstrong at this very moment coming in at the gate. Now for the first stroke of my project.

I have engaged him to dinner next week; so I shall invite the Miss Thorndales and a few others (not to make my plan too apparent) to meet him.

September 18.

I have been rather puzzled about George for the last day or two. He is apt to be irritable and cross on slight occasions, and I am at a loss for the cause. He does not even care to have baby beside us as he used to do—often proposing to have her sent away, when I think he might be soothed by the innocent presence. Yesterday, he remarked to me, quite testily,

'Surely, Kate, you make a needless fuss with that child. I never see you but you are dandling it, as if your whole thoughts were riveted on it, and there was no other creature in the world worth caring about.' Is it a fault in a mother to be fond of her own infant? What can he mean? Only to-night, upon his asking me to drive out with him a distance of four

miles to visit the Seatons, and my telling him I was unwilling to leave baby so long alone with the new nurse, he flew almost into a passion, declaring that I was never at leisure now, and things were quite different from what they were wont to be. And when, after a struggle with contending emotions, I had run up stairs, put on my cloak and bonnet, and came down ready to accompany him, I found he had gone off alone, without another word!

He had scarcely left, when Miss Thorndale came in. She and her sister are to dine with us on Friday, as I wished. My spirits were rather poor after what had happened with George; yet I did not quite forget the game I mean to play. I asked her, carelessly, whether she knew Dr. Armstrong? 'Very slightly.' Then I remarked, 'What an excellent man he is! and what a pity that a blight has been cast on his early life!' She heard me with apparent interest. And we spoke of other topics, till I grew more satisfied than ever that Hester is a superior girl, and would make a charming wife for the Doctor.

But again and again I ponder the matter nearer home, and say to myself, a thousand times, 'What does George mean?'

September 19.

What a relief! George has spoken out his mind. Who could have fancied such a thing? Oh! we are strange beings, and need a long while to understand each other thoroughly.

I was sitting alone last night, after Hester left me, and rather dejected, waiting his return from the Seatons, when George appeared. The cloak and bonnet which I had put on so hurriedly (and so vainly as it turned out!), and which I had thrown off sadly some hours before, still lay on the sofa. They caught George's eye as he entered.

'So, you went out this evening, after all?'

'No, George, I prepared to go with you; but, when I had got ready, you were gone.'

'Kate, I have asked you so often lately to walk or ride with me, and been so frequently refused, that I have been fairly provoked. It is all very right and proper to be mindful of your baby; but I am in the house only a small part of the day, and you might consider —'

Conviction flashed upon me in a moment. It was love—great, strong overmastering love—that made him grudge my time and care even to our own child. A strange flutter came over my heart—a bewildering joy—a sudden sense of relief from a mysterious burden. I flew to my husband, my tears flowing forth in a perfect stream. He must have thought my wits were deserting me, for he cried out in amazement,

'Kate! Kate! what is the matter? Speak to me, my darling; say you are not ill, not unhappy?'

I had thrown my arms round him, my head resting on his shoulder. At these words I looked up smiling, laughing through my wet glancing eyelids.

'O George! you are the dearest, best, most delightful of human beings! And I will try never again to give you offence in the way of which you complain.

But you will not be too hard upon me, George. Remember she is my first, my only one.' I could say no more. He stopped my speech by a process familiar to all affectionate souls. And after a time he ran up stairs, and presently reappeared with something in his arms, small, white, and soft, and with bright eyes that had not gone to sleep yet, though it was long past sleeping hour. This pretty bundle he laid tenderly on my lap, smiling archly, while he whispered, 'Here is your little friend, Kate. Use her kindly for my sake; for I never loved either herself or her mamma so much as at this moment.'

Mem.—Perhaps some young married ladies would do well to take warning by this little episode in my experience, and not pet their babies quite so constantly in presence of their husbands. Poor men! They have often things to trouble them out of doors, and it is but natural they should desire a monopoly of love at home. George is quite right. He is undoubtedly my first care.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

CHILDREN IN THE VALLEYS.

CHILDREN in the valleys

Brawl, and sport, and run—

Wading in the brooklet,

Basking in the sun,

Gamb'ling up the hillside,

Romping in the bowers,

Chasing spangled insects

'Mid the honey'd flowers.

Happy, heedless children

In the twilight beam—

Picking shining pebbles

From the singing stream;

Sitting on the green banks,

Where tall shadows stand;

Grasping golden handfuls

Of the treacherous sand.

Foolish, thoughtless children,

Sporting all the day;

Lingering on their journey—

Home so far away.

Night is slowly dawning

'Mong her starlights pale,

O'er the homeless children

In the lonely vale.

Men are in the valleys,

Sporting through the bowers;

Chasing golden fancies

Through the fleeting hours;

Clutching winged shadows

In the noontide's flame;

Ardent fingers grasping

Bursting bells of fame.

Oh! we're only children

Pleased with every chime;

Twining fond affections

Around the neck of Time;

Sitting in the valleys,

Spending life's short day—

Never, never thinking

Home is far away.

Sunset beams are sinking,

Day is nearly done,

And a mask is falling

O'er the mellow sun;

Still we stay, dispelling

Every shade and fear,

Hugging empty phantoms,

As if home were here!

HENRY JOHNSTON.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

JAMES HOGG.

'I am Sir Oracle,

And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.'

'Like a comet, I was wonder'd at,

And men would tell their children, "This is he!"

Others would say, "Where? Which is Bollingbroke?"

'Who is not Timon's?

What heart, head, force, sword, means, but is Lord Timon's!

PERHAPS one of the greatest plagiarists, and, certa-
the greatest *good-natured* egotist, that ever lived, is
the Ettrick Shepherd. We remember how merrily the
hour went round when reading his Autobiography;
how we smiled at the opening candid sentence, and
read on smiling, smiling. Written with ease and
familiarity, with characteristic *naïveté*, and an absence
of stiffness unusual in such books, it is at once amus-
ing and entertaining—a record of the kind-hearted
fellow's feelings and emotions, of his sunny hopes, of
his extravagant ambition and pretensions. Hogg is
the last man in the world to forget himself. He is
an important personage. He is an admirable cook
(*vide* the 'Poetic Mirror'), who talks to his lord with
intolerable coolness and assumption. In company he
is not backward, or awkward, or dull, but free and
easy, at home, and on good terms with all, though
but a cook. He is pleasant and jovial, and scarcely
offends, and cannot be offended; but will not allow
himself to be talked of with cool dignity and reserve.
School-boy, or servant, or friend, or whatever he be
to you, in his own thoughts he is your equal. Nature
made no man to *condescend*: he tells you that off-hand
and impertinently. Aha! my good friends, have I
not arms, legs, eyes, and tongue as well as you? Is
not my talk as eloquent? There is no *fine* man to me.
There are no rulers and no conventional barriers be-
tween one man and another: I don't believe in colour
or class. He will talk of Scott as his intimate friend
and dear old chum. He will boast exultingly of
friendship with some dozen of his famous contem-
poraries, though he only see them or nod to them; and
he dogmatically persists in believing himself born
to succeed and even to transcend Burns. Once a
guest at the tables of the great and noble, he must
have their doors ever open to him, and must himself
be freely used and chatted with. An endless talker,
not polite, or graceful, or chaste in expression, but
easy and rapid, and with the air of a man who knows
his subject. An intense delight in hearing his own
voice; an idea pervading him, and here and there
manifesting itself, that the universe would be less
without him. But withal, a homely fellow, who
sings nice songs or sentimentality to young ladies,
with here and there a flash of poetic fire, and a
'wee bit' of common sense. A contented, happy
cottager, who, without invitation, walks arm-in-
arm with his lord, and makes his company amusing
and delightful. A poetical farmer, who disdains
arithmetical calculations and £ s. d., and deter-

mines to write to obtain cash for agricultural purposes. But, though careless, a mild, amiable, warm-hearted man, who lives merrily, and will not quarrel with the world; who does not believe in difficulties; who is never down-hearted and oppressed, but cheerily meets the reverses of his fortune; who is always on good terms with himself; who has a wide range of fancy—writes cleverly, gracefully, but diffusely, in a vigorous, lively style, but with a want of taste; who roams out of nature, and whose poems, therefore, have no relation to either outward or inner life; who luxuriates in fantastic, sparkling, copious, and ill-selected imagery; who brilliantly describes supernatural occurrences, marvellous events, and startling appearances, and throws a sweet, musical charm around the Scottish traditional romantic legends and innumerable ballads with which his mind is richly stored; who writes as his extravagant fancy and whimsical impulses direct, without the aid of art or education. Hogg is an observant man, industrious, expert, faithful as a servant, given to meditation, and reading of books with avidity. A happy man altogether; with a merry, lightsome heart, full of frolicsome humour; a frank, open countenance; a kind, manly disposition; of rural and simple manners; on the whole, a cheerful, artless, unsophisticated man—generous in the greatest misfortune,—with a mind that honestly speaks out the truth, a vein of sly humour, and a boy's kind, susceptible heart. The sense of egotism which his writings convey is instantly dispelled in his presence, when his unselfish heart beams out of his dark blue eye, and irradiates his intelligent face with pleasant brotherly smiles. Emotion is the principal element of the man; not passion with its mighty throes, nor reason with its calm guidance, but impulse quick and powerful, ever coming, ever changing. A combination of woman's tenderness, of a child's sentiments, a poet's sparkling fancy: that makes up his nature—truly an unstained, pure, generous, unworldly nature. What flashes of merry vanity! What blunt and irresistibly humorous assertions of self! What beautiful imagery, and true, touching sentiment! What bright, glowing description! What high ambition and clever imitation! What aerial visions and supernatural stories elegantly told! What vast knowledge of fairyland and the mysteries of witchcraft! What fondness for ghosts and superstitions! What love of beauty! What splendour, copiousness, and richness of language and spirituality in the 'Queen's Wake'! What active and versatile powers! Hogg is truly fine in the delineations of fantastic fairy dreams.

Hogg's character as a poet consists not in originality or depth, but in the fancifulness of his thoughts—in the cheerfulness of his sentiments—in his preference for unearthly stories, superstitious traditions, ghosts, and fairies; for the strange, extravagant, wonderful, and supernal; for abstract beauty; for ideal phantoms—in superabundance of imagery—in the wildness and charm of his narrations—in the easy flow and occasional elegance and polish of his style—in the

union of the simplicity and vigour of the old metrical chroniclers with the refinement of modern poetry. For his rhythmical powers he is not, as some think, indebted to Scott, Wordsworth, and others of his contemporaries, but to his inherent love of music—a love which he cherished from his boyhood throughout his life; and to that also may be attributed the lyrical sweetness of many of his small pieces. He has not the vigorous thinking, the pathos, the passion, the intense humanity, the living soul of Burns; nor the ever-creating exhaustless fancy, the minute painting, the clear transparent style, and dramatic vividness of Scott; nor the ardour, masculine strength, and nationality of Cunningham; nor the animation and rich humour of Tennant; nor the genuine feeling, faithfulness to nature, tenderness, and frequent Horatian ease of Ramsay. Like Ramsay—frank, jovial, vain as a man, always looking to the sunny side of things; but, as a poet, deficient in taste: like Burns—whatsoever enduring qualities his poetry possesses, they flowed spontaneously from his nature, and were not born of education: like Scott—he loves supernatural lore, is generally as careless in diction, addresses not the passions and the inner life; but he wants Scott's fertile invention, picturesqueness, enthusiasm, and irresistibly fascinating powerful description. He is emphatically the child of a playful, discursive, aerial-wandering fancy; ever ready with simple, melodious words to clothe the magic creations of his brain. The finest of his tales is a fairy legend of inexpressible sweetness and far-off beauty. He is happiest in the world of romance, where his genius soars beyond all human experience, and his words find their source and echo only in the sphere habited by those beings who walk the air unseen. Like Spenser, he loves to luxuriate in imaginary scenes of enchantment and beauty; to steep ethereal conceptions in copious imagery and rich diction; to embody abstract visions; and to personify witches, ghosts, and other unearthly appearances. There is no human sound in his voice—no human reality or probability in his scenes and delineations. He holds no intercourse with the busy world—with the joys and sorrows of human life. He has not learned the language of the heart; and the feelings, emotions, and passions lie far beyond his reach. He never, like Burns, directs the thoughts inward—never enunciates a vigorous sentiment—never goes out of his ideal world—never speaks to us as man to man. We feel no sympathy with his creations. To him nature is an enchanted isle, and life a long, pleasant, dreamy reverie—a 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' To follow, in cheerful obedience, the travellings of his wayward fancy; to excite in his mind lofty imaginings of unreal beauties and of aerial magnificence; to wander in remote regions of space, far from actual life and the stern business of earth; to vivify and freshen, with the charm of a magician, legends of superstition and tales of sprites; to clothe lovely phantoms with the attributes of real intelligences—this is Hogg's work; by no means a common, yet not an important

work. His abstractions are not, like Spenser's, representations or personifications of certain mental qualities and virtues, such as friendship, justice, courtesy, and so on, but pure visions—not allegories—having no human interest, and no affinity with human experience. He is for ever identified with fairy land.

The first published important work of Hogg's—a work which received the critical approbation of Scott—reveals a poet, who, if he cannot deal, like Burns, with questions immediately affecting the soul; nor, like Scott, delineate passion as contrasted with situation; nor, like Ramsay, touch the hearts of the people by reproducing their own feelings; can, nevertheless, excite the fancy by the narration of wonderful incidents, charm the ear by exquisite rhythm and pure diction, arrest and keep the attention by the warmth of his manner and the thorough ecstasy with which he relates his legendary tales. If he does not represent humanity, he yet goes to the heart—particularly to the Scottish heart—by the recitation of ballads which make *wraiths* the objects of superstitious awe. Burns was a universal genius. Like Shakspeare, he puts into words the multiform vicissitudes and experience of the whole human race. Hogg's power is limited. He has not the strength of imagination; but, more than all others, the playfulness of fancy. He seizes what is visible and on the surface; never unclathing, never diving, never searching. If he is unable to express, or enter into, a people's emotions, yet he knows that a magic power is in tradition; and that the relation of Border relics, however simple, has an interest little short of thrilling to his countrymen. 'The Mountain Bard' consists of a variety of tales, which, as imitations of the old ballads, are, on the whole, failures. They have the same simplicity—are the same in essence; but the language is different. They have no real effect. The persons do not live before our eyes. But they exhibit a deep appreciation of the ancient ballad.

Hogg loves these legendary tales, not for their symbolical worth, but for the effect of wonder and fear which they produced. He knows not the essence of them—the hidden thought which they figure. The delicate, spiritual texture of his mind is seen in the choice of subjects of the most romantic and aerial nature, and in the happy, minute painting in which he portrays them. Many are the beautiful moral lessons and chastened thoughts—which, for exquisite etherialism and spirituality, are not surpassed—scattered throughout his poems. But he weaves them in unconsciously. 'Tis the trick of nature; for the uppermost thought in his mind is the ghostly or fairy embodiment. Scott loved the chivalrous deeds of knights for their mere romance. It was the antique blazonry, the manners and customs of feudal times, the wild chase, the tragic feud, the old Border habits, that literally possessed his imagination, and that he sung with a vigour and martial ardour equal to Homer's energy. So Hogg loves the old legends for the mere gossamer fairies and beautiful fantasies.

In reading Ossian, we are forcibly struck with some minor resemblances existing between the 'Etrick Shepherd' and the 'Celtic Homer,' although the choice and nature of their subjects are essentially different. Ossian's genius exerts itself in the region of the wild, magnificent, and sublime; he has a strength and force of imagination equal to the singer of the 'Iliad,' who, undoubtedly, was his prototype. Homer, however, has a manifest superiority over Ossian in the comprehensiveness of his ideas, in sustained dignity of narration, in clearness and accuracy of description, in variety of incidents, in diversity of characters, in his knowledge of human nature, which is almost as deep as Shakspeare's. But in dramatic vividness, in fire, in solemn grandeur, in force of imagery, and in loftiness of moral sentiment, Ossian is fully equal to the Greek, and in one quality surpasses both him and Virgil—tenderness. He is pre-eminently sublime. He treats of the strong, heroic, morally noble; and sometimes approaches the majesty of Virgil. His sentiments are always elevated, his objects great. He moves the soul, now to high purposes by his virtuous tone and generous valour and magnanimous thoughts; now to awe by his powerful delineations of the terrible; now to tears by his pathetic strains; now to astonishment by his aerial magnificence, and quick lightning flashes; now to admiration by his expressively rapid, but dazzling descriptions of heroic deeds. He has not the impetuosity of Homer, but his grandeur is more regular. Now, while Ossian's genius is always employed upon the sublime, and never descends to the gay and trifling, never sports with nature, Hogg selects the delicate, the unearthly, fine fairies, the supernatural. But, though the choice of subjects is thus totally different, there are, nevertheless, many similarities between the two poets. Both have a power of dramatic description. Persons, scenes, events, are by both brought vividly before us. Both have lively imaginations, which are impressed by uncommon external occurrences, and which conceive impossible things; and both body forth their impressions with liveliness and in spirited styles. Neither has the imaginative power to arrange and harmonise their materials, so as to impart a distinct unity to their works. Both infuse the *spirit of life* into the objects which they present to us; and so interesting are these descriptions, as to deceive us into the fancy that we are in immediate contact with real persons and events: the life outside our studies dispels the illusion. Now and then Hogg is as brilliant as Ossian, his style as glowing, his language as splendid, sonorous, and rich. Thus, the following is a powerful description of a sea prospect, as seen on a voyage:—

'The clouds were journeying east the sky,
The wind was low, and the swell was high,
And the glossy sea was heaving bright,
Like ridges and hills of liquid light;
While far in her lubric bosom were seen
The magic dyes of purple and green.
How joy'd the bark her sides to lave!
She lean'd to the lee, and she girdled the wave;

Aloft in the stayless verge she hung,
 Light on the steep wave reard and swung,
 And the crests of the billows before her flung.
 Loud murmur'd the ocean with downward growl,
 The seal swam about, and the dark sea fowl;
 The pye duck sought the depth of the main,
 And rose in the wheel at her wake again;
 And behind her, far to the southward, shone
 A pathway of snow in the waste alone.'

Or this, written with considerable force:—

'To thee, who bidd'st those mountains of brine
 Softly sink in the fair moonshine,
 And spread'st thy couch of silver light,
 To lure to thy bosom the queen of the night;
 Who weavest the cloud of the ocean dew,
 And the mist that sleeps on her breast so blue;
 When the murmurs die at the base of the hill,
 And the shadows lie rock'd and slumbering still,
 And the solar's young, and the lines of foam,
 Are scarcely heaved on thy peaceful home—
 We pour the oil and the wine to thee,
 God of the western wind, God of the sea.'

Or this—the description of 'Kilmeny's' deportment:—

'Kilmeny look'd up with a lovely grace,
 But no smile was seen in Kilmeny's face;
 As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,
 As the stillness that lay on the emerald lea,
 Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
 For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
 And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
 But it seem'd as the harp of the sky had rung,
 And the airs of heaven play'd round her tongue,
 When she spoke of the lovely forms she had seen,
 And a land where sin had never been;
 A land of love, and a land of light,
 Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
 Where the river swa'd a living stream,
 And the light a pure celestial beam;
 The land of vision it would seem,
 A still and everlasting dream.'

In carrying out the resemblances between Ossian and Hogg, we remark, further, that not only in *vividness* but in *simplicity* of description they are very much alike. Both write from nature, out of the abundance of the heart, and as it directs. Both are free from affectations and conceits and efforts to shine. There are no marks of laboured study; but the thoughts run freely, and, in the case of Ossian, rapidly.

But, though full of such fervid feeling, beautiful imaginings, and lyrical sweetness, as are exhibited in these extracts, and clothing his fine dreams in words of undying melody; though possessed of a wondrous facility in the luxuriant use of poetical, sparkling images, and of a power of copious and brilliant description; though strikingly delineating abstract beauty in flowing and musical versification, Hogg is left far behind in vivid dramatic reality of effect, and in varied graphic description, by the greatest of his Scotch contemporaries—Scott. While Hogg approaches, Scott equals, and, in some passages of 'Marmion,' excels Ossian in intense energy and onrushing force. Hogg's muse is essentially aerial; Scott's chivalrous; Ossian's imaginative and sublime—if sublimity consist in the powerful, and glowing, and adequate depicting of subjects of magnitude. Hogg's verse is musical—the song of nymphs; Scott's is vigorous, energetic, animated, and occasionally

vehement; Ossian's is concise, grave, solemn, and pre-eminently dramatic. Ossian does not partake of the rise and fall—the inequality characteristic of Hogg's, and more particularly of Scott's poetry. In 'Marmion' only is there an exception to this alternate ascent and descent motion. That poem is undoubtedly the most powerfully written and masterly, as regards reality of effect, of Scott's metrical productions; and judged by that alone, his vivacity and fire are equal to Homer's. But sometimes his descriptions, though admittedly brilliant, lose in force from their redundant minuteness; his fervent and inordinate love for the antique leads him into tediousness. Hogg rarely flags, or grows cold and insipid; but though Scott is now and then (not frequently) prolix, led into dull details, and catalogues the most uninteresting and ordinary things, his representations in general have strength—a quality in which Hogg is deficient. He is unapproachably vigorous in the description of scenes of action. Homer, with his amazing fertility of invention, and fighting his battles in his pages, does not surpass him; Ossian, with his suggestive abruptness, does not excel him; Dryden, with his masculine strength and vigorous bold satire, is not his rival: his exhibitions of motion are brilliant beyond everything in modern or ancient poetry. The battle in 'Marmion' is painted in colours glowing as Ariosto. But 'Ossian' gains in conciseness, terseness, and condensity, what Scott achieves by glowing words, rich diction—by his long but spirited, intrepid, and splendid delineations. Vitality is the essence and characteristic of Scott's descriptions. Hogg's versification flows smoothly. The diction has the air of homeliness, looseness—is not stiff, laboured, or heavy; but lively, and of the fresh morning element. He speaks direct from his soul—from his ever-joyous, happy heart. His poetry is his own thought and feeling—his own dreams; no mere excrescence of the fancy, but the outpouring of his love for the more impressing aspects of nature, and for beings of another world, whom he talks about with an extraordinary degree of familiarity. His thought, light as it is, is spontaneous, and finds utterance in bursts of true poetry. Consider, for instance, the beautiful story of 'Kilmeny'—the chief of our poet's productions, in every sense—in naturalness, in abstract imagination, in descriptive force, in melody, in tenderness. But it is entirely supernatural—not human. It is illumined with lovely fancies. It is a very luxury of serene imagery. It is the essence and perfection of fairy legend; the triumph of his genius—a genius nursed by romance, and for ever associated with the wonderful. His love of the unearthly finds its tenderest voicing here; his appreciation of the beautiful its highest manifestation. It is full of soft, fine feeling. It is a splendid vision. It combines all his peculiar features—his belief in superstition, his exquisite sensibility, his profuse imagery, his conception of beauty, his want of reflection, his poverty of noble sentiment and of thought, and the absence of sympathy with our humanity. Poor Hogg—with all his

acquaintance with the lore of witches—with all his pitiable fondness for ghosts, and bogles, and spectral shades—with all his intense love of fairies and phantoms—with all his dazzling descriptions and tinsel embellishments—has not the deep poetic insight which sees the workings of the soul and the movements of the passions; and which, further, sees that the visible is but the shadow of the great infinite Unseen.

S. F. WILLIAMS.

THE MISSIONARY ABROAD.

SECOND NOTICE.

THE most exciting event which occurred during Mr. Waddell's ministrations in Jamaica was the negro revolt of 1831-2, the causes of which were those that almost invariably provoke such insurrections. The intelligence gained from intercourse with their white masters, and from the teaching of missionaries, reveal murkily to the negroes that there is such a thing as freedom—an awful, shadowy thing—which somehow they also ought to possess as well as their masters; but of which their masters have cruelly and craftily dispossessed them. They have been bought, but not with the divine price which their ministers teach them was paid for their eternal salvation. The salvation of their souls was purchased with a God's, their bodies with a devil's, price. When truths which are still half in shadow are acted upon, the consequences are in many cases disastrous. Yet, although in one sense the truth by which man may live lies about him completely revealed (as he has been told); in another sense, it lies in far distant and almost impenetrable depths; and its light, as the light of those stars which glimmer like faint lace upon the outer hems of creation, takes long years to reach his soul—peering from its narrow niche of time out upon the vast river which rolls into eternity. During his whole life, therefore, man sees that truth is undergoing a perpetually increasing revelation; and probably before he dies he has seen one little phase of it in a hundred lights, all of which, except the latest one—if, haply, even that—he discovers to have been successive crescents of the full moon of truth. Does it not follow that man must act on partial conceptions of truth, or on incomplete revelations? The fact that he must do so renders insurrectionary convulsions not only inevitable, but, in many cases, necessary, in the higher as in the lower stages of civilization. Must the Saxon bondsman behold liberty within arm's reach, and not pluck it from the helmet of the Norman? And must the African, in the twilight of his understanding, behold the great white vision of freedom, and not attempt to pluck the heart out of the apparent mystery, to see whether it is only a grand reality to the white man, and a lying mockery to the black—ever flying before him as if from some dusky horror? In neither case can man escape making the attempt; it is inevitable, and in both it is defensible. Of course an insurrection against bondage of any kind may be ill-planned and ill-timed. The revolt which Mr. Waddell witnessed in Jamaica was characterised by both

faults, and consequently it turned out a grand failure. Yet not altogether a failure. It supplied what every unsuccessful but contributory revolt supplies, a further bloody piece of evidence in favour of the consummation—at that time so devoutly desired, and for which hundreds of poor negroes so heroically died. In the suppression of the rebellion, there was a good deal of impotent mismanagement at first. Had it been dealt with wisely, promptly, and powerfully, as it could and ought to have been, it might have been checked in its initiatory stages, and immense property and life saved from destruction. It is needless to say that it was suppressed with tremendous rigour, by the British troops, commanded by Sir Willoughby Cotton. One thing ought to be stated about this slave outbreak, that although over a hundred thousand were in revolt, not above a dozen persons were slain by the insurrectionists, while they themselves were butchered by the hundred. Mr. Waddell did good service during this dreadful crisis in Jamaica—soothing the passions of the negroes, and expostulating with the more sensible among them, so effectually that he contributed largely in preventing the hands on the estates of Cinnamon Hill and Cornwall from being swept into the black whirlpool of rebellion. When, therefore, the effects of the outbreak began to show themselves, these two estates presented a happy contrast to those whose hands had rebelled. On the faithful estates, the burdens were lightened; while on others, all privileges were withdrawn, and former oppressions redoubled and intensified. The overseers compelled the negroes to work not only long hours during the week, but also on a great portion of the Sabbath. So terribly severe did the poor negroes feel their oppressions, that life seemed hardly worth retaining, and religion became a sort of holy mockery. Of course, the missionaries did not escape calumny: this would have been a wonder, among a class of men who blindly imagined it to be their interest not to relax, but to rivet more closely the horrid bonds of the negro. But much good may be achieved under clouds of calumny; Mr. Waddell and his compeers, with the slow-sure miracle of Christianity in their right hands, wrought bravely on, so that gradually their spheres began to open and widen, and the seed they planted to exhibit signs of incipient vitality.

Mr. Waddell's experiences of the Myal and Obea superstitions, and their frantic manifestations in Jamaica in 1842, present rather unpleasant proofs of one of the earlier statements in these notes, as to the difficulty of planting Christianity in new regions; and of the danger to which it is there perpetually exposed of being invaded and pushed back, if not temporarily blotted out, by the dark surges of unextinguished demonologies. Like many other bad systems that profess to be good, the Myal and Obea delusions were directly antagonistic—the practitioners of the former declaring themselves to be angels of light, and denouncing their rivals in folly as angels of darkness; thus indicating a species of orthodoxy and heterodoxy even in the wildest superstition. It

followed, therefore, that Myalism was set forth as a complete cure for physical and mental evils inflicted by the Obea. One of the most curious beliefs among the Myalists was, that the Myal man had power to catch the shadow, or soul, of a deceased person, which he held in bondage for necromantic purposes. The interesting game of shadow-hunting, or soul-snatching, had to be performed at the grave, in the dusk of the evening, when burials usually took place; or in the mystic moonlight, which seemed to be as favourable to the rites of Myalism as to the pale mysteries of Hecate. There is, however, little poetry in the Myal method of catching a disembodied soul. Among the mourners at the grave of the newly deceased, stands the African detective, waiting for the appearance of the errant spectre; which he does not always succeed in bagging on the spot, for the souls of dead negroes seem to think that, if they are to be caught at all, they may as well give the Myal-man a run for it. Of course, nobody but the shadow-hunter sees the shadow—he alone being endowed with the faculty and the vision diabolical. While, therefore, the black angel of light is making dreadful attempts to seize the restless spirit, which appears to go zig-zagging about like a modern squib, the spectators, without seeing anything but the evolutionary Myal-man, are wrought into a high state of excitement; somewhat from similar causes which work up a British audience in a theatre, when they witness the murder and knocking scenes in 'Macbeth,' in which the hell-made Thane of Cawdor is felt to be fearfully walking the shadowy and dagger-haunted way which passes through the throat of the silver-bearded King, on to the throne of Scotland. In both cases, the spectators are conscious of, though they cannot see, the performance of deeds which fills each particular hair with chill-rustling streams of horror. Sometimes the ghost is exceedingly kittle to catch, defying the most artistic feints of the sweating necromancer, and often dragging him into the wood, over dyke and ditch, in the delusive shape of a fire-fly or night-bird; though more frequently in the indefinite, undemonstrable *something* which supplies the basis for that fine latitudinarian breadth and variety of deduction so mysteriously fascinating to the negro imagination, and which is generally resolvable into nothing, or perhaps, in this case, into the potent suspicion of form. How often has an innocent broomstick stood for a portrait of the devil in the fear-clouded imaginations of belated travellers! When the Myal-man has caught his bit of ghostly game, he bottles it up, as he would pickles, for future use—not of course to be eaten, (who could eat pickled ghost?) yet, like pickles, to produce many a horrible nightmare. Such a neat delusion was naturally too serviceable to be confined to the shadows of the dead. It was therefore extended to the living—the belief being that one's soul could be stolen even before death. Mr. Waddell knew a girl of sixteen years of age, who was mightily afflicted with the idea that she had lost her shadow. Believing that some one had

stolen it, she spent a good deal of moonlight in searching for it by the banks of rushy streams, or round the great cotton tree, and in other shadowy places where lost souls might be supposed to wander. As insane beliefs do not necessarily imply insanity, the girl's parents, who did not share her delusion, asserted that she was perfectly uncracked in the brain. By prayers and good words, Mr. Waddell tried to soothe and comfort the poor girl, but to no purpose—he naively adds, 'My faith perhaps being too weak to cast out devils.'

Africa, it is needless to state, is the home of these, as of many other singular superstitions. Mr. Waddell found them at Calabar, where also it was believed that certain persons possessed power to call up departed spirits, to consult them on important business. But in such matters, as in everything else, the Africans were mere bunglers. It was left for enlightened Americans and British to elevate this sacred profession into almost the dignity of a science. Foreign and British spirits, called from the vasty deeps of death, are as plentiful as oysters in these times of steam-engines and telegraphs. A man may converse with the spirit of his great-grandmother for the low charge of a guinea! Nor let any man think that the science is not respectable, since it has found a Quaker for a historian. It was also believed in Calabar, not only that the soul or shadow could live separate from the body, but that the body could live apart from and without it, as in the case of the inferior animals that possess no discoverable souls. Strange even as this double-faced tenet may seem, it is more than paralleled in our super-excellently enlightened latitudes; for many of the human species among us, while professing to believe that all men possess immortal spirits, live themselves as if they hadn't a soul to be saved. But these are men who put on their beliefs as they put on their shirts—with sham breasts and paper collars, as the case may be. Another anecdote, illustrative of this soul-stirring superstition, refers to the chief of Old Town, Calabar. This old worthy had a sacred grove, near a spring of water, where his soul was securely kept; but as mission labourers were clearing the ground near this holy precinct, he complained that they went too near it, and troubled his soul. 'You always tell us,' said he to the missionary, 'that every man must mind his soul. Why do your men go troubling my soul at that place?' Alas! a worse calamity than that happened to the poor chieftain's soul. In his last illness, some unprincipled wretch had the audacity to bottle it up, so as to prevent it from ever returning to its original tenement. Of this flat burglary, the chief complained to the kings of Duke Town and Creek Town, whom he induced to issue a fiery proclamation, declaring that unless the person who had bottled the noble shadow would immediately uncork it, and set it free, he would die a death unknown in the calendars of men! But it was of no use. Either the thief's heart was hardened into a fossil; or the chief's spirit, being somewhat majestical, had been offended by the coars-

manner in which it was sought to make it return to its inconsolable owner. A similar story is told of another chief; but the persons suspected of having spirited away his soul are called upon to come forward and maintain their innocence through the ordeal by poison. Not one of them, however, would quaff the cup of hemlock; and the poor chief wandered about his African solitudes, a sick-hearted and soulless man.

Nobody who reads, with any degree of attention, Mr. Waddell's account of the outbreak of Myalism in 1842, can fail to perceive a singular resemblance between its manifestations and the grosser phases of the religious revivals which lately passed over Britain and Ireland. Being professedly a corrective of malignant Obea influences, Myalism wore a sort of benign, if not divine, aspect; and was therefore much favoured by certain classes of negroes, who naturally regarded the power which could expel and destroy the subtle evils of the enemy somewhat in the light of a saviour. Let the reader recall to memory the traditional effects of Scotch witchcraft, and he will have a pretty accurate conception of the evil effects of Obecraft. Its instruments were various; but by whatever means it chose to operate, the malign influence, whether placed in a person's house or garden, would find its subtle way into his body, and afflict him with wasting disease; or it would blast his property and twist his labours, so as to render misfortune inevitable. Whoever fell under this mysterious curse, though alive, felt as if he were already dead and damned; his health and worldly interests withered and fell from him, as the glory of the woods wither and disappear under the autumn rot; everything about him was wrested from the healthy course of nature; and at last the man himself dwindled, peak and pine, till he gave up the ghost. This is exactly Scotch witchcraft in an African skin—black, like its father the devil's. Mr. Waddell shrewdly supposes that these black revivals were superinduced upon the introduction of several thousand fresh Guinea negroes, who had been taken from captured slavers. These doctors of black divinity had come directly from their African colleges, with all their intellectual diseases about them; and not having been placed in any moral quarantine, they infected the old Jamaica negroes, in whose minds the ancient beliefs had begun to pale their ineffectual fires before the morning star of Christ.

As we said, the only antidote to the Obea poison was Myalism, whose mystic power was only known to initialed practitioners, or the dusky D.D.'s. A preliminary wave of the delusion broke over Spring estate, during the Christmas holidays of 1841. A number of people who were seized with it, went about in a condition of frenzy, crying that the estate was poisoned with Obea; that persons had even been killed by it, the cause of their death being discovered near their graves. Men and women thus affected, ran hither and thither as if deranged, stopping people at their work, and calling them to prayers, breaking into houses to dig out the Obea which the Devil had

set in them, and in the name of God fighting with all who were supposed to be guilty of practising the infernal art. In 1842 the superstition burst out on Flower Hill estate. Blue Hole estate was also invaded by a company of Myalists, who came to cleanse it from its sins and miseries. They declared that they were sent by God to purge and purify the world; they had the Spirit, and were therefore Christians of an uncommonly high order. Most of these deluded fanatics, according to Mr. Waddell, 'were members of one of the principal missionary churches.' Indeed, Mr. Waddell gives the reader plainly to understand that the Myal manifestations of 1842, as also one which took place in 1860-61, appeared in connection with what he seems to consider a Baptist corruption of Christianity, which erred 'on the subject of the Holy Spirit's work in man's heart.' The system which thus erred was the American or native Baptist system, whose missionaries were foolish enough to regard Myal inspirations as due to the direct influence of the Holy Spirit. Whether this was so, may be judged from a study of the following little scene, in which Mr. Waddell attempted to exercise a corrective influence. It was an exhibition of Myal madness which occurred in one of the villages on a Sunday evening. A ring was formed by spectators, in the centre of which a number of females performed a mystic dance, sailing round the circle as on an orbit, and spinning at the same time as on an axis, gesticulating with outstretched arms, and staring with frenzied eyes. A low, monotonous tune was whistled or hummed by a sable orchestra, the dancers keeping time, as also the spectators, by hands and feet and the swaying of their bodies. The master of the ceremonies stood on one side, with arms cunningly folded, quietly watching, and directing the evolutions of the dancers. Mr. Waddell attempted in vain to break the current of this revelry; but the black president, on being appealed to, stopped the proceedings with the ease and speed of a magician. But the persuasions of the missionary only resulted in breaking up the wild assembly at this spot to be continued elsewhere. Similar and even worse scenes are recorded. Once, when Mr. Waddell was preaching in a negro house, he was interrupted by a number of Myalists present, one of whom strode wildly through the floor, bearing all the signs of an incipient attack of 'the Spirit.' As the delusion was singularly sympathetic, the preacher preserved the peace and order of his congregation by turning the fellow and his comrades out of the house. This is the very manner in which order was maintained in many a church during some of the wilder manifestations of the recent revival in this country. Strong intellect and strong hand act like wet blankets on all religious hysterics.

We must not omit one superb anecdote, illustrative of the manner in which the professors of Obea were treated by the Myalists. They had caught, on Content estate, a Guinea man, reputed to be a practitioner of Obea, whom they resolved to purge from his old sins. Laying him on his back, they baptised him by

a new form, which had the peculiar merit of uniting all forms in its single self; for they poured eight pails of water over him—a sprinkling as good as a ducking. The poor man struggled mightily to escape during the operation, but he was held firmly down while the party, for a full hour, danced and sung round him to exorcise the Devil. At length they bade him rise, confess his sins, and call on the name of the Lord. Had the Myalists been dealt with in the same sensible manner, it would have been greatly to the benefit of their souls.

It is probable that the race of man will never be able to escape religious delusions of some kind—ghosts that haunt the twilight regions of the human understanding; yet if Christianity is to lap the world in its divine light, if it is to be planted in the new and maintained in the old regions of the earth, with the teaching of it must be coincident the teaching of all useful knowledge, the knowledge that is called secular, but which also ought to be called divine; since, although there are many streams, there is only one fountain of knowledge. We did not require to read Mr. Waddell's Jamaica experiences to find such a home-truth, but these experiences only furnish another proof of the accuracy of the declaration.

W. F.

AT NIGHT, IN ILLNESS.

In my sick room
The angels come and go;
A pure, unearthly glow
Lights up its gloom:
Some of that shining throng
Come to keep vigil all night long.

And faces bright
Are crowding round my bed—
The peaceful, blessed dead
Array'd in light—
Friends loved in years past o'er,
Come back to smile on me once more.

Flowers near me lie,
Which dear ones brought to-day;
I watch them fade away,
And gently die;—
Which shall be first to fall
He only knows who knoweth all.

To me, sometimes,
Mysterious whispers come:
Voices which call me home—
Like distant chimes
Heard when, all wanderings past,
One nears the heart's true rest at last.

And more than this—
Songs in the night I gain:
Full many an angel-strain
Of holy bliss;—
Just to prepare my ear
For melodies more sweet and clear.

I would not stay
For treasures once so dear.
Now things seem very near
Once far away.
I feel the immortal wreath
Fall on my brow. And this is death!

W. C. D.

HARRY WHITEFORD'S COURTSHIP.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE a blazing fire, in a comfortable room of a house in the outskirts of the busy manufacturing and shipping city of G—, sat a young man, of about twenty-five years of age, apparently in deep thought; after sitting thus some time, he lifted his head, and in doing so disclosed a rather handsome and intellectual face, and soliloquised, 'Well, I think I shall accept it;' and I daresay the reader, after hearing what he had decided on accepting, will be of opinion that he had arrived at a very natural and sound conclusion.

Harry Whiteford, the hero of our story, was head-clerk in the office of a shipping firm, doing a considerable business in the aforementioned city of G—, and had that day been offered a junior partnership, on the retirement of the senior member from taking an active part in conducting the business of the firm. He was in receipt of £250 a-year for his services as clerk; but considered that, taking into account the business done by, and the prospects of, the firm, he did right in accepting the share offered to him, although it was small.

Just as he had uttered the above-mentioned words, the door of the room was opened, and Mrs. Thomson—in whose house he had his apartments—came in and said, 'If you please, sir, the young lady has called about the shirts.'

'Show her in, please, Mrs. Thomson,' said Harry; and at the same time said to himself, 'By Jove! I did not know that young ladies were in the habit of making shirts!'

In a short time Mrs. Thomson again made her appearance, ushering in a beautiful girl, apparently about nineteen or twenty years of age, whom our hero at the first glance—although she was very plainly dressed in mourning—recognised as a lady. He made her a most profound bow, handed her a chair, and conveyed to her the gratifying intelligence that the night was rather cold. We shall pass over the business part of the visit, which the visitor and Mrs. Thomson had all in their own hands, merely remarking that our hero—who was dreadfully particular, and intended to give 'no end' of directions—forgot all the instructions he intended to give; tried to pass some miserable joke about his bachelor condition, on giving his verdict in favour of studs, when some question of buttons *versus* those useful articles was started; and thought himself deeply wronged, when his wrist was wanted for measurement, that Mrs. Thomson should perform that very simple affair, notwithstanding that he shoved his hand out in a hesitating manner towards the *young lady*.

'I wonder whether I ought to have offered to go home with her?' said our friend to himself, after the departure of his fair visitor—at the same time walking to the window, and gazing out at the gathering darkness. 'I never before saw such a beautiful girl; I wonder how on earth she ever came to be a sempstress! I expect Mrs. Thomson knows, as she is generally pretty well-up in her neighbours' affairs. I will draw her a trifle when she brings in tea.'

Harry, after settling his motions satisfactorily, resumed his seat and ruminations—although, I fear, the latter were not on the same subject as they had been before the advent of the fair sempstress—till the bringing in of his tea, when he commenced to extract the required information from Mrs. Thomson, who only wanted a hint to launch into a full, true, and particular account of Miss Clara Hartley's history, commencing with the marriage of her parents, prefixed with a slight sketch of the lives of her grand-parents, and concluding with a history of the circumstances which had led to Mrs. Thomson's securing her services for the efficient making up of our hero's linen. In substance, it was the old, old story. Miss Hartley's father had been a reputed wealthy and prosperous merchant; but on his death (which occurred about a year before the commencement of our story) it was found that his effects would not pay his creditors. His furniture and house were sold, and our heroine and her brother, who was at that time about thirteen or fourteen years of age, were turned out on the world. The usual fair-weather friends turned their backs; but, thank God! the world is not all barrenness. Clara Hartley and her brother, Arthur, found some kind Samaritans, who received the bereaved orphans into their house till the bitterness of their grief was over, and till Clara's plans for the future were laid. Clara might have got an appointment to go out as a governess, but she could not think of separating herself from Arthur; and thus we find the delicately nurtured merchant's daughter reduced to the necessity of taking in sewing to earn bread for herself and brother. This touching story roused all Harry's romantic feelings; and the thought of the devoted sister labouring thus, raised a feeling of respect and admiration which only wanted a little encouragement and better knowledge of its object, to spread speedily into a broad flame of love. His tea lay untasted on the table; and for a considerable time he walked up and down the room. When he sat down he had determined to make inquiries into the truth of what Mrs. Thomson had told him—not that he doubted the worthy Mrs. T.; but she, good woman, was just rather apt to give reins to her imagination,—and if he found it true, 'By George!' said Harry aloud; 'I have no one but myself to please, and if the girl will have me, I'll marry her.' Having come to this highly honourable, although rather sudden, determination, he relapsed into the comforts of his arm-chair, and gave up his thoughts to the devising of a plan to carry out his intentions.

As is customary in sketches of this description, I will not here reveal the particulars of the afore-mentioned plan or plot, but not for the reason generally assigned, viz. that it will become quite clear, and be worked out during the progress of the story. The plan Harry Whiteford laid has nothing whatever to do with the subsequent progress of our tale.

Harry, having gone over the *pros* and *cons* of his plan, dropped into a sleep, during which he had the following dream, which confirmed him in his intentions; and on awaking, he, in the very romantic frame of mind he was then in committed the following to paper:—

HARRY'S DREAM.

'My dream seemed to open like a scene in a theatre; and I found myself in a rifle-pit, with my rifle in hand. Away across a valley, which stretched out at my feet, was a beleaguered city, on which my eyes were fixed. While I continued to gaze, a maiden of wondrous beauty left the walls of the city, and advanced slowly into the valley. With rifle in hand, I breathlessly watched her coming steadily towards the place in which I was concealed. Having come within range of my gun, she stopped, drew a flower from her breast, and elevated it in her right hand, as if to encourage me to shoot at it. Instinctively, I levelled my rifle, fired, and saw the flower topple over, and then again resume its upright position. Leaving my rifle in the pit, I advanced towards the mysterious maiden, who still, statue-like, maintained her position. Having reached her, I took from the unresisting hand the flower which it still held aloft, and placed it in my breast. I then took her right hand in mine, and gazed into the liquid depths of her eyes. Still she spoke not. Unconsciously my tongue formed, and my lips uttered, the following words:—"I will come for you when the war is over." But while I yet spake, love, like a bubbling spring, welled up in my heart. I encircled her with my arm, and pressed my lips to hers in one long delicious kiss. We then turned, and, with arms entwined, wended our way to my place of concealment. But while we were yet some distance from it, I awoke. The beautiful vision had left my side; but the nectar of that kiss was still on my lips, and my frame still trembled with the delicious tremor of that embrace.'

CHAPTER II.

Having, rather ungallantly (while following the meditations of our hero), allowed the heroine of our sketch to go home alone, we shall now take the liberty of following her. Before going further in this history, I will explain the circumstances in which Clara Hartley was now placed. I do not wish the reader to understand that she was drinking the very dregs of bitter poverty, which is too often felt by sempstresses; or demonstrating, in her daily life, that it was possible to live on two shillings a-week, like the Lancashire mill-girl, who, as I the other day read in *All the Year Round*, received a prize for giving the best list of the very few and very common articles of food, purchasable for one shilling and sixpence, on which the lamp of life could be fed for seven days; and sixpence for lodging added, made up the two shillings. No. Clara Hartley was much better off than this. Thanks to a watchful Providence and some kind friends, she was able to pay for a modest lodging, and to purchase frugal but wholesome fare for herself and brother. The change, God knows! must have been great to one brought up as she had been. But Clara had a stout heart. And when adversity came, she bent her proud head to the blast; and, hoping for better times, breast the storm as best she could. Her principal hope for the future was placed in her fair-haired brother, to whom she was, and ever had been, the most devoted

of sisters, lavishing on him all the affection of her loving heart. Perhaps, too, at times, thoughts of a lover would steal into her mind, as she sat sewing by the fire; and visions of some gallant gentleman at her feet would mingle with the flashings of the swift needle through the weary, weary work.

I think I see her now, as she sits working, and smilingly listening to Arthur, as he builds his castles in the air, and describes them for her benefit. 'What will he not do when he is a man! His sister will no more need to toil with the needle, for he will make her mistress of as fine a house as that in which they lived before good kind papa died.'

When Clara entered the door of her apartments, her brother came forward to meet her. As she stooped to kiss him, she noticed a shade of trouble on his handsome brow, and said, 'Well, Arthur, what is the matter?'

'Nothing, Clara; only I was down at Smith & Jones', the cotton-brokers, and they say the situation which Mr. Robinson told you of is filled up, so that chance is gone.'

'Never mind, Arthur; perhaps we shall hear of something else in a day or two.'

'Did you get the work you went for, Clara?' said Arthur, after a short pause.

'Yes.'

'Who is it from?'

'It is some shirts Mrs. Thomson got for me, to make for a gentleman who lodges in her house.'

'That is Mr. Whiteford. He is head-clerk in Keel, Wales, & Co.'s. Tom Jenkins, who is in their office, told me that there would be a vacancy with them soon. Perhaps if you got some one to speak to him he might give the situation to me.'

'Well, Arthur! come and let us take tea now, and we shall see about that to-morrow,' said Clara, who, during the above conversation, had been busily engaged preparing their evening meal.

The evident surprise betrayed by our hero at Clara's appearance, and his frequent glances of admiration, had not escaped her notice; and she felt grateful for, and perhaps a little flattered by, the gentlemanly manner in which he had acted during his short visit; so different, I am sorry to say, from the haughty looks and patronising airs of some of her customers, who, in past days, were very glad to number her among their acquaintances. She was therefore not a little perturbed, when her brother mentioned the expected vacancy in the office in which Harry was clerk, and proposed that she should endeavour to secure the situation for him, as she had formerly unsuccessfully endeavoured to secure a situation in other quarters several times. Something told her that if she could muster courage to go and prefer her request to Mr. Whiteford, she would not likely meet with a refusal, but to 'screw her courage to the sticking-place' would be difficult, she felt, for one of her timid and retiring disposition. Had Harry been an old graybeard it would not have been so difficult. She, however, at the same time felt that it was her duty to do her utmost to secure some situation for her brother, not only that his small earnings might add something to

their slender funds, but Clara dreaded his making companions among the rude boys who lived in the neighbourhood in which her poverty compelled her to dwell. These and other cares weighed heavily on Clara;—but, before retiring to rest, she made up her mind to wait on Mr. Whiteford the ensuing day, and ask of him this situation for her brother.

CHAPTER III.

The night after the occurrence of the events narrated in the previous chapters, Harry Whiteford was seated in his room, and was revolving in his mind the plan he had laid for carrying out his designs on the hand of Miss Clara Hartley—which plot, I regret to state, did not look nearly so feasible as it had done on the previous evening—when Mrs. Thomson startled him by opening the door, and announcing that Miss Hartley had called, and wished to see him. He, however, managed to tell Mrs. Thomson to show Miss Hartley into the room; and when that lady made her appearance, he handed her a chair, and requested to know to what circumstance he owed the honour of Miss Hartley's visit.

'I took the liberty of calling on you, Mr. Whiteford, about a situation which I have heard will soon be vacant in your office,' said Clara, a little nervously.

'Well, yes, Miss Hartley, we have a vacancy in the office just now,' replied Harry, who was now made quite himself again by the business air the interview was assuming. 'Is there any way in which I can serve you regarding it?'

'Yes, Mr. Whiteford; I would feel very much obliged if you could give it to my brother, who has for some time been looking for a situation.'

'I am very glad that you called to-night about this, Miss Hartley, as I was just within an ace of giving it to a son of Mr. Chipps, whose father called on me to-day; and I daresay it would have been irrevocably gone, had he not brought his lubberly-looking lout of a son with him; and it might be filled up to-morrow; however, to guard against that, I now promise to give your brother the situation.'

'I thank you very much, Mr. Whiteford. But suppose he should also be a "lubberly-looking lout?"' said Clara, who saw where Harry had committed himself, and could not resist making this interrogatory reply.

'I have no fear of that, Miss Hartley. His sister is guarantee enough against that,' replied Harry, coming boldly out of the difficulty, and, at the same time, paying a compliment. 'But I hear it has commenced raining,' he added, going to the window (against which the rain was pattering) and looking out; 'and if you will accept of my escort, I will accompany you home, and we can there settle the whole affair in a few minutes. And as we shall want him at the office as soon as you can conveniently let him come, the sooner it is settled the better.'

'I am indeed very much obliged, Mr. Whiteford, for your kindness. There will be no difficulty about Arthur's coming as soon as you wish him; but I fear it is putting you to too much trouble to accompany me home this wet night.'

'It is no trouble I assure you, Miss Hartley, but a pleasure.'

No further parley taking place, our hero and heroine prepared to go; and I grieve to have to state that the former, while looking for his umbrella, speculated on the chances of Miss Hartley's having come without one, and, when they had reached the hall door, vigorously opposed Mrs. Thomson's proposal to lend one to Miss Hartley, when it was found out that she had left home without that very necessary article, alleging that his umbrella would do very well for both. And I have also to place on record, that when they had proceeded a short distance, Harry knocked his foot against some projection which had the effect of nearly pitching him on his nose. He, however, muttering something about the wretched state of the footpath, took advantage of this accident, and tendered the support of his arm to Clara; and she, undeterred by such a specimen of his guiding powers, accepted the proffered aid.

A quarter of an hour's walk brought them to Clara's home, the door of which was opened while Harry was scrambling for bell or knocker; and the embryo merchant shouted, before seeing him—'Well, Clara, did you get it?'

'Yes, Arthur, I have; for which you have to thank this gentleman,' said Clara, quietly indicating Harry, of which there was little need, as Arthur had scarcely his words out before he noticed him, and shrunk back rather abashed. Harry, of course, immediately disclaimed all thanks.

Harry, on getting inside and seated, felt that it behoved him to proceed immediately to business, which he did by asking Arthur a few questions, and explaining to him his future duties, and finally concluded with the offer of a salary (small, but more than either sister or brother expected it would be), which was accepted with thanks; and I hope Harry escaped censure from his senior partners next day for making the offer he did.

This business satisfactorily concluded, our hero managed to prolong the interview by talking on other subjects, till Clara asked him to partake of some tea with herself and Arthur, an invitation which he willingly accepted. Thereafter, he extended his visit for a couple of hours, and then marched home through the rain in such a frame of mind that he quite forgot to open his umbrella—indeed, he was going away without it, when he was reminded of it by Clara,—and arrived at worthy Mrs. Thomson's in a very wet state.

CHAPTER IV.

I have never had it made clear to me that Harry Whiteford had any reason, or even a valid excuse, for calling on Miss Hartley about a week subsequently to the occurrence of the events narrated in the previous chapter. I am inclined, however, to think that he trumped up some advice to give to Clara about Arthur, which, however, deceived no one, as Clara must have been very blind indeed if she had not ere this been cognisant of the attraction which drew Mr. Whiteford to her humble home.

Harry, however, manfully determining to trust no

more to chance, or to making visits which possibly might be disagreeable, asked Miss Hartley's permission to visit her occasionally as a friend; and had his mind set at rest by the assurance that she and Arthur would be very happy to see him when he had leisure to honour them with a visit.

I have not here endeavoured to analyse Clara's feelings; but I think that Harry's manly and honourable bearing, combined with his very evident admiration of herself, and her gratitude to him for so freely giving the situation to Arthur at her request, had made some impression on Clara's heart; and it is not to be wondered that, about a month after their first meeting, when Harry found a favourable opportunity of revealing his love to her, she should have returned a not unfavourable answer. Harry frankly told her that when he first saw her he admired her very much, and that the 'story of her life' had deepened that impression; that, under other circumstances, he would not have mentioned his love at so early a stage in their acquaintance, but he could not bear to see one he loved toiling so much for her daily bread, as she was forced to do; and, when Clara had given him assurance that his love was reciprocated, he, on the same grounds, pressed her to name an early date for their marriage; and concluded with the usual lovers' vows—vowed as lovers only can.

A few weeks subsequently, Clara and Harry were quietly married, and set out on a short marriage tour, taking Arthur (who had been removed from the office, and was going back to school) with them. When they returned, it was to settle down in a snug villa in the suburbs of G—. Passing which villa the other day, I saw my old friend Harry at the window, dandling something in long white raiment, which I believe to be a baby. And I think I may here safely state that in all the flourishing city of G—, there is not a happier couple than Clara and Harry Whiteford. M.

ELLEN AND THE VICAR.

THE Vicar, with a wonder open-eyed,
Regarded Ellen, till a tuneful flow
Moan'd to the murmur of the brook below.
'Gone! gone! An order came at eventide,
And Arthur went on board. I dare not chide
The way of duty, though it lead to woe;
But what could be their motive? let me know.'
The Vicar, poring on the brook, replied—
'We read not yonder water; nor the mind,
However shallow, seldom understood
The motive, Ellen, will remain unknown.
If Love be welcome, though he wander blid,
Let intuition go, and god be good!
I am for leaving the fond child alone.'

E. PERL.

. Next week will be commenced 'Gabriel Gray,' a Glasgow Story, revised by the Editor.

Also, a new 'sensation' story, of thrilling interest, entitled 'The Phantom Punt, or the Howl of Guilt'

. The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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GABRIEL GRAY—A GLASGOW STORY.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR.

'Is this a prologue?'—*Shakspeare.*

'WHAT a genius I must have had when I wrote that!' Such was the exclamation of Swift when reading, in the later years of his life, some portion of his 'Tale of a Tub.' The editor fears that Gabriel Gray is almost as great an egotist as the cynical and sarcastic Dean. Gabriel has been looking over these papers of his—written, for the most part, during the year of grace 1860—and he makes no secret of his belief that worse matter has occupied many shelves, in bindings more or less expensive.

Hence their publication in the present form. But the editor is much less confident. He describes in them more faults than it would be polite or politic to tell. The truth is that Gabriel—who is something of a bold thinker, but a good deal more of an insane visionary—has moved in a narrow sphere. Accordingly, he is apt to view everything and everybody under the strong colouring of his own peculiar position and circumstances. The editor deprecates his occasional vehemence. He flashes, gesticulates, and stamps. It is difficult to restrain him from oaths. 'The world,' he says, 'is filled with books, pared into shape like Dutch shrubbery—thoughts without free growth—language without natural exuberance—books of safe mediocrity, that compass nothing, because venturing nothing—that seem as if written, not by men, but by abstractions of men.' There is nothing which he is so constantly anxious to avoid as respectable dullness. He would rather be blamed for extravagance. Of criticism fairly roused he does not, indeed, stand in any particular awe. Its assaults, he fancies, he could bear, but he dreads its silence or its sneers. In other words, martyrdom has fewer terrors for him than neglect. Were he a soldier he would prefer wounds to disease—a death of glory in battle to a tranquil exit in hospital.

One of Mr. Gray's eccentric opinions is this—that a man, in order to obtain a hearing when such thousands are shouting, must be a contemner of the social decorums, etiquettes, and reserves—a simple, unsophisticated, fearless man, in short—speaking, out of the fulness of his heart, of his own business, friendships, affections, and distresses, directly to the hearts of others. He quotes Robert Burns as such a man, and attributes half his fame to his audacity of self-revelation. How he pities and despises the journalist whom, with some exaggeration, he describes as laboriously penning 'leaders' on questions in which he has no interest, when all the while some private wrong or sorrow is fevering his brain or breaking his heart! For his own part, he scorns to put his feelings in

masquerade. He will be himself or nobody. On the fore-front of his lucubrations he hangs up his name for a sign. To hear him talk, one would suppose that he regarded an intense egotism as, in some sense, a synonym for genius. When he is merry, he would make laughter circulate to the ends of the earth; when he is sorrowful, he would exact tribute of tears from the universe.

All this may serve to explain why the domestic narrative of Gabriel Gray breaks through, and almost drowns, or wholly drowns in the end, his comments on passing events. It is obvious that his plan at starting was to treat of subjects of public interest as they arose; but his theory as to the best mode of prosecuting that plan has proved fatal to it. Hence an apparent ultimate failure in carrying out his idea. Had the world always gone well with him, he might have looked cheerfully on the world, and indited essays on abstract topics without caring to make his domestic affairs conspicuous. The Fates having proved adverse, his personal trials have overmastered his speculative dreams, and he has yielded to the promptings of whatever at the moment happened to be uppermost in his heart.

It ought to be quite unnecessary to remark, in this place, that all the names and characters introduced by Mr. Gray, except such as may be complimented, are utterly fictitious. True, he is a good hater. In this respect he would have pleased Dr. Johnson himself. But he is not a literary bravo. He would not stab an enemy, far less a friend. The only revenge which he seeks, when actuated by resentment against even a class, is to touch the conscience—to invoke the blush that is as a dawn of virtue on the benighted countenance—to elicit the tears that are as sap at the root of every good resolution—and to make his personal experiences and sufferings subservient to beneficent ends.

Respecting other matters on which the reader may desire to be informed, Mr. Gray will be found sufficiently communicative. He is non-secretive to a degree—perhaps even garrulous to a fault. Who he is, how he has laboured, and what he has undergone and achieved, he will immediately, or at least in due time, make known. He waits but the rising of the curtain to begin. Exit, accordingly, the writer of these prefatory sentences; and enter the venerable monologist himself—a gentleman well assured of his own competency to take full possession of the stage.

CHAPTER I.

'Have you got such a thing as tenpence about you?'

—*Raising the Wind.*

Hail to you, my masters! I have a mind to become famous. My cronie, Mathew Waddel—with whom I have taken an occasional tumbler any time these forty

years—has persuaded me that I have parts. Of a modest truth, perhaps no one else—not even my wife Jean, whom the good angels protect!—holds me in the like reverence. But under its palatial terraces, and throughout its shady obscure places, ours is a dull and humbugging world, my masters! and honest Mathew is about the only man going in whose company I have hitherto cared to shine.

So Mathew—with the white head and eye-brows of him crowning his radiant face, like a fleece of snow aloping over the eaves of a house gleaming and tremulous with Christmas festivity—has been my solitary audience any time these forty years. He and I have formed a quorum. I have taken the chair of him a thousand times. How, indeed, could I ever think him too few? When I have been moved to speak with emphasis, has he not broken into 'hear, hears!' like a multitude? Have I not heard him, when my fancy has tumbled on the grass, and thrown handfuls of buttercups skyward, get up 'roars of laughter' astonishing for a single voice? Nay, have I not seen him, the moment I have struck the minor keys of humanity, squeeze out from his benevolent eyes moisture enough to dilute this ink of mine into undecipherable pathos? At our monster demonstrations, overflowing with two, he has carried my motions unanimously. I have been elevated to all fanciful posts by his universal suffrage. Knowing me well, he thinks I ought to be known more widely. But, like a discreet lover, I have been satisfied with my one admirer. I have enjoyed a concentrated reputation. Were it spread to the air, I have feared that, like steam, it might lose in force what it gained in noise. Some philosopher has said that any man who can write a page, could write another page, a third also, and so a whole volume. From this I have drawn a pretty parallel. Having become greatly renowned to one individual Mathew, why not to a world of multiplied Mathews? But ay me! and lack-a-day! my masters! I doubt whether the angels could find any such world, were they to search the immeasurable stellar spaces! What a wealth of affection some unfortunate anonymous woman, maid or matron, has missed, from good Mathew Waddel's paradoxical determination of bachelorhood!

We have grown gray together—Mathew and I; and during all this whitening process—Time's toileting mayhap to make us more fair for heaven—my venerable friend has been prompting me, not so much by set speeches as by ejaculations pointed like rowels, to climb all sorts of ladders, mount all sorts of steepes, and take my stand on all sorts of world's summits. Whenever I have faltered, he has propped me up like an alpenstock. He has taunted me with the spectacle of pigmies strutting, swelling, puffing, striving, and carrying off the social prizes—while the giants slumbered! Gabriel Gray a giant!—old Gabriel! O ye close-wrapping fogs! that have made my mighty stature invisible for these forty years, save to two loving eyes! 'The world,' I have heard Mathew say, 'is governed by sheer conceit.' Beautiful old soul! I

fear he is morbid on the subject of my capacity to achieve some great public success. A long, long time has passed since my grandmother (God rest her!) called me her 'Wee Gabriel!' and human intellect, or human high gift of achievement, is not like the aloe that takes a hundred years to flower. Yet Mathew Waddel—a man of discrimination, with those twin stars in his head, nightly twinkling at me for forty years good—believes, with the strength of an indelible creed, that I was born to some loftier throne than that poor, inky, three-legged stool that wots not of any special burden. On this theme I have even heard him wax eloquent, and call me ignominious names of rage, fired with luminous compliment, in order to goad me to a career of impudence and victory. What a climax of rhetoric burned in his words when I reflected that listening was his *forte*! Except on great occasion, he had quite a brilliant capacity for being entertained. Never was any man so little of a bore. The goldenest scrolls of biography emblazoned no equal genius for silence. How overmastering, then, must the impulse have been that loosened such delicious thunder from his tongue!

I have rarely seen Mathew in a state of glee so superb as when I announced to him, a few evenings ago, that I intended to blaze into print. 'Rockets, Roman candles, and incomparable dazzling pyrotechnics!' he exclaimed. His snowy eyebrows leaped with congratulation. I half expected to see them thaw, and glisten in beads of ecstasy on his time-tanned cheeks. He made no secret of taking all the credit to himself. I am no honest bookkeeper if he did not assume airs, like Captain Sutter at his saw-mill, big with the secret of his Californian mines. Like a wealthy patron who had excavated a heaven-born artist from the toughly-stubborn social concrete, he appeared to have delightful glimmerings of a kind of joint immortality. When I should drive four-in-hand, he declared he would mount the rumble, and cry 'Heigh-ho, tantivy!' with all his lungs. Ah! my masters! it is well for me that I am old, and imperturbable of pulse, and not apt to be borne out of myself by the flattery of such partial lips! Mathew Waddel judges of me, and has done so these forty years and upwards, by what he calls my 'flashes of wit,' my 'bursts of eloquence,' and my 'touches of pathos,' but in dear Jean—a woman with no discoverable weakness for book-lore, but monastically accomplished in baby-clothes and culinary economics—I am furnished with an antidote to all subtle poison of self-sufficiency. Jean is blessed with only a fine commercial eye for genius. Of that ethereal something she demands palpable emblems. She could see it in a cheval mirror for a birth-day gift, though her figure is a trifle less jump than in our salad days. Its step would be recognisable to her delicate ear on the softest Turkey carpet for our parlour. The rustle of a new silk gown would make her proudly conscious that it surrounded her. She could feel it at her bosom in the shape of a golden brooch. It might lead her childlike by the wrist with a bracelet of

precious stones. But she has read what I have thus far indited, and thinks it 'haivers;' so that, having a respect for her plain, practical judgment, I keep my expectations of public applause, honour, and emolument secretly moderate, even while Mathew Waddel squeezes unspoken panegyric, like a gold guinea into my palm, and snuffles out his kindly-encouraging 'Go on.'

Not for kings' crowns would I disparage the good offices of my dear particular chum. I am too poor to risk the bankruptcy of a companionship so priceless as his; least of all should I think to quarrel with him at a crisis in my exchequer when I fear to need him most. Nevertheless, I feel it to be due to my own sincerity to say, that not alone for vain glory—which for above forty years has been no more valued by me than a mossed epitaph—have I collected resolution to burst my comfortable shell. For good a week past, I have felt my slender resources—or, to speak with strict accuracy, my no resources—menaced by a high officer of state. It is impossible not to entertain a lofty respect for the man who could speak the bulk of six Presbyterian sermons, without setting the House of Commons asleep. Mathew Waddel talks trash and nonsense, when he says that I could have performed the same feat, with equal brilliancy and more wit, had I possessed a tithe of Gladstone's opportunities and training. Gladstone is a Christian gentleman at heart; and I dare back him for blankets, coals, and such touching charities, against any of his order. My quarrel is not with Gladstone the man, but with Gladstone the Chancellor of the Exchequer. For seven dreary nights has that head inquisitor sat upon me like a nightmare. I have fancied him a vampire, with designs to suck my blood. After counting my few household gods, I have nightly resigned myself to a sleep which has been nothing but a tragedy of dreams. Ugly, uncourteous misadventures, and 'Last Notices' like the ultimatums of kings when their armies are on the march, have snowed up my doors and windows, until only Jean's merciful jogs and pinches have saved me from being buried alive. Again has sleep come, bringing with it legion upon legion of down-browed ruffians, to pound and seize my poor shrinking mahoganies, dim with their old glory-stains; and with no hope, save that of the noise of crashing crockery, to release me from an agony of struggle. Mine is a true invasion-panic; and as my master's son, Joe M'Corkindale—who sits facing me at the comfortable side of my double desk—has taken up his rifle, so I, Gabriel Gray, have taken up my pen—for defence.'

What, then! do I behold no beauty in the famous Gladstonian budget? From some altitudes I might; but, situated as I am, its tenpenny income-tax blinds me. My peerless Jean, who is ambitious of good society, and who actually knows the M'Grubbers, the great west-end people, detests the word clerk, in spite of repeated attempts, on my part, to enlighten her as to its scholarly signification. Out of respect, then, for her aristocratic bias, I call myself cashier

to the great house of M'Corkindale & Co. In that high and responsible office—which good Mathew Waddel thinks me so unfitted, from a lack of commonplace faculties, to adorn—my salary is £200 per annum. This must be a prodigious sum, since Gladstone the magnificent has thought it worth while to fasten a burglarious eye upon it. Yet somehow or other I find myself hardly financier enough, with all my experience, to make it stretch over the veritable necessities of my household. Jean, whose darning and patching are miracles of thrift, is a stout person, though indifferently elongated, and requires, say £30 of it for her special sustenance. Then Heaven has blessed me with five precious daughters, for whom £20 a-piece is surely a moderate calculation. My house rent, and I searched the city for cheapness, is other £20—leaving, after these deductions, but a poor £50 for myself—a mere workman's wage, out of which I am expected to pay assessed taxes, local rates, church seats, doctors' fees, gas, coal, blacking, hairpins, the washerwoman, the Christmas waits, and sundries that would take all my fingers twice multiplied to count! Last summer, my second darling, Barbara, was recommended sea-bathing; but, after a financial study of the map of the world, I found Gourock about as far off as Brighton, Nice, or Hong-Kong. Was not the poor sempstress urgent, the baker six weeks behind, and the dairywoman threatening to cut off our milk? Were my £200 my own, I would be as rich as Croesus, or as Baron Rothschild, or even as Mathew Waddel, with his £150 a-year all to himself; but fortunately, thank God! I have the unselfish privilege of distributing my substance among seven humans, each with a back to clothe, a stomach to digest, a mind to educate, and a mouth to clamour. In my case, the two ends which I am continually trying to make meet are like the two ends of a stick. Not many days ago I borrowed £5 of Mathew to appease an importunate tailor; and it is in these circumstances of chilblained misery and intolerable debt that I am to be menaced with a demand from Government for the trifle of £8:6s.8d. in consideration of my superfluous means!

I know those in business who contrive to get off easy in all cases of income-tax; but old M'Corkindale is prominent at the plate on Sundays, and will declare my salary to a farthing—reserving his white little dishonesties for his own personal protection and profit.

'Ah! don't suffer yourself to get soured with the world,' insinuates my worthy old friend Mathew. 'Contemplate the budget on its sunny side! Consider how many taxes are to be remitted!'

'True, true, my philosopher! I am a purblind ass, and have miscalculated the coming millennium. When I have been mulcted of the £8:6s.8d. which I haven't got, I shall then be enabled to drink cheap claret, wear French kids at 10s. a dozen, read emancipated penny newspapers—with all the Town Council reports, accidents, murders, suicides, and divorces, which make up the sum of our modern British classics; and so adieu, my masters! that I may have one peaceful sleep in this fool's paradise!

(To be continued fortnightly.)

THE PINCH OF SNUFF.

At the time of the French Revolution, the town of Coblenz had become the refuge of the members of the royal family and of the French nobility. Though the political aspect of events had assumed the darkest and gravest of colours, nothing could deprive the *émigrés* of their light-hearted gaiety. The position of most of them was precarious—in some cases, many were already reduced to poverty; yet all preserved the wit and mirth so deservedly looked upon as one of the chief characteristics of their class. The pleasures of the capital and also its vices were transported to the little Rhenish Court; and the excitement of gambling (the game played in public being roulette) attracted numbers of Germans and other strangers by its fatal influence.

Among the very small number of gentlemen who escaped contamination, one merits particular mention. The Chevalier de Mirencourt, in submitting to the necessity of immediate exile from his country, accepted at same time all the painful consequences. He placed the small sum he had been able to secure in the hands of a respectable banker worthy of his confidence; on that, along with a little he gained by giving lessons in French, he managed to live free from debt.

The malicious decried this sensible conduct. 'He was mean,' 'he was a miser,' but when it was seen that out of his very small income the Chevalier aided those more necessitous than himself, *critique* followed mockery; and he became, for the most thoughtless, a model worthy of imitation. De Mirencourt merited this admiration. In prosperity as in adversity his character had been tested; the same sympathy for the deserving, the same pity for the unfortunate, the same equity in his judgment of men and of things. In pursuance of his wise system of economy, the Chevalier lived in cheap lodgings in the outskirts of the town. A young man had recently come to lodge in the same house; he was a Frankfurt merchant, who, with his mother and an only sister, had been reduced to poverty by a fire which had consumed their warehouse and all their goods. He had come to Coblenz to recover several debts due to them by some wealthy people there; but, without money or influence, he either wanted the necessary hardihood, or had not sufficient ability, to enforce payment from his debtors; some denied, some put him off—till the young man found himself penniless in a strange town. The Chevalier had shown a friendly interest in young Cardan. In meeting on the stair, he seldom passed without asking kindly how his affairs were getting on.

One day, returning from giving his lessons, he found young Cardan at the door of his lodgings with the postman, who held a letter in his hand. The young man regarded it with humid eyes, but did not take it; the postman seemed undecided.

The Chevalier addressed Cardan, by name, in a more than usually kind manner, as if soliciting an explanation of the trouble he appeared to be in. Cardan did not seem to understand his meaning, but the

letter-carrier did. 'If this gentleman is an acquaintance, he will perhaps help in this difficulty.'

'What is it?' asked the Chevalier.

'A trifle, sir,' continued the postman; 'this letter is for this gentleman, from Frankfurt; the postage is eight sous; but he has not the money on him at present.'

'Why did you not mention it?' said the kind Frenchman, his hand in his pocket.

Cardan stopped him with a gesture. 'No,' he said, with a broken voice; 'I have not this sum on me or anywhere. I shall not be able to repay you, sir.'

'Of course not, since I owe it you,' said De Mirencourt, in a natural voice. 'Take it, sir; it must be from your mother or sister.'

Cardan had scarcely power to thank him. He opened the letter and read it rapidly; as he read, his colour changed to an extreme paleness, he uttered an exclamation.

'You have bad news, I fear?'

'Only this misfortune to fill the cup of our misery!' cried the unfortunate, striking his forehead in his despair.

'What is it? What do they say?'

'The few creditors we had have seized everything; they have sold all off; and my mother and sister are homeless and without bread. They call me to come to them to aid them—I who could not even pay the postage of this letter—I who am also homeless and penniless!'

The Chevalier took Cardan to his room, where he endeavoured to calm his despair, and obtained a more full account of the losses that had reduced his family to beggary. De Mirencourt was too poor himself to replace the thousand thalers that the Cardans had lost, and that would re-establish them in their former position; but he decided at once on asking the assistance of the opulent—the more readily that he was asking for others, and that refusal, however painful, could not be humiliating.

He spoke kindly to the poor young man, encouraged him to look forward with hope, as he would try to interest others more able than himself in his fallen fortunes; and took the road to the chateau of the Vicomte de Rouci—an open-handed, warm-hearted prodigal, who gave readily when he had it to give. De Mirencourt knew that he was now in funds, and hurried to appeal to his generosity before the gambling-table had engulfed all.

The Vicomte was already at the roulette-table, and De Mirencourt hastened after him to that favourite resort.

On seeing the Chevalier, De Rouci exclaimed, 'Heaven forgive me! but what can bring Cato to the infernal regions?'

'I was looking for you.'

'Well, I shall be with you immediately; I have only two or three thousand francs to lose,' cried De Rouci, gaily.

'Save a few for me,' whispered the Chevalier.

'My dear Chevalier! take what you want,' cried

De Rouci, pushing the heap of gold towards his friend. 'Gently, gently,' cried a stout German; 'we must follow our vein of good luck.'

'Ah! true; I forgot I had the Baron of Haxall for associate; but take what you require, and I will account to the Baron.'

'No, no,' cried the German; 'you must never take money from the table—you lose your luck; let the gentleman wait for a few minutes.'

It seemed as if the Chevalier's presence brought ill luck to his friend—every number, every change of colour was against him. He rose in a few minutes, stripped of every farthing, bowed gaily to the company, and withdrew.

The German, with national obstinacy, played on, and again the luck changed, the heaps of gold grew larger and larger, and with its growth disappeared his taciturnity.

'I warned you how dangerous it was to take money off the table,' said he to the Chevalier, who continued watching his play with a pensive air.

'Then it will be of little use asking you for assistance!' he answered.

'What! me!' exclaimed De Haxall.

'It is for a good action, sir; to save a young compatriot of your own.'

'If it were my brother, sir, or for my father, I would not withdraw a coin, sir; it belongs to the play. Luck! luck continues! Every stroke wins!'

The Chevalier could not refrain from showing, by a gesture, his regret that luck should have favoured the grasping, and forsaken the generous.

'Ah! ah! you are envious of my good fortune,' cried De Haxall, with a silly laugh.

'Not for myself,' exclaimed De Mirencourt.

'Ah! I know. You are one of the good! The benefactors of mankind! Why don't you break the bank for the benefit of your protégés?'

'I have always feared and avoided gambling.'

'A good reason for trying your hand. Your luck is fresh, unexhausted.'

'I do not believe in luck,' said the Chevalier.

'Have you ever tried it?'

'No; never.'

'Then why not try?'

'But if I lose?'

'But if you win?'

The temptation was great. A few fortunate strokes might save the Cardan family; but when he calculated the small sum that he possessed, and the wants and debts it must meet, he felt that he could not be generous at the expense of his creditors. Convinced of the impossibility of withdrawing one gold coin from his purse, he let it slip into his pocket, and replaced it in his hand by his snuff-box.

'Well, Chevalier,' said De Haxall, 'what the devil are you hunting for all this time in your pocket?'

De Mirencourt reddened, and hastily produced a small tortoise-shell snuff-box. On the lid was a miniature portrait of his mother.

'So you can't make up your mind to risk a gold piece! Well, none but the brave deserves the fair! I'll trouble you for a pinch.' He extended his hand towards the Chevalier, who was on the point of handing him the box, when a thought seemed suddenly to strike him;—he withdrew it.

'Well!' said the astonished yeoman, his hand extended.

'Excuse me, Baron, but every one has his principles. Yours will not permit you to give a sou when you are playing; mine impose on me the same obligation whilst I am looking on!' said the Chevalier.

'But this is a jest.'

'Not at all.'

'You refuse a pinch of snuff?'

'I refuse to give it.'

'That is to say, that I may buy it?'

'Yes, if you choose,' said the Chevalier.

'What a farce! Since when have you become a snuff-merchant? And what is your price?'

'A gold Frederick, Baron.'

'A piece of gold! But this is usury!'

'It is a speculation. Listen, Baron. A little while ago, I observed you searching for your snuff-box in vain; you will not leave your run of good luck; you must have a pinch of snuff; I therefore have your nose in my power! I take advantage of my position. I offer you a pinch for a gold Frederick.'

'Upon my word! Well, I pay for a pinch for the fun of the thing,' said M. de Haxall.

The Chevalier presented his box.

'I paid for one, for the sake of the jest; but, faith! my good fortune authorises a little extravagance; I'll take another, Chevalier; and here are the two pieces of gold.'

'Lay them on the table,' said De Mirencourt.

'You risk them at one stroke?'

'Yes, at one stroke; and the Chevalier won. He then withdrew three-fourths of his stake, and again won. He continued playing, now losing, now winning, all the time watching the chances with the *avide* look of a confirmed gambler.

At length, he ceased and counted his pieces of gold. He had won a thousand thalers. He made them up into one rouleau, rose, and left the hall, whilst exclamations—cries of rage, and some cries of joy—rang through the rooms. He hastened to Cardan, still a prey to gloomy forebodings.

'Look, young man, at what Providence sends you!' showing the gold. 'Return to your mother and sister, and let happiness enable you to forget your past sufferings.'

It is impossible to picture the joy of the young merchant thus rescued from ruin. In his native city he recommenced his former business, and succeeded beyond his hopes. Whilst his generous benefactor returned, a few years later, to France, recovered his estates, assumed his title, and whilst relating to his Countess the trials of exile, assured her, with a smile, that though he had never returned to it, yet, that he had never regretted his visit to the roulette table of Coblentz!

C. N.

DEDICATORY.

BY THE LATE DAVID GRAY.

DEAR friend! From river slopes and flowery leas—

From woods, where hyacinths their bloom display'd,

And violets their fragrance, in the shade

Of tangled hedgerows, breathed upon the wind—

From a dear home, amid round elder trees,

Like a dove's nest, embosom'd, did I seek

An answer to my hopes in the great heart

Of monster Glasgow! Oh! here did I find

Thee, who became the other, better part

Of my glad being. Never can I speak

The utter bounty of thy eager spirit—

The pleasure that thy friendship wrought in me;

And, if our brotherhood may yet inherit

Aught of renown and strength, I give it all to thee.

THE PHANTOM PUNT; OR, THE HOWL OF GUILT.

PROLOGUE—ROUND THE CAULDRON. CHAPTER I.

THE Boots in the coffee-room, who had been instructed to conceal himself under the table before they came in, and to remain there till they had finished their pipes and cigars, had unfortunately fallen asleep, and could only report one expression, which he accidentally overheard just before they rung for bed-room candles, and that expression he maintained was 'A blasted 'eath,' maintained fiercely and doggedly, in spite of the indignation of the head-waiter and of the incredulous sneers of all the waiters downwards, of the barmaid, and of the three chambermaids.

'A blasted 'eath! Wot d'ye mean, you sleepy-edged lunatic! I've a good mind to sack you on the spot—I've, nincompoo! Wot d'ye mean by wollenteering to take notes of their conversation and then going hoff to sleep, adding hinsult to hinjury, and leaving us all farther in the dark than hever by your confounded blasted 'eaths!'

'You be bel-lowed!' exclaimed Boots, more fiercely than ever. 'Wot do *you* mean by calling a individual a lunatic? and wot d'ye mean by saying that I wollenteered to go below the table like a Noofoundingling doag, and spy on the gents?'

'Jusseph!' broke in Pinder, the first chambermaid. 'Oh, Jusseph! don't get excited, for any saka. You're getting blue in the face! Remember your dear father, Jusseph! and don't go to sleep the next time for all our sakes.' Boots turned pale at those words. He remembered the fate of his father, who had burst a blood-vessel one day, in a rage at his pipe which wouldn't draw. Joseph laboured and groaned in spirit over the idea that the complaint was hereditary. He looked with mild repentance at Pinder, and at the head-waiter with smothered indignation, which made the bursting all the more dangerous. Mrs. Fritters, the landlady, at this juncture bustled into the coffee-room, at sight of whom the head-waiter plunged his hand below his waistcoat, pulled out what would have appeared to a casual observer as a detached fragment of his shirt, but which in reality was his napkin of office, and dusted the corner of the sideboard, lifting up a salt-cellar, as if he suspected he had placed an odd fourpenny-piece under it a short time previous, and laying it down again with a stare of suspicion at the waiters downwards, which consisted of a weird figure in a withered dress suit, and another figure less weird and with a less withered dress suit, but both tending that way. Mrs. Fritters, the landlady, looked around with indignation, and at the flash of her eye the waiters downwards, the barmaid, and the three chambermaids vanished in affright; and she was left confronting the head-waiter, who, we may mention here, was named Artaxerxes, whose father had been a clown and had been killed by the kick of a horse, and who himself had suffered a serious domestic affliction, from the fact of his eldest

pig (the mother of a large and bereaved family) having swallowed a horn spoon, and died with the handle half-way down its throat!

The head waiter adjusted his white neckcloth, and proceeded with his dusting.

Mrs. Fritters tossed her head, adjusted her cap, muttered something about 'Lazy set of people! always loitering about!' and addressed herself to the head-waiter—not without allowing a certain expression to appear in the glance of her eye, which suggested, to the mind of Artaxerxes, a suspicion on her part as to the genuineness of his zeal in his labours.

'Have the three gentlemen come in for dinner yet?'

'No, mem. Said they wouldn't be 'ere till siving o'clock.'

'Ahem!' Mrs. Fritters gave a significant nod of the head again, which suggested to the mind of Artaxerxes—knowing, as he did, the three travellers by sight—a suspicion, on her part, as to the general solvency of the three travellers; and a consequent doubt as to the probable payment of their arrears for board and lodging.

Mrs. Fritters—who prided herself upon her sharpness, and had often expressed herself to the effect that it would be an exceedingly hopeless task for any person to attempt to take *her* in—tossed her cap again, retired into the glass bar, consulted the ledger, and instructed Miss Namby to make out Numbers Eleven, Twelve, and Thirteen's bill. The head-waiter had also his own doubts as to the solvency of the three travellers; as had all the waiters downwards, the barmaid, and the three chambermaids.

'Half-past siving o'clock!' said the head-waiter, in a soliloquising tone of voice, looking up to the coffee-room clock. 'They'll be here in 'alf-an-hour. Fish, roast leg of mutton, sweet bread, port and sherry, ordered. Ah! it's a suspicious case! Don't like Number Twelve's boots at all. Can't take to them—and only one pair! That Halbert's plated, or I'm a Dutchman! Number Eleven—ah! the frockcoat's good; but there's no appearance of linen—not even a dicky! He's a nice chap, though. Jolly fellow! Number Thirteen's wust of all! That chap's either very dirty or very clean. The towel is allas wet, and the basin-stand splashad; but the water allas as clean a'most as it was when put in the night previous. He looks a dirty chap!' The head waiter chased a large blue fly up and down the pane in an absent manner, and started back as three figures passed the window. 'Blowed if that aint them!' said the head waiter; and, turning round, he recommenced the dusting of the sideboard, and presented a profile view to three travellers who entered, and who, without a moment's loss of time, ranged themselves with their backs to the fire.

The coffee-room, the head-waiter, the waiters downwards, the barmaid, and the three chambermaids belonged to the Hare and Hounds Hotel, Brownford, at which hostlery there had arrived, three weeks

before the date of the conversation, three travellers, about whom the conversation related at the beginning of the chapter had taken place. The manner of arrival of the three travellers was strange, the travellers themselves were strange looking, and their conduct was decidedly strange and incongruous. I was also a residenter at the Hare and Hounds—a periodical residenter—and therefore privileged with the confidence of Mrs. Fritters, the landlady, and of the head waiter. Hence it was I did not deem myself an eavesdropper or intruder because I suffered the conversation to reach my ear at the writing-room, off the commercial room. I had been penning a communication at the time to one who, without exaggeration, I may term the best of her sex, and to whom my welfare is by no means of small account. When I strolled out of the coffee-room, in order to smoke a cigar and post my letter, the three travellers were still with their backs to the fire, and I also noted that, without exception, they all had a peculiar blank expression about the face, which suggested a disappointment of some kind or another. Being of a sympathetic temperament; and, in the course of a chequered career, having had reason to wear the same blank look at various hostelries, both in town and country (by reason of letters not coming to hand, and from other causes), I determined to walk to the post-office, smoke my cigar, return, and invite the three travellers to have something hot with me. I likewise determined that, if, in the course of conversation, I could satisfy myself that they were worthy of my sympathy, I would assist them out of their difficulty as much as lay within my power. I therefore strolled as far as the post-office, posted my letter, and returned to the coffee-room, my virtuous determination having gained strength in the course of the ramble. When I had reached the bar, and was about to pass, with a nod to Mary, Mrs. Fritters addressed me by my Christian name—a familiarity that will not seem strange, when we inform the reader that Mrs. Fritters' father, being in the public-house way, had married a cousin of my aunt, also in the public line. The drift of Mrs. Fritters' communication was that she had led a public life, girl and woman, for thirty years, during which long period she had never once been taken in by any lodger or feeder leaving the house without having settled his score, or leaving sufficient security that the score would be settled at an early date; that it would be very galling to her feelings, indeed, if she were now, when she was almost thinking about retiring altogether from public life, to be taken in by anybody; but that she had grave misgivings about the solvency of the three travellers; and that, if her misgivings were to turn out correct, and the three travellers depart surreptitiously, leaving only their paltry carpet-bags, she felt certain her existence, whether public or private, would be for ever afterwards embittered!

Being connected by ties of consanguinity to Mrs. Fritters, and taking a deep interest in the three travellers, I determined to pluck out the heart of their mystery, and, for that purpose, knocked at the door of the private room where they were dining, and was requested, by the possessor of a deep bass voice, to wipe my feet on the mat and come in.

(To be continued.)

THE JEWS IN ENGLAND.

SOME writers state that the Jews made their first appearance in England in the time of William the Conqueror; but the falsity of this statement is proved by a law, still extant, passed by Edward the Confessor, offering special protection to all Jews in his dominions, and strictly forbidding them to put themselves into the service of any person, of whatever rank, without the king's leave. Nevertheless, it may be safely stated that, whatever may have been the number of the Jews resident in England prior to William the Conqueror, there is every reason to believe that, with his appearance in England, their numbers were greatly augmented, he having brought over many Jewish immigrants from Normandy, where they had been his chief support in all financial matters, which they continued to be, both to him and his successors, for several generations, till the large sums of money that were extorted from them, and the rigorous treatment to which they were subjected, not only from the Crown but from all classes, compelled them to leave a country in which they had only found cruelty, oppression, and ruin. From the very moment of their appearance in England, this unfortunate class of people were regarded with anything but favourable eyes by the English; 'for,' writes Holinshed, 'among other grievances which the English sustained by the hard dealing of the Conqueror, this is to be remembered that he brought Jews into this land from Rouen, and appointed them a place to inhabit and occupy.' This unfavourable impression, both in England and other countries, the Jews had never been able to efface by any assiduity to please or conciliate on their part; and no doubt a great part of the hatred with which they were treated everywhere can only be attributed to a religious bigotry, which deemed the Jews fit objects for persecution, as being persons not enjoying the protection of Heaven, and professing a religious faith different from their own. These ideas—extremely prevalent in the time of which we write—it has been the work of time, the progress of civilization, and the diffusion of knowledge to eradicate. Another reason, and perhaps the chief one, that may be assigned for this hatred and persecution, was the natural cunning in all matters of usury which was everywhere attributed to them. But that usury is not a part of their nature will be shown in another part of this paper; and that other occupations, more honourable and more respected, though not conveying the same pecuniary recompenses, yet at the same time procuring happiness, respect, and honour, which are never to be counter-balanced by sordid gains, however great, would have been the objects of their aspirations, if they had had the same opportunities as other men.

In the year A. D. 66, the Jews, suffering everywhere from the oppression of the Romans, who then inundated the country, and precluded from the exercise of their religion, broke out into a rebellion, which terminated in the total destruction of the Jewish state;

and, instead of gaining anything by this revolt, which no doubt in the moments of their wrath they had contemplated, they became a wandering people, scattered over every part of the surface of the globe, seeking in other countries that happiness and peace which had been denied them in their own. On September 7, A. D. 70, Titus took Jerusalem by assault, burned the Temple, demolished the city, and enslaved or sent into exile those who were so fortunate as to escape the general massacre. Some escaped to the mountains, where they underwent many severe privations from want of food and other necessities; and were at last forced to leave the country, now a barren waste. The number of Jews who perished during the siege and destruction of Jerusalem is reckoned at 110,000. This once favoured people of the Lord were now scattered over every part of the surface of the earth. By dint of their natural ingenuity they contrived, in most instances, to amass considerable fortunes. On account of the restrictions to which they were subjected, and their exclusion from more honourable employment, usury became the means by which they supported themselves, and through time they almost monopolised the business of trading and money dealing. Usury is very often ascribed as part of the nature of a Jew. But that such is not the case is very certain, since, while almost every other nation practised usury, which to them was always the source of misery and civil revolutions, it was totally unknown in Judea. Besides, it is expressly forbidden in the Mosaic Law, and every one must know how strictly it is observed by the Jews. Josephus, the great Jewish historian, remarks in his 'Antiquities of the Jews,' in speaking of Moses and how his laws were observed, that 'this man (meaning Moses) was admirable for his virtue, and powerful in making men give credit to what he delivered, not only during the time of his natural life, but even there is still no one of the Hebrews who does not act even now as if Moses were present, and ready to punish him if he should do anything indecent; nay, there is no one but is obedient to what laws he ordained, although they might be concealed in their transgressions.' There is no doubt that if the Jews had had the opportunity of effacing this imputation from their national character, they would have done so, as it was to them the source of much cruelty, oppression, and ruin. But this unfortunate people were excluded from all the higher professions, and thus trade was their only resource. After the destruction of Jerusalem, spreading themselves in every direction, they penetrated through time into Gaul, and from thence into England, though at what precise date is not known; but as was stated before, in the commencement of this paper, they are known to have been there in the time of Edward the Confessor. In England, they met with the same treatment as elsewhere. Considered under the special protection^o of the Crown—this protection was extended to them only on condition of large pecuniary concessions, which, when not given with good will, were always wrung from them by force. By the high

interest which they obtained on their advances of money, much of the wealth of the country was continually flowing into their hands. This was the only compensation for the state of subjection in which they were held by the Crown, and the hatred which was everywhere manifested towards them by all classes of the king's subjects. Notwithstanding the enormous exactions of the Crown, they were still induced to remain in the country from a sense of gain, and also from a firm belief on their part that their circumstances could not be bettered anywhere else. They were naturally hated by the people, and this hatred it was the object of the Crown to encourage; for, as they were protected by the laws, any exactions on the part of the Crown, without this hatred, would have been regarded by the people as arbitrary and despotic proceedings, which they should do everything in their power to discountenance, from a fear of the like proceedings being taken against themselves. But as there was little fear of the people's enmity to the Jews diminishing, the Crown was left free to continue its exactions at pleasure, although not to such an extent as to induce this persecuted sect to leave the country. The law gave protection to the Jews from all classes except the king; but this law was very often broken by the people, and attended by many evil consequences to the unfortunate Jews: the perpetrators of the deeds in question generally escaping from the punishment which they merited.

We do not hear of any general massacre of the Jews till the coronation-day of Richard I., surnamed 'Cœur de Lion,' from his headstrong courage. On that occasion, 3d September 1189, the long pent-up spirit of hatred, which animated the people, vented itself in the most atrocious cruelties and barbarities ever practised on a harmless and unoffending race. The cause of this outbreak cannot be better explained than by some remarks on the subject by Holinshed. 'Upon the day of King Richard's coronation,' says this writer, 'the Jews that dwelt in London and in other parts of the realm, being there assembled, had but sorry hap, as it chanced. For they, meaning to honour the same coronation with their presence, and to present to the king some honourable gift, whereby they might declare themselves glad for his advancement, and procure his friendship toward them, for the confirming of their privileges and liberties, according to the grants and charters made to them by former kings, he, of a zealous mind to Christ's religion, abhorring their nation; and doubting some sorcery by them to be practised, commanded that they should not come within the church when he should receive the crown, nor within the palace whilst he was at dinner.' We here see exemplified the common usage to which the Jews were subjected by our kings. Notwithstanding his avowed hatred to them and their religion, there is every reason to believe that he accepted the proffered gift, and that very gladly. Some historians have asserted that this treatment of the Jews by the king was, in some measure, to atone for any harm there might be in accepting the gift. That

Richard shared the prejudices against the race, in common with his subjects, there is very little doubt; he, like every other person of that period, fully believing them to be hated by Heaven, and in consequence, fit objects for persecution. To return, however, to our narrative. 'But at dinner-time,' continues Holinshed, 'among others that pressed in at the palace-gate, divers of the Jews were about to thrust in, till one of them was stricken by a Christian, who, alleging the king's commandment, kept them back from coming within the palace, which some of the unruly people perceiving, and supposing it had been done by the king's commandment, took lightly occasion thereof, and falling upon the Jews with staves, bats, and stones, beat them, and chased them home to their houses and lodgings. Herewith arose a rumour through the city, that the king had commanded the Jews to be destroyed; and thereupon the people came running together to assault them in their houses, which, when they could not easily break up nor enter, by reason the same were strongly builded, they set fire to them, so that divers houses were consumed, not only of the Jews, but also of their neighbours, so hideous was the rage of the fire. The king being advertised of this riotous attempt of the outrageous people, sent some of his counsellors, Ranalph de Glanville, Lord-Justice, and other officers, to appease the tumult; but their authority was nothing regarded, nor their persuasions any whit revered, but their threatenings rather brought them in danger of life among the rude sort of those that were about to spoil, rob, and sack the houses and shops of the Jews; to the better accomplishment of which, their unlawful act, the light that the fire of those houses which burned after it was once night, did administer no small help and occasion of furtherance. The Jews that were in those houses which were set on fire, were either smoldered and burned to death within, or else at their coming forth, most cruelly received upon the points of spears, bills, swords, and gleaves of their adversaries, that watched for them very diligently. This outrage of the furious and disordered people continued from the midnight of the one day till two o'clock on the other; the commons all that time never ceasing their fury against that nation, but still killing them as they met with any of them, in most horrible, rash, and unreasonable manner. At length, rather wearied with their evil doings than satisfied with spoil, or moved with respect of reason, or reverence for their prince, they withdrew themselves from their riotous enterprise, after they had executed many unlawful and horrible enormities.' That these outrages of the people were passed over with little or no punishment is very certain; though some historians assert that, the very day after these barbarous outrages were committed, the king caused the ringleaders of the riot to be apprehended, and to be hanged immediately. Very probably vengeance was thus taken on all those who could be easily got hold of; but no measures seem to have been adopted against those who deemed flight the surest manner to escape

punishment. As has been stated over and over again, it was not the object of the Crown to persecute these people so as to induce them to leave the country, and no doubt the king, to show his sense of justice, caused several offenders to undergo the punishment which this flagrant breach of the king's peace well merited. Holinshed expressly says—'This great riot well deserved sore and grievous punishment, but yet it passed over without correction, in respect of the great numbers of the transgressors, and for that the most part of men—for the hatred generally conceived against the obstinate frowardness of the Jews—liked the doings hereof well enough, interpreting it to be a good token that the joyful days of the king's advancement to the crown should be doleful unto the Jews, in bringing them to such slaughter and destruction. After the tumult was ceased, the king commanded that no man should hurt or harm any of the Jews, and so they were restored to peace, after they had sustained infinite damage.' The peace was of very short duration, since, a few months after the enormities committed in London, the same work of destruction and cruelty was imitated in other parts of the kingdom. The first breach of the king's peace took place at Lynn, in Norfolk, where the same cruelties were renewed. But of all the outbreaks against the Jews, the tragedy enacted at York is the most memorable, as it was the most frightful. In that city the wretched Jews preferred killing their wives and children, and afterwards being their own executioners, to awaiting a more barbarous and dishonourable death from the hands of their infuriated assailants.

The enormities of London and York were frequently repeated in other parts of the kingdom; and a pretty good idea may be gleaned, from what has been already said, of the state of the Jews in England. There was nothing to induce them to remain in this country, where they had only found persecution and cruelty; yet they did not leave it till they were forced to do so by the entire expulsion of their race in 1290, the eighteenth year of the reign of Edward I. 'The manner and circumstances of this final act of tyranny,' says a writer on this subject, 'were highly appropriate. The king was, in the first place, bribed to give his consent to it, the Parliament making him a grant of a fifteenth as the price of his compliance. This, however, was but a small compensation for the permanent loss of revenue which the king thus entailed upon himself. During a space of only about seven years—from the 17th of December, in the fiftieth year of Henry III. till the Tuesday in Shrovetide, in the second year of Edward I.—the Crown is stated to have extorted from the Jews (amounting in all to probably no more than five hundred families) the immense sum of £420,000:15s.4d. Edward, however, could not resist the present temptation.' Such was the cause of their entire expulsion from England. The entire number who were thus driven out of the country is stated to have been 16,511, including men, women, and children. The Jews were rigorously excluded from England till 1655, when they were again admitted by Oliver Cromwell. With the progress of civilization and the diffusion of knowledge, their position has been greatly improved, and they now enjoy those privileges, which, through so many ages, were rigorously withheld from them. J. A.

HOW I CAME INTO A FORTUNE.

To the best of my recollection, I began life as a page, to which honourable occupation I entertained not the slightest doubt that I had 'grewed,' like our old friend, Miss Topsy. To attend upon Mrs. Primface and the Misses Primface was my only duty; but having a soul above buttons, I one fine morning departed from Flower Villa to seek my fortune, and wandered I knew not whither. After trudging on for several hours, I came within hearing of the bells of Showborough. Quickening my pace, I arrived at the outskirts of the town, and, tired and hungry, I sat myself down upon a door-step, and fell asleep. I was awakened by a voice shouting in my ear, 'Hallo, my boy! What—sleeping?' Starting up, I saw before me an elderly gentleman and a beautiful young lady. In mortal dread lest I had been guilty of some dire offence, I touched my hat (I still wore the livery of the Primfaces), and was for slinking off, when the old gentleman caught me by the shoulder, and, facing me round, he asked,

'What's your name, boy?'

'Tom, sir.'

'Tom what?'

'Tom Braid, sir.'

'Well, Tom, what are you after?'

'I'm hungry, sir.'

'Hungry! Well, come in and get something to eat. Julia, my dear, give Tom some dinner, and then bring him up to me.'

As he said this, he opened the door, and we entered the house upon the steps of which I had been sleeping.

'Come away, Tom; come with me,' said Miss Julia.

'Yes, ma'am,' I replied; and followed her down to the kitchen, where were Mrs. Greasyface and Betsy.

'Mrs. Greasyface, give Tom, here, some cold meat and bread; and after he's done, send him up to Pa in the library.' So said Miss Julia, and then she left the kitchen.

Cold meat, bread, and a jug of beer were placed before me, which I caused rapidly to disappear, to the astonishment of cook and Betsy.

'Lor! young 'un, when did yer taste meat afore?' exclaimed the former.

'Yesterday afternoon,' I replied, giving another bite at the bread, and dipping my head into the beer jug. Then Mrs. Greasyface and Betsy fell a-talking. I knew they were speaking about me, but I was too busy to pay attention to what they said. I cared more for the cold meat and beer. All good things must have an end, however; and at last I began to feel that I had ate sufficient.

'Where did yer come from?' asked cook; but as I was unwilling to tell where I had come from, I pretended not to have heard, and busied myself brushing my hat with the sleeve of my jacket.

'Have yer 'ad enough?' she asked; to which I replied in the affirmative—at the same time casting a glance at the remainder of the meat, as if I should have liked to pocket it, which no doubt I would have

done had I got an opportunity; but as both cook and Betsy kept staring at me, such opportunity was not afforded me. Any farther questions on the part of cook were prevented by the entrance of Miss Julia, who, seeing that I had done eating, told me to follow her. I rose and followed her into the presence of the old gentleman.

'Well, Tom, are you hungry now?' he asked.

'No, sir.'

'What made you fall asleep on the door-step?'

'I was tired, sir.'

And so I told him my story, making a few original additions, to the effect that I had been thrashed and starved by the Primfaces, all which, I am sorry to say, were untrue.

'Well, well, my boy; never mind that. What are you going to do now?'

I told him that I intended going up to London, where I understood fortunes were to be had for the trouble of picking them up. He laughed at my plans, and told me that if I went to London I would only be starved; and he ended by offering to take me into his service. I accepted his offer, doffed the Primface livery, and arrayed myself in a suit of pepper-and-salts.

Mr. Beverly, my benefactor (as he afterwards proved himself to be), was a lawyer in Showborough. He was a widower, and Miss Julia his only child.

For four years I continued in Mr. Beverly's service, in the course of which Miss Julia had been married to Mr. Beverly's junior partner, Mr. Gosling. At the end of the four years, Mr. Beverly called me into his study, expressed his satisfaction with my conduct; and offered me a desk in his chambers, at the same time stating that he would take care I was sufficiently provided for until I was able to provide for myself. His offer I accepted, and in due time I found myself mounted on a three-legged stool, copying law-papers—Mr. Beverly having taught me reading and writing while I was serving at his house. Here I remained about five years, when I removed to Birlstown, being induced to do so by the offer of a larger salary—an offer which I accepted on the advice of Mr. Beverly. Other three years passed, when Mr. Beverly died, leaving me one hundred pounds as a token of his regard. As I had by this time saved some money from my income, I thought of entering into business for myself. Birlstown being already sufficiently provided with lawyers, I removed to the neighbouring town of Scrimpley, and, opening an office, waited for clients.

My office had two apartments, one marked 'Clerks,' and the other 'Private.' The sole occupant of the former was a sharp little fellow named Harry, who passed his time practising gymnastics over the solitary chair with which his room was furnished. The 'private' apartment was occupied by myself. Open law-books lay before me, together with written papers. But these were placed for appearance sake, in case some one might drop in. Harry had instructions that when any one called he was to knock at my door before ushering them in, as it would never have done

for me to be caught reading novels during business hours.

Waiting for clients is wearisome. I waited for several months without receiving a call from any one other than a host of mendicants soliciting charity. One day, however, I was disturbed in the middle of a very interesting portion of a new novel, by the entrance of Harry, who handed me a note, signifying at the same time that an answer was wanted. The note requested me to repair immediately to Blanche Hall, the seat of Richard Blanche, Esq. one of our wealthiest and most influential county gentlemen. Wondering what was wanted, I put on my hat and followed John Thomas to the carriage, which waited for me. On the carriage dashed at a furious rate, all Scrimpley staring after it. In about half-an-hour, we entered the avenue leading to the Hall, and shortly thereafter I got out; and was met by Drs. Lancet and Bluepill, who were in attendance upon Mr. Blanche. I was led into the library, and told that Mr. Blanche was very ill—indeed they scarcely expected he would recover—and that he had desired a lawyer to be sent for, in order that his will might be written out.

While we were talking, Miss Blanche entered the room, and told us that her father had fallen asleep, and it would be as well not to disturb him just now; and then, turning to me, she asked if I could spare sufficient time to wait until he wakened. Of course I could; but even suppose I had been overwhelmed with business, I do not think I could have given any other answer than the one I gave, when asked by such a person as Miss Blanche. She was the most handsome girl I ever saw—apparently about nineteen years of age, with black glossy hair, eyes—but why do I attempt to describe her? The attempt would only end in a miserable caricature.

'Who hath not felt how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel—until his falling sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight—
His changing cheek, his smiling eye confess
The might, the majesty of loveliness?
Such was Miss Blanche—such around her shone
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone—
The light of love—the purity of grace—
The mind—the music breathing from her face—
The heart, whose softness harmonised the whole—
And oh! that eye was in itself a soul'

Dr. Lancet and Miss Blanche left the room, and Dr. Bluepill and I gazed out of the window, no doubt thinking of very different subjects. I was dreaming only of Miss Blanche, and was deaf, dumb, and blind to everybody and everything else. The doctor must also have been engrossed with something, for neither of us heard any one enter the room. I was roused from my dream by a suppressed cry from the doctor, and turning round was startled to see an old man in a night-dress sitting at a desk, and busily writing! I had not the slightest doubt that it was Mr. Blanche; but how came he there? I could not tell. I looked at the doctor, and he looked at me. It was evident that Mr. Blanche was not awake. So whispered the doctor. Then, on tiptoe, Dr. Bluepill went out of the room, and re-

turned presently with Dr. Lancet. In hurried whispers they consulted together, and agreed that it was safest to let their patient finish the work in which he was engaged, as it might be dangerous to rouse him. Miss Blanche came into the room, but was immediately led out by Dr. Lancet. They returned again shortly, however, and all four of us stood looking upon the somnambulist, on whose face death was written in the plainest language. A few minutes sufficed for him to finish his writing, then he folded up the paper, enclosed it in an envelope, lighted a taper and sealed the packet, which he placed in a drawer in the desk, after writing something on the cover. He next locked the desk and rose. He walked past us. We followed and saw him enter his bed-room, put the key of his desk into a pocket in his vest, which was hanging in the room, and return to bed. For a few minutes he lay still; then, rolling on his side, he muttered—'Desk—drawer—left side—true—true—true.' He ceased. His breathing became heavy, and soon his sleep was changed to that death.

I will not attempt to describe the grief of Miss Blanche, on being told her father was dead. It has no connection with my present purpose.

From Dr. Lancet we learned that he had left his patient and gone into an adjoining room to prepare some medicine, and, on coming back, he found the bed unoccupied. He was proceeding to the library when met by Dr. Bluepill.

The desk was opened, and, sure enough, the sealed packet was found in the left hand drawer. It was addressed, 'To be opened on my death.' Miss Blanche desired me to open it. I broke the seal. On unfolding the paper, I read as follows:—

'When my brother Charles died, he left an only son (also named Charles), about two years of age. By my brother's will, I was appointed guardian to the child; and, in that capacity, I entered upon the management of the family estate. For two years, I discharged my trust to the best of my ability; but, at the end of that time, the desire came upon me to get rid of the child, and thus succeed to the estate myself. I tried to combat the desire; but, day by day, it gained upon me, till at last it was put into execution.

'The boy disappeared mysteriously. I caused inquiries to be made in every direction, except that which I knew to be the right one. The search was fruitless. The boy never was recovered; and, since his disappearance, I have never seen him. He was carried off by a strolling woman named Hawkins, at my instigation. And I believe the child (why do I call him child?—it is now twenty-four years since he was carried off) is still alive; but where he is, or what he is doing, I know not.

'I have continued to pay the woman Hawkins large sums of money, to procure her silence. The matter lies heavy upon me; but I could not bear the exposure. I direct that, on my death, every inquiry may be made after my nephew; and that he be reinstated in his rights without opposition. For this end I give the address of the woman Hawkins, as contained in her last letter to me. It is "Gray's-close, Swilsbro'." This is the confession of a dying man, who trusts his daughter will carry out his last request.

'R. BLANCHE.

'Blanche Hall, 16th July 1847.'

HOW I CAME INTO A FORTUNE.

To the best of my recollection, I began life as a page, to which honourable occupation I entertained not the slightest doubt that I had 'grewed,' like our old friend, Miss Topsy. To attend upon Mrs. Primface and the Misses Primface was my only duty; but having a soul above buttons, I one fine morning departed from Flower Villa to seek my fortune, and wandered I knew not whither. After trudging on for several hours, I came within hearing of the bells of Showborough. Quickening my pace, I arrived at the outskirts of the town, and, tired and hungry, I sat myself down on a door-step, and fell asleep. I was awakened by a voice shouting in my ear, 'Hallo, my boy! sleeping?' Starting up, I saw before me a gentleman and a beautiful young lady, I dreaded lest I had been guilty of some offence, I touched my hat (I still wore the livery of my faces), and was for slinking off, when a man caught me by the shoulder and asked,

'What's your name, boy?'

'Tom, sir.'

'Tom what?'

'Tom Braid, sir.'

'Well, Tom, what?'

'I'm hungry.'

'Hungry?'

'Julia, my dear.'

'Bring her some food.'

'As you wish.'

'The day after the funeral, I proceeded to the address given in Swilsbro', but found no Mrs. Hawkins. I was told that a woman had been there some weeks before, but whether Hawkins was her name they could not tell. As there was no clue to the whereabouts of the woman, and not having any description of her, I gave instructions to the police to find out a woman of that name, if possible; knowing that if she was to be found, the police were the most likely persons to find her.

For fully three months the search was continued without the slightest information being obtained. Every means I could think of had been adopted. I was beginning to despair. I could scarcely think it possible that Hawkins was alive and not yet found. I proceeded to the Hall (I was in the habit of doing so pretty often now—much more often, perhaps, than there was any occasion for, but I imagined my visits were not unwelcome) one afternoon, for the purpose of recommending Miss Blanche to give up the search, as it was only throwing away money. While we were discussing the matter, a servant entered, and handed Miss Blanche a letter, addressed to her father. After reading the letter, she gave it to me. It ran thus:—

'sirr, 'i needds munny & yu mmust snd me 20£ bi tumore arr i wul spilt on yu.

'MOLY HAWKINS.

'pleas snd thee munny tu mee att 25 lytons clos, swichly.'

'That, I think, confirms my father's statement,'

done had I got an opportunity Betsy kept staring at me. I could not afford me.

cook were present who, seeing her. I remembered old George.

'V'

now. Will you go to-morrow and

ing morning I pro-

address given I found

man, who answered to

showed her the note, and

a Blanche, but that before

at see the boy. After a good

managed to get out of her that,

boy was stolen, she had given

named Drysdale, whose address

ed. I promised that, if the boy

could be paid handsomely, in the

her to remain where she was, so

found again, if wanted.

ded to Slumley, but found no one of

Drysdale at the address given me. There

en such a person there, I was told, but he had

ed many years ago. Again the clue was lost. I

inquired at the police-office for the relations of Mr.

Drysdale, but could get no information. I next in-

quired at the various solicitors in the town, in the

hope of finding Mr. Drysdale's agent, but in vain.

Since Mr. Drysdale's death, almost a new generation

had sprung up. I consulted the Directory, and called

on everybody named Drysdale, but without success.

Every person whom I thought likely to have known

the gentleman, I inquired at; but though some of

them had a dim recollection of the man, they could

give me no information as to his relations. As far as

I could learn, he was a bachelor, so that his relations

were the more likely to be few.

Tired with the inquiries, which had detained me

four days, I proceeded to the railway, and took out

my ticket for Scrimpley. I could not think where

another clue was to be had. I stepped into the train

and, fatigued both in body and mind, I fell asleep.

I could not have slept long when I started up. There

was one person who could give me some information

—the Inland Revenue officer at Slumley. I had not

thought of him before. How stupid! The moment

we stopped at the first station, I got out and

crossed the line, just in time to catch the return

train for Slumley. On the stoppage of the train at

Slumley, I inquired for the Revenue Office. On

entering the office, I discovered, to my mortification

that it was only a sub-office, and that the information

I desired could not be obtained there; I must proceed

to Timberton, the county town. To add to my mortification,

I found that the last train for Timberton

that night had already passed.

In no very pleasant mood I proceeded to my hotel,

and strove to pass away the time; but how heavy it

hung upon me! Minutes seemed to drag themselves into

hours, and hours into days. I was feverish and excited.

I could not explain to myself how it was that

I should feel so; but neither could I deny to myself

that I was feverish and excited. I tried to read, but

I could not—the lines seemed to dance before my

eyes. I tried to smoke, but before I had taken a

dozen whiffs, I threw the pipe into the grate, where it lay shivered into a hundred pieces. I lighted a cigar, but I could not smoke it. I went out to walk, but before I got the length of the street corner I turned. My limbs refused to sustain me. When I returned to my room, I threw myself upon the sofa, and slept. About four o'clock I awoke as cold as ice. A fearful shivering was upon me. I tried to walk into my bedroom, but I grew dizzy and fell. I remember no more till I found myself lying in bed, with a doctor and nurse at the bedside. I attempted to rise, but was prevented. Soon afterwards I fell asleep, and when I awakened I felt refreshed but weak. For five days I remained thus; but at the end of that time I felt better, and would at once have proceeded to Timberton to procure the information I desired, but the doctor overruled my inclination, and on his advice I remained where I was for four days longer. Mental excitement, he said, had brought on a slight fever, and it was as well to rest a few days.

When the four days were gone, I proceeded to Timberton, and called at the Revenue Office. I was shown into the distributor's room, and, handing him my card, I introduced my business.

'About 24 years ago, perhaps a few years less, a Mr. Drysdale died in Slumley. I don't know whether he died testate or intestate; but I should like to know the name of the person who gave up the residue accounts, and paid the Government duties. I require the name of the executor in a matter of very great importance.'

Then I explained to him the object of my inquiry after the executor. The distributor consulted his books and papers; but as he could not then find any trace of the accounts being lodged with him, he promised to make a further investigation; and if he found any trace of them, he would write to London for the information required, and communicate with me. I requested him also to procure the name and address of the solicitor by whom the accounts were prepared. This he promised to do; and I left and returned to Scrimpley.

I called upon Miss Blanche, and gave her an account of my proceedings—of the success of which I was now quite confident. She shook my hand, and thanked me, in a voice and with a smile which I considered more than sufficient remuneration for all my trouble. She remarked my paleness, and, being pressed, I told her of my illness. Her eyes filled with tears.

'I know not how to thank you,' she said; 'but I am sure you will believe me truly grateful for your kindness.'

'Do not mention it, Miss Blanche. I can assure you that I am delighted at being able to afford you any assistance; and I shall always be happy to be of service to you. I am ever at your command.' I could not regard her as a client. I never could have accepted fees from her.

'My cousin, when found, will thank you better than I can,' she said.

'Believe me, I am sufficiently thanked already.'

We went into the garden, and after wandering among its mazes, we entered a little fairy-like bower, and sat down.

The twilight was deepening into night. Everything around was steeped in sweet repose. The evening was one of autumn's loveliest. We watched the stars as they peeped from the clouds above us, shedding their calm, clear light on the earth. We gazed upon the full moon, as she slowly climbed up the eastern sky. The scene was such that the heart was touched with a poetic fire. We talked of poetry. We quoted Shakspeare and Byron. As I listened to her rich, clear voice, my heart beat quickly, and I felt that I would have given all the world, if mine, to know that Miss Blanche loved me. We could not speak of poetry without speaking also of love. I repeated the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet,' emphasizing the words—

'It is my lady; oh, it is my love!
Oh that she knew she were!'

And when I had finished, I whispered—

'Oh teach me how to live, and by what art
To sway the motion of your heart!'

A sigh, scarce audible, broke from her. Gathering boldness, I told her how I loved her; and then, then—oh what rapture to hear from her sweet lips that I was loved again! I could scarce believe my senses, but the little hand was placed in mine; and, as we sat, we talked of love untiringly, and felt not the chilling night air. As I pressed upon her lips the first kiss of love, a thrill ran through me, piercing to my very soul—a thrill of ecstatic bliss. Laura leaning on my arm, we retraced our steps and entered the house; and afterwards, as I bade her good night, I felt that I was happy in the love of one so beautiful and good.

A week had scarcely passed, when I received a letter from the Revenue officer at Timberton, with the information required. The person who had given up the residue accounts was Mrs. Primface, from whom I had ran away. Without any unnecessary delay, I proceeded to Falsington, and called at Flower Villa. I introduced myself as Mr. Braid of Scrimpley. They did not recognise the name; and I knew they could not recognise the person. After being seated, I turned to Mrs. Primface and said,—

'I understand that you are a sister of the late Mr. Drysdale of Slumley.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you remember if he had a little boy in his service at the time of his death?'

'I remember that Mr. Drysdale, some time before his death, adopted a little beggar boy he got from a strolling woman.'

'Do you know what became of the boy after Mr. Drysdale's death?'

'My brother requested that I should take the boy and bring him up. I did take him, and fed and clothed him; but the ungrateful little scoundrel ran away from us.'

'How old would he be then, do you think?'

'I should think—Amelia, my love, how old would

Tom be when he ran away?—I think about fourteen or fifteen?’

‘Yes, ma!’ answered Miss Amelia, who was now a full-blown old maid.

I felt my ears tingle, and the blood rush to my cheeks. With an effort at calmness, I asked—

‘And his name?’

‘His surname was the same as your own. Braid—Tom Braid he was called.’

I leaped up from my chair, and went through some extraordinary evolutions, to the astonishment of the whole of the Primfaces.

‘I beg your pardon, ladies,’ I said immediately, ‘in me you see the identical Tom Braid, who is the heir to the estate of Blanche. I came here for the purpose of tracing that heir, but I little thought that I was searching for no other individual than myself.’

I told them my story, and took the earliest opportunity of leaving for Scrimpley. From the station I drove as fast as possible to the Hall; and, all excitement, I rushed up stairs and into the drawing-room; for I had seen Laura at the window.

‘Hurrah! Your cousin is found. I’ve found him at last. Hurrah!’

‘I’m sure I am glad to hear it, Tom. Where is he? I suppose I must prepare to quit immediately? What like is my cousin?’

‘Laura, my darling! your cousin says he won’t hear of you leaving the Hall. He’s a fellow you’ll like very much—at least I think so; speaking for myself, I *rather* like him. Do you know what he says?’

‘No; what?’

‘He actually has the impertinence to say that he is in love with his fair cousin, whom he has several times seen without being aware of the relationship; and that he won’t enter this house as its owner unless he enters at the same time as your husband; that you must remain in it till you marry him.’

‘Did you tell him, Tom, that—that—’

‘Yes; I told him that I had some thought of you myself, but that I was prepared to resign before his superior claim.’

‘Did you tell him that, Tom?’

‘Yes, dear, I told him so, because I now think you’ll be much happier with your cousin Charley, Blanche, than with the poor solicitor, Tom Braid.’

‘I never can love him, Tom, as —’

‘Oh, don’t be afraid. I think there’s no fear. Just try, now; that’s a dear.’

‘Are you tired of me already, Tom?’

‘Yes; Mr. Thomas Braid is tired of Miss Laura Blanche; but Mr. Charles Blanche is not tired of her.’

‘Then, good-bye, Tom! Good-bye!’ And the tears began to run out of her eyes. I kissed them away; then seating myself by her side, I said,

‘Tom Braid bids you good-bye; he’ll never see you again! But Charles Blanche takes his place by Laura’s side; twines his arm around her waist; imprints a kiss upon her lips; and asks his pretty cousin how long she intends to keep him out of *his own house*!’ And, as I spoke, I suited the action to the word.

‘What do you mean, Tom?’

‘Tom Braid is no more. In me you see your cousin, Charley Blanche.’

She looked into my eyes, then laid her head upon my shoulder, and wept tears of joy.

‘Fancy, Laura—fancy me searching for such a time, running here and there, looking for and causing others to look for *myself*! It is queer; isn’t it?’

Of course it was; and of course Laura said so.

Proofs of my identity were soon found in sufficiency. There was not a doubt but that I was Charley Blanche, the rightful owner of an estate worth some thousands a-year. I don’t wait for clients any more. My first client was my only one, and he was myself.

Laura and I are married. Two or three young Blanches are romping in the garden as I write; while their darling mother—I had intended to close with a panegyric upon Laura, but I find she is looking over my shoulder reading every word as I write. She says she isn’t; but I leave my readers to decide whether or not she is guilty on her own confession. It will be sufficient to say that I have gained two fortunes; but I don’t think it will be necessary to say which of the two is the most prized.

J. C. S.

BURIAL OF SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

BURY him deep in immortal dust,

In the solemn Minster’s silent aisle;

His soul is with the brave and just,

Beyond the moth and the stealthy rust—

Close menials of slow time and toll:

O bury him in the precious soil;

But keep, O England! his fame in trust.

His tender mother nor dream’d nor guess’d

That he should travel the sharky brine;

And battle through many a scene unbles’d,

To crush with the sword that monstrous Pest

Which, fierce and cruel and undivine,

Fill’d many a mother with mortal pines,

For murder done on her Bravest and Best.

But the Hero heard that shriek of woe

Which woke revenge in the soul of Peace;

So he went—he could not choose but go,

For the true knight’s foot is never slow—

And he smote the Pest with a dark decrease,

Till the healing stars found sweet release,

And smiled on the outraged land below.

Yet not from the vaster deeds of death

Alone, doth the Hero’s glory rise:

O rich with fame is the peaceful breath

Which wisely and calmly he murmureth

Mid the babble of human hates and lies:

Sir James’s sword was a sharp surprise;

But his counsels rear’d new walls of faith.

Then home he came with a deadly taint

Slow-colling within each fatal vein:

Yet dying, he breathed no dark complaint,

But like a heroic, silent saint,

He hush’d the moan of his mortal pain,

And died as if death were laurel’d gain,

And the praises of men both false and faint.

So gather around Sir James’s bier,

Ye mourners! and lay him softly down;

While sadly, as from a tender sphere,

The wall of the organ wakes the tear

For the Chief renown’d beyond renown:

Full sweet are the wreaths of his greener crown

In the bloom of God’s One Golden Year!

WILLIAM FREELAND.

Next week will be commenced, ‘The Cruise of the Hermione,’ by the Author of ‘Fred Harper’s Legacy.’

* * The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.

LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

September 22, 1835.

Our dinner-party yesterday passed off most agreeably; only George is making merry this morning at my expense about my projected match-making, which indeed looks like a failure at the very commencement.

Eight persons had been invited—two married couples, the Miss Thorndales, the Doctor, and George's cousin, Charles Beaumont, a youth now completing his education at the university. As ill luck would have it, however, Mrs. Maberly (whose intimacy sanctioned the liberty) had written to ask permission to bring her niece, Miss Johnson, then on a visit to her. Of course I could not do less than say I should be happy to receive her. She came accordingly—a pale, timid, flaxen-haired girl, with downcast eyes and taper waist; shrinking manners, almost awkward; so ultra-blushing and extra-modest, she seemed but newly emerged from the school-room. Well, here was Hester sitting on one side, her fine dark eyes dancing with quick intelligence, and her graceful *tournure*, fit for the model of a duchess; and there was Emma, with her brilliant complexion, and luxuriant auburn tresses falling over a neck and shoulders literally of snow—both sisters perfectly conversant with all the *bienséances* of society. And what does my Dr. Armstrong do? Of course he is filled with admiration of the Miss Thorndales—fairly bewildered, and at a loss on which to fix his preference! No such thing. Oh! the perverse contrariety of human nature! At the very first glance he took of that dawdling Lucy Johnson, he seemed to have neither eyes nor ears for any other creature. It was like a positive bewitchment, and wholly unaccountable by ordinary rules. The girl herself appeared quite confused (*abattue*, as the French have it) by the unexpected turn of affairs, and looked almost relieved when the time of dispersal came, and she got fairly out of the house—the Doctor following her to the carriage, seeing her snugly seated therein, and taking his own departure immediately afterwards! Verily, some people, often the very last we should think of, have homage thrust upon them in a marvellous and provoking manner.

September 30.

Mrs. Maberly has just been here, and the mystery is out of the Doctor's admiration of her niece. A lady who knew the late Mrs. Armstrong well, says that Lucy so strikingly resembles her, it is no wonder the widower was fascinated. She has the same childish countenance (silly I would call it); the same slim (shapeless) figure; the same shy (sheepish) deportment;

in fine, she is the same faint characterless shadow of womanhood that his quondam wife once was. Now, this little episode sets me a-thinking.

How very delicate are the threads which compose the affections, and how incontestably these bend to the mastery of association! Of a sudden attraction, as of a sudden repulsion, no explanation can be given. We see only this, that taste and imagination hang garlands on trifles indefinable, and that most subtle memories are often blowing about the heart, suggesting, moulding, and ripening its decisions. I am no philosopher, but I like to sift the reason of things; and I have made up my mind that in the matter of men's love (and women's too), for once that we can trace it to any rational motive, there are a thousand cases in which we are completely foiled to find a motive at all. The attachment of the sexes is full of anomalies. For instance, why are the youngest men, those just beginning to grow beards, certain always to offer assiduous attention to ladies greatly their seniors? Do these mere boys indulge the delusion that their importance is increased, and their incipient manhood advanced, by an *affaire de cœur* with some showy woman, so mature as nearly to have taken her place in the rank of old maidship? While more advanced bachelors (and widowers especially) seldom give a serious thought to any but misses in their teens, newly fledged and easily caught by the first fowler that aims an arrow at the fluttering little heart. Like does *not* draw to like generally, only in exceptional cases. Of course Charles Beaumont, who is scarce nineteen, was enraptured by Hester Thorndale, who may be eight-and-twenty; and Dr. Armstrong thought the cream-faced Lucy, just out of her pinafores, a very phantom of delight!

How did George ever come to fancy me, I wonder? I had a good deal of money, to be sure, left me by that old Mr. Grey. He was ten years older than my papa, and he wanted to marry me. When I refused, he said, if I would not take himself, I must take his gold. I pleased him somehow so much that, on my account, he disinherited his own son who had married against his wishes, and gave me all he had. Yet, George does not care a pin for money. For when, as I recollect, there was a talk about some informality in Mr. Grey's will, of which the rightful heir might possibly avail himself, George laughed, declaring it did not matter a pin whether I had a sixpence; and when the difficulty was got over, and the money was mine, he put it all away into the bank, where it now lies, strictly reserved, as he says, for my own private use.

Mem.—I sometimes doubt whether I should have accepted that money, and conceive even yet that I should not appropriate it. What although that son of Mr. Grey's did make a foolish marriage (according

to his father's ideas), he was not the less his own child—really and truly his rightful heir. And then, perhaps, the young man may be in poverty, while I am surrounded with every comfort. He may have counted upon that ten thousand pounds—a pretty large sum, too!—and got into difficulties in consequence of my superseding him. His wife and children may be in positive want, and I the cause! Oh! I do not like to think of it. But once, when I mentioned my scruples to George, he looked at me with such a ludicrous expression, and called me a dear little fanciful goose! adding, 'the day would come when I should know better the value of money.' Plainly, then, not in respect of himself does he view this matter, but merely as it affects me. So the mystery still remains. How did George come to fancy me? and how came I to return the compliment? Ah! that would be a long story to tell, if indeed it could ever be explained to any sensible person's satisfaction. — Hark! there is baby crying; and that stupid nurse, who is forever deserting her post, and running out of the room, is now flying up stairs at the summons. I fear I must part with Martha. She is so given to gadding and gossip.

Is there any time when a conscientious servant is more covetable than when the wellbeing of a beloved only child is at stake? Again I fall a-thinking. Wealth has been called omnipotent; but I see many things—and these, perhaps, the rarest and most desirable in this world—which cannot be purchased. Indeed, I believe that whatever money alone can procure must necessarily be inferior, as appertaining merely to the gratification of the senses—the ministering to outward and bodily wants. The mental, the moral, the good, the estimable, cannot be grasped in the hand, to be weighed and measured by material agency. Invisible, invaluable, indestructible, these hold no common mart; they are never sold, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Yet we may buy them. Affection, honour, truth, reverence, devotion even unto death, we may obtain; but the price is very high—far above a king's ransom. The gold which we offer for them is dug out of no earthly mine; the coin is of regal stamp, fresh from the mint of Heaven. Its worth is incalculable; its power resistless; its monarchy the oldest in creation. My pen should be of diamond while I write the name. Of these sacred jewels—the best possessions of mortals here below—the only purchase-money is Love!

October 10.

The days begin now to grow wet and chill, and the aspect of things out of doors is sadly changed from what it was no further back than last month. The flowers are all faded. One little pale blossom that I tried to cherish and protect from wind and rain, and so draw out its brief term of life beyond the usual limits, has sunk at length. I found it this morning with the delicate head broken on the stalk—a hopeless ruin! Dear me! I remember, when I first came to this house, George was to have a flower in his button-hole every day, and, when none could be had, I was

to fasten a piece of evergreen there instead. But I had no baby then. And I am sure that, though I do not give my husband leaves and blossoms, I give him such enormous space in my heart's chambers, that there is little room left for any one else; except, always, a warm corner for the sweetest pet that ever nestled in a mother's bosom.

The distant country looks cheerless and bare to-day. The trees are fast yielding their honours. Last night's storm made awful havoc with them; and the leaves that have been gradually thinning, mellowing, and crisping to decay for weeks past, are either lying in mouldering heaps on the damp ground, or go swirling by on the merciless breeze. No need now to bear malice at the poor beech-tree, hiding my view of the road, on which I may watch George's coming afar off. I wish Charlotte were a little older, that she might watch for him with me. But the light soon fades; and, though I strain my eyes ever so much, I can but catch the faintest shadow of his figure in the twilight. When he nears the house, however, and gets under the shadow of the wall, I have no need to see him. I know his step so well, I could recognise him anywhere, blindfold, by that alone—a short, firm, honest, kindly step, at sound of which my heart of old used to leap wildly, and my pulses flutter, and thrill, and tingle almost to faintness. Ah! that was a strange, happy, agitating time. But now, when I hear his step, a full, quiet sense of happiness arises in my soul—a delicious security from danger and sorrow seems to wave, like angel wings, around my head. And, as I hasten to meet him with smiles of welcome, there is a depth in the glow of my tender emotions to which the rapture of earlier days is weak and shallow.

Mem.—I have heard say that romance ends with marriage; for my part, I think it only begins there. I mean the genuine romance of real life, not the transient phantasms, the ignorant fallacies of dreamy sentimentalism, but the ceaseless *bona fide* poetry of manifold active existence, when our interests and affections have tangible objects to deal with, and truth has waged the war with imagination, and triumphed over her. Surely this romance, so richly interwoven with every fibre of our pleasing, anxious, fragile being, grows with our growth, strengthens with our strength; and, never leaving us on this side the grave, is alone valuable, is alone deserving the name!

This evening, I opened my mind to George about Martha's idle habit of leaving the nursery whenever baby slept. I am almost sorry I told him. For he flew into such a passion at the trembling girl, and said such cruel things, threatening to dismiss her on the spot, that she fairly fell a-crying, begged pardon in the humblest manner, and seemed altogether so sorrowful and agitated, that I was vexed to see her. However, she promised in the end to be so careful for the future that I do not think we shall need to find fault.

again. But I am truly grieved to discover that my husband can be so very violent. His face grew absolutely fierce while talking to the nurse; and his eyes flashed with a terrible light, which I never saw in them before. He is dreadful when his feelings are roused. What if he should ever take occasion to be angry with me? I really could not stand it. His displeasure would quite crush me. I think my heart would just break at once. One thing, at any rate, I have learned by this little incident, viz., not rashly to complain to George of any private annoyance, but either bear it quietly or rectify it myself as best I may.

Mem.—I do not think it is advisable for married ladies to appeal to their husbands about the misconduct of servants. The mistress of a household, renouncing all foreign aid, should learn to govern by her own skill. Home is the female province, and thrives best under female rule. There should be no divided empire, else anarchy and confusion must ensue. Men are so used to bold measures in the great concerns of the world, that they are apt to run to extremes in small matters. And though they may do good, they clear the air as with a tempest, rather than scatter the clouds with gentle showers.

Poor Martha! I could scarce restrain my own tears at her distress. I may as well give her that claret-coloured merino gown of mine. It is not much worn; but George says it is too grave for me, and I daresay he is right.

October 15.

I was sitting by the window yesterday, looking out for George. He comes home earlier since the days are shortened. It was a mild afternoon for the season; and though the light had nearly waned away, a fine clear moon broke through the bare boughs of the trees, and not a breath stirred. Ours is not a very populous neighbourhood, and very few people pass and repass our door. I had not held watch long when my eye caught sight of a female figure in the distance, moving along in a loitering, expectant manner, as if waiting for somebody. She seemed tall and slender in person; but not being able to discern the face, I could form no idea of her possible age, though, from general appearances, I concluded that she was young. Neither in the uncertain dusk could I particularly distinguish her dress. I only noted that she wore a rather smartly shaped bonnet, and a short cloak, trimmed with some material that resembled fur. She kept mostly lingering at a point where the highway makes a sudden turn, dividing and going off in two directions, one leading towards our own and the neighbouring houses, the other striking away to the suburb on the left. Now, I must own that I felt just a little curiosity to know who this woman might be, and for whom she waited. A cloud obscured the moon for a few moments, and I lost sight of her. When I looked again she was no longer alone. There were two persons on the road. A man's figure appeared distinctly by her side; and that man—yes, no, my eyes did not deceive me—it was George who was

standing with the stranger, and with whom she was talking! It was for him, then, that she had waited!

It was natural that I should hold fixedly by the window, feeling greater interest in the conference than perhaps I would have willingly allowed. The woman seemed much in earnest as she spoke, holding up her hand from time to time in an energetic manner, as if to enforce her argument. George was evidently listening attentively. And, to judge by his gesture as he in turn raised his hand deprecatingly, I should have fancied that he was decisively combating some suggestion and wishing to be rid of his companion. Still, however, she maintained her ground, walking when he walked (which he began to do towards home), stopping when he stopped, and growing altogether more and more excited, as the converse seemed nearing its termination, till at length, in manifest impatience, he fairly broke away from her and came hurrying along past the open fence, and so into the shadow of the wall which encloses our garden-plot. As for the stranger, she stood a minute or two irresolute, looking after him, then turned slowly down by the path to the left, and so disappeared from my view. Just then George's key rustled in the latch of the green door, and he came quickly into the house.

I ran down stairs (I had been sitting at our bed-room window as commanding a fuller view of the road), and met George in the hall, just as he was disencumbering himself of his hat and outer coat. The instant I looked at his face, I discovered signs of annoyance and disquiet. His brows were bent, his lips compressed, and his whole air abstracted. I did not speak. But he had heard my step; and when he saw me, it seemed as with an effort to regain composure that he said, in a constrained sort of voice,—

'Well, Kate; all ready for me as usual.'

'Always ready, and happy to get you home again, George.'

He threw his arm about my waist, and so led me into the dining-room.

I know I am very impulsive, and so is my husband. Bad hypocrites either of us would make. Yet, somehow, I could not speak just then of the little incident that was uppermost in my mind, and with which I could not help connecting the evident disturbance of his. Of course I expected every moment that he would himself lead to the subject of his interview with the woman, and tell me every particular regarding it, for I thought George could have no secrets from me; but he never once alluded to it, and I was restrained by a certain feeling (shall I call it pride?—I suppose I must, for want of a better expletive) from putting the smallest inquiry that might indicate a wish to pry into his affairs. Should I ask to know what he plainly did not wish to disclose? Not I, truly! If there were anything he did not choose candidly to mention at once, let him wrap himself up in his taciturnity—let him ignore me altogether in the matter—let him hide his mystery carefully and by all means! The day might come when I should have a secret as

well as he, and keep it too! What was the use of compulsive confidence? It was a contradiction in terms. No, no;—let there be free, spontaneous interchange—that alone was worth having. But perhaps there was nothing so wonderful to tell after all; it might be some mere trifle George scarce considered worth mentioning. Yet why, then, his ruffled countenance and altered demeanour? I cannot deny that my curiosity still clung to the circumstances; and though I tried to be piqued by his silence into caring nought about the business, it was rather a struggle with me to refrain putting the leading query that might have solved the difficulty.

Long ere dinner was over, George had quite regained his usual look and manner, and was chatting upon indifferent things. Now, when it is moonlight, we have a custom, at this season, of putting out the candles after having dined—pulling up the blinds; and, by the joint aid of Luna in the heavens, and a piece of fine, sparkling parrot coal thrown into the grate, we create a sort of phantasmagoric atmosphere very cheerful, novel, and suggestive. We indulged our whim last night; and were sitting thus, in a shifting, flickering, wizard kind of light, when, prompted I knew not how—the motive was wholly undefinable—I laid hold of George's hand (he was close by me on the sofa), and, looking earnestly into his face,

'George!' I said. 'I have been thinking again of late about that old Mr. Grey's will, and teasing myself with the possible idea that that son of his—who might have had the money, and whose it undoubtedly would have been but for me—may be in privation, in straits, in poverty, George; and I, however innocently, the cause of much distress to him and his family. Nay, somehow, I have taken it strongly into my head that this is actually the case. Now, seriously, George—I wish you would make some inquiry after the young man, and see whether I am wrong; and so satisfy my scruples.'

Was it fancy, or did my husband wince just the slightest conceivable degree under the unexpected appeal? He did not laugh as he had done before on the first and sole occasion when I had broached the subject. He appeared to start almost as I began; looked grave and yet graver as I proceeded; and when I had finished, answered not unkindly, yet decisively,

'Kate! I do wish you would banish, now and for ever, this absurd idea from your mind. The matter is all settled long ago; and I will not interfere in the disposal Mr. Grey chose to make of his wealth. The young man may be rich or poor; it is nothing either to you or me. He can scarcely be worth so much consideration on your part, when his own father saw meet to disinherit him.'

I confess I was crestfallen at these words. I looked piteously and a little reproachfully at my husband. After a pause, he resumed more gaily,

'You are very simple, Kate, and too imaginative by far; always day-dreaming, castle-building, weaving fine impossible tissues of charity and romance,

and the golden age. For example, you were clear about marrying our Doctor Armstrong to Hester Thorndale. And Mr. Maberly informs me to-day that he has just popped the question to Lucy Johnson, after a four weeks' acquaintance! The silly child, it seems, thereupon went up stairs, and cried a good half-hour. (It should have been to the nursery, where she might have dried her eyes with her pinafore.) And when she came down again, Mr. Maberly took her on her knee, and told her what a pretty house she should have, and what nice clothes to wear (you know Lucy is penniless), and what a smart carriage to ride in, &c. &c. if she would only marry the Doctor. So, at last, after a trifle more coaxing, she wiped away her tears and laughed feebly, and said she 'would try.' *Et voila c'est un fait accompli.*"

'But, George,' I cried—for, seeing him in his old familiar mood, I really could not restrain my curiosity any longer, and I do think I deserve credit for not breaking out much sooner—'tell me who was that woman you met on your way home to-day, and who detained you talking with her at the corner of the road?'

'Oh! you saw us from the window, did you?' quoth he, carelessly. 'That was a person who wished to consult me on business; but I am not going to take up her suit.'

With this he rose, and, seizing the poker, dealt a hearty stroke at the fire, which had sunk low and flameless. The coal, thus suddenly shattered into many fragments, blazed up and crackled as if bidding defiance to the moon, which chanced just then to slip her head into a noose of light cloud.

'Let us have the windows shut in now, and tea brought.'

The candles were re-lit accordingly, and the urn soon hissed on the table. Neither of us was so talkative as usual over that meal. And when the tray was removed, George commenced conning some paper he had taken from his pocket. I sat beside him: at my work, and pondered.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

THE MISSIONARY ABROAD.

THIRD NOTICE.

MR. WADDELL'S West Indian mission ended in 1847, and in 1846 his African labours commenced. From the securities and comparative civilities of his Jamaica paradise, to the less healthy, somewhat dangerous, and rather barbarous kingdoms of Old Calabar, was a leap of latitudes which only missionaries or travellers of the Livingstonian type could take with honest buoyancy of heart. A true missionary is essentially a citizen of the world. His lips are attuned to the mingled music of many languages, and his heart is keenly alive to the very roots of sympathy. He is bold, ready, and cool; self-reliant and God-reliant; a man to face man whether black or white; and a man who is willing, at the suddenest summons, to encounter witch or devil, whether white or black. His resolution is eager for the most

unpromising enterprise; he aims at the greatest, but is thankful for the smallest conquest; and, because his faith is telescopic, and describes the long results of time, his resignation is equal to any fate; for, if he should die to authenticate the truth and divinity of his message, he will die, knowing that the least of his achievements must necessarily have an eternity of success. If Mr. Waddell does not precisely answer to these wavering lines, it is probably because, as a missionary, his character is better than what they are meant to indicate.

About 3,200 miles nearly due south of London, is situated Calabar. The Calabar river—flowing along the lower edge of Upper Guinea, on the western coast of Africa—falls into the Bight of Biafra; from whose blue waters stand up, in tropical splendour, the beautiful islands of Fernando Po, Annabona, Prince's, and St. Thomas. Biafra's lesser twin, the Bight of Benin, lies about 100 miles to the north; and, between the two, shoots out into the sea the vast, swampy delta of the many-channelled Niger. This great river—rising as it does in the Kong Mountains, in the south-west of Bambarra, and flowing north-east to Timbuctoo, and then south-east to the Bight of Benin, a total course of 2,000 miles—is naturally regarded as the high road to the continent. Yet, while this is true as to the interior reaches of the Niger, in its hurry to get discharged into its Atlantic basin it divides itself into so many different channels, that among them all there is hardly one which can be pronounced of sufficient capacity to admit a first-class merchantman. In reality, its mouths are shut with ribbed gums of sand and toothed with devouring breakers. Calabar river, on the other hand, has a noble entrance, with a breadth of a dozen miles; which it maintains unobstructed up to Parrot Island, a distance of nearly thirty miles. Of course, Calabar river has also a bar; but Mr. Waddell says that it does not in the least interfere with commerce, being an extensive flat, with from three and a-half to four and a-half fathoms of water on it at all times, according to the state of the tide, and a channel two or three miles wide, with smooth water. Inside the bar, the basin is safe and extensive, having a depth of six or seven fathoms of water, with excellent holding ground. This basin would, in fact, form a capital harbour—the one thing above all others which Great Britain most requires on that coast, there being actually nothing of the kind from Sierra Leone to the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Waddell even thinks that Parrot Island—which is not yet appropriated, and which has a fine depth of water close along the eastern side, where ships could lie as at a quay—might, from its commanding situation, become the emporium of the commerce of Central Africa. This idea is rendered more feasible, from the fact that Calabar river, at one part of its upper course, impinges so closely upon the Niger, that easy and safe communication could be opened between the two, by treaty with the natives, and the trade of the boundless interior reach its destination by Calabar more speedily and securely than in any other way.

The regal towns or capitals of Calabar, on Mr. Wad-

dell's arrival in the country, were Duke and Creek Towns—King Eyamba reigning over the former, and King Eyo over the latter. Duke Town stands on the eastern or smaller river, while Creek Town is situated on a little stream which unites the eastern with the greater or western river. For some forty miles above Parrot Island, this huger trunk of the Calabar is divided into three channels by a singular continuity of alligatorish-looking islands, portions of which are swamp, while several patches of them have been converted into farms. Along both sides of the river, from the sea to the royal cities, and even above them, are extensive tracts of soft alluvial deposit, covered with forests of the mangrove tree, which seems to have a natural genius for the formation of new land, as it flourishes in the greatest luxuriance in the rich muddy shallows about the outlets of tropical rivers. Springing up within the tidal margins—and, like the banyan tree, shedding into the receptive soil innumerable shoots, which in their season become trees, to propagate their species, and their interlacing roots weaving themselves among the congenial slime into something like an all-grasping net of snakes—the mangrove intercepts the solid wealth washed down by the floods, and thus forms and consolidates new areas of soil at a rate which might astonish the geologist. By-and-by, when the land appears above the water, new species of vegetable life start into being; then man shows his conquering visage, when the aboriginal inhabitants of the virgin ground sicken and disappear. Man and the mangrove cannot flourish together.

In certain spheres of vegetable life, there is considerable luxuriance; but the proper soil of Calabar, although good, does not seem to be the richest in Africa. It is light and sandy, and singularly free from stones, none being found within eighty miles of the sea. To the agriculturist this might appear an excellent feature; but the architect and mason would find it a sorry field for the exercise of their peculiar genius. Calabar is not a mountainous country, the habitable parts consisting of gently swelling undulations, seldom more than two hundred feet in height, but growing more lofty towards the interior. Although the natives have subdued the primeval forests into farms, they have, of course, not learned the true science of farming. They can wrest farms from the wilderness, but they cannot—at least they do not—prevent the wilderness from assuming its original sway at the end of a succession of years. Take all and give nothing, is the practical precept of the Calabar farmer with reference to the soil, on which he mainly depends for a subsistence. He lacks the faculty to calculate results; and hence his best farms, receiving no compensatory nourishment, become barren and unprofitable, and ultimately clothe themselves in a fruitless mantle of bush. Under the fostering influence of this recurrent scrub, the soil is reinvigorated, and at intervals of five or ten years may again be cleared and cultivated; but when the black man, in his thankless greed, sucks the juice from its willing veins without giving the slightest payment in return, it again makes a grand resumption of its ancient reign, and dwells in

the solitude of silent woods. It may be hence inferred that Calabar is not a pastoral country. Such is the case; and the miscellaneous cows, sheep, and goats, which exist in the country, are too few in number to merit the patriarchal epithet of flocks and herds. Milk, which is not used in the country, is regarded by the people as only fit for babies, though, curiously enough, some of their own children are able to scamper about the fields before they are weaned. The produce of the farms consist principally of yams, plantains, bananas, konkies, casada, and Indian corn.

As in more civilised countries, the 'aubong,' or native 'gentleman,' is a man of great importance on his own estate. He is also both like and unlike many native gentlemen elsewhere—in being exceedingly hospitable. One of them, whom Mr. Waddell visited at Ambo Town, was so highly gratified at the attentions of the strangers, that he provided ample refreshments, and made his son give the missionary a good fanning, which proved to be among the most delicious parts of the entertainment. One feature of the feast was a 'kid of the goats,' which, as a preliminary to its cooking, was presented to Mr. Waddell on a tray, to assure him that it was not monkey, dog, or civet-cat—delicacies which are greatly relished by native epicureans, though seldom by English travellers. The innate civility which prompted this touch of natural refinement, seems to find vent among the Calabarese in a certain rough code of good manners. They have many forms of salutation, which operate and are varied according to time, place, and circumstance. It is held to be rude and insulting, for instance, to pass any one, equal or superior, without friendly recognition; and it is even regarded as vulgar not to acknowledge the greeting of the meanest. Such rules are not imperative among ourselves; yet no lady or gentleman would disregard the honest salutation of a carter or mechanic.

Architectural science has made some slight progress in Calabar, although its most finished embodiments are still tentative and rudimental. 'Gentlemen' in that country, like gentlemen in Britain, have both town and country houses, which are adapted to the trading and farming capacities of their owners. Considering the insufficiency of building materials, they are generally well constructed, and seem at least perfectly suited to the climate and condition of the country. A gentleman's house consists of a quadrangular courtyard, surrounded by ranges of apartments, which open into it, the whole establishment communicating with the street by one main gate, which is guarded by a black porter. Painting is practised on a small scale; but native architects not having advanced to the conception of a window, glazing is an unknown art. A peeping-hole in the gable ends of each house is the nearest approach to our method of putting eyes into our dwellings. It is customary for a proprietor to have several yards, arranged in the manner indicated, for the accommodation of his servants, wives, and trade goods. The principal yard contains one state-room, in which all the valuable furniture and ornaments of the owner are arranged in the most artistic Calabar fashion; and the beauty of the completed picture

may be inferred from the fact that the walls are generally adorned with rows of pewter-plates, brass-pans, and small looking-glasses. In houses of one storey, the floors, which are raised above the level of the ground, are, like many at the present day in Scotland, made of hard-baked clay; but, on account of their dryness, they are susceptible of a moderate degree of cleanliness. The arrangement of the house-rooms answers pretty nearly to the simplest form of Scotch division of their houses into a *but* and *ben*—the outer being a kitchen, and the inner a bed and store-room. Above the fireplaces—which are skilfully constructed of baked clay, and well adapted, says Mr. Waddell, to the best use of fuel for cooking purposes—lattice frames, or *racks*, are constructed to hold the necessary utensils, and also for the reception of fish or flesh which is intended to be smoked—an arrangement, we fear, which is not indicative of the best ventilation. The furniture made and used in Calabar is in beautiful conformity with the simplicity of the houses, and the inartificial wants of the people. In fact, the household plenishing of a common native could be stuffed into a cart or a canoe. Could there be a more unsuperfluous list than a cross-legged table, a few portable stools, each made from a single block, a pot or two, water calabashes, fans for the hot season, with a mat, pillow, and blanket for a bed, which a man could spread in a corner at night, and take on his shoulder in the morning and walk any distance? Of course, the character of the houses depends upon the position of the owner—the richer the man the better the house—the 'deck-houses' of the gentry being supplied with all kinds of furniture of British manufacture.

Arts and manufactures are naturally in a very primitive state in Calabar. The people, however, are not deficient in handiness, and what might be called imitative ingenuity. There are blacksmiths, carpenters, weavers, and potters among them; and the work they produce, although necessarily rough, is no doubt quite equal to the popular taste and requirements. The Ibo tribes, from the Niger, produce the cleverest blacksmiths, who also understand brassfounding. Native iron from the Qua mountains, regarded by the natives as superior to the English, has long been superseded by its rival. English anvils and bellows are imported by the chiefs for their smiths, who, unlike their English brethren, squat while working, and have all the materials about them on the same level. The native carpenters are also supplied with tools from England, which greatly facilitate their operations and improve their work. A primitive Calabar dress consisted of a piece of cloth, five or six feet long and three feet broad, which was wrapped about the loins, and which was produced by the native weavers from an unspun fibre, made from the branches of a species of palm. But this grass cloth, though still produced and worn in other parts of the country, was beaten out of the Calabar market by the far-reaching and flashy fabrics of Manchester. Several countries on the Niger produce cotton cloth of strong spun thread, which is dyed with native indigo, and sent to market in broad and narrow stripes. But the great commercial product of the country is

palm oil, of which, according to Mr. Waddell, about 5,000 tons are annually exported. As gold and silver are unknown, and the copper money uncoined, the trade is conducted by barter, and the oil is paid for with English manufactures of all kinds, and with salt, tobacco, and some of the fire-fluids, especially rum. The extraction of the palm oil from the oleaginous pulp which envelopes the nut is a singularly simple process. 'After the nuts are heated in pots, the pulp is rubbed off by the feet, in troughs of water; the oily vegetable matter which floats is skimmed off and boiled; the oil comes to the top, and is removed, and the refuse is thrown away. The nuts are also cast aside, to be burned in heaps, though the kernel is valuable if it could be got at. But the shell is so thick and hard that few spend time and labour on them. The oil is of a dark orange colour, and generally too thick to pour into bottles, or use in good lamps, without being filtered. When new, and carefully made, it tastes like fresh butter; and, moderately used in kitchen preparations, is palatable and wholesome. Natives could not do without it, and Europeans soon come to like it.'

Calabar zoology does not seem to be particularly attractive, judging from the lively catalogue of animals which Mr. Waddell enumerates as being native to the country. We have already named cows, goats, and sheep, the first of which is a small but beautiful animal, while the last is an ill-favoured creature, and hairy rather than woolly. Pigs are at a premium; they don't thrive; and die suddenly as if shot by pistolical strychnine. It is supposed that a gigantic snail—as big as a boy's fist—proves fatal to them, though safely eaten by the people. This fact seems to reverse our common gastronomical notions. In the matter of eating in this country, it is the pig that beats the man; in Calabar, it is the man that beats the pig—though it must be claimed for the British, but especially for the Irish, that though beaten by the living pig, they take ample revenge upon the same animal's dead pork by eating it in the form of baconian flitches, toothsome rashers, dream-compelling pies, and vermicular sausages. Horses are not native to Calabar, and hitherto all attempts to naturalise them have completely failed. Native dogs seem to be a worthless race of animals; they are hunted out of the towns; and English dogs, which are better-bred, are permitted to occupy the kennels of the unfortunate exiles. Cats are common in Calabar, both wild and tame, the latter being domestic as with us; the former is a handsome creature, barred like a tiger, long, lithe, and lightly made, and its motions gracefully insinuating. The detested rat is also there; but of the wild beasts, the alligator in the river, and the tiger in the bush, are both the most numerous and dangerous. Two species of the alligator are mentioned, the long and the broad snouted, the latter the most ferocious, being addicted to the dreadful pastime of capsizing canoes for the sake of their human cargoes. That beautiful son of lightning, the tiger, see where he comes, like a walking vision, from the silent solitudes of the desert to the edge of the slumbering town! Great-eyed, long-paced, and soundless footed, he moves around the dreaming habitations like

Satan when he paced brooding round the abodes of the innocent angels, his soul big with marvellous rebellion and hungry for eternal empire. The radiant beast stalks round the voiceless huts, as if to bind them in a ring-spell of fire; halting, he shoots his sphered eyes into the conscious gloom, selects his little victim, dark but innocent, and with one vast bound, he snatches it from the pillow, and as he returns to the unsearchable night, he drags behind him a long stream of voices, whose woful waves murmur, and fall, and die on the utmost edge of despair. This is no fanciful picture. Mr. Waddell records that 'At Old Town one night a poor boy, who had incautiously fallen asleep in the mansionhouse kitchen, without locking the door, was carried off by one of those ferocious beasts. His terrible shrieks were heard; but nothing could save him. Next day the remains of him were found.' On the upper part of the principal river, hippopotami abound; while on the banks of the lesser stream his truncated majesty the elephant promenades in his own royal zoological garden. Besides several species of deer, antelopes, and gazelles, there are innumerable monkeys—acrobats of the forest—who gambol about with such Shaksperian bounteousness of comicality and good-humour, that the traveller begins almost to believe that all Africa at least is a circus, got up especially for the exhibition of the genius of monkeydom. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, the good sense of the traveller is preserved by the plentiful presence of snakes and serpents, famous from of old for dispelling illusions of ignorant ecstasy. The man who makes his abode in Calabar must be content to live next door to the cobra de capello, the boa constrictor, and their numerous family of glittering sinuosities. Merely to think of these bright companions—the 'double-headed snake,' the 'flying snake,' the 'horned snake,' the 'crested swamp snake,' and all their 'cursed kin'—were of itself sufficient to sober the most romantic imagination. Other zoological phenomena are furnished by the ants of Calabar, of which there are various species, both white and black. In the evening of a swarming season, they pour out of their holes, as from a fountain, in continuous and multitudinous streams. One kind might be called the edible ant; for when the lamps are lighted, and they come pouring into the houses, covering the furniture like black snow alive, the children capture them in handfuls, drown them in a basin of water, and finally, says Mr. Waddell, 'make a delicious stew of them!' Judging from the habits of the white-headed ants, we are convinced that they must be the souls of metamorphosed lawyers. These wigged creatures have such a wooden appetite that, if they were permitted, they would devour every timber house in the town. Nor have they altogether forgotten their literary tastes and avocations, being so fond of books that, unless they were prevented, they would soon not leave a library in Calabar. Nothing comes amiss to them but gilt edges, which they do not appear to relish—probably from some dim recollection that in their state of humanity gilt edges, too frequently implied tinsel insides. But the large black ant is the most destructive of its tribe—it is

the gorilla of ants, being actually half-an-inch in length. From their holes they swarm out in millions, and attack the houses with the voracity of the Russian soldiery in Poland. Every digestible substance disappears into their innumerable and insatiable maws. With the instinct of their betters, they have quite a passion for the pantry. They pour themselves into every accessible corner, chest, or safe; they attack dressed food like a horde of black Vandals; and it is reported of them that they can strip the flesh from the bones of a new-killed goat in a single night. Dogs, cats, rats, mice, cockroaches, centipedes—everything with wings or feet, fly before them; and so would man if he could, but he is compelled to face them as best he can, which is only with partial success. The natives turn them back in their incursions with glowing embers; but as such a method would have been dangerous on a wooden floor, the missionaries tried to sweep them out. This, however, was just an African version of Mrs. Partington's attempt to sweep back the Atlantic with a broom. The animals rushed back in tumultuous waves, dashing up the broom-handle like black spray, and biting the hands and arms. Their expulsion is insured by sprinkling the floor with spirits of turpentine, diluted aquafortis, sulphuric acid, vinegar, or lime juice. Another member of this singular family is called the tree-ant, which, however, is perfectly harmless, and builds among the branches immense black nests, which are chambered like the honeycomb of the bee. In Calabar, the ornithologist would find some scope for the exercise of his peculiar science. Besides common fowl and Muscovy ducks, which are rather plentiful, the country abounds with a wild sort of Guinea fowl, the red-tailed parrot, the pelican, white crane, sparrow-hawk, fish-hawk, brown owl, green dove, toucan, king-fisher, and vulture, or great scavenger crow. Of the two species of bat, the house and the bush bat, the latter is a vampire, large as a rat, with a head like a horse's, long canine teeth, and wings proportioned to the size of its body. As it flits through the woods at night, it startles the silence with a wild piercing scream. Of the fishes peculiar to Calabar waters, Mr. Waddell mentions the shark and the maniti or sea-cow—the former the fiend of the sea, prowling about the mouths of the rivers, seeking whom it may devour. Mr. Waddell says nothing about the flora of the country, which, however, he thinks would yield ample compensation to the labours of the naturalist.

The Calabar seasons are divided into the dry, the rain, and the tornado—the first consisting of four months—December to March—when the 'smokes,' which are distinct from the morning fogs, prevail. Properly, the 'smokes' consist of a dry haze, which loads the atmosphere, dulls the eyes, parches the skin, withers vegetation, and hangs a blanket of obscurity over the face of nature. This condition of things is usually heralded and ended by a tornado. The tornado months are before the rains, in April and May; and after them, in October and November. From June to September is the rain season, when everything seems damp and chilly, clothes cannot dry, and books become

blue-moulded. Mr. Waddell is of opinion that October and November are the most unhealthy months in the year, when the sudden change from clouds, and fogs, and rains, to clear skies and piercing sunbeams, produce fevers among Europeans. Indeed, the climate, generally, is most exhausting and debilitating to the European constitution. It sucks out the vital energy so thoroughly that five years' endurance of it renders a complete change of climate necessary. 'It is, however, a great thing that missionaries can live there five years at a stretch, and after one year in Britain, return prepared for another campaign.' There spoke the true spirit of the missionary, who is ever ready to work up to the very doors of death, and pour out the juices of his body, if haply, in doing so, he can add growth and fecundity to the newly-planted slips of knowledge, the palms of God, from which the black African may extract those oils, sweet and divine, whose taste is as the taste of eternal life.

Such are a few facts concerning the scene in which Mr. Waddell found himself when he arrived in Calabar. We shall briefly take note of his adventures there in our next, which shall also be our concluding notice.

W. F.

THE CRUISE OF THE HERMIONE BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FRED HARPER'S LEGACY.'

'A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her.'—*The Tempest*.

'2d July, 18—; Thursday.

'DEAR JACK,

'COME down as fast as you like. The final arrangements are all made, and at long last she's ready for sea. We sail on Monday; so you had better look sharp. Come by the night mail. I will meet you.

'Yours, BOB MARTIN.

'P. S.—Come at once, now. By ten o'clock on Monday morning, I hope to be fairly under weigh, on our long-talked-of cruise. Hurrah!'

Long talked of, indeed! For the last three months it had been Bob Martin's text—almost the sole theme, in fact, of his letters to me—his yacht, and the cruise round the west coast of Scotland. Bob Martin and I were old associates. We had been boys together in a West India house in Glasgow. Bob was now a junior partner in that house. I had been for some years settled in London. Bob and I had maintained an occasional correspondence. For three months, however, it had been more than an occasional one. First came the narrative of the purchase of the yacht, followed by innumerable descriptions of her, varying from two to ten pages in length; then each succeeding week brought an account of the progress of the repairs and improvements on her which were going forward; then came the programme of the projected cruise; then various very pressing invitations that I should form one of the party; then daily bulletins to hold myself in readiness to go north on a moment's notice; and, finally, written on a torn scrap of paper, the above despatch.

I had not at first felt very much inclined to avail myself of Bob's kindness; for—though I considered that doing so would be as agreeable a mode as any of spending a month's furlough—I had no great confidence either in his barque or in his seamanship; for, despite the glowing terms in which Bob wrote regarding her, the *Hermione* was plainly not quite *A 1* at Lloyd's; and a trip in a steamer to Bristol, one to Liverpool, and another to Dublin, had, to my certain knowledge, been the whole extent of Bob's migrations by sea. My fears on the first score had been lessened, however, by Bob's solemn and reiterated assurance that, with moderate weather, and five or ten minutes at the pump every morning, the *Hermione* would be as tight as a bottle. My fears on the second score had been removed by the announcement that he had engaged an old Highland fisherman to accompany him as pilot, to whom he purposed delegating the entire command. 'He's an old man-of-war's-man,' wrote Bob. 'He can work a ship like a first-lieutenant, and knows every creek and corner of the coast like *a-b, ab.*'

On the evening of the day on which I received Bob's final epistle, I proceeded, in terms thereof, by rail to Glasgow. I found Bob waiting for me; and, after a most affectionate reception, was conducted to his lodgings. If I had before been both wearied and amused with the prominence which the yacht and the cruise held in Bob's correspondence, I was considerably more so now with the prominence which they held in his conversation. He rattled away without intermission—the *Hermione*, the ship's stores, the places we were to visit, the sights we were to see—wishing every few minutes that Monday morning were come.

'I don't think ever a Saturday and Sunday took so long to pass before,' said Bob. 'It's only two days, to be sure, but it looks to me like an age; it seems as if they never would pass.'

Pass they did, however; very slowly with Bob, who appeared to get more and more excited every hour; but, as I employed them in visiting one or two of my former haunts, and calling upon a few old friends, they passed very quickly with me.

'Well,' said Bob, as we walked home together on Sunday from an evening service, 'this day is nearly at a close. I don't think I was ever so glad of anything in my life—though you may think me a heathen for saying so. By-the-by, I forgot to show you the chart and parallel I bought yesterday. I got the chart for half-a-crown—cheap, wasn't it? We start for Greenock by the first train, you know, at twenty minutes past seven. We'll be there about half-past eight; then half-an-hour's walk will take us to Gourrock; so that by ten o'clock at the latest I hope we'll be fairly under weigh. I think I told you that she was anchored in Gourrock Bay? Stewart and Starry—heavens! they're the two fellows who are going along with us—are to meet us at the station; but I think I told you that too. There was another fellow who was to have gone; but he can't come. Perhaps it's just as well, for we haven't a berth for him, and he

would have had to sleep on the table. I say, I think we had better turn in whenever we get home; we'll need to be up, you know, at five. If you waken, you'll waken me, will you?—and if I waken, I'll waken you.'

At five o'clock next morning, Bob knocked at the door of my room. Being awake, I answered the summons. At a quarter-past six, he knocked again; and, on my desiring him to come in, he entered, dressed, a hat-box in one hand, an umbrella in the other, the chart and the parallel under his arm.

'Hilloa! Is this all the length you are? I say, we'll be late!'

'Late, Bob! what are you talking about? It's only a quarter-past six. The train doesn't go for more than an hour; twenty minutes will take us to the station; I'll be ready in ten.'

'Well—perhaps,' said Bob. 'I've been up, however, for more than two hours. I hardly slept a wink the whole night. Beautiful day, isn't it? So fortunate! If it would only continue this way for three weeks, I don't care if it rained cats and dogs for a twelvemonth! I say, Jack! I don't see how you are to manage with all the things you can have in that little portmanteau. I'm taking a whole lot of things. I got them sent down last week, you know; two trunks—a big one and a little one, and a band-box, and a bag, besides my collar-box, and this hat-box here.'

'Why? What?'

'Why, you know, I'm taking three suits, and my overcoat, and a plaid, and a railway-wrapper, besides my Mackintosh, and a sou'-wester, and all that—we'll be getting wet, and so forth; and then I'll be the better of my hat, if we go to call on any one: Starry, you know, has some friends away where we're going—some young ladies among them, too. I wish you would hurry, though. I know, by the way you're taking it so coolly, that we'll be late.'

I allayed Bob's anxiety by applying with more energy to my toilet; and in the course of a quarter of an hour—during which Bob, under the impression that he was facilitating my progress, kept handing me things when I did not want them, and setting them down again in places where they were found with difficulty when I did want them—I announced myself as being at his service; whereupon Bob tucked his chart tighter under his arm and hurried away, while I took up my little portmanteau, and leisurely followed.

We reached the station a little before seven, five-and-twenty minutes before the starting of the train. Bob's friends were not yet arrived—I had not expected that they would be. But although the booking-office was not yet open—and the only passengers who had come forward were an old woman, who kept knocking at the window with the handle of her umbrella, and an Irish labourer, who lay with his bundle under his head, and his shillelagh by his side, asleep at the foot of one of the pillars—Bob could scarcely be persuaded but that they would arrive too late.

As the hour drew on, Bob's impatience approached to excitement. He walked hurriedly backwards and

forwards; and three several times went half way across the bridge which spans the Clyde close to the station, to reconnoitre.

'I never saw such a pair of humbugs!' said Bob, as he returned the third time without having seen them. 'But I'll let them see! Come, we'll get our tickets, and go without them. I'll wait just ten minutes,' he added, taking out his watch; 'and if they don't come then—Hurray! there they are!'

Coming leisurely across the bridge, were a tall stout fellow, smoking a meerschaum, and a taller thin one, with a consumptive mustache of very fine texture, and whitish hue.

'Look sharp, you lazy wretches!' cried Bob.

'Hilloa! what's the row?' said Stewart, the stout fellow, as he came up.

'Row!—we'll be late, that's all. We've been waiting here for more than half-an-hour! Jack, this is Mr. Stewart; and this is Starry Heavens—I beg your pardon, Starry—I mean Mr. —. Oh, confound the mister—this is Johnnie Crauford.'

Stewart acknowledged the introduction by a nod; while Mr. Crauford held out a very lady-like hand, and gave mine a languid shake.

'You got my things, I suppose, Bob, and my contributions to the ship's stores?' said Stewart. 'But you aren't going to-day, are you?'

'Going to-day!' repeated the astonished Bob. 'What, in the name of all that's wonderful, do you mean?'

'Just that it wont be of the least use,' said Stewart. 'There is hardly a breath of wind, and what there is is dead ahead from the southward.'

'And what on earth difference will that make?'

'Well, that is a question to be sure! Why, it will make the difference that, if we weigh anchor at all, we will have the pleasure of dodging about all day without making an inch of our course; if, indeed, we aren't driven ashore. Of course we might get a cast out with the ebb-tide, and anchor somewhere during the flood; but for all we would make that way, it would only be a day lost, and, if this weather continues, perhaps three or four of them.'

'We'll be late for the train, with all this talk,' said Bob. 'Come along, Jack! Come away, Stewart, come away! What's the use of all this nonsense?'

'Stewart,' said Mr. Crauford (Mr. Crauford, Bob had previously informed me, was, during winter, a student of the arts at the Glasgow University—whether for the church or the medical profession he had not finally decided—and, during summer, rambled about the country, writing poetry and collecting botanical specimens)—'Stewart,' said Mr. Crauford, 'if I might presume to offer a suggestion, I think we had better go. I consider that it must be infinitely preferable to Mr. Martin, who has been for so many months confined and harassed by the cares of business—it must be infinitely preferable to him, as it is to me, to be sailing on the beautiful—a—Frith of Clyde, even without making much progress, feasting our eyes upon the verdant hills, and inhaling the sweet

breath of heaven, as it comes impregnated with the—a—smell of heather bloom.'

I could hardly repress a smile at the style of Mr. Crauford's language, which was rendered considerably more peculiar by his manner of enunciation. I thought I now saw the origin of the soubriquet of Starry Heavens. Neither Martin nor Stewart, however, appeared to notice anything particular in it; probably they were too familiar with it to do so.

'Mighty fine, I daresay, Starry,' said Stewart; 'but I believe we have all inhaled the—what is it!—often enough already to have all the romance worn off it; and as for being harassed by the cares of business, I believe I have had just as much of that sort of thing as Martin has [Stewart was studying for the bar]; and yet I would twenty times rather have another week of it than have two days of knocking about in the Frith doing nothing, whistling for wind, and never moving out of the bit.'

'Come along, come along!' cried Bob. 'What's the good of all this? If you're coming, come; and if you're going to stay, stay—I'm off!'

'Well, I'll go, then,' said Stewart. 'Anything to keep you quiet.'

'There's the bell!' cried Bob; 'we'll be late! Quick, Stewart, get the tickets—we'll pay you again!'

'Indeed, my boy!' said Stewart, executing the elegant finger and nose symbol, 'would I ever see a farthing of it? Give me the money, and I'll soon get them—eighteenpence each—come on!'

'There! there! And look sharp about it, will you? There's another bell!'

'Ay, my boy! you're wide awake; but I'm not quite asleep. Come on with another sixpence! It's eighteenpence. I told you, didn't I?'

'It's only a shilling! We're going second class, aren't we?' said Bob. 'Good enough, is it not?'

'Good enough for you, perhaps. I'm going first. Tut! Come on with the sixpence, if it were only for the decency of the thing. I got half-a-crown from you, Starry?'

'Then you may enter the change to bad and doubtful debts,' said Bob. 'Stewart! Stewart! there's the last bell! It's no use your going now. We've lost the train! Give me back my eighteenpence! I knew this would be the way!'

'It's only a steamer at the quay,' said Stewart. 'Go up stairs. I'll be after you in a second.'

We went up stairs accordingly, but reached the platform to find the train moving off. 'Stewart! Tom! Look sharp! Quick! The train is off! Oh my knee! Confound that thing! Never mind. In you go! There! We're all right! I got a most abominable—Hi, Tom! Here! Quick! In you come!'

'Look, now—just look at that!' said Stewart, when we had contrived to pull him into the carriage, out of the grasp of one of the railway-porters, who had been endeavouring to enforce the regulation regarding the entrance of trains in motion, by holding on by the skirt of his coat. 'Just look at it—do! One of the tails of my new coat, that I haven't had for a fortnight, torn right half-way across! And the shank of my pipe, too! It's enough to make a fellow

swear—pulling at me there by the arms as if I were a four-inch cable! Just look—just look at it! But, I say, what have you done with Starry?’

‘Why, I thought he was —’

‘I had seen him,’ I said, ‘go across the street a few minutes before we came up stairs.’

‘There he is,’ cried Bob. ‘I wonder how he got in. They shut the doors, don’t they?’

Looking out, I saw Mr. Crauford running along the platform at full speed, carrying a small yellow cane in his hand, to purchase which probably it was that he had gone.

‘Hi—hilloa—Starry!’ shouted Stewart. ‘Come down by the first train; we’ll wait for you at the hotel.’

But we were too far for him to hear. He ran to the end of the platform, lifted his arms, let them fall again to his side, waved his cane, and turned away.

‘Poor Starry! he’s a queer codger too,’ said Stewart. ‘I say, Bob, see if you can’t fix up that coat of mine. Well, I declare! of all the — just look at the carriage we are in!—a third class standing carriage, among a lot of. —Just look!’

‘I couldn’t help it,’ said Bob; ‘it was the first that came. It’s four shillings gone for nothing; but it can’t be helped. Sit up here on this cross bar, and perhaps you’ll be more comfortable.’

‘No, thank you. If you have any particular love for sitting in such close proximity to the point of a pick-axe, I haven’t.’

‘But, Tom, by-the-by, we can change carriages at Paisley—that’s the first station, you know—can we not?—the four shillings, you know.’

‘Oh, bother the four shillings! You may change if you like; I intend to stay where I am. But after all the trouble I had to get them—the window was shut, and I had to—Here! I wish one of you would fix up my coat-tail for me.’

A fruit girl who stood by volunteered her services. She produced a needle and thread from her pocket, and Stewart’s garment was soon temporarily repaired. Stewart then lit a cigar, put his head out, and smoked in defiance of the Company’s prohibition; Martin closed his eyes, and his head soon began to bob, so that I thought he would have tumbled from his perch; while I entered into conversation with one of the Irish labourers, of whom there were about ten or twelve in the carriage. Stewart did not speak, nor did Bob waken, till, in the course of an hour, the train stopped at Greenock.

We got out, and proceeded at once to the hotel, where it had been arranged that we should breakfast. Breakfast over, Bob was for setting off at once for Gourock, where the *Hermione* lay, and leaving Crauford to his fate. Stewart, however, would not listen to this; and at last, after a good deal of bickering, he took a leaf from his pocket-book, and expressed a purpose of writing Starry a note, which he accordingly did in these words:—‘Dear Starry,—Bob is in the fidgets. *Entre nous*, he’s a humbug—in some things at least. We’re off. Follow as fast as you can. If you don’t, I don’t think he will wait, and you will lose your chance of inhaling the fresh sea breeze, as it comes impregnated with—what was it?—tarry ropes, and bilge water, however, will do.—Yours, most hastily, TOM STEWART.’

This document was consigned to a waiter, with the requisite instructions; the bill was paid; a boy was procured to carry my portmanteau; and off we started for Gourock, where we arrived after a brisk walk of half-an-hour.

(To be continued.)

UP THE MISSISSIPPI TO NEW-ORLEANS.

PART I.

FARRAGUT’s fleet had thundered at its gates, the Stars and Stripes of Yankeedom were flaunting from mastsheads and turrets, and the modern Nero had proclaimed martial law in the ‘Crescent city,’ when I took my first cruise up the Mississippi.

I had long wished to visit the ‘Father of Rivers,’ as its Indian name implies; and now a double interest was attached to our journey, from the nature of events preceding it, and the dire effects still to be seen. It was a lovely calm evening, in the month of June, when, after a month at sea, our masthead man gave the joyful intelligence that there was a ‘Light right ahead!’ Early in the morning, for we could approach no closer to the land at night, the pilot came on board who was to conduct our vessel up the river; and a wonderful man is a Mississippi pilot, with his hard bronzed features, as he comes on board, with a smile on his face, as if welcoming us to his native shores. His duties are onerous and responsible, as he has sole charge of safely navigating the ship. Nor is his actual labour a sinecure, as he stands on the ‘bridge,’ for hours together, without once looking behind or engaging in conversation. Long practice has made him familiar with every stake and stone on the river’s bank; and with these he forms his sailing angles, with a most mathematical precision. ‘Starboard—starboard it is, sir! Port—port it is, sir! S-t-e-a-d-y—s-t-e-a-d-y, sir!’ And, with a foot of water beneath our keel, we have crossed the bar, and are fast steaming up the river.

To the traveller who has visited Rhineland, seen its deep fast-flowing waters, and dreamed over its traditions—who, in some floating hotel, has steamed up Hudson or St. Lawrence, admired their grandeur and venerated their wealth—or who, in homelier rambles, has wandered by Clutha’s meandering stream, or spent some halcyon days in its nestling villages, there is left for the Mississippi but one attribute of praise—Greatness. Ever rolling onward, for nearly four thousand miles—through dismal swamps, sombre forests, dreary prairies, and populous cities; watering nearly a fourth of the North American continent; bringing to the world’s markets the produce of a million square miles of territory; and bearing on its bosom, to the most remote interior of the New World, the commerce of every nation—one cannot but contemplate it with a feeling of immensity. The ‘mighty Missouri,’ far from rolling ‘on to the sea,’ as the popular version hath it, but contributes its waters to swell the Mississippi. The Ohio, too, of ‘Nancy Till’ celebrity, but goes to increase its noble stream.

The first impression, however, is disappointment at the total absence of all such picturesque scenery as had probably been anticipated; and the visitor who may have read Longfellow’s glowing description of the ‘golden stream,’ as depicted in his ‘Evangeline,’ may come to the hasty conclusion that it was truly a poet’s dream. But as the stranger travels onward in his

journey, new beauties appear again and again; and he is delighted to find that every mile of progress, and every bend of the river, opens up to his view scenery of a more and more enchanting nature, and of that wild, majestic kind which does not pall by repetition, and which, after all, is the true measure of the genuinely beautiful.

The mouth of the river, or 'Delta,' as it is called, from having a triangular form like that Greek letter, is lined for some miles with a low swampy shore, scarcely elevated above the level of the waters, and which is completely inundated during their annual rise, the only vegetation existing being the long, slender *cyperaceæ*, which grows to an immense height; and among which, in countless numbers, the white storks (*ciconia alba*) are seen wading about with majestic and graceful forms. Further on, where the banks are somewhat higher, and the agriculturists' hand begins to appear, plantations come into view, waving with rice or bristling with sugar-cane. Here and there stands a planter's house among a shrubbery of cypress, and near it rows of neatly-built small whitewashed cabins for the slaves. The orange, lemon, myrtle, cypress, China trees, and a dwarf species of cedar, grow along the banks, and throw a beautiful shade in the current. Here and there are broad lagoons or bayous, on the muddy banks of which the pike-alligator basks himself by day, and myriads of bull-frogs set up their hoarse voice by night. Turkey buzzards—those aerial scavengers—hover over their prey in flocks, and by night the firefly (*lampyris corusia*) darts through the shrubs, emitting a meteoric light of indescribable beauty, and far surpassing the feeble spark of our glow-worm. Of the many forms of animal life, however, observed on the Mississippi, there are two only which I will, at another time, intrude upon the reader's attention—two specimens of natural history, both curious in themselves and interesting to us; both blights on humanity—the slave and the mosquito!

While passing up the river, nothing astonished us more than the defences of New-Orleans, as seen in Forts Philip and Jackson—those forts which the Southerners boasted so much of as rendering their metropolis impregnable, but were so easily passed by the Yankee gunboats. Either a blinded confidence in their generals, or an undue appreciation of the strength of the fortifications, must have misguided them, in leading them for a moment to suppose that two unprotected earthworks, nearly opposite each other, situated at a bend of the river, and mounting but comparatively few guns of a small calibre, could withstand the combined attack of Farragut's fleet in the Gulf. However successful the South may be in gaining that independence for which she has so nobly fought and bled on the 'red field of strife,' the fall of New-Orleans will ever be a stain upon their victorious army. None of their cities had better natural defences. By land, it is all but unapproachable by an invading army, and a hundred miles of river could, with but little military skill, easily be made impassable to the strongest vessel afloat.

It was moonlight as we approached the city. Our good ship was tearing along at full speed, and the deafening 'blast' of the furnaces was roaring in our ears. I was sitting in the port gangway, enjoying a mild Havana, and musing on novelty, as strangers in strange places will do, when suddenly my attention was arrested by a voice from the look out, exclaiming 'Sail right a-head!' It was in a bend of the river, and we had come upon her suddenly. 'Ease her! Hard a-port! Stop her!'—But too late. In a moment I heard a crash; and looking into the water, I saw a

small vessel floating keel uppermost, and heard the shrieks of her drowning crew. 'Away life-boat's crew!' and a cutter being lowered, was immediately sent to the rescue. The upset boat was a lugger, going down to Fort-Jackson, and having on board seven men, most of whom were asleep at the time of collision. A careless look out had been kept, and no lights exhibited on board. Of the seven unfortunates now struggling in the water, six were happily saved; the seventh made the muddy bed of the Mississippi his last resting-place. As the saved ones were dragged over the ship's side, more dead than alive, I seized one poor fellow, and with difficulty got him below to my cabin. He was pale and trembling with fright and exhaustion, he could neither speak nor stand; his body quivered, and his pulse flagged. I laid him gently on my cabin floor, and endeavoured to make him swallow some stimulants and remove his dripping clothes. He beckoned me aside; and gently raised his hand to his bosom, and with an imploring look of earnest pity, drew forth—his pocket-book and—counted his dollar notes!!!

It was then I knew what a Yankee means by the 'Almighty dollar.'

R. N.

(To be continued.)

THE PHANTOM PUNT; OR, THE HOWL OF GUILT. PROLOGUE.—ROUND THE CAULDRON.

CHAPTER II.

THE possessor of the deep bass voice was seated at the top of the table, with a peculiarly purply-clammy look about the face, which would have suggested the recent discussion of an ample and hot repast, even supposing there had been no evidence to that effect in the *debris* of eatables which covered the table. The back of his chair was propped against the corner of the chimneypiece, his stalwart limbs were stretched across the fender in luxuriant enjoyment of the genial heat from the grate, which seemed to travel upwards from his toes and ooze out of his face in seething beads of perspiration.

The first glimpse of the man with the bass voice convinced me that he prided himself on his bass voice—on the ample chest from which the bass voice rose—and on the double-breasted mother-o'-pearl-buttoned waistcoat which covered the ample chest. When the gentleman with the bass voice wished me good evening, and asked me to take a chair, a casual observer regarding my face, would not fail to have detected a couple of tears starting into my eyes, and a general tender expression beaming across my face, which might have suggested—had the casual observer been of a sympathetic temperament—a love disappointment in early life, or a recent domestic affliction. The casual observer, however, would have been wrong: the expression was caused by the bass voice of my friend of the ample chest. Strange that my mind should have wandered back, in a moment, to my heart's first home—the scenes of my childhood; and strange that, for a few minutes, I should see (in my mind's eye) the quaint old pew still possessed by my family in the quaint old village church, nestling among trees—the homely face of the reverend divine

who used to preach from that pulpit—and the quaint attire of the simple country folks who listened to the words of wisdom. In a word, the bass voice of my friend of the ample chest possessed such a striking and pleasing analogy to the deep tones of the organ of the quaint old village church, that it would have been a sheer impossibility for me to have restrained my mind from wandering away back to those early scenes, even supposing I had just finished a hearty meal off the lotos plant.

'Alexander, just fetch a drop of water for the gentleman; he looks ill,' were the next words which issued from the gifted throat of the gentleman at the fire.

'Not at all, thank you,' I answered, sitting down on a chair, and assuring the company that it was of no consequence.

I should like to have a glimpse for five minutes, and the liberty of touching with my hand, the individual—male or female—who, upon suddenly feeling faint in a promiscuous company, and having the same offer made to him or her, would not deprecate any attempt of the company to assist him or her, with the assurance that it was of no consequence whatever. I entertain the same opinion about such a person as I do of the Wandering Jew—that he or she is entirely mythical.

'Excuse me, gentlemen—first, for intruding upon you unannounced; and, secondly, for manifesting any slight symptoms of emotion at the tones of the gentleman's voice who occupies the chair; the voice revived old and cherished recollections, with which we are all more or less visited, and which many casual circumstances accidentally call up.'

This was addressed by me, in a conciliatory and apologetic manner, to the company in general, and would have been followed up by a few instances, which I had at my finger-ends, showing that my own case was not entirely without precedent, had not I observed a sudden change come over the appearance of the gentleman in the chair, who suddenly drew in his legs, sat bolt upright, gasped with his mouth, stared amazedly with his eyes, and, by some internal process, peppered his face with a fresh lot of beady drops of perspiration, and gasped out, in a tone of great excitement, 'Good gracious! No; it cannot be. Yes it is. Am I alive? "Angels and ministers of grace!" Yes! No! Yes! My eyes!' This was trifling compared with what followed. He suddenly sprang up, seized me by the shoulder, pulled off my coat, broke my gold sleeve-studs in unbuttoning my shirt, rolled up the sleeve, regarded the fleshy part of my right arm with the most searching anxiety, then dropping it, sank down with a most profound sigh, which might have expressed either relief or disappointment—manifested symptoms of an apoplectic fit—and gasped out, 'Pardon me, pray. I was wrong. I apologise.' I discovered afterwards that the gentleman with the bass voice had a brother, who, in early life, had been marked with the representation of a lemonade bottle on the right arm, and after the operation, had disappeared, and had never been heard of since. This may account for his agitation at my appearance.

With the sense of my gratuitous, and I was not certain whether welcome or unwelcome, visit upon me; but, through natural timidity, inclining to the latter opinion, especially after having been so impressed with the bass voice of the chairman, I refrained from making any comment upon this curious conduct; and, addressing myself to the party at the left of the table, mentioned that it would probably strike him in the light of an intrusion the fact of my having ventured to join them; to which he

replied politely, 'Not at all, sir; happy to make your acquaintance. Might I take the liberty of asking your name?'

'Allow me then, sir, to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Puldub [ceremony of introduction gone through on both parts], Mr. Plug [ceremony of introduction], and your humble servant [bowing], Alexander Flowdod.' Mr. Puldub was my friend of the bass voice, who was not quite recovered from his late excitement when he rose to greet me. Mr. Plug was a little dark-haired man, with a large nose, small eyes, no whiskers, and a general haggard intellectual look, which inclined me to the opinion, on further acquaintance, that he would sooner or later fall a victim to his brain. The fact of his eyes being so far sunk in his head, and both of them having a sort of peculiar inward squint, rather favoured this supposition, and impressed me with the idea that he entertained the hope that if he could once turn them round altogether he might possibly be able to make them bear upon his brain; the contemplation and superintendence of the workings of which would, I felt certain, be of much more importance to him than anything sublunary which he had as yet come across. Mr. Flowdod had the same brain look, with this exception, that whereas Mr. Plug endeavoured to keep his down by heaping up rich masses of dark hair, and adding to the weight by persevering grease saturation, which 'tainted the ambient air around him,' Mr. Flowdod seemed to entertain the idea that the skull which nature had given him was not in proportion to the airy and unconstrained nature of his brain, which required space to work in; and there was a great probability of the injured brain some day forcing its way through the skull, and, Phoenix-like, soaring up to Jove and singing for joy of its happy release. There was a sort of confident, resigned look about his face, which suggested that he was also well aware of the limited room in his head—that he had, in early life, had a presentiment to that effect, and had given his head the hint to grow larger—that the hint had been neglected—and that it would neither be a matter of astonishment nor regret to him if his brain found it impossible to stand it any longer—that he would certainly not throw any obstacle in the way in the shape of hair—and had therefore taken measures to ensure premature baldness, and been successful. He had also a peculiar way of putting his hand up, in a delicate way, and flirting over the smooth surface of his skull, as if for a slight crack or indentation; and a habit, after every one of these testings, of putting his hand down again, and smiling significantly, as much as to say—'Not any appearance yet? Ah! the day is sure to arrive. It is impossible to put up with it much longer. I prognosticated it long ago. See if I do not turn out correct?'

'Alexander,' said Puldub, with strong signs of emotion in the tone of his voice, 'ring the bell; instruct the waiter to clear away the dinner things; and ask our guest what he'll have to drink. I shall have some brandy, hot, with a little lemon in it.'

'Flowdod,' said Plug solemnly, 'don't ring the bell; I have a presentiment that we shall have to undergo the humiliation of a refusal from the waiter to supply further drinkables or eatables till the bill is settled. Why should we—Good gracious!—why should we, with a false delicacy, fearfully derogatory to our dignity as men of letters—why should we, I say, counterfeit a wretched appearance of a superfluity of cash when we cannot muster a shilling among us? This stranger is a gentleman. As a stranger we give him welcome. As one gentleman to another, we inform him frankly that, from circumstances over which

we have no control, we are unable to ask him to have anything to drink.'

At this candid avowal, Mr. Puldub gazed at the fire with stony melancholy; Mr. Flowdod felt his skull, with the smile of presentiment on his face stronger than ever, as if he felt certain the convulsion was going on inside, and the crack about to take place; and Mr. Plug sat down and crossed his arms, gazing defiantly at myself, in the manner of a conscientious bankrupt at a meeting of his creditors, as much as to say—'There, I've made a clear statement; if you're inclined to be harsh with me, why, then, do your worst.'

'No! there's no denying the fact that we're regularly stumped out,' said Mr. Flowdod; 'and, as Mr. Plug says, why should we be ashamed of it?—it's only a temporary difficulty. Letters occasionally will not arrive when they're expected, especially if they've got remittances inside!'

I felt that it was now my turn to speak, and accordingly rose up, complimented Mr. Plug on his frankness, sympathised with them all in their temporary difficulties, and informed them that it gave me the greatest pleasure to be of any assistance to them, either in the shape of a temporary advance of cash or otherwise; and, with a fierce pull of the bell, instructed Artaxerxes to bring a bowl of punch, cigars, pipes, tobacco; and to light the gas, mend the fire, shut the shutters, and forbid any one from intruding upon our privacy.

'And now, gentlemen,' I said, in my blandest tone, when everything was comfortable, 'let us draw in our chairs, and we'll have an evening.'

'Oh! What about the blasted heath? Eh?' said Mr. Flowdod, after I had informed the company of the conversation which I had heard in the writing-room.

'Ah! The blasted heath?' said Mr. Puldub, in his most thorough bass.

'The blasted heath? That's the swindle!' said Mr. Plug. 'That's where it is!'

'The fact is,' said Mr. Flowdod, waving Messrs. Plug and Puldub down—those gentlemen having risen up under the influence of the strong excitement which that exciting name had called up; 'the fact is, my worthy friend! (if I may be permitted to call you such.) Thank you; much obliged. And here's to our better acquaintance! Let me wring your hand, sir; and clink glasses. The fact is, as I said before, it's a gross swindle! We—that is, myself; my friends, Ferdinand Sheridan Puldub, Esquire, dramatic author; and Lindraff Hawkkerton Plug, lyrical poet and journalist—are all the victims of a gross swindle. Are you aware, sir, of there being a blasted heath about these parts? No? Exactly. I should think not; and said so the second day of our search. Great fates! I knew it was a swindle; and they would not believe it. The fact is, we are about to start a new periodical. We have selected the title of "Round the Cauldron" as appropriate, and significant of the character and pretensions of the periodical; and we mutually swore, when our friend Mr. Plug, in an inspired moment, hit upon the felicitous title, to drink its success, and write the first chapter of the first story, in a real *bona fide* blasted heath, and round a real orthodox cauldron. It's a strange whim. You may call it a weakness; but it was our friend's opinion that the career of the new periodical would be inaugurated favourably, if we could carry out the strange whim. We came down here, at the advice of a friend in London, who asseverated that what we wanted could be found a few miles from this very road. 'Tis in vain! There is not such a thing as a blasted heath

in the whole county. Our money has become exhausted. The capitalist who was going to back us out in this undertaking we have discovered this morning, per letter, has become bankrupt. We are unable to carry out the glorious project which would revolutionise periodical literature; and, what is worse, we are obliged to hang on here, waiting for a remittance.'

I need not describe here the gradual dawning of a project which will be consummated, by the appearance in these columns, next week, of the story of 'The Phantom Punt.' My excellent friend, the proprietor of this periodical, had an opening for good and original writers. I mentioned that fact to them next day, after I had slept over the idea.

'The plan of our periodical,' said Mr. Flowdod, 'is to give the public, in our writings, some healthy excitement. The literature of the present day, as you are aware, is of too tepid a nature. 'Tis not hot and strong enough for the people. What is wanted is good, healthy excitement; and I am of opinion that there is sufficient material in the social mysteries which surround us, to found serial fictions which will be of the intensest interest to the general reader, and will not necessitate the author to o'erstep the modesty of nature, as many of our romancists do.'

'I do not pretend to be a censor of the present style of periodical literature. I will give you an introduction to my friend of Red Lion-court, Fleet-street, and you can arrange with him about your services,' were the words which I addressed to the three travellers collectively, in reply to the individual remarks of Mr. Flowdod. I trust I am not o'erstepping the modesty of nature, in informing the reader that I relieved the three travellers from their temporary embarrassments; and I am only doing justice to them to say that the advance was promptly returned. I have been requested, by my excellent friend the proprietor of this publication, to introduce the story—which I have done in these few words, and with the pleasing sense of having rendered a service to him and to my three friends of 'The Hare and Hounds,' and, inasmuch as I have been the humble means of securing to these pages 'The Phantom Punt; or, the Howl of Guilt,' to the enlightened public who periodically peruse these pages. I lay down my pen, to make room for those who better merit the attention of the reader.

(To be continued.)

DOUBT AND ENDEAVOUR.

WITHOUT a chart, in a sea of wandering haze
Bewild'rd, Doubt, not altogether blind
To danger stretch'd before him and behind,
Hangs between apprehension and amaze.
Endeavour, voyaging appointed ways,
With labour both of body and of mind,
To reach a final haven—how to find
The sounded channel—doubts not nor delays:
But—hopeful, bold, enduring, and alert,
Sails under Heaven, and looking heavenward—
Pursues a course no season shall divert—
Aims at an end determined by the Lord;
Not for mouth-honour to proclaim desert—
Not for the mute cold marble to record!

E. PHEL.

. The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.]

GABRIEL GRAY—A GLASGOW STORY.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR.

'If yourselves are old.'—*Shakspeare*.

CHAPTER II.

IN the countinghouse of M'Corkindale & Co. there are a couple of junior clerks—Peter Macnab and John Dallas: the former, a clumsy, slovenly, large-headed fellow, with deep-set eyes, always cribbing odd moments to labour at some problem in chess; the latter, a slim youth, with light mustache and singularly perfect teeth, whose winters are measured by a succession of delightful tea-parties, and who is understood to be alarmingly susceptible to the tender influences of the fair. There is the making of a Beau Brummel in Dallas, much more than the shaping of a man of business; and, accordingly, he is intolerably addicted to idling and gossip, and to correcting the aberrations of his shirt-collar and neck-tie, with the aid of a triangle of looking-glass, which he keeps concealed in his desk. This whipper-snapper, imported the other day into the countinghouse a tradition that my venerable companion, Mathew Waddel, once upon a time played *Brabantio* in a barn at Kirkintilloch. Now, fancy my antiquated bachelor friend, with head and locks a-flame, and after him a trail of torches, streaming like a comet through the affrighted streets of Venice, in search of his lost daughter! I don't believe a word of it, although Joe—the heir-apparent of the great head of the house—declared, with the wide soft mouth of him, that to this day Waddel looked the very image of—'a senator.' The sudden familiar creaking of old M'Corkindale's shoes on the stair abruptly silenced the slander.

Yet Mathew, though now, and for these forty years, mainly an audience, is not without strong Shaksperian bias, as of one who knew how to rant it with the loudest when the world was more of a stage than in these later days, with the footlights lending lustre to incomparable cheek-roses, and all the dingy confusions of the behind-scenes invisible and unsuspected. Hence the spectacle, on Kean the younger being announced to enact *King Lear*, of our two white heads in the Theatre-Royal pit—like a fragment of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland astray, and shouldered thither by accident of the regardless crowd.

King Lear! O ye sorry Playwrights!—with all the cavius pack of critics for enemies—I adjure you to uncover at that name! Strange that even aspiring adolescence—with its intellect still in gristle—should so often begin its literary ventures on the swelling deeps of tragedy! Youth after youth, fresh and buoyant from school, hastens, with audacious step, to the great shore of literature, and launches his paper

skiff in rivalry of Shakspeare's mighty argosy! But the wisest of us, in our morning-time of hope, behold the latter only afar off, dimmed and dwarfed. How much more shining and glorious are our own fragile barks! As we advance, however, on the voyage of life, we look back with only sorrow and shame to our infantile wrecks, prostrate in the wavelets, or stranded on the pebbles, and forward, with suddenly dawning and constantly expanding admiration, to the majestic and full-sailed wonders of the great master, triumphant through nearly three centuries of storms.

For myself, I have lived, during what should have been my most vigorous and achieving years—subdued, humbled, and deprived of all capacity of high action—in the overshadowing presence of the immortals. How often, as the day darkened, and the hearth-fires and the stars caught up its moulting splendours, have I contemplated the monuments which human genius has built in the past ages of the world, and felt how feeble were my hands, and how unaccommodating was my petty and crowded space of life, for the accomplishment of any noble work! Hence, alas! purposes shaken and abandoned—brief, inconsiderate efforts breaking like ice under the shafts of the sunbeams—sudden and inconstant plans shaping themselves in air, and fitting and vanishing like dreams of the night—together with all the profitless phantasmagoria of a fitful and wasted career. If farther apology is due to any high-beckoning star flickering over my destiny, will it be unconjugal in me to extract it from my more vulgar surroundings? The tastes of my dear little giants are not literary, and from the unfaltering love which I bear her through all antagonisms and afflictions, I have, since the period of our blessed union, habituated myself to walk in her unromantic ways. Yet is my thrifty Jean not without lofty ambition, of a kind which is fashionable in these days. The blood of the Chisholms is in her pulses, and she feels it when it is up. But her desires are for the base material upholsteries, after the manner of not a few of our great ones, and through some extraordinary perversion of idea, she has been brought to consider a mansion at the west-end of Glasgow a finer and more covetable thing than a monument in Westminster Abbey!

But is not this a digression? Was not *King Lear* my theme? And cannot fallen royalty like his be introduced without such preluding of trumpets? *King Lear*!—surely of all kings, ancient or modern, the royalist! We see him only in the frailty, the helplessness, the despair of dotage. Yet, through his staggering decay and tempestuous downfall—under every varying agony, even until the last flicker of his madness is extinguished in death—we experience a loyal compulsion to confess him kingly above all dignity of purple. We are not left to wonder

how, in a rude time, he should have upheld the sovereignty of the state until his old age. The very weakness which renders him, in the end, unable to preserve or to recover his throne, is, through a miracle of art, presented to us in such shape of majesty as to impress us with a sense of strength beyond that of sceptres. Lo! the parted crown, and a forehead towering with the divinity of intellect! Lo! the falling ermine, and an arm of regal sinew immortally bared! The physical and mental sufferings of Lear—the mental overpowering the physical—are but the broken planks of the wrecked ship, revealing the massiveness of the timbers—the scattered leaves of the winter-shaken oak, disclosing the gnarled grandeur of the boughs. Crownless and kingdomless, he is yet 'every inch a king.'

Ah! what a length of years has passed, Mathew, since you and I—'but we are old now'—witnessed the magic-eyed little Edmund Kean in that terrible part! His royal desolation—irradiated with Heaven's lightnings, and transfigured into supernatural grandeur—burned a bewildering track in our memories. Have our two snowballs dropped a chill into our hearts, that we have now looked with such different eyes upon his son? But 'Lear' the tragedy is much too mighty a production for the stage. It is greater than the Pyramids—or the tubular bridge across the St. Lawrence—or the Great Eastern steam-ship. The noblest achievement of Homer, of Dante, of Michael Angelo, or of Milton, is dwarfed in the comparison. The plot, while intensely human, is yet ineffably majestic. Its grouping is pyramidal, with the figure of the grey-haired sovereign and sire towering in the centre. Dark shadows of villany, and heavenly lights of fidelity, virtue, and affection, supply the most artistic contrasts. The foppery and cowardice of Goneril's Steward afford relief to the sturdy manliness of Kent; while the jests of the poor Fool throw peculiar and intensifying lights on the gigantic sorrow of the piece. Then, in what a framework of night, and thunder, and national convulsion, is the whole picture set! And with what a strange daring sublimity is the passion of the royal martyr made to break down into the old elementary simplicities of nature, and to blend with the awful terrors of the skies! Henceforth I shall read 'Lear' only, and Mathew Waddel will be my audience. Yet even young Kean—as I still call him by an inaccuracy of many years' standing—although in his early scenes a little too maniacal in his rage, was not without a conception of the character worthy of his high histrionic lineage. At times, indeed—especially towards the last—the sterling Shakesperian grandeurs so burned in him, and came flashing through the chinks and crannies of the large shattered intellect of the dis-crowned monarch, as to touch us with a genuine sympathy, deepened, perhaps, by the reflection with which Lear himself seeks, in his madness, to inspire the very Heavens—namely, that 'ourselves were old.'

'Gabriel,' said Mathew, as we jogged homeward that night, 'I suppose I ought to congratulate myself that I have no daughters?' 'No, Mathew,' I replied; 'if Lear, in addition to his many noble qualities,

had possessed a less fretful and overbearing temper, he would never have been the father of Goneril and Regana. Neither, save for that one defect in his character, would he have had occasion, as his last poor stroke of regal policy, to barter crown and kingdom—alas! how vainly—for the domestic love and nursing of which he began, through the frailty of his gathering years, to experience the need, and to set at so great a price. But you, my worthy friend, have nothing of the irascibility which, in Lear's case, engendered a retribution as of scorpions. On the contrary, you are endowed with a most blessed and Christian disposition; and your daughters, but that you have chosen to be a sorrowful old bachelor, must, like my own five darlings, have been all—*all* Cordelias.'

(To be continued fortnightly.)

ROMANCE.

ROMANCE! what an ideal world of beautiful feeling, of high-souled enthusiasm, of disinterested affection, of daring courage, of deathless devotion, does this little word comprehend. But, alas! for the practical and go-a-head nature of the present generation, this good old word is seldom spoken and still seldomer understood.

Romance is, to a great extent, a thing of the past. Many yet regard it as a lovely dream of life in which our forefathers indulged—a fine poetical conception of men and women, whose principal charm consisted in the halo which the imagination of the beholder threw around them. But we, the wide-awake individuals of the nineteenth century, don't mean to be taken in with any such visionary notions—we intend to keep our eyes open.

Ours is an age of ceaseless activity. Fastness in everything seems the order of the day. We are fast in our locomotion, fast in our manners, fast in our dress, fast in our tastes, and fast in our literature. Our mind appears to take its tone from outward surroundings, and the telegraph and the express are characteristic of us. Now, there is no doubt much pleasurable exhilaration, and a delightful sensation of power, in this mode of life. It sharpens our wits, concentrates our views, and makes existence intensely real. But though we have greatly progressed in practical ability and quickness of perception on many subjects, yet I fear we have almost entirely lost that charming simplicity of thought and feeling, those high-born gropings after the good and beautiful, which impel the happy possessor to let fancy roam at will. Like some artistic genius, yearning to shadow forth his glowing imaginings upon the canvas, he half creates, half tries to perfect, what already is. Surely there is something ennobling to the spirit in this idealising of the common affairs of everyday life! 'Tis, as it were, a silent prophecy of the boundless aspirations of our diviner nature—an exhaustless craving which the things of time can never satisfy. Better, infinitely better, to set up an exalted standard of what we would fain believe, than be content with the matter-of-fact, utilitarian, and plodding notions of many respectable people. In the former case, we shall always be coming a step nearer our ideal, for what we intensely admire we ever strive to copy; while in the latter, we shall remain just as we are, having no loftier desires than what are comprehended in the usual affairs of life. The common proverb, 'Far away birds have fine feathers,' speaks to the experience

of many. How doubly charming some objects appear when viewed at a distance! and very foolish would it be to detract from their apparent beauty by near and minute inspection. The child who destroys his musical toy to see where the sound comes from, ceases to be delighted with his plaything when he finds that there is nothing inside but a little bit of wire. The boy who is taken for the first time to the theatre, all aglow with pleasure and excitement, would not thank the well-meaning but narrow-minded father who strove to disgust him with the stage, by impressing upon his youthful mind that the whole concern was a delusion and a snare; that nothing was what it seemed; that all the gold was tinsel, all the scenery just painted daubs; and that next morning the fairies, who to his eyes looked so like angels, would be jaded and haggard mortals. Few things, as well as few people, stand very close examination. If the effect is pleasing, let us be satisfied, and not pry too curiously into every corner. Sad, yet undeniable, it is that rapid progression on some subjects causes a corresponding retrogression with regard to others; thus, the saying of the wise man, 'He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow,' is abundantly exemplified. Too much research, though it may gratify the intellect to lay all things bare to its inspection, does not of necessity improve us, for we are only truly improved by what it does us good to know.

In earlier times, when tastes were simpler and people more truly happy, because more genuine—when children were *bona fide* children, and treated as such—when boys and girls listened with reverence to the opinion of their seniors—when young men and women fell in love in real earnest—when fathers and mothers could understand, from experience, what they felt when money was less valued and independence of spirit more—when, it may be, sometimes imprudent, but generally disinterested, marriages were entered upon—when the happy pair were not ashamed of living in a plain way, keeping one servant and having no large parties—when, in short, everything was more natural, and, consequently, more what it ought to be—these were the good old days. Character was more distinct and diversified; feeling was less suppressed to suit worldly interest; and people were truer to their higher nature. Why is there so little of the youthful freshness and *novelty* of thought and feeling that existed of yore? How comes it that so many young people have such a small allowance of those charming qualities which are consistent with their years? The sensibility and modesty which become youth are very seldom to be met with. Instead of these, we find that assurance and premature sharpness have usurped their place. It is a favourite idea of mine that the youngest people now-a-days are the decidedly elderly—those who have been brought up in the good old school, whose tastes were pure and simple, whose manners were made not so much by square and rule as by innate good feeling. Romance was for them not a name merely, but a felt reality. How I prize the acquaintance of such people! And, as I write, there rises before me the bright vision of that benevolent, clever, and lively country gentleman—one who could make a joke and take a joke, and under whose dark green coat beat a heart more buoyant and romantic than many men not half his age possess. Long may he, and those like him, be spared—a blessing and a pattern to all about them; and, when their pilgrimage here is over, oh! may their mantle descend upon us, like the genial and cheering sun, refreshing, beautifying, and imparting its own light and warmth to everything around!

S. H.

THE CRUISE OF THE HERMIONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FRED HARPER'S LEGACY.'

CHAPTER II.

The Hermione lay at anchor in the bay. Old Archie, the fisherman, was on board—was to have been, at least; but there was no appearance of any one stirring.

'The lazy wretch!' exclaimed Bob. 'He's never up yet! And I told him to have the mainsail up, and the anchor—what do you call it?'

'Apeak,' suggested Stewart.

'Yes; the anchor apeak at nine o'clock, so as to have everything ready for sailing when we came.'

We went down to the beach, and hailed her. There was no answer.

'Hermione ahoy!' shouted Bob.

'Perhaps he isn't on board at all,' said I; 'and yet the boat is under the stern.'

'Hermione ahoy! What on earth are we to do?'

'Get a boat at the quay, and go off,' said Stewart.

'Hermione ah-o-yo!' shouted Bob, till I thought he would have burst a blood-vessel.

My fears for this catastrophe were obviated, however, by the apparition of a red Kilmarnock nightcap, and a beard like a superannuated shoebrush, which made their appearance at the cabin door.

'The dirty old beast!' exclaimed Bob; 'he has been sleeping in the cabin in one of our berths. Come ashore with that boat, will you?'

The red nightcap disappeared, and for ten minutes we saw no more of it.

'What can be keeping him now?' said Bob. 'Come ashore with that boat, will you?'

'Shouldn't wonder if he's gone back to bed again,' said Stewart, sending a piece of slate skimming along the water.

'Hermione, ah-o-o-yo!' shouted Bob, so loudly that he broke down at the last syllable in a perfect screech.

Ten minutes more elapsed, when the red nightcap again appeared, accompanied by a striped cotton shirt and a pair of blue homespun trousers, enclosing the figure of Bob's pilot, Archie M'Niven. Archie leisurely unloosed the painter by which the boat was made fast—lowered himself over the stern—drew the painter after him—wiped one of the thwarts with his nightcap—took up the paddles—and pulled towards us.

'What was keeping you?' said Bob.

'Keeping me! When keeping me?'

'Keeping you!—just now. We've been waiting here for half-an-hour, haven't we?'

'I suppose we'll need to get on our clothes, will we not?' said Archie.

'Clothes!'

'Tut, Bob,' said Stewart; 'let us get on board. The doing so will take us a short time, too: that boat will take no more than one of us at a time. I say, Bob, she's half-full of water.'

'Did I not tell you to bail her out?' cried Bob.

'And did I not?' replied Archie. 'Ye should ask if it was not raining here?'

'Raining! we hadn't a drop of rain in Glasgow.'

'Is this Glasgow?' asked Archie. 'I did not know that afore.'

'Tut, Bob; never mind,' said Stewart. 'Bail her out now, Archie.'

'If you can bail a boat without a dish,' said Archie, 'it's more than Archie M'Niven can do.'

'Why! haven't you one in the boat?'

'No, nor aboard either; excepting, maybe, one of the tea-cups, or the wee pot as boils the eggs.'

'What are we to do?' exclaimed Bob. 'With all that water, she will not float with the weight of another person. Then, if I go by myself, who is to bring her back for you? If we could fasten a rope in any way, so as to pull her ashore again.'

'What are you talking about?' said Stewart. 'Couldn't you bail her out with the "wee pot as boils the eggs?" But we won't need to do that. Come out, Archie, and we'll pull her up and capsize her here on the beach.'

'I'll do that when them that pays me my wages tells me,' replied Archie.

'Can't you come out of the boat when you're told?' cried Bob.

'Haul her up a wee bit, then,' said Archie.

Bob caught hold of the bow, and gave such a pull that Archie, as he stood up to jump ashore, fell splashing in the water at the bottom of the boat, where he lay, swearing like a trooper, both in English and Gaelic, while the air resounded with Tom Stewart's laughter.

We pulled the boat up on the beach; but Archie not showing any indication of an intention to rise, Bob seized the gunwale, and endeavoured to capsize her; but this proving too much for his strength, he began to call upon us, as we valued his friendship, to 'Come and help him to turn out the obstinate old beast!' At length, by a tremendous effort, he upset her, deluging Archie with the water, and entombing him under her. Archie yelled like a madman, and swore most fearfully; and, dreading he might have been hurt, Stewart and I replaced the boat on her keel, leaving him soaking among the seaweed.

'You are not hurt, are you?' said I.

'Hurt, pe tam! The leg of me is broke!'

'Oh, nonsense! Let me see it? Why, it is only a little bruised, that is all. It will be well immediately.'

'Never mind him, Jack,' said Bob. 'Come along! we'll go on board. Who is going to be plagued this way by an old mule like that? We'll do well enough without him.'

'Will ye?' said Archie, getting up, and extending his hand; 'then you'll pay three pound for three weeks' wage, and two pound five for three weeks' meat.'

'What do you say, you old rascal?'

'You engaged for three weeks, did ye no? But never heed! If ye have no remembrance of him, maybe we'll get somebody that will put ye in remembrance of him.'

'You'll make nothing of him, Bob,' said Stewart.

'Come, Archie! let us get on board, and we'll drink success to the cruise in a bottle of rum.'

'I'll go aboard,' replied Archie, a little softened; 'but I'll be for no good for three days with my ankle; for if she's no proke, she's sprained, and that's just so bad. Hows'ever, I'll go aboard.'

The yawl was launched again accordingly. Archie limped down, tumbled himself into her, and sat down on a thwart. I handed him the paddles, and, Bob getting into the stern, he pulled off.

They reached the yacht, and Bob jumped on board. Archie followed, leaving the boat unfastened at the side. Bob turned round, and seeing Archie also on board, he flew into a violent passion. What was said we could not hear; the argument, however, evidently was who was to return with the boat for us? Archie apparently had no intention of doing so, the plea being seemingly that of his sprained ankle. The yawl, in the meantime, was beginning to drift away with the tide, and there appeared every prospect of our having to procure a boat, and go in chase after her.

'Well, he is a queer old fish, I do declare!' said Stewart. 'Hilloa! Bob, look at the boat—she's going adrift—just look at her—do!'

Bob looked; and in what he seemed to consider the certain and final loss of his boat, he forgot the occasion of his anger; seizing an oar, which lay on the deck, he brought her back to the side with it, and throwing himself into her, pulled ashore with such energy that her bow ran two feet up on the beach. Stewart got in, and Bob pulled back in the same vigorous manner; Stewart was put on board, and Bob returned for me; I was put on board, and Bob returned for my portmanteau; and at last we were all safely on board.

And so this was Bob's yacht! Well! she wasn't exactly a very complete realization of the usual ideas of a yacht. She was broad-beamed, flat-bottomed, bluff-bowed; her masts and spars were diseased with dry-rot; and her sails—I took up the foresail, as it lay on the deck, and shook it out—there were hardly three square feet of whole canvas together.

Bob, happily, was too much engaged to notice the smile which I could scarcely repress, as I made these observations. He threw off his coat, and proceeded at once to remove the tarpauling which covered the mainsail. He then began to search among the ropes, which were belayed on the bulwarks and round the foot of the mast, for the end of the throat halyard, pulling several, but finding none to produce the desired effect.

'Where have you belayed the end of that halyard?'

'Just where she should be,' was Archie's reply.

'Where is it? Tell me this moment.'

'What you'll want her for just now? I'll told you when you need her. You're no going to hoist the mainsail just now.'

'Archie is perfectly right,' said Stewart; 'it is no use getting under weigh till ebb tide at any rate; there is hardly a breath of wind.'

'Till ebb tide!' exclaimed Bob; 'I'll get under weigh at once. Hurray! here's the halyard—there it goes. Come on, Jack, give me a haul. Hillos! there's Starry!' he added, as a tall figure came stalking with rapid strides along the shore—a black satin hat under his arm, a white straw one on the back of his head, one hand holding a yellow cane, the other a cambric pocket handkerchief.

'Stewart,' said Bob, 'take the boat, and go ashore for him—there's a good fellow. Yo-ho-oo! there she goes. Come along, Jack, come along; bear a hand—yo-ho-oo!'

Stewart took the boat, and went ashore; and Bob having, after another search, found the end of the peak halyard, I went to his assistance, for I saw that there would be little use in opposing him—the mainsail, as we hoisted it, appearing thickly studded with patches—triangular, polygonal, circular, square.

'What made you lose the train, Starry?' said Bob, stopping to take breath.

'It was altogether by mistake,' replied Starry, wiping his brow as he scrambled over the bulwarks. 'I merely went to make a little purchase; when I returned the doors were closed. I, however, contrived to find my way by a private passage—in connection with the offices it is, I presume; but when I reached the platform the train was gone. Oh, how delightful is the cool sea breeze!'

'Rather a smart concern this,' said Stewart, taking Starry's straw-hat from his head. 'And you really walked through Greenock with that old chimney-pot under your arm! You don't seem to value much your reputation for soundness of mind.'

'Do you consider that I was guilty of an impropriety?' said Starry. 'I consider that when I have the approbation of my own judgment, the opinion of the world is of comparatively little moment.'

'But I don't think, judgment and all, Starry,' said Stewart, 'that you would have done it some hours later, when the young ladies would be out. Some good-looking girls in Greenock, Starry!'

'You do me an injustice,' returned Starry. 'Much as I esteem—much as I regard—much as I may say I—a—love them, I would—a—'

'What did you pay for this hat, Starry?' inquired Bob, inspecting the lining of Starry's purchase. 'I wish I had got one like it before I came away—this felt one is so fearfully warm. I say—it fits me to a nicety—I'll exchange with you, if you like.'

'You are very kind,' replied Starry. 'I shall consider your obliging offer, and inform you of the result of my deliberations.'

'Don't deliberate anything about it, Starry,' said Stewart. 'He hasn't been studying commerce for nothing: he knows how to make a bargain. Why, your hat is worth a dozen of his, and cost twice as much to-day as his did a year ago! By-the-by, that puts me in mind that I owe you a shilling, and perhaps eighteenpence, for another ticket—of course you had to get one!'

'That only cost me sixpence,' said Starry. 'I came

down in the third class. I consider that, being open at the sides, it affords infinitely superior facilities for the observation of the beauties of the landscape and for the study of human nature—the shilling is of no consequence.'

'I knew that, Starry, and consequently never intended to pay it; indeed, it has already gone for tobacco. However, you owe me a little for my advice in the matter of the hats!'

'And if I haven't been studying commerce for nothing,' said Bob, 'you haven't been studying law for nothing;—you know how to charge plenty for nothing. I say, Starry, you would need to be careful when you come across characters like him. You're too good for this world, Starry. [Starry acknowledged this compliment by a bow.] But, I say, we're losing time. Come on, boys! let's to work. But what is the next thing we do?'

'The anchor,' said Stewart; 'but I tell you, Bob, it's no use for two hours at least.'

'The anchor; oh yes, that's it,' said Bob. 'Come on! let's get the anchor astern.'

'Apeak, you mean,' said Stewart.'

'Apeak—oh yes, of course—a *lapsus linguæ*. I know it was a—something; I just mistook the— Come on, boys! do come on! Let us get the anchor apeak.'

As Bob rattled on thus, he kept running backwards and forwards, lifting things and setting them down again, and handling the ropes, as if he were looking for something. This was the light, at least, in which it seemed to strike old Archie; for as Bob passed the place where he sat on the larboard bulwark, cutting a piece of wood with his knife into the shape of a thowl, he looked up, and said in a tone which gave to the remark all the effect of sarcasm, that he would 'find the anchor at the bow!'

'Hold you your tongue!' said Bob. 'If you don't choose to help, nobody wants your dictation; though, if I thought it worth while, I would very soon make you help. I say, Stewart! take one of these handspikes, and give us a turn with the windlass.'

'I'm going to take Archie's plan, Bob,' said Stewart. 'Seriously, I don't see any use in our starting before the turn of the tide. Keep yourself quiet for an hour, can't you? I'm going down to the cabin for a little; I want to overhaul my things. Archie, I think you had better go to the forecabin and change your wet clothes.'

'Stewart, you're a lazy beast!' exclaimed Bob. 'Come on, Jack; never mind, we'll manage it ourselves. Starry, take the helm, and keep her away from the shore, when the anchor comes up. Now, Jack, in with your handspike—there. Heave away, now, together. Starry, mind your helm when it comes up. Now, then, Jack, heave! There she comes! Heave away! Yo—ho! Hurray! she's moving! Yes, hurrah! she's moving! Hi, Stewart! she's moving!'

'See she isn't moving the wrong way!' cried Stewart. 'I'll be more than astonished if she isn't.'

'So she is!' cried Bob. 'Starry, you blockhead!—Jack, Jack! we've forgotten to hoist the jib! Quick,

quick—she'll be ashore! Starry, you blockhead! put the helm the other way—no!—go to the other side—no!—the other way—quick! What are we to do? She'll be ashore! The anchor, the anchor!—we'll need to let the anchor go again! Here, Jack, help me—quick! Here, you old Highland mule! come here. Never mind the helm, Starry! Now, back with the chain. There—more yet. There—I think that will do now. Oh! I'm all out of breath. I thought we were fairly ashore.'

'It's a wonder you weren't,' cried Stewart, from below. 'What a detestable row you did make, to be sure, with your running about, and your yelling, and the noise you made with the cable; it was more like a menagerie let loose than anything I know. You had to let the anchor go again, had you? I thought you would. You will know better the next time how to take advice. But when you did get the anchor up, why didn't you think of keeping her off with an ear, till you got out a piece?'

'Botheration! so we might,' exclaimed Bob, looking the very picture of vexation. 'How stupid! Jack, you're an ass! Why did you not think of it? I say, let us get up the anchor again, and we'll take the sweeps, and keep her off this time.'

'We, thank you, Bob,' said I; 'I've had enough of it.'

'You're a pack of lazy wretches!' exclaimed Bob. 'But if I had known that this was to be the way of it, not one of you would have been here; that's all.'

'And if I had known the real character of your dirty craft,' cried Stewart from below, 'I wouldn't have been here; that's all. Just come down and look at her—do! It's a spectacle—of all the—just come down—do!'

I jumped down into the stern-sheets. There was a space at the stern, not decked over, with a seat running round, from which the door of the cabin opened. The cabin was a box-like apartment, of about nine feet square; and so low that, as I entered, I struck my head against one of the beams which ran across it. Nearly two-thirds of the breadth were taken up by two berths, one on each side, and a cushioned seat on the larboard side, which would also serve for a berth. In the centre was a narrow table, running fore and aft. In the forward end was another seat, intended, like the other, to be used for dormitory purposes; though, how any person of ordinary size was to contrive, without previously undergoing some Procrustean operation, to repose on it with any degree of comfort, appeared somewhat of a mystery. The after-end was taken up by the door, a locker on one side, and a sort of cupboard on the other, in the shelves of which were ranged sundry culinary utensils—several canisters containing groceries, one tumbler, three jelly-mugs, a soap-dish, a hair-brush, and two broken glasses. The berths were boarded all round in front, leaving an aperture so remarkably small that the apparent difficulty of ever getting in was only to be equalled by the apparent impossibility, once in, of ever getting out. Old Archie, however,

had managed it somehow on the previous night: the derangement of the blankets in the starboard one told that; and the flavour of peat smoke which pervaded them told that he had done so with his clothes on; while an empty bottle, with the neck broken off, and a cork, bearing on the wax at one end the legend 'Fine old whisky,' gave reason to believe that he had been unable to undress himself. But what struck me was the dirtiness and disorder which pervaded the whole place. The table was covered with the dishes which Archie had used in the meals of the two previous days—cups, saucers, and plates—and, with the remains of those meals, the shells of half-a-dozen eggs, the skeletons of as many herrings, scraps of bread, potatoes, and bones. The berths, the seats, and the floor were strewn with articles of dress, sails, pots, pans, and a basin of porridge, which lay broken where it had fallen, perhaps two days before.

'It's a palace, isn't it?' said Stewart, with a look of unutterable disgust. 'The dirty concern! If I had only known what she was—I do declare, I think I'll go back yet. Here, Bob, I'm going; come one of you to take back the boat.'

'What do mean, Stewart?' said Bob. 'What's wrong with her? I say, Tom, you aren't in earnest, surely!'

'I observe, Martin,' said Starry, 'that your friend has been making free with, and helping himself to, my bottle, which I had intended as a resource in the occasion of that—a affection which the uninitiated must expect to encounter in a sea voyage. It is rather a serious deprivation, as it was my only one.'

'You'll get plenty more where we're going, Starry,' said Stewart—'in the land of whisky.'

'I say, Stewart,' said Bob, 'you aren't going! No. I thought not. That's right. Come on! We'll set to work, and we'll have her tidied up in no time. Come on, Starry! Jack, you lazy wretch! off with your coat!'

We set to work. Bob washed the dishes; Stewart dried them—breaking between them, in the operation, two saucers and the spout of the teapot. Starry cleared away and swept the floor; while I went on my knees and scrubbed it—after a fashion, at least.

'Heigh-ho!' exclaimed Starry, when we had done. 'I will ever after this have a greater regard for the—a—the fair sex, than the great measure of regard I have hitherto entertained for them. I had no idea that domestic operations required so much address in the performance. How little do we reflect, when we behold our boards spread with the dainties and the delicacies of life, how much labour in the production, and anxiety in the—a—superintendence, they may have occasioned to our uncomplaining helpmates!'

The quiet, serious way in which Starry said this, rendered it irresistibly ludicrous. 'Well done!' said I. 'The gallantry of that speech makes it eloquent, though the sentiment is perhaps a little disproportionate to the occasion.'

'O woman!' he exclaimed, laying his hand upon

his heart and fixing his eyes upon the crossbeam above—

'O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and anguish ring the brow'—

'I say, couldn't we get dinner ready now?' said Bob, breaking in upon Starry's quotation. 'It would save time again.'

'A ministering angel thou!'

'Oh, bother the ministering angel!' said Bob. 'What do you say about the dinner? Shall we get it ready?'

We all expressed our willingness to be guided by his judgment in the matter; whereupon he took a hamper from beneath the table, and proceeded, with waiter-like despatch, to lay the cloth. He then produced a joint of roast-beef from the hamper; and selecting a pot from where Starry had stowed them under one of the seats, he jumped on deck, calling upon Archie, in frantic tones, to tell him where he had put that bag of potatoes? Having discovered their place of deposit, we heard him washing them energetically, keeping up a running fire of abuse on Archie, which Archie, however, did not condescend to notice till he saw Bob taking the fresh water out of the cask to boil his potatoes in, when he seized the pot and filled it with salt water over the side, swearing at him as a lubberly blockhead for 'wasting the good clean water.' But his indignation was trifling compared with Bob's, when he came to the fire, and found that it had been allowed to go out. He stamped with rage, and swung his arms furiously, bestowing innumerable epithets on Highlanders in general, and Archie in particular.

Stewart enjoyed the scene amazingly. I, however, thought it but right to interfere. I endeavoured to explain to him that there was no necessity for his putting off time with the potatoes; that we could do quite well with bread for one day, and that he would have opportunity enough to display his skill in cookery again. Bob, however, took no notice of what I said, till he had made several attempts to rekindle the fire without success, when he came down to the cabin with a most rueful countenance, and placing a loaf of bread upon the table, invited us to sit in. We sat in accordingly; Bob, with profuse apologies for the poorness of the fare, making sundry obscure hints regarding the puddings, pancakes, and dumplings, which were to be evolved on some future occasions from materials on board.

'I hope we may never have worse,' said Stewart. 'But do you know what has just come into my head, Starry? It is, that we should make you secretary or recorder to the Hermione, or rather to our cruise; to keep a journal of everything, you know; describe the places we go to—the manners of the natives, and so forth. It would be capital practice for you, and then it would be a first-rate thing to keep by you to look at again—perhaps many years after this. We might each get a copy of it for the same purpose. None of us, you see, could make such a good thing of it as you, you being a literary man both by taste and education. Then you will have plenty

of scenes worthy of being recorded—embalmed, as you would say, Starry, in poetry—storms, and such like; for it is very possible we may meet with one or two; and then all the sublime scenery, which has employed the Muses of some of our greatest poets—the Cuchullin Hills and Quiraing in Skye, and lots of other places we're going to.'

'I say, it's a capital idea!' exclaimed Bob. 'Starry, it would make your fortune; you could publish it, you know, and get a good deal for it.'

'No, no,' said Stewart, 'there would be little use in that; we have quite enough, and too much, of that sort of thing already—it's a threadbare subject. Ever since the days of Johnson and Boswell, and before them too, the literary market has been overrun with them—Rambles among the Western Islands; Voyages round the Coast; Descriptions of the Hebrides; Tours, picturesque and plain; Visits, Journals, and what not, by sentimental females and moon-struck tourists. But I think, Starry, that, without any ambitious projects of that kind, it would be a pleasure to yourself, and to us all, no doubt, to undertake such a thing.'

'Stewart, my dear fellow,' said the delighted Starry, 'I am everlastingly obliged to you for the suggestion. It will indeed be an excellent exercise. I undertake it with pleasure—though you must not expect anything very remarkable in a literary point of view, as I have as yet had comparatively little practice, beyond my college exercises, in the formation of my style; but I will do my best, and no one can do more. Stewart, accept my thanks for the suggestion.'

'All right, Starry. Take pains with it, now, and make a good thing of it. If you do, I wouldn't say but it might be worth publishing after all. Of course, you know, we shall have much better opportunities than most for going into out-of-the-way places, and seeing the people as they are. Novelty is a great matter; try and introduce some novelty into it if you can. Begin at once, will you? But what? Hear that! What in the world is the old fellow about?'

There was the rattling of a chain on deck, and soon afterwards we heard the clank of the windlass. Archie had hoisted the jib, and was taking up the anchor!

'What are you about?' cried Bob, going on deck.

'You go below,' replied Archie; 'we'll send for ye when we want ye.'

'What is it, Archie?' said Stewart. 'Where are you going?'

'We're going to the Hielands, are we no? Here, you're the only one among the lot that's worth his meat—go you and took the helm. Do you no see the air coming yonder? And a fine good air she is too.'

As he spoke, the sails filled, and waved gently in the breeze. Bob threw his hat up into the air, and catching it again with a loud 'hurrah!' took up one of the handspikes, and began to work vigorously at the windlass. The anchor tripped, the breeze came down, and away the Hermione skimmed over the rippling surface of the water.

We jibbed her off the point—the wind being from the west—and away we ran out the Firth. Bob was in ecstasies. He ran about, pulled at the ropes, and shouted 'hurrah!' till all rang again. And, indeed, we all felt a good deal of that elation which nature seldom fails to inspire. Seldom had I gazed upon a lovelier scene. Starry's pen, however, will perhaps do more justice to it than mine:—

'My heart leaped within me for joy,' says he in his journal. 'The day was beautiful, the air serene, the sun shining bright in the cloudless sky. Not a cloud was visible, save a wreath of mist which encircled the brow of the far-famed Ben-Lomond, casting a shade

of gloom around, which rendered the rest of the scene more surpassingly bright and beautiful.

'The fair Roseneath, with the rounded towers of its ducal castle peeping out, in all the grace of architectural beauty, from amid the dark foliage of its wooded recesses, forms a pleasant foreground; while, to the left, the hills of Argyle raise their undulating bosoms from out the placid waters, their bases washed by the waters of Loch-Long and the classic waters of the Holy-Loch. Away to the south lies the low land of the arborous Bute, clad in its beauteous mantle of grassy verdure; and the rugged Arran, with Goatfell's frowning peaks raising their wild heads far above the clouds, piercing the blue of the ethereal vaults of heaven.

'Nature all around is glad; and even the works of man serve to enliven the scene. Here the graceful yacht glides her happy course, while gentle zephyrs fan her downy sails; there the mighty monster of the sea ploughs his turbid track, dashing the deep aside, and roaring like some angry leviathan restrained by the genius of man, clanking his chains as he turns, obedient to the will of his rider, while the black smoke of his nostrils commingles with the clouds. Here the stately merchantman spreads her sails to wing her flight to some distant clime; there the homeward-bound barque returns, laden with the rich merchandise of foreign lands.

'As the breeze filled our swelling sails—white and spotless as the bosom of the swan [Starry seems to have taken artist's licence in forgetting the patches]—and as our little ship—"walking the waters like a thing of life"—danced over the sparkling waves, which rippled in sweet music at her bow, I felt that this earth was indeed beautiful and fair.'

Neither Starry's pleasure nor ours, however, was destined to continue; for, in little more than an hour, the wind suddenly lulled, leaving us at the mercy of the tides, a mile and a half from the shore.

The afternoon wore on—there we were still. There seemed every prospect of our being there all night.

For the first hour or two, it was all well enough. But as evening fell we began to feel that it was not quite the most agreeable way in which to pass our time. Bob's countenance assumed a most dismal aspect; I was little better; and Stewart, notwithstanding his seeming indifference, frequently raised his head, from where he lay on the deck smoking at intervals, to see if there were no indications of an approaching breeze. Old Archie had gone to his berth in the fore-castle, so as to be in condition for keeping watch during the night. Starry, however, was completely in his element. He had begun his journal on some sheets of note-paper which he had taken in his deak; and from time to time he came upon deck with his pen in his mouth, and stood in an artistic attitude gazing round on the scene, making some further observations for the embellishment of the description upon which he appeared to be employed.

Night fell—there we were still. We had drifted out a little with the ebb tide; but the flood tide was now drifting us back again. Bob and I tried to gain a little ground with the sweeps. The small progress which we made, however, and the monotony of the work, soon disposed us to abandon it.

At an early hour we retired to rest. Bob and Stewart occupied the berths; Starry the one seat, and I the other. Archie was to keep watch. I was soon glad to change my quarters; and, stretching my cushion along the table, I slept (rather uncomfortably, however) till morning.

(To be continued.)

THE PHANTOM PUNT; OR, THE HOWL OF GUILT.

A TALE OF VIRTUE AND VILLANY, TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,
DISFAIR AND DEATH.

By the joint Authors of 'Fofur, or the Factory Fiend,' 'Chandelliers and Candlesticks,' 'The Copper Ladies, or the Prince and the Pawnbroker,' 'Gold Dust and Steel Filings,' 'Moulds and Dips, or the Palace and the Pig-Sky,' 'Thunder and Turf, or the Green Bogs of Old Portugal,' 'The Rover's Grandmother, or the Floating Anvil,' 'Cagliostro the Costermonger,' 'Sovereigns and Tixies, or the Harp and the Mangle,' 'The Three Gold Balls, or Circumstances over which we have no Control,' &c. &c. &c.

BOOK FIRST.—PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.—THE YELLOW PARCHMENT.*

It was a night in which shivering wretchedness drew its rags tighter around it, and, by a natural instinct, sought out and found quiet corners in which to hide its miserable frame, and try, by help of an elastic imagination, to fancy itself more comfortable and less ragged than its neighbour at the other angle of the door step;—it was a night in which bloated plenty drew the curtains close, fell to at the sumptuous supper, and over the reeking punch chuckled in delight at the conflict of the elements outside, and derived greater enjoyment from the thought that there were plenty of miserable outcasts prowling about, upon whose skinny carcasses the biting frost and the nipping sleet, the drenching rain, and the cruel hail could operate upon effectually;—it was a night in which great gusts of rain, hail, snow, and sleet tore down narrow lanes and by-ways like grape shot, caught up unprotected females and helpless little boys and girls (who mayhap had gone out to play hours before, and had been driven by the wind far away from home), and whirled them leagues out into lonely marshes and obscure country villages, where astonished rustics picked them up next morning, either chilly and dead, or bruised and sore and miserable;—it was a night in which tall persons of slender build disappeared mysteriously, and were either discovered in distant parishes, clinging frantically to steeples, or chimney-stalks, or lightning conductors, or unfinished tenements; or doubled, ribbon-like, round Maypoles in quaint old English villages;—it was a

* The right of translating this serial fiction is strictly reserved by the Authors. The Managers of London and provincial theatres are informed that arrangements have been made with eminent carpenters for dramatic editions of the story, which will be ready a month after its completion in this periodical. The sensation scenes are patented, and plagiarism will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law. Burlesque and farce writers are warned that the right of travesty has been protected. The public are also specially informed that the Authors have no connection whatever with Mr. Doctor Booseycraft, of the New Royal Bermondsey Morning and Mid-night Theatre—five minutes' walk from all the tan-yards. Any distorted edition of the drama brought out at that theatre is without the sanction of the Authors, who are making arrangements for the erection of four new theatres for its representation—special dramatic companies being at present on their way from America.

night in which unwary pedestrians were carried far away out to sea, and either blown down funnels or spurted into sleeping berths, awaking up either roasted to death or to find that a voyage to Serengeti, or Australia, or New-York, with hard work before the mast and short rations from the captain, who believed them to have been skulking in the hold for a free passage, was the consequence of entering the lists to battle with the elements;—it was a night following which interjectional advertisements appeared in the *Times* newspaper, entreating that B. O., or T. G. L., or Q. R. S. would return to his disconsolate father, or mother, or sister, or brother, or lover, and supplementing the announcement by graphic descriptions of how the parties were tall, and bony, and slender, and had gone out in their usual spirits on the night of the great storm;—it was a night in which the career of hardy poets, anxious to commune with the grandeur of nature and blow mimic hooting to the silent owls on mountain-tops, were prematurely brought to a termination, and their mangled bodies carried home on wheel-barrow from yawning chasms, where they had been hurled by the fury of the elements;—it was a night when resurrection-men, with blackened faces and dark lanterns, picks, shovels, and other implements of their horrible craft, crawled out to rifle the dead, and with fearful suspicion that their day was come indeed, and that the graves would open and their spoils rise spontaneously, fled precipitately before the elements, and were never seen or heard of again;—it was a night when pale fear rode triumphant on the gale, and blanched the cheek and shrivelled the heart, and laid his ghastly seal on the brows of guilty misers and millionaires who had been mumbling out startling confessions of guilt, which stamped these confessions as truth, and which enabled faithful attendants, who had had the supreme good luck to overhear the revelations, to commence business as publicans, with plenty of money, mysteriously got, to back them out for stock, furniture, and implements.

On such a night, forty years ago, the little village of Dubdub, in Lowboroughshire, lay cowering under the blasts which swept its deserted streets—which whisked round its chimney-stalks, descending with a rumbling noise, and scattering convivial and family parties, gathered round the ingle nooks for warmth and sociality; which crept below doors and in at the chinks of windows, and through key-holes, with wild moans, causing nervous sleepers to awaken with frightened yells, and fancy that the ghosts of injured friends or relations were creeping up stairs, and would presently proceed to call them to account for things done to them in the flesh, and exact terrible retribution, by means of shining army razors, or compulsory swallowing of Battles' vermin-killing powders; which rushed along deserted passages in fine old English mansions, banged at the doors, rattled at the windows, shook the long line of portraits in the picture galleries, till you would have fancied that the ancestors of the race were shivering with fear of the literal downfall of the house, and then, with frantic shrieks and yells and groans, went tearing along the grand rooms and suites of apartments, till the whole of the inmates—servants, butlers, footmen, knife-boys, cooks, and scullery-maids—grew frantic with terror and with awful presentiments of the general dissolution of the world, fainted away, and fancied it was death.

Far away out seawards, where the sea and the horizon meet, whirling and whirling and dipping down into the waters, and tossing the spray miles up into the sky, and rushing along by the white line of rocks

on which the light-house stands, and dashing the salt foam against the red lamp—yelling in fury at its impotence to put it out—was one particular gale, which, tired of operating upon the waters, determined to make a rush shorewards, and see what damage could be done there. With a whoop and a scream that made the sharks' and the dolphins' and the mackerel's fins stand on end in horror, it flew wildly along, carrying a cloud of spray with it; and at length, alighting on the chalky cliffs, which had been bleached to a supernatural whiteness by sun, wind, and rain, it tarried not, but, tearing up the valley, whirled the stones of the black quarry about like brick-bats, and, with a yell, plunged into the hilly forest, which was the pride of the village of Dubdub. In an instant nothing was left for the inhabitants to brag about—the red-ribbed hills being rendered as bare and bald as a mad-man's head after it has undergone its morning's shaving; and the stately oaks, and elms, and poplars, and fir trees, scattered far up in the air, looking in the distance like paint-brushes or scavengers' brooms. With another wild halloo, off it went to the shrivelling little village, swept its deserted streets, whisked round the chimney-stalks, and dashed away down the High-street; turned the corner of Chipps's buildings, and shrieked and yelled down old Chipps's chimney; rattled at his doors, at his shutters, and lifted up the papers, rent-rolls, and mortgages, conveyancing deeds, bills (which Chipps held at a rolling discount, and which would have to be met punctually, or woe to the unfortunate acceptor), and at last blew Chipps on his back, among his strong boxes and his gold; and after in vain trying to blow off a few scraggy hairs which crawled down his cheeks and round about his dirty old skull, whiacked up a piece of paper which Chipps had been grasping tightly and desperately a few minutes before, and which he had accidentally allowed to slip out of his hand, in agony, when the wind had been particularly severe with him, and made it whirl round about the room, careering, and fluttering, and dancing about, as if in joy at the agony of old Chipps, who lay on his back, grinding his teeth in rage.

Old Chipps lay on his back, the wind blowing his drapery about him, and forcing his neckerchief into his eyes, flapping the sides of his cheeks with his collar, and lashing his limbs with the mangy old dressing-gown, which, in derision, it had torn into strips. Old Chipps still lay on his back, his right hand closed forcibly, as if it still had possession of the paper. Old Chipps fancied he still had the paper in his hand, as, after he began to recover a bit, he clenched his hand again, and squeaked, with a sort of fiendish triumph,

'Ah, ha! It's here yet; I have it! Blow away as you will, you can't blow this little bit of parchment out of my hand! Wouldn't you like to do it, though? He, he! Ho, ho! I daresay! Very likely; very likely, indeed! He, he! It's grand! Ninety thousand pounds, and a rent-roll of forty thousand a-year! Ah, ha! You would like it, my fine master the wind! But you can't get it! No, no! Samuel Chipps isn't to be done in that way! It's too good a thing for him to lose! He, he! I should think so! Ho, ho, ho! Ah, ha! Did you think so? No you don't, my fine master! I have it here!'

The wind had rolled old Chipps again to the other end of the garret, and punched his head against a sharp key which protruded from his strong box. He lay on his face, clutching at a dirty piece of waxcloth, and squeezing the hand which he thought grasped the parchment.

'Ha, ha!' he continued, laughing in impotent glee—'No, you don't; no you don't, my fine master the

wind—no, no, not at all, you shouldn't ask it. Ninety thousand pounds, and a rent-roll of forty thousand a-year! Wouldn't my patrician friend, the Marquis of Pennywistle like to have it? Why don't you blow it to him? Ha, ha! do, to oblige such an illustrious member of the British aristocracy! Oh yes, there's patrician blood there, and no mistake. He, he! Ho, ho! The blood of a noble race runs in his veins! Of course it does. He, he! Who says different? What hardy individual would dare to say the contrary, and to hint that there's one as is living in pig-sties and haystacks, and grubbing with swine on husks, has a better right to the title, the estate, and the money? Eh! answer me that? Ha, ha! ho, ho! he, he!

Old Chipps was again on his back, the wind was fiercer than ever, the piece of parchment was still careering above him. He looked up, and it whisked an inch above his head, and then started off on another wild career round the room. Slowly old Chipps drew his hand from his side, and, with a wild shriek of horror, he discovered that the parchment was gone. He looked up, and saw that it was above him, being whirled about with the raging wind. The doors and windows now rattled fiercer than ever, the wind howled, and old Chipps started upon his tottering old legs, the hairs on his head standing erect like porcupine quills, his eyes starting in their sockets, and his hands stretched frantically forth to try and catch the trusty parchment, which was still diving about.

'O mein Gott! mein Gott!' shrieked out Chipps. 'O let me get it. Oh why did I defy the power of Gott's elements in that way? A judgment! a judgment! as I am a miserable sinner. O give it to me again, and I'll repent! O give—give—give—give! O mein Gott! why did I open my box on a night like this? Give—give—give—give! Once again in the box, and it shall never go out again! Ninety thousand pounds, and a clear rental of forty thousand! Fine mansion, horses, carriages! Oh my sides!—Oh dear, dear, dear!—Oh, for mercy's sake!'

Old Chipps was rushing insanely about the room, jumping up on chairs, and leaping off them again, with his shaky old limbs, and his palsied arms trying to grasp the parchment, which was diving about, approaching uncomfortably near the chimney-place. Several times it was almost within his grasp; and a wild shriek always escaped Chipps as it evaded his clutches. At last, it wavered for a few minutes round his head, fluttering about his eyes, but still eluding his grasp, and, with a wild yell of despair, Chipps saw it rush up the chimney.

'Mein Gott! mein Gott! lost—lost—lost! Gone to make the fortune of whoever picks it up! Oh misery! misery! Stay, I will follow it! yes, I will follow it!' shrieked out old Chipps, with a frenzied glare in his eyes; and, in the twinkling of an eye, he was crawling up the chimney—the wind assisting his ascent!

He reaches the top!

His scanty whiskers and locks are ploughed up by the fury of the elements!

They are scattered to the four winds of heaven!

The gale is fearful!

The parchment is fluttering above his head!

It gives a fearful swoop into the distance!

Old Chipps can see it shining yellowly in the darkness!

'Now for a chase;—I must follow it. Ha, ha! I shall have it yet.'

With an unearthly whoop halloo, which was heard throughout every city and village in Europe, and which shook Dubdub like an earthquake, old Chipps

(To be continued fortnightly.)

SMOKING.

I WONDER who first discovered the uses of the fragrant weed? I bow in respectful homage to the memory of the great unknown; and my lips pronounce endless blessings upon him—which, I am sure, are echoed by every worshipper at the shrine of the cloudy god. Of course I know that many great men have characterised smoking as a nasty, filthy habit; and some have not scrupled to cull, from their vocabulary, epithets worthy of the most choice specimen of a Billingsgate bully, and such as are not to be found in dictionaries familiar in polite circles. 'It is a shocking thing, blowing smoke out of our mouths into other people's mouths, eyes, and noses, and having the same thing done to us,' said Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell. Johnson's remark is mild, and provokes a smile from the smoker—nothing more. But when he hears the strong expressions already referred to, his only reply is a loud Ha! ha! ha! and a gaze of admiration on his pipe—to which he applies himself with a greater relish than ever. He can afford to laugh at the gentle language of the 'abolitionist,' the more so when he reflects that it is caused by the remembrance of the time when his friend of the big words first tried to blow a cloud, under the boyish impression that it was a manly thing to do—and of the rueful countenance which the poor fellow wore five minutes afterwards, when he was enduring all the horrors of sickness. The devotee can remember the time when himself was in a similar condition; but he only smiles at the remembrance, and, caressing the object of his affections, continues his devotions.

Byron has immortalised tobacco, in that charming poem 'The Island.' Hear what this great master of the lyre has to say:—

'Sublime tobacco! which, from east to west,
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
Which, on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas; glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the careless
More dazlingly when darning in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!'

If, by the last couplet, Byron meant that the true lovers of tobacco preferred a cigar to a pipe, then, with all deference, I beg to differ from his lordship. I never yet met with a heavy smoker who considered himself satisfied with cigars. He always resorted to his pipe when he desired a thoroughly enjoyable smoke. For myself, I prefer the pipe; but not all the hookas in hookadom would atone to me for the loss of a little cutty, blackened all over. This is vulgar, perhaps; but I don't mind. When I have completely coloured a cutty, I look upon it as an old and valued friend, from whom to think of parting is not without a pang. Meerschaums may be good for smoking—I don't say they aren't—but still I prefer

my little clay. Meerschaum suggests mere sham. Mr. John Leech has completely satirised such shams. Little Ensign Snooks, of the blank Regiment, expends a small fortune in colouring his meerschaum. Bill, the railway porter, victimises Snooks—and serve him right—by extorting from him more money for tobacco in six weeks than he actually expends in that article in six months. When his victim has bled freely, and it is within an inch of being a moral impossibility to make him bleed farther, then, but not till then, does Snooks receive back his costly trifle, which he sports among his friends, asking them to admire his skill in colouring. The little idiot! Does he imagine everybody to be as stupid as himself? Snooks colour a meerschaum! Never could he effect such a result were he allowed the fourth part of the term of his natural life for the purpose. He smokes because it looks 'fast,' but as he couldn't take three whiffs of a well-coloured clay filled with tobacco of any strength, he must needs smoke tobacco as light as it is possible to have. He doesn't feel any enjoyment in having a good smoke. On the contrary, were his own feelings alone to be consulted, he would pitch his pipe where he would never see it again. But, as he courts the company of fast men, he imitates the leaders of his set to the best of his small ability. Ha! ha! ha! what a poor contemptible puppy is this representative of the army!

But the race of Snooks is not confined to the army. They are to be met with everywhere. They come out heavy, *à la* Dundreary. You know them at once. Everybody is acquainted with one or more of the race. I know several; but there is one in particular who takes my fancy, and at his expense I enjoy many a hearty laugh. He is about the middle height, and, if anything, rather good-looking. In his dress he is awfully loud; but his taste in this respect doesn't appear to lead him to take his complexion, &c. into account, for he is always dressed in such a manner as to give him an odd, comical appearance. He is, or pretends to be, very short-sighted, consequently he sports an eye-glass, which is always called into requisition when he sees any crinolines approaching. He has a pair of charming little whiskers, to the perception of which a glass of strong magnifying power would be necessary; but he seems to be very proud of them. Of course his hair is parted—painfully so—down the middle of his head, both at back and front. Such is my exquisite friend. I meet him very often in the street, and every time I so meet him he is *filling* his meerschaum. Mutual greetings being over, his first sentence invariably is—'Ain't thith pipe colouring doothed fine?' to which of course I reply in the affirmative, as it pleases him and does me no harm; for his pipe I seldom look at, although it is a very beautiful one, and cost rather a heavy sum of money. He seldom if ever smokes at home, unless he has some of his kind with him, when of course the meerschaum is exhibited, and the company asked if it 'ain't colouring doothed fine?' He smokes for appearance sake only. He still retains the idea that

it looks manly. But such men I would recommend not to smoke at all. If they derive no good from the tobacco, and no pleasure from its indulgence—and they don't—much better for them if they wouldn't smoke at all; at all events, if they smoke—and I don't entertain the idea that they will renounce the practice until smoking is not one of the characteristics of 'fast' men—let them refrain from perpetually boring other people by asking if their meerschaums 'ain't colouring doothed fine.'

But the real smoker smokes only for the pleasure which it brings to him. If I am bored and put about concerning anything, I am soothed by my pipe. In sorrow it is my comforter; in mental or bodily pain it affords me relief; in thoughtful moments it aids me; and when happy it adds to my happiness. It is my friend at all times and in all seasons; and I appreciate the benefits which it showers upon me.

I have had a hard day's work to-day, and have come home to the dullness and loneliness of my bachelor hall. No kind voice greets me, and no beaming face smiles a sweet welcome. No merry children are here to prattle and play with. The only welcome I receive is from Mrs. Snapitup, my landlady, and Sally, her attendant myrmidon, and their welcome is not by any means a hearty one. No fire has been kindled in my room. I must therefore put up with the cold, which to-day is indeed piercing. I am kept waiting for dinner till human patience can wait no longer, and as I put my hand to the bell-rope, the door opens, and enter Sally with something supposed to be edible. I submit to my doom, and try to imagine I am enjoying a hearty dinner, but to no purpose. The meat is underdone, the plates are cold, the — but why should I enumerate? I am getting accustomed to such things, and habit, they say, is second nature. Let me atone for a bad dinner by a night's reading. I make the attempt, but I am in no mood for reading. I turn from my books with a feeling approaching to disgust; but as I do so my eye rests upon a little something lying upon the chimney-piece. I smile; the cloud begins to pass away. My face, which before wore a sullen expression, now brightens. The little something is my darling cutty. For a second or two I gaze at it with feelings which are indescribable. Then I fill it with 'sublime tobacco,' apply a light, and before I have taken a dozen whiffs, all remembrance of what a few minutes ago disturbed me has passed away. I am a different being entirely. I am happier than a king, for

'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'

I am wafted into a land where all is sunshine and happiness; where the flowers bloom, the birds sing, and the streams murmur musically for ever. Everything is bright and fair. I am monarch of all I survey. For me the breezes blow, bearing with them the perfumes of the sweetest flowers. Now I hear music. A low voice chaunts a song of love, to which I listen soul-enwrapped. A female, 'beautiful as an angel's dream,' is beside me. We sit and whisper to each other tales of love; and the birds, the streams, the breeze, and everything around, take up the tale and waft it to the farthest bounds of this fairy-land. And thus we sit, heedless of time. With my arm twined around her slender waist, she leans upon my breast. I bend my head to press my lips—Ha! my pipe is out, and the vision is gone; but with it is not gone a feeling of happiness at having such a comforter as my dear little cutty. 8.

THE NEXT OF KIN.

A STORY OF THE MAHURST EXTENSION RAILWAY.

CHAPTER I.

'Now, look here, Miles. Don't you blame me, for I'm acting according to orders. The Squire says to me, if any of them don't pay their rent to the day, out with them. Now this is the second time I've been here, and still you are not ready.'

'It's the first time I've been an hour behind time, Mr. Lane; and if you were to tell the Squire how it is I've been disappointed in getting money, he surely wouldn't come down so hard upon a chap whose father and grandfather held this very farm under his father. I've never failed as yet; and now times are hard, I think Sir Hugh will give me a week or two.'

'Well, the fact is, Miles, I think Sir Hugh wants this farm of yours; and I tell you, my opinion is he'll get you out of it before long, rent or no rent.'

'No, Mr. Lane. There you're wrong. He may be a hard landlord, but he ain't an unjust one. I've worked on this bit o' land, and spent money on it. I was born in that cottage, and there I hope to die.'

'Well, Miles, I only tell you, Sir Hugh is going to sell the property; and it will be a toss up whether you stop on it or not.'

'Mr. Lane! he can't turn me off like that. It would be cruel to send me adrift after all these years.'

'I only give you a hint. Have the money ready to-morrow, and perhaps he may change his mind. Good day.' And Mr. Charles Lane, steward to Sir Hugh Burnett, stepped out from the garden, whistling a lively tune, and strolled off with a satisfied air; leaving Miles almost stupefied by the blow he had received.

For years and years, the Meadowcross Farm had been held by members of the Garnett family. It had descended from father to son, until it came into the hands of Miles Garnett, who was now threatened with ejectment. It was but a small farm, and scarcely one by which to realise a fortune; still, from time immemorial, the Garnetts had managed to subsist upon it; and the idea of quitting it caused Miles greater grief than he had felt since his father's death.

It was as pretty a little farm as you would wish to see, and the cottage upon it was the very picture of an English home; and, as Miles slowly walked towards it, independently of the family interest connected with it, no wonder he felt a pang of regret at the thought of leaving it. As he approached the rustic porch, a pretty light little figure ran out to meet him.

'What did Mr. Lane say? Why do you look so gloomy, Miles?'

'Am I gloomy, Lucy, dear? Well, never mind. Let us go in.' And the pair entered the neat little cottage parlour, with its speckless window-curtains, and bright chimney ornaments.

Lucy Garnett was Miles' sister, and they were the sole occupants of the cottage; she was the prettiest, brightest, neatest, and most useful girl for miles round, and an inestimable treasure to her brother. Their affection was more than the ordinary love of brother and sister, for they were everything to one another, and looked upon each other, respectively, as the pattern of their sex.

'Now tell me, Miles,' said Lucy, coaxingly, 'what is it that makes you so sad?'

'What should we do, Lucy, if we were forced to leave this place?'

'Do! But we are not, Miles. What do you mean? We shall be able to pay the rent in a day or two, and then all will be right.'

'Sir Hugh wants to sell the farm, Lucy, and then there is no knowing what the owner may do.'

Lucy became grave in a moment, for she shared in her brother's anxiety. They were both equally attached to the place, and to leave it would be heart-rending. 'I see nothing for it,' continued Miles, 'but to pack up and be off. There's nothing to be got in England. I shall try my luck in the Colonies.'

'Nonsense, Miles; you must not look only at the dark side of things. Sir Hugh may not try to sell Meadowcross; and, if he does, he may not find a purchaser; and, even supposing it bought, the new owner may not turn us out.'

'Three *may* nots, Lucy! Ours is but a bad look out,' said Miles, with a sigh, as he took up a country newspaper, and turned to the advertisements of ships about to sail. As he glanced down the columns, something attracted his attention. It was but a few lines of print, but, nevertheless, he read them over and over, as if unable to believe his eyes.

'Lucy, Lucy!' he cried, or almost gasped, after a few minutes. 'Look here, Lucy,' and he pointed to an advertisement, with quivering finger. His sister took the paper and read the paragraph to which he pointed. As she did so, her colour heightened, and a look of unmistakable joy beamed upon her pretty face. The words she read were these:—

'NEXT OF KIN.—The relatives of the late Ralph Garnett, who died 21st July last, at Montreal, will hear of something to their advantage, on application to Messrs. Quilpen & Shipakyn, 27 Lynch-court, Temple.'

'O Miles! It must be uncle Ralph, who went to Canada when we were children.'

'Yes, Lucy! There does seem the chance of something good coming to us in return for leaving Meadowcross. Leaving—why, perhaps, we might get money enough to buy it ourselves!'

'Oh, that would be beautiful! But are we the next of kin?'

'Yes; I have often heard father talk of his brother Ralph, although, unfortunately, they did not agree well. He was a confirmed old bachelor, and proportionately ill-tempered; and, after quarrelling with all his relatives in England, he emigrated; since which time nothing was heard of him at home.'

'Of course you'll go to see these gentlemen?'

'I should think so. Quilpen & Shipkyn! Why, they are Sir Hugh's lawyers! What time do the London trains go? Put some things into my carpet-bag, Lucy. I can walk over to Mabhurst at once, and take the first train. Hurrah! O Lucy! I feel so happy to think we may yet stop at Meadowcross!' And, betwixt laughing and crying, he took his sister round the waist, and kissed her heartily.

An hour afterwards, he was trudging manfully along the Mabhurst road, on his way to London, building innumerable castles in the air, in connection with the 'something' he was to hear to his advantage from Messrs. Quilpen & Shipkyn.

CHAPTER II.

All the legal world knows Lynch Court. It is celebrated for being narrower and dirtier than any of the other narrow and dirty courts in which lawyers love to build their official nests. Number 27 was not a whit cleaner than its neighbours; it was a tumble-down, smoke-begrimmed, dirt-encrusted house. The windows let in draughts, but not light; the chimneys served for passages for the wind, but not for the smoke, which, whenever a fire was lighted, hovered about the ceiling, and over the musty tin boxes, trying to find an egress. Nevertheless, in spite of these drawbacks, Quilpen & Shipkyn continued to transact business—as their fathers and grandfathers had done before them—in these premises; and it was here, in a state of nervous trepidation, that Miles Garnett found himself the morning after he had seen the advertisement for the next of kin of Ralph Garnett.

After the necessary delay, without which it is impossible to see the heads of well-to-do firms, and after a narrow scrutiny of his countenance by several clerks—who were chiefly remarkable for their unhealthy, not to say dirty, appearance—Miles was admitted into the awful presence of Mr. Shipkyn.

'Well, young man?' said that gentleman, folding his hands in a benign manner.

Miles stated his business.

'Dear, dear! I wish Mr. Quilpen were here. So you are Miles Garnett? Ah! what do you intend doing in this matter, Mr. Garnett? Oh, here is Mr. Quilpen,' said he, with an air of relief, as a sharp-featured, eager-looking little man bustled into the room. 'Quilpen, this is the next of kin to Ralph Garnett.'

'Name?' asked the senior partner, turning sharply upon Miles.

'Miles Garnett.'

'Relationship to deceased?'

'Nephew.'

'Good! What proofs you are his next of kin?'

'Proofs, sir?' stammered Miles, taken aback. 'I only know I am his nephew, and he hasn't got another except my sister, and she was his niece, and lives with me.'

'A very loose statement, Mr. Garnett; but, luckily for you, we have caused inquiries to be made, and have ascertained a nephew to be the deceased's nearest

living relation. If you can prove yourself to be that nephew, well and good. Come to us again when you have obtained copies of the register of your birth, your mother's marriage certificate, and so on, and then we will enter into further particulars. Good morning, Mr. Garnett.'

Miles was out in the dingy court before he could recover from the momentary disappointment; for, so little did he know of legal proceedings, that he almost expected the affair to have been settled at once; however, he knew there would be no difficulty in obtaining the necessary proofs; and as the night train, tearing through the darkness, bore him on to Mabhurst, his dreams of possessing Meadowcross were nearly as bright as when he started on his London journey.

Unpleasant tidings were in store for him on reaching home. Mr. Lane had been to the cottage while he had been absent, and, on behalf of Sir Hugh, had demanded the rent, at the same time announcing the Squire's intention of forcing him to quit Meadowcross at the end of the next quarter. 'But next quarter!' thought Miles, 'there are nearly three months to come yet, and in that time I may become the purchaser.'

Miles, however, was in the immediate want of money, for Sir Hugh threatened to distrain for rent. In his trouble he bethought himself of a rich neighbour to whom he might apply. To him he went, and told the whole of his story, and his present troubles.

Farmer Field was a good-hearted man, and made little difficulty about assisting him; and when Miles left Richacre Farm, he had with him enough money to pay the rent when Mr. Lane should call for it. Enough? Yes, much more than enough, for Farmer Field had entrusted him with a large sum of money to pay into a London bank, he himself being obliged to go to the north of England the following day, and disliking to leave the money in his house. Miles, who had procured the necessary certificates, was going to pay his second visit to Messrs. Quilpen & Shipkyn. Farmer Field, therefore, asked him to leave the parcel of notes at the bank.

The following day Mr. Lane received the rent, and Miles set off for London to prove his right to the property of Ralph Garnett, deceased.

CHAPTER III.

The proofs which Miles presented to Messrs. Quilpen & Shipkyn were quite satisfactory; and he heard, with pleasure, that the sum of money left by his uncle far exceeded the most he had hoped.

'Come to us again to-morrow, Mr. Garnett,' said the senior partner, 'and we will formally make over the property to you.' And, in the excess of his politeness, he accompanied Miles into the outer office, and shook hands with him.

As Miles was leaving the room, he heard Mr. Quilpen addressing one of his clerks. 'Mr. Craggs, have you sent out those bills about the Meadowcross Farm?'

Miles returned to the office once more, but Mr. Quilpen had already disappeared.

'Will he be long engaged?' asked he of a clerk.

'Can't say, I'm sure. Some fellow's with him about purchasing this lot,' and the clerk waved his hand towards a bill, which set forth, in large type, the fact that the land known as Meadowcross Farm, 'together with the messuages and tenements thereunto appertaining,' was for sale. Miles turned faint as he read it; and feared that, after all, he was too late. He waited, with feverish anxiety, until he could see Mr. Quilpen. At length, the gentleman who had been

with him, respecting the purchase of the farm, came out from the inner room. Miles stared at him intently, as if to read in his face the result of the conference; and then hurried in to the lawyer.

The farm was not yet sold. Miles drew a long breath. But Mr. Quilpen expected it would be in a few hours.

'The fact is,' he said, 'the gentleman is very eager after it, but still objects to give the sum asked.'

'I will give it!' cried Miles, eagerly.

Mr. Quilpen stared at him, as if to make sure he was in his right mind; then said, slowly—'I suppose you are prepared to pay for it at once?'

'To-morrow, when I get my uncle's money from you.'

'The gentleman who just left will be back in an hour's time to tell me his decision.'

Miles put his hand into his pocket, and fingered the parcel of notes Farmer Field had entrusted to him.

'You are sure you can make over my uncle's money to me to-morrow?'

'Certainly.'

'Here then. How much is it?' And Miles, with trembling hands, untied the parcel, and scattered the notes upon the table. Mr. Quilpen was too good a lawyer to show surprise; he merely signed a receipt for the money, and promised Miles the title-deeds the following day, together with the other property.

When Miles was again in Lynch-court, he bitterly repented what he had done; he knew it was but appropriating the money for a day, but still he fancied the passers-by read '*thief*' written on his brow. Every turn in the street he dreaded meeting Farmer Field, for his conscience accused him of having done wrong—he whose boast had ever been that all the world might know his goings-on. Then there was Lucy. He had never concealed a single thing from her, but this he dared not tell her. That night he slept in London, and the next day, at the appointed hour, he was again in Lynch-court.

Mr. Quilpen's manner did not seem so cordial as he shook hands with him that morning.

'Have you the necessary papers ready for me?' asked Miles.

'Here are those connected with the Meadowcross Farm,' Miles eagerly seized and pocketed them. 'But,' continued Mr. Quilpen, 'I must beg you to bear the news I have to tell you calmly.' Miles turned deadly pale, for he felt what was coming. 'We have this morning received a letter, purporting to come from the son of your late uncle. It appears Mr. Ralph married in Canada, but, in less than two months, quarrelled with, and separated from his wife. The offspring of that marriage now writes to claim the property —'

Miles heard no more, for he had fainted. In a moment a vivid picture had flashed before his eyes. He saw himself standing in the felon's dock—he heard the judge's sentence upon him—he heard him comment on his crime—he saw the averted faces of his friends—he saw his sister, his own little Lucy, turn from him; and then his brain whirled round, and he became senseless. He recovered, to find himself in a small inn near Lynch-court, whither he had been removed. In the evening he was strong enough to proceed to the railway station, and get into the carriage for Mabburst. No one would have recognised in that crushed, haggard-looking man the joyous, stalwart Miles Garnett of the previous morning.

Lucy came running out to meet him, with smiles and cheerful looks and eager questionings. 'I am a thief,' he muttered hoarsely, and pushed her from him when she would have embraced him.

CHAPTER IV.

Miles, the next day, lay in a species of stupor, from which even Lucy could not arouse him; but, in the evening, he summoned up courage to tell her the whole story. When he had finished, he scarcely dared look her in the face; but he little knew her love; her arms were round his neck, and through her sobs she entreated him to bear up. Farmer Field would not be back for several days, and in that time much might be done.

Two days later a stranger inquired in the village for Miles Garnett. 'It is a detective come to apprehend me,' said Miles. It was not. It was a civil engineer, who informed Miles of a projected railway which would pass through the lower portion of his farm, and ended the conversation by asking him if he would take a sum of money for the field they required. The sum he offered exceeded that which Miles had, three days before, given for the whole farm.

The railway was to have passed through Sir Hugh's park, but the price he required for the land was so exorbitant that the company looked about for ground owned by a less avaricious man. Meadowcross Farm had just been sold, they learned, and the result was that, the day before Farmer Field returned home, Miles lost a slip of land, and paid into the London bankers the amount he should have given them a fortnight sooner. But that was not all. Miles told Farmer Field the whole story; he could not bear to act a lie to him; and the good-hearted farmer readily forgave him, and they remained the firmest friends.

The strangest part of the story is, perhaps, that, after all, Miles did inherit his uncle Ralph's property. The young man who claimed it proved to be an impostor, who had formerly been Ralph Garnett's clerk. The imposition was discovered; Miles obtained the money; and he is now an old and highly respected farmer; but, from that time to this, he has never forgotten the lesson he received in connection with the Meadowcross Farm.

Lucy married as well as she deserved, and is now a grandmamma. The farm is still in the possession of the family; but Miles seldom goes there; he lives with his sister; and sometimes in the evening, as they talk over the past, they neither can refrain from an expression of thankfulness, when they remember how Miles Garnett was saved from disgrace by the Mabburst Extension Railway.

WARNEK STERN.

SONNET.

BY THE LATE DAVID GRAY.

Not England, Italy, or tawny Spain,
Gay France, or all the golden isles of Greece,
Wean from my stubborn muse the burning strains,
Like Scotland and her glorious barrenness
Of hills, imbrowned with bracken's rusty gold
And the bell'd heather. Yet, at dreamy times,
Uneasy feelings of my heart take hold
To drink the keen air of diviner climes;
See the soul-blinding beauty by the south
Nursed to voluptuous ripeness, languid bloom.
And why? For scenes unvisited resemble
Those brightnesses and airy forms uncouth
Seen when we close our eyes, boil up and tremble
From the thick-spangled supernatural gloom.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.]

LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

January 7, 1836.

We have had Charles Beaumont staying with us for the last three weeks, sighing for love of Hester Thorndale, whom he has never forgotten since seeing her here last September. She laughs at him, and calls him 'boy,' yet flings him a crumb of comfort from time to time, in the shape of a pocket-handkerchief to pick up, or to give her lap-dog an airing, or to play her a tune on his flute. If this dalliance goes on, I should not wonder (notwithstanding all her good sense) but that something like attachment for her youthful admirer may some day be wrought out in her heart.

There's something rotten in the state of love. How strangely alliances are formed! and, stranger still, people don't seem to be in the least surprised at them! There is Emma, so very young and so very pretty, all but engaged, her sister tells me, to Mr. Alton, a man upwards of sixty! But, then, he is of landed estate, and will succeed to a baronetcy on the death of a frail elder brother. And so the world will see nothing preposterous in this marriage. Rather will they coolly congratulate the bride on her good fortune; and, by-and-by, when she becomes a widow, her ladyship may find leisure to think of love in earnest—that is, when she weds for the *second time*. Oh! I have no patience with such mercenary calculations. If an old man will be so foolish as to seek a wife young enough to be his granddaughter, and her relatives are so unfeeling as to wreath garlands for the sacrifice, why does the victim herself not rebel? Such rebellion were noblest allegiance to truth and right. Why does she not cry out mightily for the freedom of choice that is the birthright of her maidenhood? Why will she barter the glory of her fresh affections for anything beneath the sun, save the fair equivalent of a devoted heart? And if she will thus forget her high privilege, and undervalue true love—the best gift that one creature can bestow on another—why does society ignore the heartless spirit, and receive the gilded automaton with open arms, as neither 'sinned against nor sinning'? I confess my head sometimes gets confused when I think on the world's ways. I discern so much inconsistency between creed and practice; such open adoration of wealth, however privately and abstractly the principle is denied; such erroneous ideas of what should constitute true happiness; such exaltation of trifling externals; such depreciation of veritable blessings! But stay, Kate, surely you are not going to turn censor upon mankind—you, whom George calls 'a linnet scarcely full

fledged.' But, as the wise man says, 'A bird of the air shall have a voice, and that which hath wings may carry a matter.' By the way, speaking of carrying a matter—which no doubt, in its original application, meant a secret—I must record a little incident which occurred to-day.

I had gone into town this morning to do some shopping, consequent upon baby's laying aside her long clothes. (How nice she looks in her short frocks, and how neat are her tiny feet in the scarlet worsted boots!) Well, in the course of my perambulations, being not very far from the street, I thought I might as well call a minute, and ask for George. I went to his chambers accordingly, and tapped at the entrance door. No answer. Then louder, but with no effect. I next opened the door, and peeped in. The outer office, where the two clerks sit, was empty; but I heard words, rather loud and contentious, proceeding from the inner room, and my husband's voice distinctly raised, as he said—

'I will hear no more of this. Your interference is altogether absurd. I desire you may never trouble me again about the matter. The thing is done, and cannot now be undone by any effort of yours.'

Here strange tones—a female's, as I fancied—muttered an indistinct reply. I was not mistaken. In another instant the chamber opened, and George appeared in the doorway, 'showing out,' as we phrase it, some person standing behind him, who seemed very unwilling to vacate the sanctum. This was a woman—the same (I knew her the moment I caught sight of her) whom I had seen talking with my husband on the road that moonlight evening. She wore the identical smart-shaped bonnet, and the cloak with the fur trimming. She was young, moreover, and good-looking in respect of features; yet with a sinister expression in her eye—a sort of low cunning, as it struck me, which I did not like.

When George saw me thus unexpectedly standing straight before him (for I had not thought of executing my commissions to town when he left me in the morning), he seemed slightly taken at unawares. He made more haste than ever to get quit of his visitor—flying to the outer door, and holding it wide ajar, that she might make her exit the faster. As she was moving slowly away, with downcast visage, she suddenly lifted her head, and darted a quick glance at me—bold and defiant. George made a gesture of increasing impatience. Then she lingered on the threshold, as if meditating a parting word. It came at last. The accent was dry and disagreeable:—

'If I don't come back, Mr. Weston, you shall hear from me.' George answered nothing; but, closing the door so hurriedly as nearly to catch a portion of the mantle as she retreated, shut her out precipitately. When he turned to me, it was with apparent

relief that she was gone; and I noted that his face was partially flushed from the recent colloquy.

'Sit down, Kate. My scribes are both out. Or perhaps you had better come into my study, though it is a sad litter to-day. I have been consulting old records, and the floor is quite strewn with the books and papers.'

Yet the stranger had found admission, I thought. I might as well go in too. He had not exaggerated. There was literally almost no available space; and I had to thread my steps, daintily, between the interstices of quartos, folios, and parchments, as best I might. While I was thus groping my way to a chair—into which I almost tumbled at last most unceremoniously—my husband had taken occasion to, hustle out of sight, into a big box close at hand, a considerable mass of old letters that lay upon the table—some recently opened, probably for re-inspection—some closed in the original foldings. This done, he composed himself to speak to me; and, for this purpose, seated himself on the said box, remarking, as he did so,

'You have little idea, Kate, how we lawyers, who are said to worry others so cruelly, are sometimes worried ourselves. And, when senseless people come making ridiculous proposals to me, I cannot help feeling provoked by their ignorant meddling.'

Of course I guessed he alluded to the woman who had just gone. So almost as if thinking aloud, I said, 'I daresay she is very troublesome; but I thought you had declined managing her affairs?' His eye did not meet mine, though I was looking full into his face, but glanced off adroitly in the direction of the window.

'Oh! that person whom you saw just now is not the worst of my clients. But the truth is, Kate,' he added, evidently desirous of changing the subject, 'I find the work here getting rather heavy for me, and I have serious thoughts of assuming a partner.'

'A partner!' I echoed in surprise, while vague notions of the privacy of our dwelling being thereby invaded rushed through my mind. 'You don't mean a strange man to come and live with us, to go into town with you every morning and come back with you every night, taking away all the pleasure of our fireside, talking loud, perhaps, and looking fierce, and frightening the baby. You don't mean that, George?'

He gave a small laugh. 'Kate, you are the funniest little dreamer. I do not want to have my home the less but far more my own than it has yet been. And this would be greatly facilitated by having a judicious person here with authority above that of a mere clerk to act in my absence. I wish to be longer in my own home, my love, and to go and come at pleasure; to be able to take a whole day's play occasionally, Kate, without the fear of business being neglected.'

'Oh then, get a partner by all means,' I broke in; 'the sooner the better if it will save you fatigue, George, and give you more leisure to spend with me and our pet. Do you know she is growing wonderfully, and will soon be able to walk and to speak, and be quite a companion to us?'

I was really in earnest; but my husband regarded me with such a comical expression, that I could not refrain smiling at my own enthusiasm. Whereupon, taking both my hands in his, he exclaimed—

'How many things there are, my darling, I should never have known but for you! Indeed, I have got new views of human nature altogether since I took you into partnership. But that other partner is a different affair, and I shall talk it all over with you this evening.'

Shortly after this I took my departure, well pleased and happy. Yet I must confess that for a good part of the way home my thoughts reverted to the owner of the furred mantle; and I half-resolved to put the questions point-blank to George—Who is she? and What does she want with you? But somehow I have not found courage yet. I have my own suspicions, however, which I should like to have either confirmed or removed.

To-night, as we were sitting by the fire, I took heart, and asked my husband quietly, 'Will you tell me, dear, whether the person I saw in your office to-day is not the wife of that Mr. Grey?'

'No, indeed,' he answered at once; 'she is not. Dreaming again, Kate! Oh you have the rarest fancy. You should write a volume of fairy tales, my love; it would be a complete success.'

I hung my head, for I felt rather ashamed of the failure I had made in my supposition. When I looked up, George was laughing in a sly sort of manner. I felt a little provoked, but I began to laugh too; I really could not help it. So I am no wiser than I was.

February 13.

A long letter came this morning from Aunt Aubrey. She has been at Nice for more than two months, and gives a charming account of the place, both in respect of society, climate, and natural advantages, fine walks and beautiful scenery. She writes, too, that her own health begins to improve, whereas I rejoice. But there is another part of the letter which interests me greatly. This refers to an acquaintance she has recently made. I shall transcribe the narrative in her own words.

'I believe, my dear Katherine, I told you formerly that I considered myself fortunate in the apartments I have got here—quiet, comfortable, airy, and with a sweet peep of country from the windows. My landlady is Scotch, her husband a Frenchman. There are other lodgers—an English gentleman and his two daughters, who are located here for the winter and spring. The girls look delicate, and I understand their mother fell a victim to consumption in the Isle of Wight. They are pleasant neighbours, and we reciprocate visits almost daily. I wish, however, to tell you of two persons whom I only discovered lately as being also resident in this house.

'I had not been here many days when I observed a child, who came out regularly every morning to play in front of my parlour casement. He was a handsome little fellow, with a sunburned cheek, curly jet locks,

and flashing black eyes. Judging by size, I guessed him to be about six years old—the free and dauntless bearing might have suited a boy of any age. But what chiefly attracted my notice was the particular kind of amusement he affected, and the unflinching perseverance with which he pursued it. Punctually each day at nine o'clock a.m., the very loud beating of a very small drum fell on my ear, and, on looking out, I espied my tiny chevalier marching along with bold step to the accompaniment of his own warlike music, and heading a band of children, all wearing high pointed caps, who followed him admiringly to the rendezvous. This was an open quadrangle of some twenty feet square, marked off by a childish border of white stones, and manifestly set apart for the special purpose. Arrived here, the *soi-disant* general made a dead stand, and proceeded to marshal his troop. And now comes the ludicrous portion of the story. Most of these recruits were older and taller than their commander, and many of them of the female gender—most grotesquely and absurdly habited, moreover, considering their dignified profession. Their leader, however, with his bright defiant front, made amends for all the others' deficiencies, handing to each his weapon (a flat stick, fashioned with a handle, and pointed at the end to represent a miniature sword) with an air of great importance.

'Settling the youthful phalanx in double line straight before him, he proceeded to put them through various cabalistic exercises, to his own great glorification, and the evident delight of his soldiery. All this while the boy continued shouting his directions, with an authority and decision admirably in keeping with his position.

"Attention! Pas de rire—Marchez—Vite—A droite—A gauche—Chargez! Hola! Courage! Victoire!" Such was the routine of the daily drill. After the more serious business was over, the play commenced in earnest—girls and boys began scampering about in noisy merriment, chasing each other, brandishing their wooden implements, waging mock fights, attacking, defending, repulsing, backwards and forwards, to the right, to the left, ending at length in a complete *mêlée* of the whole corps. Old woman though I am, I confess to being entertained by the *tout ensemble* of the scene; and you will believe the interest was not diminished when I discovered that the hero of my little drama was actually domiciled under the same roof with myself.

'One day, after parade, I beckoned the child to come near and speak with me. The only answer he gave was to shoot up to me a rapid sparkling glance, and then bound away in the opposite direction. For several mornings I took no further notice of him, though once or twice I caught the flash of his black eye furtively darted at my window. This was precisely what I wished. His curiosity was piqued, and after that the conquest was easy. Next time I beckoned, he came willingly, and then our conversation was something like the following:—

"He bien! mon petit, comment vous appelez vous?"

"Non—non. Je ne suis pas petit," he replied, briskly, with a toss of the raven curls. "On m'appelle Capitaine!"

'Contrasting the diminutive figure before me with the swelling title he assumed, I could not refrain a smile.

"Dites moi donc, mon Capitaine, ou demeurez vous?"

"Ici. Dans ce maison, madame."

"Indeed!" I repeated, almost unconsciously, to myself.

"Yes; and indeed!" cried my companion, while his features relaxed into an arch laugh. "I live here—in this very house. Did you never know that before?"

"So you can speak English too, can you?" I asked, in some surprise. "Are you not, then, a French boy?" His hawk-like eyes flashed again, with a sort of burlesque pride. He drew himself up to his full height—and a very little height that was, after all—as he repeated,

"Je suis Capitaine!" As he spoke, he marched his small foot forward, and struck one palm upon his breast—raising the other aloft, as in triumphant vindication of his majesty of office. I nodded to him, and laughed.

"I know you are a captain, for I see you every morning drilling your troop. But by what name do your father and mother call you?"

"My mother calls me Louis; but my papa"—he paused a moment—"is dead!"

'I caught him by both hands, and drew him to my side.

"Was your papa a soldier, my boy?"

'He looked at me with quite a mysterious expression. "I do not know. But I hear my mamma say he is not dead as other people are dead; and he is not buried underground like them."

'Not buried. The thought darted through my mind—he must have been a sailor, and died at sea. I pondered a few minutes, during which the child, forgetting all his late military ardour, stood with a more pensive meaning in his black eyes than I had yet seen there.

"My mamma is always crying—triste, triste—when she talks of my papa," he said, in a softened tone.

"Where is your mamma?" I inquired of him, stroking the hair that curled round his temples.

"My mamma is in this house. She lives at the top of the long stairs. But she is not well," he added, with a short sigh. I bent over him, and kissed the small brown cheek,

"Do you think I could see your mamma, mon cher?"

"Peut être!" he replied, relapsing into the language of the country, "Elle est Ecossaise, ma maman; mais elle est malade; O si malade, ma cher maman!"

'I saw the little heart, late so strong, was quite feeble now, and collapsed with grief, while tears stood in the beautiful orbs, making them more starry than ever.

"I must see your mamma, Louis," I whispered to

him gently; "I shall sit by her bed and nurse her, and depend upon it we shall have her quite well again very soon."

'He gave me such a look through his glittering eyelids. Was the poor fellow so unused to kindness that the chance sympathy of a stranger should call forth such dazzling gratitude? Yes. He seemed to take sudden comfort and confidence from my words.

"I like to hear you talk," he said, after a minute or two. "Nobody ever spoke this way to me before."

'Immediately he revived to his old brightness. The cloud and the shower were past, and the sun came forth again into the blue sky.

'I went to the store cupboard, which stands in a corner of my apartment, and, selecting from a heap of apples I had lately put there, some of the finest and largest, I placed them in one of the neat osier baskets (made by my gardener's blind son at Woodburn, of which I brought several abroad), and presented it to my child companion.

"Take this from your new-found friend, mon capitaine," I said; "and next time you come tell me when I may see your mamma."

'He gave me no spoken thanks; but you know well, Katherine, that there is a symbolic language oftentimes a thousandfold more eloquent than speech. Such was the manner in which this noble boy now sought to unveil his heart—seizing my hand by a quick and graceful action (no courtier could have shown more elegant gallantry), he kissed it honestly, impulsively, with tender respect; and then, turning his magnificent eyes full upon mine, he took up the basket, murmuring almost inaudibly, as he regarded the fruit, "My mamma loves apples," and so vanished from the room like a sunbeam.

'The same afternoon, I was sitting alone, meditating, as is my wont in the twilight, when a short tap came to my door, and, upon my answering the signal, Louis again appeared.

"You may come and see my mamma now, if you choose," he began; "I will show you the way."

"I'm quite ready, mon ami, venez donc!"

'He led me through a long passage, and up several flights of stairs. This is a rambling kind of house, and I seemed to be introduced into a sort of wing or abutment shut off from the main entrance. He paused before a door that was partly ajar, and giving it a slight push, and softly repeating—"My mamma is there," he tripped nimbly back again down the steps, leaving me most unceremoniously to make my own introduction. Such is childhood—forward, shy, confidential, and abrupt by turns.

'I entered very quietly, and was moving towards the bed which stood opposite, naturally expecting to find the invalid there, when I became dimly aware of a female figure half reclining on a long low seat in the window recess. The day had waned so much, and no lamp yet lit, that I had approached very near ere I perceived that the couch was empty, and that this (the only person in the chamber) must be she whom I had come to visit. When she saw me, she

raised herself languidly from her recumbent posture. "You are the lady my little Louis told me of?" she said feebly. "Pray be seated. It is most kind of you to come," with a pause between each sentence to regain her failing breath. Weak as she was, I could note that the accent and manner were those of a refined gentlewoman. I sat down beside her; and as the last remnant of fading light in the west fell upon her face, which was turned thitherward, stranger as she was, I felt a pang shoot keenly through my heart as I beheld it.

'O Katherine! what is that which speaks to us so loudly, from some countenances, of the near doom of the grave? It is not that the features are wan and wasted, nor that the breathing is dubious and intermittent, nor that the blue veins go wandering too palpably over the marble brow, nor that the eyes look vague and dim, through utter weariness of outward objects. No. It is something far deeper than any of these. We feel it, but we cannot give it a name. The soul bows before the presence, as a solemn incontestible reality, a forewarning shadow of a dark hour that must come quickly. You will have guessed to what I allude. The young sufferer (she could not be more than five or six and twenty), whom I saw that afternoon for the first time, was plainly hastening away, and that rapidly—home to the better land.

'I need not give you the details of our conversation that night. The particulars I gleaned then, as well as on subsequent occasions when I visited her, are soon told. The dying woman, it appears, is a native of Scotland, the wife of a Mr. Falconer, a man well born and educated, who, for reasons she did not care to explain, could not accompany her to Nice when she came hither with their child, about three years ago. Neither has she seen him since. Indeed, she is exceedingly reserved on this point; leaving me quite in darkness whether his desertion of her was the result of choice or necessity. My own impression is, (as she always talks of him with unbounded interest and affection, and she is evidently very poor,) that her husband is of unsteady habits; and having found it impossible to make provision for his family in his own country, he gladly consented to their accepting the hospitality of a distant relative, this very Madame Dufresne, with whom I lodge. Mrs. Falconer accordingly came here, ostensibly on the score of health, but more truly to find an asylum for herself and her son. At any rate, there seems to be some mystery in the case, and she is slow to speak out.

'Taking it for granted, my dear Katherine, that you share in some measure my interest in this unfortunate lady, I shall not fail to tell you, from time to time, anything further that may transpire regarding her. Meanwhile, with love unfeigned, believe me, yours, M. AUBREY.

'P.S.—I must not omit to say to you what a sweet woman this Mrs. Falconer is. She must have been pretty, too, ere the fatal malady overtook her. By-the-by, do you know that lovely ballad of Moore's, entitled "The Stranger?" I know you sing his songs.

One of the verses I always especially admired. It runs thus—

"Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,
For pale was her cheek, with that spirit-like hue
Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended,
And light from another already shines through!"

Alas! when you read these lines, you may think of the fast, fading flower in the attic room at Nice.*

Need I say that this episode in my aunt's letter hung about my memory and imagination long after I had read it; and hangs about them still, for that matter, with an intensity sometimes almost painful? What will become of that fine high-spirited boy when his poor wasted mother is gone? And where can the husband and father be? Not dead, they say, though dead to them. What can it mean?

Ah! what melancholy tales of slight and wrong some people in this world may have to tell! Poverty too. But my dear kind aunt is there, and she is the soul of charity and goodness. Once I dreamed that life was a long summer's day, and earth a garden of roses. Alas! I begin to see there are briars too; and as the poet has it—

'The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!'

One thing is certain, I must write to Nice this very night.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

THE MISSIONARY ABROAD. FOURTH NOTICE.

KING EYO HONESTY, of Creek Town, and King Eyamba, of Duke Town, were the reigning sovereigns of Old Calabar when Mr. Waddell arrived in that country in 1846. At the mouth of the river, the Warri, the ship in which the missionaries had come from England, was overtaken by H. M. steamer *Ethiopia*. On board this vessel, whither Captain Beecroft had invited him, Mr. Waddell reached Duke Town a day or two earlier than the Warri could have taken him. At the place of anchorage, where the river is about a thousand yards broad, were assembled half-a-dozen oil ships—five English and one Dutch—which presented a rather singular appearance, being roofed over and thatched from the bulwarks up nearly half-mast high. This, we presume, is the usual safeguard against all climatic pests in Calabar, and resembles the precautions adopted, for opposite reasons, by Polar voyagers, when wintering in the frozen seas of the north.

Among the very first to welcome the missionary was King Eyo, who happened to be in the river delivering oil to one of the ships. His Majesty, who approached in a six-oared gig, with an English ensign, containing his name in large capitals, streaming behind, was sheltered by an umbrella of enormous crinolinical dimensions. Two large war canoes followed him, in the form of an escort. These vessels were each rowed by twenty-eight men, between whom, down the centre of the deck, stood a body of armed warriors, ready to defend the person of

their king. Like the royal gig, the canoes flaunted English ensigns, besides having a roofed house amidships, and a swivel gun in the bows. As the pageant advanced on the river, it was joined by several chiefs in their own canoes adorned with flags, and as the oarsmen bent to their work, they shouted a sort of rhythmic chant to the beat of their paddles. Captain Beecroft gave the king a cordial reception on board the *Ethiopia*; and the king in his turn welcomed the captain and the missionaries with all the suavity of a sovereign, shaking hands with them, and saying that he was glad to see them. Like most other human regalities, King Eyo was a kind of spectacle in his way. Although, however, a rather 'low-set and stout-made,' or what might be called a gutty man, his fine head and open countenance seemed to have favourably impressed the missionaries. As custom generally is king of kings, his Majesty of Creek Town was not above the prevailing style of scanty Calabar costume. With the exception of a beaver hat, which was probably the only royal innovation, his dress was purely native, and consisted of several yards of broad fancy-coloured silk wrapped round his loins and descending to his ankles. His only ornaments were strings of beads, which glittered from neck and arms; while his gold snuff-box, pistols, and sword were carried by a couple of sable pages.

It seldom happens to common mortals to meet two kings in one day. This, however, was Mr. Waddell's good fortune, if it can be called such, when both monarchs are black, and reign amid savage surroundings. In the evening, our missionary went ashore to visit King Eyamba at Duke Town. The royal city which, with few exceptions, is merely a mass of huts artlessly huddled together, lies along the minor trunk of the river. Eyamba's iron palace is the principal architectural feature of this metropolis of the wilderness. It was imported from Liverpool, and being constructed in the most recent style of art, it may be said to form the point of contact of the newest and oldest phases of human civilization. Judging from the picture of it which Mr. Waddell gives, it is really not inelegant, though somewhat florid and gaudy. Where it stands, it must, we fear, resemble a savage chieftain decked out with beads and bugles and other jingling trumpery, surrounded by his humble retainers, guiltless of shame, and unvitiated by the unstable and effeminate philosophy of clothes. The houses around this Alladin-palace were low, mud-plastered, palm-thatched, and without a single window to let in the sun and moon, though each had a capacious door leading into a small court-yard. This windowless city was also streetless; an inconvenience, however, which was greatly neutralised by the fact that there was neither horse nor wheeled vehicle within its walls.

A large, coarse man, with a good-humoured face, sitting in an arm-chair, with a few yards of Manchester cloth wrapped round his waist! That is the portrait of a king—King Eyamba—rough, as if new from Nature's African pottery. Bating the clothes,

a little schooling, and, perhaps, the colour of the skin, the picture bears a wonderful resemblance to those of many monarchs whose mottled histories darken the annals of the Old World. Believers in metempsychosis would have little difficulty in imagining that the soul of a certain 'First Gentleman' of a large tract of civilised territory—the most intensely tailor-made monarch that ever was made—had, as a punishment for a few princely peccadilloes, been condemned to inhabit the black cabinet of a form, of all forms the most abhorrent to the dainty ideas of white civilization. We mean no offence, however, to the body of Eyamba's sable majesty. Kings, like other people, must make the best of the souls they get; and if that of the famous 'First Gentleman' chanced to be thrust under the black monarch's uncomely ribs, it was more a pity than a fault.

One good feature in the character of both King Eyo and King Eyamba, was their overflowing courtesy. They had invited the missionaries to come to Calabar. When the strangers arrived, they were made welcome; and were told at once to choose suitable ground whereon to build houses and churches. Each king was eager, indeed, to have the mission fixed in his own town; but though it was established at Duke Town, and the first church built there, the missionaries laboured in both cities, and ultimately a church was also erected at Creek Town. This capital, by the way, though smaller, was much cleaner and rather more orderly than its rival. A wide street ran up the centre of it. Eyo's house, however, was built of wood, two storeys high, with a front verandah, and the unregal arrangement of outside stairs. Its apartments resembled the rooms of a furniture warehouse more than those of a palace. They were stuffed with tables, sideboards, sofas, chairs, chests of drawers, a variety of time-pieces, all attempting to keep time, a barrel-organ, chinaware, pictures, chandeliers, and mirrors of all shapes, sizes, and prices.

Mr. Waddell brought from friends in Scotland the present of a large Bible to King Eyamba, which they presented to his Majesty on their first Sabbath-day in Calabar. When the missionaries—Messrs. Waddell, Edgerley, Chisholm, and Miller—went to the palace, they met the king and his chiefs in the state-room, which was a large, elegant apartment, and handsomely furnished. A beautiful peacock, which strutted about the floor, hastened away as they entered; but another, as proud and vain, remained in the person of black bedizened Eyamba himself. In hat and feathers, with waistcloth according to the fashion of the country, and loads of beads and brass rings, he paraded before the large mirrors, turning and admiring himself in every kind of theatrical attitude—as rare a specimen of the Brummel genus as ever fitted between chandeliers and carpets. Mr. Waddell thus notes the simple ceremony of presentation:—'Eyamba sat down in an arm-chair of solid brass, under a handsome canopy, meant for a throne. Four sofas were wheeled round in front for the company, and a small table placed in front for the gift Bible. When I had addressed him

and his chiefs on the object of our mission, and the character of the present that Christian friends had sent him, he replied that he thanked us and them, and God also, for sending us. Mr. Edgerley and the rest followed with appropriate remarks, and we concluded with a prayer for the Divine blessing. They asked if Mrs. Edgerley would also speak, but were satisfied to learn that she would talk to their women.'

In Calabar, the investiture of a candidate with the most coveted honour which the king can confer is a very simple affair indeed, compared with the elaborate ceremonies on similar occasions in this country. Another difference lies in this, that, while honours are won in Britain, they are bought in Calabar. Mr. Waddell witnessed a young man completing his payment for the degree of 'Yampy Egbo'—which seems to be a secret semi-diabolical species of nobility. The candidate received his patent from Eyamba's own hands, in the form of three marks of yellow powder on his forehead and arms. If the powder used is not of a fast colour, the possession of such an honour must involve a deal of artistic manipulation in the diurnal renewal of the yellow badge, unless, indeed, which is probable enough, the 'degree' is supposed to lift its possessor above the troublesome ritualism of sanitary science. There being no official gazette in Calabar, the new-made noble, after bowing to the dust in acknowledgment of his sovereign's condescension, rushed forth like a painted fiend, making tremendously joyful proclamation of his elevation to the ranks of the painted peerage.

If any of our adventurous artists, who think nothing of camping in the Highlands, or of traversing Norway on foot, with knapsack on back, merely for the purpose of freshening up their ideas, or getting rid of the dusty sapless conventionalities of polished society, would only extend their peregrinations to the coast of Upper Guinea, they would be certain to encounter some phase of unsophisticated humanity which, if properly canvassed, could not fail to make a picturesque little fortune. A large picture, for instance, entitled 'The Calabar Market,' would be sure to sell well. The painting of such a picture would be rendered all the more easy from the absence of tailors and milliners in that part of the world. Half-a-dozen yards of printed calico, from the handiest haberdasher's, would furnish all the costume necessary to cover the nakedness of a nation—on canvas. How to dispose of the articulate buzz, the speaking eye and contorted mouth, and the many-attituded bustle, are secrets well known to British artists; although, we are sorry to observe, they are less frequently brought into requisition than they ought to be. Landscape is all very well in its way; but the ever-changing kaleidoscope of human life will always exercise the profoundest artistic genius, as it does of the poetic and the philosophic. In the picture of the Calabar market, the sellers squat on the ground, with their wares on mats or in calabashes before them; while the buyers walk about surveying and examining the merchandises. This would afford scope for the exhi-

bition of an infinite variety of negro character. The goods sold are either English manufactures, or country provisions, smoked fish and flesh, with yams and plantains, dry shrimps, and fresh meat of deer or pig, *with skin and hair on*. Let the artist note the Italianised characteristic. It is a peculiar one, and marks an epoch in Calabar civilization. The law of the market requires that flesh should be sold with its skin and hair, to prevent cannibalism—a precaution rendered necessary, not by the gastronomical predilections of the Calabarese, but on account of the number of new slaves formerly introduced through the foreign trade from cannibal tribes in the interior. To indicate these phases of Calabar life would undoubtedly be a triumph of artistic invention. Currency in Calabar is still nebulous, and greatly needs condensation. It consists principally of copper and brass rods two feet in length, each equivalent to nearly a shilling. The only approach to coined money is the native half-penny, which the smiths manufacture out of the rod money. As there is no royal mint, there is no such crime as coining; and if a merchant suspects that the long money is not long enough, or of the right quality, he can refuse to take it without committing any offence. The artist would find no difficulty in representing this custom on canvas; although certain spectators might mistake the bundles of money for an imitation of the famous bundle of sticks with which the wise man taught his sons the beauty and strength of union. The picture would, undoubtedly, be a most unique one; and it might be still farther enhanced by a misty background of scrubland, with a hungry tiger or two prowling through it, scenting their prey afar off, as prophets foresee the dim shadows of coming events; or, perhaps, a distant glimpse of the river might be inserted, where the cavernous jaws of an alligator could be made to unlock themselves as if to receive a feast of negroes; or, if the artist was classically ophidian in his tastes, he could dash an African version of the Laocoon into one corner of his picture, by putting a Calabar father and his two sons in the terrific folds of a tremendous cobra de capella, the exhibition of whose combined contortions would elicit the loftiest powers of artistic genius. This last touch would of course necessitate a slight change in the title of the picture, and probably some such name as 'An African Laocoon' would serve the purpose as well as any other.

If, however, the pilgrim-artist imagined that an African market-piece was too mean a work for the aspirations of his brush, perhaps he would have less objection to paint a Feast of the Kings of Calabar. In this theme, as in the other, there would be ample scope for the wide-working of creative artistic power; while in name, at least, there would be something in it to tickle the ears of the more dainty connoisseurs. Mr. Waddell had the honour of an invitation to the weekly feast of King Eyamba; and the account he gives of it shows it to have been a decidedly spicy affair. The day of the feast was 'Calabar Sunday.' The company, including black and white, were sum-

moned by the firing of a large gun at two o'clock, and as the guests assembled, the king received them in the state-room, doing honour to the occasion by appearing in the very best costume in the royal wardrobe—broad silk waistcloth, hat and feathers, a profusion of jingling jewellery, but without either a shirt or a shoe. After going through the peacock operation of admiring his beautiful person in a series of mirrors, he marshalled the company to the dining-room, where he placed himself at the head of the table, with the white guests on his right and the blacks on his left, the foot remaining empty for the accommodation of late arrivals. The preliminary ceremony was a general washing of hands, which was performed in eastern style, by a basin, ewer, and towel being carried round, and a little water poured on the fingers of each of the guests. A corps of stout girls, in native undress, then defiled into the apartment, each bearing on her head a closed calabash, covered with an ornamental cloth, which she placed on the table. White guests might naturally exclaim, what have we here? The novel dainties were quickly disclosed. Each calabash was differently filled. One contained a splendid mess of yams and fish, deliciously stewed, together with palm oil, vegetables, and red-hot pepper. There was a steaming dish of yams and goat-flesh, cooked as above, which might have melted the teeth of a tiger. To natives, these dishes were perfection itself, though they created a slight hesitancy in the European appetite. Their smell was not at all unsavoury; but the British scent was made the fool of the other senses, for the eye could not approve of the sneaking desire of the nose. A favourite dish at this feast was a powerful black soup, accompanied with pounded yams or 'fufu.' Each dish naturally formed a course; and though the king distributed supplies to all the guests, they were free to accept or reject as taste or appetite might dictate. More from conscience than curiosity, Mr. Waddell tasted a little of the different delicacies, and found them not unpalatable, but rather oily and spicy. But while the white guests ate infinitesimal morsels, the natives enjoyed themselves immensely, eating bountifully of the various dishes, dispensing with etiquette—using fingers for forks and lips for napkins. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the dinner referred to the consumption of the 'fufu,' which was not eaten in the strict sense of the term, but actually swallowed or bolted in pieces as big as apples. Every native guest hewed a lump from the central mass, and laid it on the table beside his plate of 'black soup.' Then rolling a piece the size of a Guinea-hen's egg between his hands, into a ball, he stuck the middle finger of his right hand lightly and neatly into it, dipped it into the sauce, and then fired it down the knotted column of his throat without so much as grazing a single tooth. The Calabar nobility perform the 'fufu' trick with such expertness, ease, elegance, and artistic mastery, that it is very manifest the skill runs in the blood, and is transmitted from father to son, just as many of the properties and inseparable accidents of

aristocratic breeding recur among the blue-blooded Britons. The art of bolting 'fufu' is

'Bequeathed from eating sire to son.'

in so singular a manner, that it furnishes a new argument in favour of the theory of the hereditary transmission of qualities. Mr. Waddell, indeed, asserts that European culture is no match against the inborn skill of the Calabar aristocracy, at the well-named and beautiful art of 'fufu.' During the consumption of 'fufu,' the most that the clumsy European artist can do is to sit, fast, and admire. The Calabarese appear to be well acquainted with the fact that good digestion depends largely on good temper and hilarity. At the feast in question, the trumpet of mirth made the table ring, and jokes exploded in laughter, as the sauced balls of 'fufu' descended into the bowels of the blacks. Indeed, while going into the feast tooth and nail, teeth were not allowed to usurp the province of tongue, which wagged in harmony with the collapsing grinders. The only drink used at the royal table was *mimbo*, 'a milky-looking liquor, fresh drawn from a species of palm tree, of agreeable taste and unintoxicating nature.' Eyamba and his gentry quaffed it from overflowing quart mugs, while the white guests drank it from tumblers. We do not claim for this feast the qualities enclosed in the divine epithet 'Homeric;' yet are we of opinion that a shrewd artist, whose eye swims in a glowing sea of humour, could create a picture from its darkly grotesque elements which might whip European dilettanteism out of some of its effeminate conceits.

Mr. Waddell dined also with King Eyo; but although the feast was much like the other, it was better served, and of higher character also, both as to company and conduct. The guests used forks; and in addition to sweet *mimbo*, they had the choice of champagne. Very little of it, however, was consumed. The king himself was a model of temperance. He never drank wine or spirits; and when one of the company pressed him, and filled his glass, he declined with great good temper and firmness, acknowledged his health, which the other drank, and handed the glass to a servant. 'King Eyo, why do you never drink wine?' cried one of the captains. 'If I begin to drink wine,' he replied, 'what will become of my trade and of yours too?' A very sensible question, King Eyo, and spoken like a Total Abstinence. This same monarch, while one day admonishing one of his chiefs, made the very Christian remark,—'It is not fit for a man who has to settle palavers in the town to spoil his head with rum.' Of course, we know all the precepts of that species of wisdom, although we don't carry them into practice; but it is pleasant to hear them from the lips of a barbaric king, who can practise them as well as preach them.

Creek Town 'Palaver House,' or Town Hall, which was simply a large, low shed, stood at the head of the one street of the city, with its front entirely open. Pillars of solid mangrove supported the ridge-pole.

Its only seats were made of hard-beaten clay, and were arranged along the two sides; a recess for Egbo mysteries was enclosed at the upper end; in front stood the great Egbo drum, which was beaten only on occasions of public importance; and before it stood two upright pentagonal stones, 'pillars of remembrance,' of basaltic appearance, which had been quarried in the Camaroon mountains. Both on the pillars and the drum, the missionary discovered the blistered blood of human sacrifices.

In exploring Creek Town, Mr. Waddell came upon the figure of a man, inartistically carved out of a wooden post, which also formed its pedestal. A serpent seemed to crawl up the front of the base, and up the back an alligator. On asking the boy who acted as guide, 'Who is that standing there?' he replied, 'The devil.' 'Is it for any good?' 'No; it be bad,' he answered at once. Other authorities, however, maintained that the statue meant nothing, being valued only as a specimen of ancient art. But if it really was a monument of the fiend, the depth of disrespect into which the memory of the original had fallen among the people, may be inferred from the fact that a brute of a cow was allowed to demolish it for ever. We are inclined to think, however, that there was a mystery about that cow; and, after some study of the case, we think it extremely probable that the animal in question must have been the Old Gentleman himself, who assumed the form of a Calabar crummie, in order the more effectually to crush to the earth so hideous a portrait of himself, which could serve no end but to weaken his power, by presenting a ridiculous handle to his enemies.

Continuing their stroll, Mr. Waddell and his guide come outside the town to a 'devil house,' a temporary structure, sacred to the memory of some deceased person, in which many articles of household use and value were damaged and left to perish. 'What are these things for?' he inquired. 'For the devil,' replied the boy. 'What does the devil want with pots and calabashes, rotten yams, and all the rest?' 'To chop.' 'Why, they have all got holes; what is that for?' 'Fear any one steal them.' 'Can the devil chop out of broken vessels?' 'So they do here,' said the boy, with a laugh; 'it be fool fashion.' On further investigation, Mr. Waddell discovered that the devil meant the ghost, and that everything in spiritland was done in shadow, as on earth in substance. The ghost of a man, therefore, ate the ghost of a yam, boiled in the ghost of a pot, over the ghost of a fire!

Of all departments of human adventure, missionary work demands the steadiest and most immeasurable enthusiasm. Mr. Waddell found in Calabar a rare field for the exercise of his peculiar genius. The Calabarese are certainly not the worst, but they are as certainly not the best race to be met in Africa. Their virtues are few, their vices many, though such as spring up in the deep darkness of ignorance, before the dawn of knowledge. Intercourse with traders from civilised countries has undoubtedly an enlightening effect; but as traders don't make it their

business to instruct their customers or merchants, extensive commercial relations on the part of Africa are not incompatible with very extensive barbarism. The Calabar mind could without injustice be compared to a land of swamp and scrub, full of all manner of wild beasts, and with only a patch here and there redeemed from the infernal gods. The people believed every species of pernicious thing, and practised every conceivable kind of detestable custom. Trial by ordeal (eating poison), polygamy, human sacrifice at the death of a king or chief, infanticide, especially of twins, are only a few of the dark catalogue that could be compiled of Calabar vices and barbaric customs. Their theology and demonology exhibit great poverty of imagination. Both their heaven and hell are vague, undignified, and unattractive. They lack grandeur and breadth of conception. Their deities are demons, and their devil is anything but a gentleman. But the demons and gods most difficult to dethrone were the sensual and brutal customs of the people, and in assailing these Mr. Waddell found his Christian artillery put to the sorest test.

Moreover, although the Calabarese were willing and not unapt learners, they are mere children in the application of their knowledge—being, like all gentle barbarians, most tantalisingly inclined, while receiving instruction, to return to the practice of the ancient customs of their race. Through the missionary's teaching, many of the common people, principal men, and at least one sovereign, King Eyo, came to believe largely in the truths of Christianity; and of course, as a consequence, to give up and denounce their old habits. Yet, in spite of the new views they had imbibed, the least occasion made them waver. A chief, named Antica Cobham, was one of those who was partially affected by Mr. Waddell's teaching. He could hardly be called a convert; but, at the entreaty of the missionary, he had abolished human sacrifice at the death of his people; and the trial by ordeal, which was known by the name of 'chopping nut,' or drinking a fluid concocted by an infusion of the poisonous *cébre* bean. But, when the son of this chief died, and the brother of the deceased was accused of causing his death, the trial by 'chopping nut' came in as a necessity; the young man, indeed, demanded the ordeal, which the foolish father, although disbelieving in the custom, did not prevent in the present case, and, as might have been anticipated even by himself, sacrificed his innocent son. The death of a chief named John Duke was followed by the massacre of a large number of women and girls. Several of the chief men in the town slew a number of their own domestic slaves in honour of the deceased, and actually sent off to their plantations for an additional supply. The mother of the dead chief said, 'He has left no children; kill the half of his slaves; what use he leave them behind?' King Eyamba, although not a Christian, was confessedly adverse to these sacrifices, regarding them as a bad fashion, yet he did not interpose his authority in the present instance till above a hundred persons were massacred. That these bloody deeds were done in Calabar amid the faint white light of the Gospel is not at all surprising, seeing that many wicked things are done in Europe in its full blaze. When this 'King of all black men,' Eyamba V., himself died, an immense number of

slaves were murdered, to do honour to his memory. A mighty grave or pit, wide and deep, was dug inside a house for his interment. In one side of the pit a chamber was excavated to contain two sofas, on which the body of the king was placed, dressed in ornamental costume, and with a crown on his head. But as it would not do to send the buried majesty of Calabar into Ghostland alone, Eyamba's umbrella, sword, and snuff-box bearers, and many other personal attendants, were immediately dispatched, and cast into the pit with the insignia of their offices. Living virgins, also, according to old custom, were thrust in to accompany their king. But the royal party could not, of course, travel into the land of ghosts without refreshments, and money to purchase more on the road, if necessary; so, great quantities of food, trade goods, and coppers, were added to complete the arrangements. The pit was then filled up, the ground trampled and beaten hard, all traces of the king's whereabouts being carefully effaced, to prevent violation, which is sometimes attempted both from cupidity and revenge.

In spite of these and other discouraging events, however, Mr. Waddell continued to teach, and by a variety of methods to clear the scrub of superstition from the minds of the people. The schools were at first taught entirely in English, both because the people wished it, and because it was impossible for the missionaries to do otherwise, having no books in their language, and being unable to speak it. But as English is all over the African Coast what the Latin was in Europe in the middle ages, while its modern languages were unwritten or barbarous, it was of the utmost importance that the Calabarese should acquire the Anglo-Saxon. It is the general medium of communication from the Gambia to the Gaboon, and may fairly be regarded as the learned language to the natives, by which they study 'humanity,' and get access to universal literature. 'The Efik language was, however, studied and acquired by nearly all the missionaries, and the schools came gradually to be supplied with books in the vernacular; so that, both in English and Efik, the education was carried on simultaneously. The rule came to be that the scholars should learn to read in their own language first, a little at least, and then go into English; for it was obvious that they could learn more easily in their own at the first than in ours. The New Testament and portions of the Old have been printed in the Efik, with a grammar and dictionary of the tongue, and other educational works. Whether it was that the more intelligent youths cultivated a knowledge of the English, or that the acquisition of a literary language promoted their mental improvement, it is certain that the two were closely connected.'

Thus enlightening, teaching, converting, in the face of much opposition from traders, and the thousand climatic ills that missionary flesh is heir to in an African kingdom, did Mr. Waddell and his co-mates labour onward, sowing much good and permanent seed; though some, also, that fell on stony ground, was stunted in its growth—and some, that fell among thorns, was choked as it sprang from the soil. The record of his missions, from which we have culled the foregoing miscellaneous notes, is a book of nearly seven hundred pages. The style of the work is simple and unpretentious; and as it contains a great deal of curious matter concerning Calabar and the contiguous kingdoms, the general reader, as well as the particular student of missionary enterprise, will find it to be one of no common interest and attraction.

W. F.

SENSATIONS.

THIS is a high-pressure age. Everything partakes of the sensational. We have sensation novels, sensation dramas, sensation songs, sensation feats on the trapeze and the tight-rope. In a short time, doubtless, there will be sensation hats, sensation boots, sensation coats, sensation sermons, and perhaps, also, sensation wives, and, of course, sensation children. Everything must be sensational, or it wont go down. No matter how absurd be the commodity if it is sensational. That is the great requisite. Shakspeare is thrown to the dogs, and those charmingly ridiculous dramas of Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. Falconer run by the hundred nights, and bring in immense fortunes to their authors. The novels of Scott lie on the book-shelf, gathering dust, while those of Mr. Wilkie Collins and Miss M. E. Braddon are scarcely to be had from the library without three weeks or a month's notice. The latest dramatic sensation is 'The Trial of Effie Deans,' to which I listened, a few weeks ago, with considerable disgust—a feeling which appeared to be shared by a good many others besides myself, if I might judge from the ironical cheers, sarcastic remarks (from the gods), and hisses with which the piece was enlivened every now and again. This was in the Scottish capital—the scene of Sir Walter's novel upon which the drama is founded. Shade of the dead! if thou couldst only have been present in the 'Queen's,' to hear and see this contemptible drama, how thou wouldst have frowned! And yet Mr. Boucicault's latest was characterised, by some of the London papers, as the greatest drama that had ever been played upon a metropolitan stage! If the critics had said that it was the greatest trash, they would have been nearer the truth. If it had been the result of a competition for the most effective massacre of the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' Mr. Boucicault would have been fully justified in claiming a crown of laurels. 'The Colleen Bawn' was bad; 'Peep o' Day' was worse; but neither of these can for a moment be compared with 'The Trial of Effie Deans.' Still it is with a feeling of pleasure that the admirers of the legitimate drama must witness such plays as this. Although astonished that such stuff should be represented on any stage, there is pleasure in the thought that their production will be the means of bringing about their own death; for the public cannot long be blind to the absurdities with which they abound, and each succeeding effort of Mr. Boucicault is only rendering these absurdities more and more apparent. They are very far 'from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' Go on, Mr. Boucicault, and prosper, and when your dramas have had their day, and are no more heard of, then sit you down and calm your grief by the thought that you have at least gulled a discerning British public with your brilliant and captivating monstrosities!

And so with sensation novels. Though, for the time, they are in greater demand than the novels of Scott, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, or George Elliot;

yet the time will shortly come when their poisonous taste will be felt, and they will be flung from their now most ardent admirers, with the contempt they so richly merit. But what a pity it is to reflect that a man like Mr. Wilkie Collins should become a panderer to tastes the most corrupt that he may receive the applause of the moment, when he might almost as easily raise for himself a name upon which posterity would look back with pleasure and pride! Long after the recollection of his writings is buried in the past, the novels of such men as Scott, Bulwer Lytton, and Dickens will be read and admired over, and over, and over again.

It is a strange fancy which some people have—people from whom better might have been expected—of paying a few shillings, for the purpose of seeing a man run the risk of breaking his neck; and it is not by any means a commendable one. People must have amusements; but, by all means, let these amusements be rational ones. Is there any amusement derivable from the sight of a man walking along a spider-like thread, high over the heads of his audience? If there is any amusement in the spectacle, I fail to see it. A single false step, and down he would come. Was not the fall of the 'Female Blondin' sufficient? Apparently not. One would imagine that it is the very probability of accident that draws so many people to witness these exhibitions.

Too much cannot be said or written against such perilous sources of entertainment. The satire of Mr. Thackeray and *Punch* has been levelled at them. Let us hope with success!

S

THE CRUISE OF THE HERMIONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FRED HARPER'S LEGACY.'

CHAPTER III.

ON going on deck a little after sunrise, I found that we were nearly opposite the same point of land to which we had been opposite on the previous evening, and farther from the shore. The Frith, away to the south, was studded with small brown sails. I counted no fewer than fifty, and there were more appearing in sight. I was puzzling my brain, to discover what this unwonted spectacle could mean, when I observed that the *Hermione* had been left to take care of herself—Archie being fast asleep at the stern. I at once brought her bow round with an oar, and tried to keep her end on to the tide.

In about an hour, Bob and Stewart made their appearance. Bob looked at the sails; and, giving a gesture of vexation, muttered his customary 'Cos-found it!' Stewart nodded a 'Good morning,' lit his pipe, and laid himself down on his back on the deck.

'Did you ever see the like?' exclaimed Bob. 'It's enough to drive a fellow mad! Here am I, away for pleasure, on limited time, and paying a man's wages too—the lazy—just look at him! Get up, you old rascal! You've been sleeping there the whole night, I suppose. What do you mean, sir? What if we had drifted ashore, sir?'

'No fears,' said the unperturbed Archie.

'Fears, you old blackguard! there was every fear in the world. I say, Stewart, do you know I wish I had got her insured before we came away.'

'I wish I had got my life insured before we came away,' said Stewart, taking his pipe from his mouth.

'How do you mean?' asked Bob.

'Just that I think a few hundreds might have been a consideration to the governor. Not that he requires it, but still it would have been a very good speculation for him—a small investment, a large return, and hardly the shadow of a chance of a loss. There is one consolation, however, in having neglected it—that I don't think any insurance company would have taken the policy.'

'I say, Tom, what are you talking about?'

'Just that my former doubts have assumed the shape of a certainty,' said Stewart—'that, from what I have seen of your craft and your crew, I don't think there is the smallest chance of our ever getting out of your dirty concern with our lives. I had a dream last night enough to frighten any one out of their wits. Oh, you needn't start; I'm not going to tell it you. Hilloa, Starry! have you got up? How did you relish your first night aboard ship?'

'I never relished anything so much in my life,' replied Starry. 'I felt all the pleasure which is expressed in the line which says—oh, I forget the exact—something regarding being "rocked in the cradle of the deep." Yes, that is it. I trust you enjoyed a sound repose?'

'Repose! I might as well have been in a menagerie for comfort, or a band-box for room. I got a knock on the funny bone of my elbow in getting into yon dirty hole, that it won't get the better of for a week, and twisted my neck in getting out, so that I can hardly move it yet.'

'I am excessively sorry,' said Starry. 'What are these boats which we see so thickly spread over the water? Can you inform me regarding them, Archibald?'

'It's east country luggers that's went home from the Stornoway fishing,' replied Archie.

'Ah, indeed! returning from the herring fishing. What did you call the place from which they are returning?'

'Stornoway. Ye're no deaf, are you?'

'Oh! the Stornoway fishing. But does such a large number of boats repair to prosecute the fishing every year?'

'Number as that!' said Archie. 'Why, man, there'll be sometimes more as a thousand boats in Stornoway at on time. But the fishing is bad the year—tam bad.'

'Ah!' said Starry. 'Might I inquire what epithet that was which you prefixed to the adjective bad, which you made use of just now? I have a particular desire to become a little acquainted with your Celtic language. Many of our English words being of Celtic origin, it affords considerable assistance in the study

of derivation. It was one of your native Celtic roots, I presume?'

'Ooch! she's just a bit word that comes out at times,' said Archie. 'There's no much ill in her—just by the way she's used; though maybe she's just as well left alone.'

'Ah!—I see!—oh!—I beg your pardon—at least—a—I am not sure whether I ought to reprove you for using such expressions; but—however, I will feel indebted to you for any little instructions which you may occasionally feel inclined to afford me in the matter of the Celtic roots.'

'Oh, bother the Celtic roots!' exclaimed Bob. 'Starry, you're an ass! Is this a time—with your derivations and nonsense? What are we to do?'

'What can we do?' said Stewart. 'The only thing that I see, and the best thing under any circumstances, is to get breakfast ready. What are you going to give us?'

'Oh! anything you like,' said Bob: 'I don't know, and I don't care. Get it ready yourself; you'll find coffee in one of the canisters. I can't eat anything myself. Archie, kindle the fire.'

'The fire be blowed!' replied Archie. 'Do you think that I have not got a head to sleep so well as yourself? I've been up here all night. I'm going to my bed now. Ye may kindle your fire or no as ye like. But I'll just thank you if you'll bring me my breakfast when she's ready.'

'You've been sleeping here the whole night!' cried Bob. But Archie had disappeared into the fore-castle—we might kindle the fire or not, as we liked. Bob tried it twice—burning one of his fingers severely the first time, and the second time nearly setting fire to the vessel with a lighted candle, which he let fall, through the open skylight, into the cabin. Stewart then took it in hand; and, in a few minutes, we had a fire burning brightly in the stove; and, in a few minutes more, the kettle was singing merrily. The coffee was made—the bread was toasted—the eggs were boiled—the roast was produced—the table was set—and we sat down to a genuine Scotch breakfast; the rapidity with which the viands vanished (to which, by the way, Bob, notwithstanding his avowed inability to eat, contributed in no small degree) showing that, as Starry remarked, 'The fresh sea breeze, even under circumstances of annoyance and disappointment, conduces considerably to the improvement of the human appetite.'

After breakfast, we washed the dishes, and put them away, strange to say, without breaking any. Starry then sat down to his journal. He sat thinking for nearly ten minutes, took up his pen, and wrote two lines, then stopped to think again.

'How are you getting on, Starry?' asked Stewart, taking up one of the sheets which Stewart had laid aside as finished. 'What's this? "The day was beautiful, the air serene, the sun shining bright——."'

'Oh, now, Stewart, that's too bad,' said Starry, taking the sheet from Stewart's hand. 'I will have great pleasure in giving you the manuscript to peruse

when it is concluded; but, in the meantime, being unfinished, I would prefer that you should leave it alone.'

'Tut, Starry, I merely wished to see how you were getting on. Oh, I say, Bob! can you give us nothing to do? Do try and think of something, will you? Have you no books? Starry, by the way, Starry, you surely have some?'

'Yes,' replied Starry; 'I have a few. I will have great pleasure in giving them to you to peruse. Did you wish for them just now?'

'Of course. Let us have them at once. Starry, you're a brick! Where is your portmanteau, or trunk, or whatever it is? What did you send down?'

'It was a portmanteau,' said Starry. 'I believe it is in the apartment in the forward end of the vessel to which our Highland friend retired.'

'The hole which Bob calls the fore-castle. Go and get it, will you, Starry? Or, no; you needn't bring it. Just bring the books, will you?'

Starry went; and soon returned with a pile of books, which he placed on the table.

'Thank you, Starry, my dear fellow!' said Stewart. 'We'll surely get something either interesting or edifying among so many. "The Principles of Botany, Descriptive and Philological," by the Rev. J. S. Honslow, M.A. Well, very good, I dare say; but—"Dibdin's Topographical Antiquities;" "Dibdin's Introduction to"—Stuff! Who cares about the Greek and Latin classics? "Tillotson's Sermons," vol. I. Well, that's good. We'll keep that over for Sunday. You must read us one, Starry. "Booth's"—what is it, Starry? It's rather difficult to make out the way you've ticketed them on the back. "Booth's Zosimus." Never heard of the gentleman before. "Essay on the Human Understanding," by John Locke. Why, that's worse and worse! "Innate Ideas"—"innate ideas"—"innate ideas" again! More than a hundred pages of "innate ideas"! What in the world sort of ideas are they? Never heard of them till this moment. "Gregory's Economy of Nature;" "Bonnycastle's"—Why, what in the world do you mean by bringing a fellow such a parcel of rubbish? Who do you think would read such trumpery? I do declare, Starry! I believe it's reading such books that makes you such a rum character!'

'That is as you think,' said Starry, gathering up his books; 'I think differently. If you have not cultivation of taste sufficient to relish their beauties, I cannot help it. I think, however, that it is but an indifferent return for my endeavour to oblige you in so far as lay in my power.'

'Well, well, Starry, you needn't get grumpy over it. You meant it well, I know. But, I say, we must have something to do; we can't sit twirling our thumbs this way all day. Suppose we have a game at draughts—I say, why didn't some of you think of bringing a board with you? But I'll tell you what: we can chalk the table here into squares, and cut—let me see—yes, potatoes will do—we can cut potatoes into men, and paint them with blacking for the black ones. But somehow I don't care about it either. Can't some of you think of something else?'

'I think, Stewart,' said I, 'that perhaps I can give you a book or two more to your taste than those of Mr. Crawford. Here is "Guy Mannering."'

"Guy Mannering!" why that's the very thing. I've read it twice already; but still, I do declare, it's almost the only book I could read at this moment. Now, Bob, I don't care if we do not move for one day at least.'

'It's more than I do,' said Bob; 'I would give a five pound note at this moment for a breeze of wind to carry us out of this. If we are here for six hours longer, I will throw myself overboard.'

Six hours passed—there we were still, drifting in mid channel, without a breath of wind. Bob, however, seemed to have forgotten his vow of suicide. The day passed away. Bob had become more composed; Stewart smoked, and read 'Guy Mannering'; I read a little, lounged a little, and yawned a good deal; Starry scribbled away the whole day.

(To be continued.)

UP THE MISSISSIPPI TO NEW-ORLEANS.

PART II.

It was early in the morning, and gray dawn showed us the Southern Metropolis but dimly, when we dropped anchor at New-Orleans. The excitement of novelty had kept me awake during the night; the heat between decks was oppressive, and, above all, the mosquitoes were so active, that few on board had any rest from their annoyance. As I promised my reader some account of those curses of hot climates, I shall here, while my memory is vivid with the recollection of the horrors I endured from them during my first night in the Mississippi, endeavour to convey to the 'happy nations of the moral North,' that it is not morality alone that conduces to such felicity.

This was amongst my first visits to the 'sunny South,' and I had conjured up many visions of a dreamland, just like some school-boy who paints Elysian pictures, which, alas! recede on his approach.

'Wait,' said Johnson (not the Johnson of books, but 'our Johnson'), 'till the thermometer is a hundred in the shade.'

'And the cockroaches are two inches long,' said Buffles.

'And you never sleep a wink with the *squeeters*,' chimed in Sawbones. 'Then you will have had enough of a hot climate.'

Now these were old salts, who loved a plain coat and half-pay, for Johnson had been bronzed in Hong-Kong, and could tell tales of Calcutta; Buffles had been slave-hunting for years on the coast of Africa; and Sawbones had more than once crossed and re-crossed the line. It was not then to be wondered at that a young blood, a 'newly caught,' should so easily be deterred from a persevering wish to languish in some sunny land, the golden brightness of which had so often appeared to him in dreams.

Reader! I have been in the South; I have seen its sunny skies and its waving palms, its dancing fireflies and its mortle hunches: but, in return, I have

sweltered in an oven, been roasted like a lobster, and all but treated like an Erromaanga missionary!

To those who have never been within the tropics—or, at all events, in a hot climate—the mosquito is but a single specimen of a most interesting class of insect life; but to the *voyageur* who, in the heat of summer, lies at anchor in the Mississippi, it is the bane of existence.

No sooner do the shades of evening close around, and the gentlest zephyrs course along the waters, than you frantically rush on deck, gasping for oxygen—so delicious! You light a Virginian weed, sit down with the latest 'Blackwood,' and for the first time in the day feel comfortable. But, hark! what syren strains are these which greet your ear? What low seductive notes are murmuring around you? Buz-z-z-z from falsetto to altissimo, and all is quiet; that moment's quiet, like the lull before a squall, has lured you to destruction. There is a sudden shriek, a sudden smack at your own face, but too late. That is your initiative for the evening.

But this may be but a single stray insect, and you console yourself with that thought, smoke a little harder, read a little faster, and regret that for a moment you lost temper, while resolving to be more philosophical for the future. But alas! a fig for your philosophy!—that music again rings in your ear in fuller and fuller chorus, and myriads of tormentors now surround you, while you ply your hands about, hither and thither, in the vain endeavour to commit murder. But no, you have never been in New-Orleans before, and they seem to know you are a novice! You now shift your position; they shift theirs; you lay down your book, determined not to be overcome; you hit the nasal organ, upon which one has just perched, but miss your game, and only spoil a shirt-front! You are now thoroughly roused, you burst into indignation, and—but he. Reader! your morals are pure—let me not contaminate them; your lips have never muttered a profanation—let me not teach you blasphemy. I learned a little of it up the Mississippi!

You now rush below. Your cigar may have been cabbage-leaf, and your 'Blackwood' 'Kirby's Entomology,' for aught you know or were able to judge. On arrival in the mess-room, the announcement is made, by a sporting man, that the game is capital; while he enumerates the massacres committed during the past half-hour. The sport is somewhat contagious, and you join in; and, in a short time, half-a-dozen of Her Majesty's most faithful subjects, armed with towels, handkerchiefs, *et hoc genus omne*, are fairly off on a 'squeezer' hunt.

Flap! 'One hundred and nine and nineteen cock-roaches.' Flap! 'One hundred and ten and twenty cock-roaches.' That was a double murder! And thus, after each one sacrificing his quota of 'squeezer' and 'roach,' you think of betaking yourself to the land of rest.

But this is a matter of no trivial moment. It is

not, O fairest Isabella! (whose drooping eyelashes perchance o'erhang my tale,) that delicious plunge you made last night into your four-poster; where, buried in feathers, you sweetly dreamed of young Fitzjames's uniform, and how you loved to place your tiny hand upon his epaulettes as he whirled you around in the mazes of the giddy dance. Peace, O fair one! to thy slumbers! May they never be disturbed by a Mississippi 'galley-nipper'!

But, softly, you approach that little cabin-door, and peer around. Buz-z-z-z! A few more massacres are committed, and the process of undressing is gone through in the shortest possible space of time. The act of successfully getting into bed in a mosquito country is one worthy of the best efforts of a harlequin. Your servant has, before dark, lowered your mosquito-curtain, and tucked it in all round. He believes he has secured your safety, and you strenuously eye a corner through which you may wriggle yourself. With all haste, you nervously seize the corner of your curtain—raise it as if by stealth—one plunge—you are in!

Now you are safe; now at length you can lie in security and peace. Vain hope! Oh false delusion! You have avoided Scylla, now you are in Charybdis; less classically, you are 'out of the frying-pan into the fire.' Joe, in his over-anxiety to please, had secured your curtain so well that the animal life within was kept in, and their appetite but whetted by such confinement. You set rigorously, and with a show of some dexterity, to rid yourself of your enemies. You whisk about with a fan, sweeping the crowd into a corner, and through some place of exit from your cage; and, by dint of perseverance, all at length is quiet.

Streaming with perspiration, and glowing with the heat of conquest, you at length extinguish your candle, and lie down to enjoy a night's repose. You chuckle to yourself as your conquered enemies in vain struggle against the meshy walls of your sanctum—through which they eye their prey—and resign yourself to the sweet arms of sleep.

Presently you fall into that dreamy state preceding deeper rest, when suddenly you start with that old, familiar 'Buz-z-z-z.' You raise your hand in the direction indicated by the sound, but only succeed in boxing your ear—the reaction of which upon your nervous system thoroughly awakens you. His successors soon follow, and now commences the real tug of war.

To your dismay you soon find that you are undone; and a full chorus setting up convinces you—alas! too late—of the fruitlessness of all human hope, the ruthlessness of ambition, and the never-ceasing activity of insect life.

You now writhe with pain unendurable; unable to find the drowsy god, you toss to and fro in a temperature little under a hundred degrees; alternately you have fits of philosophy and madness, and in one of the latter you suddenly spring out of bed, rush on deck, and frantically gasp at a passing puff of wind, while casting a longing lingering look towards the

maintop. Again do you endeavour to console yourself with a 'weed,' and walk the plank in hope of morning light soon terminating your misery. A single stroke of the ball proclaims it but little over midnight, and you wander about vainly endeavouring to rest your weary head. You may lie down upon the 'heart of oak,' but there is no slumber to your eyelids; and after a variety of attitudes and contortions, after boxing your ears and slapping your face, after an inevitable scratching, unknown even to the violin-players of Caledonia, and an agony of spirit which Zeno himself could endure with no degree of complacency, Aurora at length dawns upon the distant horizon.

Loaded with *ennui* and fatigue, you again drag yourself below to your couch. A cool breeze now plays in through your six-inch scuttle; you throw yourself down, and sink into rest—sink deeply into the profoundest snore.

A feeling only of self-preservation bids you respond to the early announcement that 'breakfast is ready.'

But what visage is that which meets your gaze as you peer into your mirror? Is it the 'human form divine,' or a calf's-foot jelly?

Are those your veritable hands or your days' allowance of pork? and how the d—! did you ever before get your leg into such a little boot?

There is a breakfast not fit for a Christian; and stewards, cooks, and every one around feel that the 'squeeters' have been taking a rise out of you, and that this morning you are a mighty swell!

But such things now dwell only in memory's page; they have long since gone, and their remembrance, though far from cherished, still tenaciously clings within; and even in this northern clime, this land of 'aling' and 'cocktail,' I can never calmly or dispassionately narrate the horrors of my first cruise up the Mississippi.

R. N.

(To be continued.)

THE TIMMER TAE.

WALKING homeward from the city, one hot summer day, Thinking sadly, 'Tis a pity I can't get away Where the cool sea-breezes blow to qualify the heat, And the rippling waters flow to lave the glowing feet.

What's the use of all this fretting o'er a moisten'd brow? There are tens of thousands sweating more than you are now. Even though your feet are glowing, why so much ado? Learn to look around you, and be thankful you have two!

So spake Common Sense, and really she had cause to speak— On before me walk'd a man, with hot tears on his cheek. Walk'd! did I say? He dragg'd himself along the dusty walk— A man not more than thirty years—good-looking, stout, and tall.

A little child, with sunny curls, toddled by his side, He look'd up in his father's face, and ask'd him why he cried? 'What gars me greet? my bonnie man, 'deed ye may weel say that,

It's mony a weary day, Willie, since your puir father grar.'

Then holding up the shatter'd wreck of a poor wooden leg— 'Just look at that! O Willie, man! we'll be obliged to beg: My last half-crown is gane, Willie, an' it was but a loan— I haen't got as muckle left as buy my bairn a soone.

I meant to walk to Paisley, where I had some hopes o' work; I canna gang anither step, an' it will sunn be dark. If I was only back to Glasgow, Willie! I maun try; If no, we'll balth sleep supperless below the starry sky.'

He sat him down so wearily upon a stone which stands By the road-side, and bowing down his face within his hands He wept, as I would never wish to see another weep— It haunted me the whole day long, and grieved me in my sleep.

His little boy stood by his side, and stroked his tawny beard; I allipp'd a biscuit in his hand;—how soon it disappear'd! Another and another went, each quicker than the last; At length the father rais'd his head—that bitter spasm past.

He turn'd his sad eyes up to me, then downward to the child; 'I see ye've fand a frien', Willie,' he said, and grimly smil'd. I prais'd the boy; the sad eyes kindled with a look of pride, An arm stole gently round his waist, and drew him to his side.

He smoothed the sunny hair, and said, 'He is a bonnie rean; Although I say't that should na say't, seein' he is my ain; He's just his mother's image, leddy; liker couldna be; Ay, Willie, ye're the makins o' a brawer man than me.

Oh! if she only had been spared, I ne'er wad hae been lame; I gaed an' join'd the navvies, for I couldna rest at hame An' see anither nurse her wean; no, that I couldna bear; Oh! a' thing wad been different if she had but been here!

No, no! I couldna bide at hame; an' there is such a stir In railway wark, it kept my heart frae pining after her; But I had only wrought a month when an embankment fell, An' crush'd my leg—I wouldna cared tho' it had been myself.

I could ha'e dee'd wi' pleasure, an' it werena for the wean; But it was hard to lee's the lamb in this caul' woorf his lane. I sought for wark, but aye the maisters o'ed the timmer pag. An' said, "Wha ever saw a carter wi' a wooden leg!"

I begg'd aye just to try me, an' after I wrought a week, If he was discontented, no ae penny wad I seek. I waena daunted! for I kent that I was fit to ca' A cart wi' ony in the toon—ay, timmer tae an' a'.

He tried me; and I seer'd him weel, and took wee Willie hame: An' noo it was nae grief to me to think that I was lame. I had as life-long sorrow eatin' the heart frae me; But, save for that, I was as weel as ony man could be.

The maister trusted me far mair than some wi' balth their leg. He dee'd! An' noo my bitter cup I've drucken to the dreg; I've sought for wark frae morn till nicht, frae weary week to week; An' noo I fin' it's no in Glasgow toon that I maun seek.

I meant to walk to Paisley, mem, an' try my fortune there— Oh! poverty's an awfu' thing for a proud heart to bear! An' this is me! that little thought that I wad come to grief— That aye had half-a-croon to spare when neighbours sought relief.

I've come to poverty myself!—weel! poverty's nae sin— Since beggin' is to be my lot, I'd better just begin. An' try my luck wi' you, mem, afore ye're oot my reach; I couldna get a better chance to mak my maiden speech.

Oh! thank ye, leddy! But I canna gie the beggar's whine; There's aye will bless ye, an' His blessin's better far than mine. Willie, my man, tak aff yer cap, an' mak a bonnie boo. 'Is't for the biscuits?' Willie said; 'leddy, they're a' dune noo.'

'And could you eat another, Willie?' 'Twas a cruel joke. 'Could I eat ane? Ay! I could eat a' that ye're in the pock! They're awfu' funny biscuits thae—sae sugary an' wee. So Willie got the cakes I meant to carry home to tea.

'Weel! thank ye ance again, leddy; an' may ye never feel What it's to hae a timmer tae, an' a sair blister'd heel; An' mair than that, an' waur than that, may ye ne'er seek for wark

Wi' a' life's licht ahint yer back, and a' afore ye dark!'

J. P. H.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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POPULAR SONGS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

No. XIV.—(Conclusion.)

WAR songs, or battle incitements, were used in the Highlands from a most remote period until a comparatively recent date. There is a very extraordinary one still extant, composed by Lachlan Mor Macvurich, the Scotchman (Albannaich), hereditary bard of Clan Rannald; and chanted by him to his clansmen at the battle of Harlaw, 1411. This most unique production consists of three hundred and thirty-eight lines. The theme of the whole is, 'O children of Conn, of the hundred fights! remember hardihood in the time of battle!' Round this theme, the poet has gathered no fewer than six hundred and fifty adjectives, arranged in alphabetical order, and all bearing a special reference to the subject in hand. A good many of these were probably compounded for the occasion; but when they were all rattled out, with impetuous, vehement declamation, in their astonishing alliterative array, they could not fail having a very powerful effect on the children of Conn going to battle.

The following song, though not exactly a battle incitement, is a poem of the same class. It is a war ode, composed by Alexander MacDonald, the son of Mr. Alexander, in praise of the Lion—that is, the Lion of the Macdonalds, not the Lion of Scotland. It is a very spirited lyric, full of energy and fire, and certainly sufficiently ferocious. It is not, however, on that account the less characteristic of its author. MacDonald is a rapid, vehement, exciting singer; but he is never tender, soft, or plaintive. He has more force than beauty, and more boiling energy than grace. If we could trust the description given of him in Reid's *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica: An Account of all the Books, which have been printed in the Gaelic Language*, we might suppose that the personal appearance and habits of the poet corresponded to some extent with the attributes of his genius. 'In person,' Mr. Reid says, 'MacDonald was large and ill-favoured. His features were coarse and irregular. His clothes were very sluggishly (so written) put on, and generally very dirty. His mouth was continually fringed with a stream of tobacco juice, of which he chewed a very great quantity. His manner of composition was to lie on his back, in bed in winter, or on the grass in summer, with a large stone on his breast, muttering to himself in a low whisper his poetical aspirations.' In Mackenzie's 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry,' it is said that 'like most men of genius who have made some noise in the world, MacMhaighstir Alasdair has been much lauded, on the one side by the party whose cause he espoused, and as much vilified, and, in some instances, falsified, by the other party. Mr. Reid, in his book "*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*," seems to have had his information from the last-mentioned source.' The grotesque description of MacDonald,

then just quoted, may be either a total fabrication or a gross caricature by one of his enemies. Who ever heard of a poet, or any sane man, lying on his back in his bed with a stone on his breast when he was composing!

THE PRAISE OF THE LION.

To the air of 'Caberfae.'

Hail! thou rending Lion,
Of matchless force and pompons pride!
When up thy chieftains roused them,
Gay banners flutter'd far and wide.
All thy tribes would gather,
With martial pace and manly grace.
Then losses came and crosses
On every foe that met with them;
Their line so splendid, far extended—
Fiery, flaming furious;
A stormful path their joyous wrath,
With gory blades carved curious.
With sharp rage, wild war to wage,
Heads, and limbs, and trunks they'd hack;
No soft foe with swords could go
To keep the haughty heroes back.

Wake yet, thou battling Lion!
Wake and rise with sounding stir—
So tawny on thy white flag,
With thy badge of heather, sir.
Raise thy head so airily,
In the blue sky restlessly,
And to the fray, as well's I may,
Will I go and fight for thee.
Oh! let me raise the precious praise
Of that head, so royal held.
This realm is fair, but none hath e'er
Throughout its bounds thy might excell'd.
In hardihood so firm and good—
Lovely, free of fear and doubt,
With vigorous zest in terror's breast
Thee thy clansmen flock'd about.

Oh! who could taunt or tease thee,
Or with mean things disparage thee,
Or venture to displease thee,
Or once hope to discourage thee,
Thou kingly splendid creature!
So fierce, full form'd, and fairly seen,
On thy silken pennon clean;
With fine smooth mast of sapling green.
There thou futterest, proudly, loudly,
Flapping fast and saucily;
While a gallant host heroic
Stand beneath thee gaudily.
Rage for bloodshed makes their brows red—
Rage and wrath to follow thee.
Now slaughtering blades and death's cold shades
Will come on all who slighted thee.

Ne'er backward nor inglorious—
The noble race thou well dost grace;
But, prosperous and victorious,
In battle bright and great in might;
With guns, and swords, and shields of gold,
And corselets. What a deadly set!
Their glaives they piled, and deep and wide
The wounds they gave to all they met.
Powder blazing—war smoke raising:
Till a cloud about them grew;
The lively, fair, and active youths there
Then out ribs and marrow through.

With bitter blades—thick-back'd, dark blue—
In every stubborn stripling's hand,
That cleft the sturdiest body through.
My joy! I think their pride was grand.

Sufficient, strong, and manly—
A daring band, and clannish all—
The race of Collal red hand—
Full of might and spirits tall.
Keen their ire as flames of fire,
When March's wind put strength in them—
Without falling, rust, or ailing
In the breadth or length of them.
With buoyant life they go to strife,
No dread of wounds can hold them back;
They need no strain to make them fain;
Hearts, and brains, and reins they whack;
Heads they sweep off—hands and feet off—
In the smoke, with battle's mirth—
Each one so brave, with hardy glave—
So manly, sharp, and full of worth.

The lovely race—the daring—
Well equipp'd in war array,
Their long smooth muskets wearing
So deadly in the dread affray.
With lock, and flint, and hammer
Ready trimm'd to give the blow
That sends away the powder gray
In a bright and fiery glow.
Then bullets red in showers are sped
Through smoke and roar and lustre quick,
That smash and slay and crush and bray
The cassock'd bodies short and thick.
With broken bones and with groans
On the field they toss and kick,
When like wasps in your strong grasps
You wield your blades so sharp and allick.

Clan Donald, I am saying,
Right honourable race are they;
Oft the conflict swaying:
Their foes they grandly swept away.
They are fearless, bright, and peerless,
Full of stinging venom too;
Like serpents on the mountains bred,
Their hard blades so sharp and blue.
Smart and airy, wild and wary,
With quick hands that nothing mar;
Hard as rocks and swift as meteors,
Their whistling strokes are heard afar.
My manly men, shamefast* and nimble,
Solid, strong, and firm, and sure,
Like the flood's course that thunders hoarse,
Or flames that light the mountain moor.

Strong rock, and everlasting,
Hard, and old, and undecay'd;
High thy royal crest show,
For thousands gather in thy shade
With mirth in their armour bright—
The dauntless race that never yield—
The spectres that stir panic flight,
When quick striking swords they wield.

Many fair-hair'd youths beneath thee,
With stout hands and shoulders great,
Go rushing on where honour's won,
For wild fight they're never late.

* Shamefast ('narach,' susceptible of shame). This was a much esteemed quality in the Highlands. There is another word something like this one in appearance—'naisinn'—implying a delicate and almost morbid sense of moral obligation—which is very frequently heard still, and always applied only when a man is meant to be highly commended. These two words are very characteristically Highland, and are both extremely creditable to the moral feelings of the people among whom they took their origin and were in constant use.

With steady foot and agile hand
To thrust or cut each weapon gleams;
Bed on the ground death gasps around,
But gay o'erhead the Lion streams.

Thou roaring, frowning Lion!
Who fright and fear canst spread about—
Often proved where war has moved,
In furious fight or turbid rout.
When thy semblance, looking dire,
From the tough staff flutters free,
Then a kindling, troubled fire
On every cheek around we see.
Strong and steady, stubborn, ready,
Is their rank where strife is hot;
Fear of foe they never know—
They are rocks that tremble not;
Group'd together, fleeing never,
Unyielding wood of oak are they,
Their shout of triumph's oft been heard
O'er fields of death where foemen lay.

If violence should assail thee
From strangers' bounds, and seek thy hurt;
If foemen should draw near thee,
With ill will, and strife, and sturt,
Many an Islay hilt* then,
With a strong, smooth blade in it,
Beneath thy silken stream would gleam
To succour thee—to succour thee.
Thine are men who would not bend
In showers that pierce the body through;
Nor yet be slow to rise and go
Where heads were hack'd and fury grew;
When, over all the tumult spread,
The thundering pipes were heard afar,
That might put spirit in the dead
To rise for gallant deeds of war.

Clan Donald's tree is all thine;
Its bough and branches ever held
As true a wood as ever stood—
Chieftain-like, unparallel'd.
When all its tribes came trooping round
So manly, where the Lion's seen,
Then woe betide whoever tried
To pluck his beard or rouse his spleen.
Their hands and heads you'd lop and prune
With the glittering claymore's sweep,
And on the grass their blood would splash,
And run in little streams and creep;
Your stinging dark-blue blades would make
The heads of Galls to steam in gore;†
And groaning hard and moaning,
Would sound the site of battle o'er.

Where, in all this kingdom,
Are men of deeds your race excel?
When songs incite you to the fight,
Your thousand virtues who can tell?
You anvil strong and precious,
Of true steel that weakens not,
Who always have been faithful,
And word of truth have ne'er forgot;
Hounds of fight, like arrows' flight,
Down with glistening swords you break,
Nor rest a moment till a breach
Through and through your foes you make:

* Islay hilts, invented by a celebrated smith of the name of MacEachern, who lived in Islay, were famous all over the Highlands. 'Blades with Islay heads' were considered the very finest weapons.

† Gall, though usually applied to the Lowlanders, here means any one unfriendly to the MacDonalds. There is an old song on the massacre of Glencoe, in which the Campbells, and all who had a hand in that bloody tragedy, are called Galls.

Trunks are cleft and steel is shaken,
You feel a bloody, bloody thirst;
Battle raves and whistling glaives,
And dreadful shouts around you burst.

There are thousands now in Alba
As stout as are in any land;
The gray Gaels from Scots,
Who cheerily round your colours stand;
With love of hardy deeds and bold
They fasten round you steadily,
Where the Lion's furious hold,
And his paws shine bloodily.
Bring with you then your well fed mep,
Your stately, stalwart heroes show,
Your dexterous, lively, active line,
Who with a will to battle go;
Who ne'er were seen where strife was keen,
To blench or shun its reddest tide,
But foes have fled, where'er have been
Their speckled banners fluttering wide!

'Scots,' in this last stanza, occurs in the original, but is printed in italics. The Scots are said, I believe, to have been a Celtic tribe from Ireland. If this is the case, it is very singular that the name 'Scot' is not only utterly unknown in the Highlands—except through books—but has even no connection whatever with the Gaelic language. The name 'Caledonia,' though never used now, is different. It has a Gaelic derivation.

I don't remember any song except this in which the epithet 'gray' is applied to the Highlanders, nor do I know exactly what it means—whether it refers to their clothes or their complexion. There is another old Gaelic song, in which it is applied to Lowlanders, however, who are called in it 'the gray Galls.' The Celts are said to be a dark-haired race; but the Gaelic songs show that the people of the Highlands always considered their Lowland neighbours at least as dark in complexion as themselves.

In concluding, for the present, this series of articles on popular Highland poetry, the writer of them wishes to make the following remarks. He wishes that these translations may be taken only as specimens of the poetry which is yet popular in the Highlands; while it is to be remembered that there is also still extant a large quantity of Gaelic verse—represented by the Dean of Lismore's book and other collections—which was once popular, but has in a great measure, principally owing to the change of manners, now ceased to be so. It is also earnestly hoped that the translations, now brought to a close, have been executed with sufficient skill to make the English reader aware that much poetry, and really good poetry, has for a long time been composed, and admired, and cherished in the Highlands. And lastly, the translator hopes to be excused for saying that he would feel especially pleased if he could think that any one of his countrymen had, through his means, come to form a higher estimate than before of the merits of that remarkable and most unassuming man, Duncan Ban MacIntyre. That he was a Scotsman in whom we may all feel pretty much interested—a true poet, with a very clear vision, an excellent understanding, and a genuine, not a merely imitative, gift of song; and that he is as such entitled to a place among the foremost of our rustic bards—second, surely, to none excepting

Burns—the present writer has no doubt whatever. If the translations which have been given of 'Corri Ceathach' and the 'Address to Mairi Bhan og' incline any of the readers of these poems to the same opinion, it would form a most pleasing and appropriate reward for the labour of translating them. It had been intended to translate something from the works of other bards, whose productions have not been touched upon at all; but these must be left to a more convenient occasion, or to other hands.

THOMAS PATTISON.

THE PHANTOM PUNT; OR, THE HOWL OF GUILT.

A TALE OF VIRTUE AND VILLANY, TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,
DESPAIR AND DEATH.

BOOK FIRST.—PART FIRST.

CHAPTER II.—KATO'S HAWK.*

WE left old Chipps about to take the plunge into the darkness in pursuit of the yellow parchment. Exactly.

We will now transport our readers to Van Diemen's Land.

The sun is strong in the heavens; and the gangs of convicts, who are grunting and sweating under the combined influence of the fiery burning heat, and the compulsory exertion of digging and shovelling at loads of clay, stones, and sand—the gangs who are to be seen lessening in the distance, hauling their shadows and their burdens of soil behind them—the gangs who seem to be dipping down like ducks as they work in the trenched roads—the gangs who can be seen winding along from the fort (over by the bay there, standing white and defiant before the sun), throwing up clouds of dust around them, which the sun streams upon and makes golden with his rays—are all individual in the fierce hate which burns like a fever within them—hate at the sun above, which is blistering their bodies—at the cool and tranquil sea, visible in the distance, rising and falling luxuriously, and tossing up little waves in glee, as if to mock the hard-worked thirsty souls, who would cheerfully give their lives for one cool plunge—at the overseers, who are walking about—and at the Government at home, which has sent them to that Gehenna on earth, Van Diemen's Land.

The convicts are divided into gangs, and to each gang is attached an overseer, dressed in a semi-military semi-police style of costume, and with a semi-military semi-police style of pacing up and down, fingering the pistols in his belt, and playing with the handle of the sword attached to his side. The uniform drab dresses of the convicts; the short-cropped hair, beetle-brows, (which long brooding upon their miseries has perhaps engendered, or is it a curious physiological fact that criminals are generally beetle-browed?) sun-burned faces, and skull-caps which should protect

* The right of dramatising, translating, and reproducing this serial fiction is reserved by the authors.

their heads from the heat, but which only serve to make it more unendurable; the dead silence which is maintained as the labour progresses,—all combine to crush out any individuality which would distinguish them under ordinary circumstances, and to suggest a general analogy to rats and other loathsome vermin which eat, sleep, and work in gangs.

The overseer, who has charge of the outside gang, appears to have an eye to the picturesque, as occasionally he regards the mountains and the sea with hungering eyes, almost as hungrily as the convicts. He is a square-built, fat, little man, upon whom the uniform sits stiffly and tightly; and who appears to go through all his duties, like the convicts, under protest. He has a habit of trying to squeeze his hand between his belt and his body, and a habit, after having failed to manage this, of sighing, frowning, stamping violently for a moment with his foot, puffing out his cheeks, and nearly strangling himself in the attempt to frown at the leather stock which girds his neck, and which squeezes up a ring of superfluous fat, browned by the sun into a not remote likeness of a piece of tarry rope; his head is perpetually moving about from side to side, as if to seek some relief from the stock; and he periodically forces up a deep grunt, which might express either dissatisfaction at the convicts under his charge, at the climate, at his uniform, or at everything in general.

He strutted about among the convicts, and the grunts became more frequent; he wasted very few words, but infused into his looks, when surveying them, a certain contemptuous indifference, which implied something more than mere consciousness of the difference between their relative positions. After each of his surveys, he retired to his box, which stood on a little eminence commanding a view of the fort and of the bay, and spent a short time in trying to get his fingers between his leather stock and his neck, and in unloosing his belt for a few minutes to give himself free respiration. Between the gusts of parched air which he breathed forth, he indulged in short spasmodic soliloquies, some of which seemed to relieve and some to annoy him amazingly. 'Ha!' he said, 'what fools some people are, to be sure; and I not among the least! What an ass I am not to cut this cursed place, and return to the old country! Blow that sun! literally and figuratively it be blowed! Look at it now upon the fort. Why, every window looks as if the glass would soon be melted, and the sun force its way in and shrivel up everything. I declare, my sword-handle is nearly red hot. Ha! what a set of fools those miserable devils of convicts are, to be sure. What's the good of a man, say I, running his head against a stone, even supposing he does not get it cracked the first, or second, or third time? And yet that's what these beggars do, running their heads against the law. No use going against law—it's a failure—the country won't stand it; might's right here, and right's might. What a noisance it is that some people will run their heads against a stone! Oh dear, I wish I was out of it—

that's all. I daresay my hawks do the same. What a couple of rum uns they are. What a chap that tall un is, to be sure, and what a peppery little devil is Vavazour! An Englishman like myself, sandy-haired like myself, but more of a fool than me, I'll swear. That peppery temper 'ill be the death of him yet—see if it don't. What a world it is. Ah! curse that stock, it'll be the death of me some fine day—the sun and it between them. Hawks! hawks! what a funny chap I am, to be sure! I was always fond of my joke—would have it in spite of everything; joke with a beadle, I would, and done it often enough. Wish I was a beadle now;—better luck than this. Think I ought to have called that French fellow my crow, he is so black. If I stay much longer here, shall be as black as him. Duferny—what a cool chap he is! and so polite—Frenchman all over—rather a good idea to chain him up with Vavazour! How he's tamed him no one would think. Good communications reform bad manners—that's truth. Eh! dear, I shall walk round and see my hawks—ha! ha!—good for Kato. Kato's hawks—good.'

He adjusted his belt, and with a few more grunts (this time of satisfaction at his own wit), strolled along to where two figures were working together on the outside of the gang. When he had reached them, the tallest of the two, with a bright hopeful smile which made his row of white teeth glisten in the sun, and his dark swarthy face darker by contrast, put up his hand to his brow, and gave the overseer a military salute. 'Bon jour, mon capitaine! What a devil of a sun this is, and how it makes one sweat! Mort de ma vie, how my shirt sticks to my skin! I shall melt away some fine day, and absorb into the sand. La!' He dug his spade into the sand, and wiped his brow.

'Ah! not when I am here, Jim Crow, you won't. What capital manure you would make if this was arable land, and we cultivated garlic. But you were melted away before you came here. Your country can't afford fat. If you were to talk about your friend there; he's got fat and to spare. Eh! my hawk number one!'

The tall figure showed his teeth again. The short figure turned round, his face purpled with rage; his neck seemed to swell. He hissed out between his teeth, 'Ass!' and resumed his work again, digging with redoubled energy. Duferny shrugged his shoulders, elevated his eyebrows, and, with a smile of meaning to the overseer, commenced again with a pick.

Kato played with the handle of his sword a moment, smiled at Duferny in return for another military salutation, and walked slowly away, with the remark, 'Sotto voce! Duferny's a philosopher like me; Vavazour's an ass. Human natur is human natur all over the world, penal settlements included!'

The man who stopped oftenest in his work, and scowled under his thick eyebrows at the overseer—the man who every now and then threw up his head in rage, as if he would like to return the compliment which the sun was paying him, viz. to stifle it—the man who panted and fumed, and stretched his head

east in the direction of the sea, and groaned and cursed because there was no cool wind to meet him, and play about his heated face, to dry the clammy sweat—who chafed and fumed, and made impotent attempts to smother himself outright by restraining his breath, was of course the little man—Vavazour.

He threw up his head again skywards, in the manner of an enraged bull at bay, and then swayed it to and fro, as if with the feeble hope of making a slight current of air. At last, with an oath, he commenced again, and yelled out, 'Curses on this fiend of a sun, who will have no mercy—on that villainous Kato, lounging about, the reptile!—on the sea, on the ground, on everything; on everybody; on yon imbecile pig, rat, grubbing and grubbing, and shovelling, as if you enjoyed it. Why don't you fret like me? You've got no soul, no fire, no hate. I'll kill you some day. Yah!'

He aimed his spade with fierce energy at his companion's foot, missing it by about a quarter of an inch.

The tall figure was drawn up to its full height—the swarthy face turned almost black—the white teeth gleamed in a long row almost from ear to ear—the eyes flashed, the pick was raised, and the compliment about to be returned with terrible effect, when he stopped suddenly, struck it into the soil, and said, with suppressed voice and quivering lips and nostrils, 'Diable! No, I won't lame you, it would not answer my purpose; but don't provoke me again, Vavazour.'

'You're an ass, a fool, Duferny. Why don't you brain me? I should have done it to you, and may do so yet; you've got provocation enough, God knows. A pestilence on you! Do you think I am to be cajoled into loving you by your pretended magnanimity? I hate you as I hate that sun! Worse—I hate you as I hate this place; as I hate Kato there, whom I shall kill some day and be hanged for it. I hate you almost as much as I hate him over the water; curses on him (he spoke to the accompaniment of his teeth grinding)! No, I can't hate any one so intensely as I hate him. I shan't kill Kato; I don't wish to die yet. I've a mission to fulfil yet before I am hanged. There's still a sweetness for me, even in this place, and that is for the hope that I shall be some day free from it—not, mark you, Duferny! not because I would wish to be again free and cool, and able to plunge into water, but for the pleasure of meeting him, and bringing him to death on a slow fire. I would suffer the torture for the luxury of seeing him suffer first.' A yell this time, as he struck his spade into the ground, and shovelled with wild energy as if to give play to the passion which was consuming him.

'You call me an ass, Vavazour,' said his companion; 'you are the greatest of the two.'

'How, fool? Speak! explain! you lie!'

'What would you do without me? What chance would you have of escape? None. Yet you try and irritate me in every way! You are eternally howling; and cursing, and shirking the work, and fretting and fuming under the yoke. What would you do if you were chained to the bulky fellow who brained his companion within our sight yesterday? Do you

imagine, for a moment, that you are gaining anything by that conduct? You may provoke me far enough to do the same; and then adieu to your hopes of vengeance, and welcome the luxury of reflecting that the aristocratic friend whom you helped to his titles and estates would never be disturbed in his possession, and could glide quietly down the stream of life in uninterrupted bliss. I wonder if he is yet married! Eh?'

Another grinding of the teeth, another fierce dig with the spade, another flash of hatred at his companion, and Vavazour hissed out, 'Why the devil do you torture me so?'

'As if,' continued Duferny coolly—'as if I could not, if I took it into my head, give up the scheme altogether. I shall be free in two years; you will die here, and rot under this cursed sand soil. You will be slaving away in this manner, and with a worse companion, while I am either in America or back in the old country, in luxury compared to this. You will, unless I take pity on you.'

'And you will take pity, won't you?' whined out the other. 'You won't leave me, will you? You know, Duferny, I have really an affection for you. I haven't got a bad heart for my friends—I haven't, indeed; only I get it soured with this cursed climate—these fiends the owners, and that cursed fiend of a sun—who wishes to kill me.'

'Very likely; yes, very likely. A soft heart is your weakness, my friend. I can appreciate it; but suppose you work now. If you don't wish Kate to risk his life by beating you over the head with the flat end of his cutlass, you'd better. Come now, begin.'

He took up his spade again, and Vavazour, stimulated by his example, recommenced, but in a very short time his energy slackened, he ground his teeth again, scowled at his companion, and again grunted out,—

'A soft heart! Yes; you may well say that. It's been my curse since my cradle; but you mock me, Duferny. I know what you mean by that sneering tone. I take a long time to understand your meaning; but I'm not to be deceived. You've a purpose in wishing me to escape.'

The tall figure started up, his eyes flashed, and he gesticulated wildly with his arms.

'Mortdemavie! What do you mean, imbecile? You're only fit to be hanged! A purpose with you! Of course I have a purpose; otherwise, do you think I would cumber myself with a wretch like you—a mere tool in every one's hands! Diable! what brought you here? By becoming the tool of our friend the Marquis—ha!—of Pennywistle! A thousand devils! Bah! your intellect is contemptible! Look at me—would you dare to put yourself on an equality with me, Pig? I will use you for my own purposes. It is my interest that you should escape with me. Cease your blustering, and swearing, and chafing, or I will be tempted to leave you to your fate. Purpose with you! Ha! as if I had not! Good! it makes me laugh. Now, work, my friend! Work, imitate me, and keep up the character which

I have formed for you of a moral convict, or I shall cut the connection, and have you removed to another gang. Ha!' He finished up with a tiger-like grin, which again made his teeth whiter, and his face blacker by contrast.

Vavazour was again cowed, he spoke nothing, but seemed to shrink up under the words of his companion.

They both recommenced their work, and continued without exchanging a syllable for about an hour. At last Duferny broke the silence.

'Voici, mon ami!' I will put you up to a way of giving a zest to your labour. You must dig at that trench. Good. Just imagine to yourself that you are cutting and hacking at your patrician friend Pennywistle! Put it, that you are shovelling out his brains or his bowels, or hacking his limbs. Now then. Remember, you may have the luxury of doing it some day, if you behave yourself and stick to me! Now then.'

With a yell of rage, Vavazour struck out in a maniacal style at the part where the shallow trench was to be made, Duferny occasionally regarding him with a satanic grim of delight on his swarthy countenance, and encouraging him now and again with interjectional expressions of approval—'Bon, mon ami! vous faites bien! Diable! but that was a good one for our friend. Scoop out his eyes, now! crack his skull! Ha! Good! you're at his entrails now! That's the way. Pah! that was a bad stroke. Now, at him. Ha! good, mon ami! Good! you'll do; you'll prove a worthy confrere. I have hopes of you yet. Work! Death of my soul! Work! We'll win yet!'

(To be continued forthrightly.)

GABRIEL GRAY—A GLASGOW STORY.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER III.

'City! I am true son of thine.'—A. Smith.

My mansion is in Portland-street, at an elevation of one stair. Up till last week, my wife and girls had secret aspirations after a self-contained lodging; and searched every decaying suburb for some tenement of that dignified type, sufficiently small, shabby, dilapidated, or depreciated in value by noise of neighbouring factories, to give promise of being within our limited means. It was argued by my shorter and broader half that, had we been able to find such a habitation, the world was not to know that we did not cling to it from old family attachments and associations much too deeply rooted to be torn up by steam-engines. Her idea appeared to be that a silk gown, a Brussels carpet, and real silver spoons had always an air of gentility about them, although the first might be stained with grease, the second threadbare—almost in holes—and the third but the mere ghosts of spoons. In other words, poverty was always in her eyes tolerably respectable, and easy to be borne, when it wore a reminiscence of grandeur. But anything in the self-contained line, capable of holding out rain, and not given over to women who take in

washing and dressing, or who keep cows, was nowhere to be found at our moderate figure. Accordingly, we retook our mansion in Portland-street—that locality furnishing, on the whole, the maximum of gentility at the minimum of cost.

By this judicious proceeding, we spared our frail cabinet-work the shock and peril of a 'fitting'—surely of all earthly tribulations among the sorest! Our grates had a reassured air about them, as if feeling that they fitted. The eight-day clock forgot its infirmities, and leaned against the wall, apparently conscious of strong backing. My old coats looked homely on their pegs. Every rising anxiety concerning the safety and whereabouts of my papers subsided. A couple of pounds which I carried in my pocket-book, and which must have gone hopelessly on carters and whisky, became all at once my own, to expend as I best liked—in the diminution of household debt—in a warm cloak for Barbara, who has been looking sickly of late—in square miles of indifferent penny letterpress—in a handsome testimonial 'from G. G. to M. W.'—in anything or everything which the shop windows boasting the largest panes offer to itching fingers. But this direct money-gain was doubled. Our landlord—a polite gentleman, in bodily terror of losing us, and having his house untenanted, or tenanted by some wretch fastidious in wall paper—took a couple of pounds off the rent. Fancy this being done by a politic landlord, of his own free will! I felt it like a gift. It thrilled me with a sensation of riches. The peregrinations of my feminine household in search of a domicile which should be our own down to the earth's centre and up to the celestial zenith, with no noises below but earthquakes, and none overhead but thunder, had resulted in actual profit! I called them my town-travellers, and complimented them on their good stroke of business. They might have done it in cabs and come off gainers. Kate, my youngest born, who is not the least of a heroine, and contents herself with a kind of comic chamber-maid business, has been speculating on another tour of the vicinities next February or March—this time of a purely menacing and make-believe character; but I question whether a further reduction of rent would be conceded under that pressure. Politic landlordism might suspect a trick, and take steps to retaliate. My venerable household gods might then look uncomfortable with good cause, under peremptory notices to quit, amid such disruption of the established harmonies as it were chaos and misery to picture.

So here we are in Portland-street, one stair up, for another year at least. There are families below us, and families above us, and in this way we live, layer upon layer, like a Bordeaux cake. I sometimes describe the position of all these geologically as the primary, the secondary, and the tertiary formations. We are stratified. A family of peculiar complexion up stairs I call the "Old Reds." Over the way are a houseful of woolly half-casts, and these I term the carboniferous or coal-group. Ah me! how much more

strange are these treble plies of humanity than all the penetrated strata of the earth's crust! What are dead rocks, fossils of the algae and shellfish of dried-up seas, the grimy grave-yards of the forests of forgotten continents, or the bones of the monstrous Mastadon or Megatherium, compared with the pulsing activities—the living joys and sorrows, the eager hopes, the bitter accidental discomfitures, and the silent heroic struggles of such a street as Portland-street! Could I ascend up through its tenements, one after one, as by some invisible factory-hoist—pausing at every floor, asking no introduction, necessitating no hypocrisy, but spying into its parlours, and catching at a glance the actualities of its daily life—what contrasts should I behold! What running commentary should I make with the changing phantasmagoria! Play on, happy children! with your unblown noses, and boisterous contempt for the adult etiquettes! Ah! heart-broken wife—more melancholy than any widow, no matter under what depth of crape—trying to see the needle with which thou labourest to stab thy griefs continually! Lonely—lonely! and not even, close by or far away, a poor tombstone on which to pillow thy sorrows! Fond youth and maiden! sweetly whispering, contented with the firelight and patient for the stars, what are the pictures of a Claude or a Salvator Rosa to those which you at this moment paint? Crouch, old age! by the fireside—spectacled—loving thy newspaper intently, as if thy interest deepened in worldly matters the longer thou hast lived to discover their fleetingness! But lo! a floor throbbing to the piano and the dancers,—and above, a sleeper whom neither piano, nor trumpet, nor thunder shall ever awaken more! What bareness is here, and what hieroglyphs of poverty are darned into carpet and curtain! Anon, what lavish upholstery, and full, confused cupboards—the upholsterer's and the grocer's bill unpaid! O magical mosaic of life! O indescribable patch-work! O bewildering panorama of summer, snow-storm, and shadowy midnight masses ghost-like! Portland-street has mines of riches for me. It is my daily living library, in which histories, romances, and farces are ranged side by side, shelf above shelf, in various bindings, in due and uniform order, and numbered even, for easy reference of the studious. What satisfaction, for another twelvemonth, to sojourn there, untroubled by other ambitions, in slippers!

Portland-street is of a goodly length; and persons with no eyes—by which I mean the bulk of mankind—might believe it to be dull. There is little through traffic in it. Its occasional coals are to brander its own steaks, and to boil its own kettles. Scarcely a cab goes noisily over its causeway, that is not bringing its own visitors or airing its own invalids. Few besides Portland-street people and their friends are ever seen on its pavements. Yet, day after day, and year after year, I can look down from my window on its fitful or straggling stream of life, and feel no more lonely than any Isaac Walton on his solitary bank of cowlips. Not an odd fish passes but I hook

him for my special delectation. I pluck out the mystery of faces, and calculate which of my life-studies have bills to meet not well knowing how; and which, on the other hand, have made fortunate ventures in the stock-market. Most of the young folks in the street I know by headmark, and I profess myself competent to foretell marriages like a gipsy. The man going down with drink—alas! poor suicide! drifting or driving whither—O angel of Death! whither?—is read by me as I might read a tragedy, noting the scenes and the acts, and anticipating the end—the disappearance—the terrible 'no more,' saddest and terriblest when without a happy memory to survive. What families are scaling the sunny social slopes, and what succumbing to down-draughts, and ill-fate, and possible business incapacity, I observe with an eye of philosophy and science, and scarcely ask for other romances than these real, enacting for my richer experience, with brightening or deepening lines, towards luminous or tragic dénouements, making me old and wise.

On the street-floor nearly opposite, my essential friend, Mathew Waddel, has his apartments. I can look diagonally at the glacial crown of him every morning over the low blinds. At first, it is usually surmounted with a nightcap like snow, but this thaws off as the daylight advances. Scarcely an afternoon passes without telegraphic signals between us, and speedily thereafter the shrewd observer may behold an elderly gentleman, of respectable demeanour, voyaging across the street, sometimes in a kind of easy fireside deshabille. Such is our usual mode of assembling, and, though quiet as a raised finger, we find it as efficacious as the clang of innumerable bells. Apart, therefore, from the high, prudential, and philosophic considerations on which I have decanted, the near vicinity of Mathew should have been enough of itself to make us conquerors over common-stair gossip, back-green disputation, the sorely beaten piano of the 'Old Reds,' and other disadvantages of the stratified mode of life. It was a poor compliment paid to a musician that he 'perspired more than Liszt,' because had he even split his coat like the American stump orator, he would have been no nearer perfection in his art for that singular triumph of gymnastics. Of this truth the powerful performers overhead, with their sorely-tried stay-laces, are mainly ignorant; but I look across, or step across the street, diagonally, and feel myself not only reconciled, but, through martyrdom of a sensitive ear, in some considerable sense heroic.

Truly, a wonderful life-world, my masters! What sounds would we hear, and what sights see, every day, all round us, and under our very rooftrees, but that we are deaf and blind, and crusted up by familiar usage, and tyrannous conventionality, against the more delicate and appreciative instincts! How often, indeed, does a too great nearness destroy our focus of observation, and render the glowing lights, and pathetic and tragic shadows mere smears without interest or significance! Let any of us, artist-like, step back

to observe, at true distance, what colours are on our dearest home-pictures! Ah Mathew! I have made a discovery. My wife has been accusing Barbara of sitting up late at night, and drawing the white moonlight into her blood. The poor girl has, it seems, taken to 'scribbling' nonsense, and a proof of it has been put into my hands. Here it is, in her own trembling caligraphy:—

The sunset waned on Gilmorehill,
But night was far from me;
For Edward's eye was on me still,
And darkness could not be.

Though soft the notes of summer birds,
More soft the vows he made;
They might be false or foolish words,
But sweeter ne'er were said.

How tender is the April beam,
Ere skies are overcast!
How fearful is the lightning's gleam!
Like love too bright to last.

You cloud that now so dark appears,
I saw in splendour shine;
Its splendour gone, it breaks in tears,
As breaks this heart of mine.

Let Kelvin mourn a weary mile
Its lonely banks between;
For how can summer deign to smile,
Where love has faithless been?

No pearls are on the flowers of June—
My tears they only wear;
No joy is in the light of noon—
'Tis dark with my despair.

Of friendship let the aged sing,
And warm their souls with song;
But friendship is a cheerless thing
To hearts that still are young.

Then, canst thou, Edward! coldly claim
A friend alone to prove?
No, now thou scorn'st a dearer name,
Let friendship die with love.

When I had finished reading this, I observed that Mathew held on by his tumbler, staring at it without uttering a word. I at length broke silence, half soliloquising—'She *shall* have a new cloak—a warm one—one of the season's comfortablest. It shall be like my own arms round her. She shall find it both nurse and physician. It shall be a summer to her blood, and bring back the roses to her cheeks. By Jove! Mathew! it shall clasp her like a southern climate!' 'And it shall be a special gift from me—I insist on it,' shouted good Mathew Waddel, upstanding and wringing my hand, with tears glowing on his eyelids.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

A GLANCE AT TUNIS.

Of all the States of Barbary, that of Tunis is perhaps the most interesting to the student of history, on account of the many remarkable cities, towns, and ruins for which it is famous. It lies to the east of Algeria, and has an area of 78,700 square miles, or about one-eighth less than that of Great Britain. Its population is estimated at 1,500,000. The climate is of a mild and, upon the whole, salubrious tempera-

ture. From the great scarcity of water, however, in some parts of the country—particularly towards the eastern portion of it—the soil is very unproductive. Yet, notwithstanding this, the cultivation of the soil of this State far surpasses that of the other kingdoms of Barbary. It is in the western portion of it that the ground is most productive; being exceedingly fertile. This, no doubt, is accounted for in a great degree by the number of rivers which flow through it—the plains being irrigated by their waters. The fruit which grows upon the mountains and in the valleys is of the richest and most delicious description. It is very plentiful; and, together with wool and olive oil, is largely exported. The trade of the country—which is the largest of all the Barbary States—is principally carried on by caravans, which visit it in great numbers every year, and import into the State many articles not cultivated or manufactured within its borders.

The reins of the Government of Tunis are held by the Bey, who is of such an independent spirit that he yields obedience to no foreign power, with the exception of the Sultan, to whom, however, he pays little attention, and very frequently little respect. He is not only the chief of all the ecclesiastical institutions in the country, but the most important civil offices of the State are vested in him. The decisions of this person, when presiding in the Hall of Justice, are what our Transatlantic cousins would call 'expeditions.' He allows no time to those who have been proceeded against to get up or prepare a defence. If they are not ready on the instant with something palpable, they must abide the consequences; the result of which is that justice is sported with, and the poor victims of this 'Star Chamber' inquisition not unfrequently suffer most severely at its hands, although perfectly innocent of the charges brought against them.

The most important commercial city in Tunis is the capital, which is called after the State. It is enclosed by a wall, which has six gates or entrances. The population of it is estimated at from 150,000 to 200,000. The streets have a very miserable appearance—being narrow, irregular, and dreadfully filthy. The houses, which all consist of one storey, are generally *minus* those requisites of such tenements—namely windows—without which our optical propensities would be denied many pleasant scenes in daily life. However, there are many beautiful, we were almost going to say magnificent, buildings within its walls. The Bey's palace is especially noteworthy, being built in the Saracenic style, having handsome marble courts and galleries. Then there is a large number of mosques (into which no Christian is allowed to enter), synagogues, and other places of worship for Jew, Greek, and Roman Catholic, which contrast somewhat strangely with the generality of buildings in the place.

The place next in commercial importance to the city of Tunis is Kairwan. It is what is called a holy city. We certainly feel amazed at the pretext for such

a designation. If it were a universal asylum for all the imbecile people in the region round about, we might have excused their fanaticism and want of taste; but that they should give it such a designation—and, moreover, excommunicate every infidel dog (the name they give to both Christians and Jews) who may unfortunately be found within its walls, merely because the mortal remains of the great Prophet's barber are deposited under its soil—is certainly enough to disgust any one. Nor is this all. On account of the possession of the aforesaid barber's remains (we mean no disparagement to the members of that honourable profession), this city is the recipient of thieves, murderers, and every description of ruffians who seek its shelter; the consequence of which is, that, once within its consecrated gates, no power on earth can apprehend them, though their crime be of the darkest hue. However, this city presents, notwithstanding the sanguinary and crazy character of its inhabitants, a most animated appearance—the grand mosque, especially, standing out in bold relief, being supported by no fewer than 500 beautiful granite columns.

But, passing from the cities of Tunis, we shall direct our steps towards some of the more remarkable of its ruins and remains of former greatness.

We now approach a pile, and that a truly noble one, which, as we gaze upon it, sends into our being unspeakable awe. We all know the feeling which takes possession of our breasts when we for the first time become acquainted with something wonderful—something that we never expected to realise, and which becomes an actual fact. And such was the feeling which possessed us as we contemplated for the first time, with the aid of such materials as we had at hand, the majestic but now desolated El Jemme. Ah! and is this the noble amphitheatre of other days? This the place whither the noble, the wealthy, and all the beauty of the Eastern nations were wont to flock? This the place where 60,000 human beings were located, night after night, to gaze upon and digest the scenes—in all likelihood brutal and disgusting—which were enacted within its arena? Yes, it is so; and what a sad and mournful spectacle it now presents! It is now no longer the pride of a magnificent nation. The nightly revelry of ambition and passion are now no longer displayed within its walls. The ringing cheers, the loud swelling notes of disapproval, and the fervid excitement of the mighty audience, no longer rebound through the air. All, all is as silent as the grave. Alas! El Jemme! Time has wrought a wonderful change upon thy fortunes. Standing quite isolated in the midst of a dreary waste, and visited now and again by a few daring adventurers, what a sad picture of decayed grandeur does this noble structure present! Enough, however, is left to touch the heart and arouse the sympathies of those who view it. Although in a very dilapidated condition, there is remaining, as a symbol of its former greatness, no fewer than sixty-four arches, with four rows of columns, placed one upon the other. And that is all. Not another stone is there to mark or

give one an inkling of the former life and activity which prevailed around it. All has gone down with Time, that great leveller of human greatness—which leaves to posterity its solemn lesson as to the deceitfulness of human hopes and aspirations.

But leaving El Jemme, with its somewhat conflicting reminiscences, to its frequent visitors and steadfast friends—the howling beasts of prey—where they may enact in its solitude, on a small scale, those scenes which characterised it when at the pinnacle of its glory—we betake ourselves to the contemplation of other ruins, those of the once noble Carthage. Again do our thoughts take a melancholy turn, as we think upon and draw a lesson from such scenes as those which are before us. When we think of her noble sons, her illustrious chiefs, and her patriotic people; when we think upon her warlike and mighty achievements on land and water, and the noble industry of her people in every walk of life; nay, when we consider that this once great empire was the inflexible rival of glorious Rome herself—how pungent appear the well-pointed queries and conclusions of the poet:—

'Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains? Where the mighty ones
Who flourish'd in the infancy of days?—
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,
Sits grim *Forgetfulness*.'

Ah! yes, it is *Time* that works and conquers all. *It* will not court the favour of the fawning sycophant, neither will it quiver or stand aghast at the hidden malice or open hostility of enemies. We see its workings too plainly in the records of past transactions, and, alas! too frequently in those of to-day. And are we not under the influence of a dream in gazing upon this once noble place? Is it possible that this wild and dreary waste—the habitation of barbarous people and prowling beasts of prey—is the site of the Carthage of ancient times? Can it be that these few marble columns—standing, as they do, as landmarks for the adventurers who visit it—mark the place before whose prowess Africa, Spain, Sicily, Corsica, and even Italy had to bend the knee, and yield obedience? Alas! it is so. Above the site but little remains to tell the traveller that he is treading on the classic soil of Carthage; but underneath, in the bowels of the earth, there is enough to awaken the curiosity of all. Near the sea coast, in the year 1837, a Roman villa was discovered; and, from the many beautiful and magnificent mosaic paintings and other works of art which were excavated, it is to be hoped that another Layard will betake himself to the spot, and rescue from oblivion many interesting and precious relics of this once noble and industrious country.

'Trodden down
Beneath the oppressor; darkness shrouding thee
From every blessed influence of Heaven:
Thus hast thou lain for ages, iron-bound
As with a curse. Thus art thou doom'd to lie,
Yet not for ever.'

Be it so, noble Carthage!

G. D. M'K.

THE CRUISE OF THE HERMIONE.
BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FRED HARPER'S LEGACY.'

CHAPTER IV.

ON rising next morning, I was not a little surprised to find a fresh breeze blowing, the deck deserted, and the vessel at anchor. I could not but think it strange that the noise of letting go the anchor had not awakened any of us. The next thing was why, when there was a breeze, we had not continued on our course. When Bob came on deck, this, of course, was the first thing that presented itself to his mind. He flew into a tremendous rage, vented innumerable 'confound its;' anathematising Archie under the distinguishing appellation of the 'old beast.' He then went forward to the forecastle; but the scuttle being fastened so that he could not remove it, he put his mouth close to the deck, and began to upbraid Archie in words of severest bitterness, commanding him, and calling upon him, as he would have his wages paid, to return instantly to his duty, and get the yacht under weigh.

The noise Bob made brought Stewart on deck. 'Hilloa! what's all the row about?'

'Row about!' exclaimed Bob, starting to his feet with flashing eyes—'row about!—do you not see what the row is about? Do you see the wind there? Do you see the sails? Do you see the anchor? Do you see where we are?'

'Rothessay Bay, is it not?'

'Rothessay Bay, is it not?' repeated Bob, imitating Stewart's tone; 'and you can talk of it with such indifference! Here have we been two days out, spending time, and paying men's wages, and here we are no farther than we could have been by a steamer in almost as many hours, and seen no more than we can see any day for eighteenpence! Here we are, when we might have been running out to sea with this breeze, lying idle in a nasty watering-place, for I don't know how many hours; and that lazy vagabond snoring there—just hear him! Stewart, how can you take it so coolly?'

'Coolly, my dear Bob!' said Stewart. 'Why, what is the good of making such a noise about it? To tell the truth, I'm rather glad of it than otherwise. I think we may spend a day or two here very comfortably. It's better, I'm sure, than being where we were yesterday.'

'Is there any need of our being either here or where we were yesterday, I would like to know?' said Bob. That breeze would carry us to the Mull of Cantyre in a few hours. Come on, I say, and get up the anchor!'

'But, Bob, will the breeze continue—that's the rub. I don't believe it will; and then we'll have a nice time of it. Let us stay here for to-day. Starry has some cousins here, I believe; and I know one or two very nice families who are here just now. We'll go and call on them.'

'Oh, bother your families!' cried Bob. 'What does anybody want with families just now? You and your families! If I only had hold of that old

vagabond! What on earth made him put in here? Stewart—I say, Stewart! tell the truth, was it not you who put him up to it?'

'I was just wondering, Bob, that you hadn't accused me of that sooner,' said Stewart. 'I expected you would. Well, perhaps I did give the old fellow a hint that I wouldn't very much mind if he did put in here.'

'And you tell me this to my face?' cried Bob. 'You told him to put in here? It's enough to drive a fellow mad! You told him to put in here? Stewart, you're a—a—beast!'

'What is the use of making such a row about it?' said Stewart. 'Just let us have breakfast, and go ashore; and, if we haven't some difficulty in getting you away afterwards, I'll be surprised.'

'Stewart!' said Bob, 'I see what you wanted. It's that confounded Fanny Mitchell! The Mitchells are here just now. Aren't they, Starry? Yes; I was sure of it. And here we are—spending time and money for nothing, all because he wanted to see that little baggage! But he won't see her—I'll show him that! Come on, Jack! Hi, Starry! Give up your dirty scribbling for ten minutes, and give us a hand. We're going to start. Hi—you—old lazybones—Archie! Answer, can't you?'

No answer being returned, however, Bob seized a handspike, and tried to force open the scuttle. Succeeding—the wood being decayed—by breaking it in two, he jumped down into the forecastle. 'Come out of this,' he cried, 'come out of this. Do you hear, you old Highland vagabond! What!—why, there's nobody here. What on earth!—where, in the name of all that's strange?—'

'There's an end to our starting now, at any rate,' said Stewart, 'for of course we'll never get on without Archie. So, Bob, you had better keep yourself quiet. Why, if you keep throwing yourself into a state of excitement every five minutes this way, you'll go home in a raging fever. Keep yourself quiet, can't you? Come, we'll have breakfast, and go ashore and visit the families.'

'Are there any young ladies in any of them?' inquired Bob, after a pause.

'Yes, lots of young ladies,' said Stewart—'seven of them in one family—from ten years old to four-and-twenty, and all good-looking—the nicest girls ever you saw in your life.'

Bob was mollified at once by this announcement: he expressed his willingness to go. The maternal exercises of kindling the fire, cooking the breakfast, and eating it were agreeably performed, and Stewart and he proceeded to dress for going ashore. Starry was to accompany them on a visit to his cousins; I was to remain on board, in charge of the vessel. Stewart was ready in a few minutes. It was nearly an hour, however, before Bob made his appearance, decked in all the effulgence of gilt-buttoned waistcoat and anchor-crested cap.

'I say, Bob,' said Stewart, 'what's all this? You want to pass for a lieutenant in the navy! Why,

man, you look for all the world like the steward of a tug-boat. Do go and put off that cap.'

'You mind your own business,' replied Bob. 'When I want your opinion I'll ask for it. Starry, are you ready? Come along; we're waiting for you.'

'I'm just finishing,' answered Starry, from below. 'I'll be this instant. "Above the clouds, piercing the blue of"—I'm just finishing—"the ethereal vaults of heaven." There! I'm done. I'll be with you instantly.'

'Look sharp, then! Jack! we'll be back in the course of the forenoon. I say, Starry! are you going to keep us here all day? You can put your things away again, can't you?'

'Here I am!' said Starry, coming up, with his spectacles on his nose, his slippers on his feet, his head like a mop, and his hands dabbled over with ink. 'I am at your service. Come along!'

'Starry!' said Stewart, 'just go and have a look at yourself in the glass—do. You look for all the world like a literary orang-outang. Do go and wash your hands;—and, I say, where are your boots?'

'My boots?' said Starry, looking down. 'Oh! I beg your pardon. Excuse me for a moment. I'll be with you instantly.'

He withdrew to the cabin.

'Starry!' cried Stewart, 'you had better wash your face, too, when you are about it.'

'Oh! I beg your pardon,' said Starry. 'Yes, thank you, Stewart, for the suggestion. I shall carry it into effect.'

Carried into effect it accordingly was, but in such a manner that he transferred a considerable portion of the ink which had been on his hands to his face, and appeared on deck with a black circle round each eye. Stewart shook his head, and turning away with a laugh, lowered himself over the stern into the yawl. Bob then got in, and, after a vehement discussion whether the boat was capable of carrying another person, Starry was suffered to take his seat at the bow. They pulled off, Stewart at the oars, Bob sitting in the stern, holding on by the sides, and looking as if he thought every moment was to be his last; and, indeed, there was some reason for his fears, for the gunwale was only a few inches from the water. They reached the shore, however, in safety. They made the boat fast at the quay, and walked away.

The forenoon passed, but they did not return. I began to feel not a little tired of waiting. I tried reading, but I could not settle to it—even Meg Merrilees and the Dominie had lost their interest. Then I sat on the deck, watching the steamers as they went and came, and the boats with pleasure parties which passed from time to time. I observed that several of the latter, as they approached the *Hermione*, varied their course, and pulled towards her, and when they came up, rested on their oars, and surveyed her with countenances expressive of subdued merriment. They evidently considered the *Hermione* quite a feature in naval architecture. At

first I felt inclined to regard these surveys with the indifference which what might be considered an impertinence seemed to merit; but as party after party stopped opposite her, some of them even going the length of pulling right round her, I could hardly control myself so far as to remain on deck, feeling almost ashamed of any connection which I might be supposed to have with her.

The afternoon wore on, and still they did not return. I was a little astonished that Bob, at least, should remain so long—the breeze still continuing, and being fair for running out: it had been arranged that, should the weather be favourable, we should go round by the Mull of Cantyre, in order to visit the Giant's Causeway on our way—Bob being influenced, also, by the consideration that, as he said, 'We would save the dues, and the expenses for horses, which we would have to pay if we went by the Crinan Canal.'

But I was more surprised, still, at the non-appearance of Archie. What had become of him I could scarcely imagine, unless he had contrived to get put ashore in the morning by some passing boat, and gone to fraternise with some of his countrymen.

I was revolving in my mind the probable time and condition of his return, when I thought I heard a voice shouting the *Hermione's* name; and, looking towards the shore, I saw Archie seated upon a stone.

'Are ye deaf? Come ashore with the boat! Smack ahoy!'

I answered his hail, telling him that the boat was at the quay.

'Are ye deaf, or are ye drunk?' shouted Archie. 'Can ye no come ashore with the boat? Smack ahoy!'

I answered as before, and he seemed to comprehend. He got up from the stone, and steadying himself against it, stooped down, and picked up something from the beach, took deliberate aim at me, and threw it towards me. The missile lighted about ten yards from the shore. He then, with one hand in his pocket and his body swaying to and fro, shook his fist in a threatening manner three or four times, and walked away.

In about half-an-hour I observed a boat, which I recognised as the *Hermione's* yawl, leaving the quay. After directing rather a zigzag course towards us, it touched the side, and Archie tumbled on board.

'Where have you been all day, Archie?' I inquired. 'You, pe blowed!' replied Archie, kicking the broken scuttle from the fore-castle hatch, and lowering himself down.

It was almost dark when Bob and Stewart returned, they having procured a boat at the quay. Starry had remained ashore with his cousins, but was to come off later in the evening. They had called on 'the families,' and had spent the day with the one in which were the seven young ladies. By Stewart's account, Bob had been particularly attentive to the third young lady, aged eighteen; had walked with her, had sat by her, and in short, Stewart said, 'had become completely spooney.' Bob, however, denied the charge;

but any measure of faith which we might have had in his denial was entirely destroyed by the acknowledgment which he made, on Stewart's suggesting that we should set sail at daybreak next morning, that 'he had made a promise—at least he had—he had expressed an intention—of calling again to-morrow.'

The question of sailing was then discussed, Stewart arguing that it was a pity to be losing the breeze, and endeavouring to persuade Bob that he would have opportunity enough of seeing 'her' again; Bob retaliating by sundry allusions to the absence of Miss Fanny Mitchell on a visit to her aunt. It was at length, however, ostensibly settled that we should remain where we were for another day, and Bob was satisfied.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT was Bob's astonishment, however, on coming on deck next morning, to find that we were running down along the coast of Bute! Stewart and Archie had got quietly under weigh at break of day. Bob, at first, was a good deal annoyed; but we contrived at length to pacify him—a powerful argument existing, in the progress we had made and were still making, for we ran before the wind at the rate of five knots an hour—a wonderful speed for the *Hermione*!

By noon we were off Pladda. For the last hour, however, the wind had been gradually dying away. It was now almost calm, though there was still enough of wind to enable us to head against the tide. On the turn of the tide, we drifted out; and the breeze coming on a little again, we made six or seven miles of our course. But towards nightfall it died altogether away, and we were left again at the mercy of the tides. We repaired to our berths—Bob confounding our ill luck—all of us hoping that next morning would bring us better.

Next morning came. We had lost ground during the night. We were drifting in the middle of the Sound of Kilbrannan—the sea as smooth as glass.

'Did ever mortal see the like?' exclaimed Bob. 'It's enough to drive a fellow mad!'

'Hush, Martin,' said Starry. Starry had come on board on Wednesday evening, as arranged. 'It is hardly proper in you to be speaking in that way. Of course this is not quite so agreeable as to be rushing before the wind, with the waves in our track and the spray dashing over our bows—with

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,"

as Allan Cunningham has it—the former expression being, I presume, in allusion to the water pouring into the berths of those on board; yet we have a bright sky, and can enjoy the beauty of the surrounding coasts—the green Cantyre, the wild Arran, and the lonely, sea-girt rock of Ailsa Craig.'

'Ailsa Craig, Starry!' said Stewart. 'Where?'

'Do you not observe its black form rising from out the sea, away yonder in the distance?' said Starry.

'Starry, my dear fellow! that's a fishing smack, becalmed, like ourselves, about a couple of miles off.'

'Is it possible? Oh, I beg your pardon. I am a little short-sighted, you know. Though, I must confess, it is rather a disappointment to me; for I was just enjoying a little poetic rumination at its expense,—its rocky, sea-beat cliffs—its wild and lonely solitude—the never-ceasing cry of the sea birds—and the hermit existence of its solitary inhabitant!'

'Oh, bother the solitary inhabitant!' exclaimed Bob. 'I never saw such a set in my life. You don't seem to care a single bit if we were here for a month—one smoking there like a tinker—another poking his spectacled nose up into the clouds—and the other lying in the sun there like a beast! I do believe I'll throw myself overboard!'

'Martin!' cried Starry, seizing hold of Bob, with the intention of preventing his suicidal purpose, 'this behaviour is disgraceful—it is puerile—childish! Why can you not compose yourself? We surely cannot be in this predicament—though assuredly you infinitely exaggerate its inconveniences—we surely cannot be in this predicament long now. Ask Archie there. He can probably inform you regarding the ultimate prospects of the weather. I believe these calms do not usually continue for any considerable time together. Archibald, can you inform Mr. Martin how long there may be any probability of our having to remain in our present position?'

'Maybe two days—maybe three—maybe a week,' replied Archie.

'Oh, surely not so long as that,' said Starry. 'Is the navigation of the coast usually attended with so much delay?'

'Whiles; she's a bad time o' the year for sailing just now; she'll be so often calm, and then again she'll come on to blow. I wouldna be a bit surprised now, if, before to-morrow night, we had a regular breeze—more nor we want; and she's a bad boat to stand a sea this—very bad. I never seen worse, and I've seen a few.'

'Then, at this rate,' said Starry, 'our voyage may occupy a considerably longer period of time than we had counted upon or anticipated.'

'Oich! I don't know that. I've seen hookers would run from the Moil here to the point of Ardnamurchan—she's the westerlymost point between Cape Wrath and the Land's-End, and a bad place she is, too, with the swell of the Atlantic coming right in—I've seen them run to the point of Ardnamurchan between this time and to-morrow morning; and then, again, coming back in the winter time, they'll maybe be for a month in Ilan Ornsay with the head winds—couldna get round the point; and some o' them big veshels, too, that's coming that way from Roossin, maybe trying it three or four times, and putting back with their sails all split!'

'Indeed!' said Starry. 'I trust we may not experience anything of that description. Might I inquire what you call those dark birds which we observe floating on the water there?'

'It's dookers,' replied Archie. 'There's a good lot of them about; yonder is a drove, away flying yonder.'

'I say, Bob,' said Stewart, 'if you want something to keep you from fretting, there is a job for you. Go and have a pop at them. It's first-rate sport.'

'What does anybody want with sport, just now?' said Bob. 'Well,' he added, 'perhaps, after all, I daresay it is better than doing nothing here. We might have some of them for dinner.'

'Dinner! laugh! the nasty cod-liver oily things—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl! But you'll have some sport. It's capital fun. Perhaps you may fall in with a seal, and you can have a pop at him. You may take a bullet or two with you at any rate. You'll find some that I brought with me beside the powder. Only see and don't shoot yourselves. You'll find powder and shot in the cupboard. If you haven't enough of powder in the flask, you'll find a canister in the broken teapot in the locker, at the starboard side, away at the back. I put it there the other day to be out of harm's way. See and don't drown yourselves now; and take care of the guns. Keep them at the bow, with the muzzles over the gunwale—do you hear?'

'But are you not coming? Jack, will you not come?'

'Thank you, Bob; but I would rather not. There is Starry;—he will be very glad to accompany you, I am sure.'

'Yes; it would afford me great pleasure indeed,' said Starry. 'With the exception of a little shooting on the moors, on two occasions, I have never had very much experience of the sports of the field; and, although I had only the happiness to bring down one bird on the first occasion, and to wound another on the second, yet I have had sufficient experience of them to have felt some of the—a—enthusiasm which they are calculated to inspire. And yet I feel that it would scarcely be proper in me to indulge in this sport on the present occasion, seeing that, as Stewart has remarked, the birds are not calculated for human use. I feel that it would be indulging in a gratification, at the expense of unoffending and harmless creatures.'

'Harmless creatures!' said Stewart; 'get you a bite from one of them, and I venture to say there will be an end of your scruples; you will ever after have a hatred of the whole race of them. However, bring on board what you shoot, and then we'll talk about what we're to do with them.'

'Never mind him, Starry,' said Bob; 'they're good enough to eat. We'll cook them up, and have a jolly feast of them to-morrow—if we aren't out of this, that is; and we'll make up a dumpling, or a pudding, or something—though, if they get a bit, it's more than they deserve—the lazy wretches! Come along, Starry! Bail out the boat—I'll go and get the guns.'

The boat was bailed out; the guns, two in number, were procured; and Bob and Starry lowered themselves over the side. They rowed away in the direction of the Cantyre coast; Starry manœuvring the

oars in rather a novel fashion; Bob, at the bow, loading a gun with the muzzle pointed directly at the back of Starry's head.

'There is one just come up,' cried Bob, when they had pulled about a hundred yards from the yacht. 'See yonder! What a whopper! Pull—quick! Your left hand—no, the other one. Don't speak now, for your life! Pull hard! Confound it, don't make such a noise. There he goes! He's swimming away! Pull, Starry! You blockhead! pull. Pull your left hand. Back water—not that way—the other way! Quick! We'll have him! Steady—no—pull yet—your left hand best—left hand best—both together! Steady now! I'm going to take aim. There now. Steady. Bo-the-ration! he's gone.' Dived just when I was going to pull the trigger. Starry, you're an ass!'

'If you are to accuse me, in this manner, of faults of which I am entirely innocent,' said Starry, 'I will take the liberty of returning to the yacht, and leave you to prosecute the sport by yourself. I have almost exhausted my strength, endeavouring to perform my allotted work to your satisfaction; and all the return I get for my pains is to be called a blockhead and an ass, by one who has at least as great a claim to those titles as I have.'

'You're getting angry, are you?' said Bob. 'Well, I'll try to be more careful of how I speak the next time. Here's another one! No; it's the same one come up again. What a distance he has swum under the water! After him, Starry! We'll have him. Pull, you blockhead!—your right hand—no, your left—now, straight on. Don't make such a noise. Now we'll have him! Steady.'

'Fire!' cried Stewart, from the yacht.

Bob fired, but at the instant the bird dived, the shot striking the water about two boat-lengths from where he had been.

'Stewart!' cried Bob, starting up in the boat so suddenly that he almost capsized her,—'Stewart, you're a—a—beast! What did you mean—what did you mean, I say? What did you cry out that way for?'

'You wouldn't have hit him even if you had fired before he dived,' said Stewart; 'and why, man, there are lots more of them. Look! there he is up again; after him—you'll have him this time surely.'

'Come along, Starry,' said Bob; 'give me an oar, and we'll go where we won't be interfered with. See, yonder is a flock of them. Give me an oar, and we'll pull for them.'

'Put the muzzle of your gun over the gunwale, will you, Bob?' cried Stewart. 'You don't want your heads perforated, I suppose.'

'Hold you your tongue,' replied Bob. 'When you learn to use a gun yourself, you may dictate to other people; in the meantime, mind your own business. Come on, Starry. If I had my way of it, I would put both of them ashore, and let them find their way home as they liked. They'll look with clear eyes, however, the day either of them sees me asking him to come with us again next year, I can tell them. Come on, Starry! Pull.'

They pulled away towards the coast, and were soon out of hearing. Then we saw them pulling about hither and thither. We saw Bob standing up frequently, and gesticulating violently, and heard the occasional bang of a gun. By degrees, the distance between us increased, until the boat appeared only a black speck on the water.

As the dinner hour drew on, we expected they would have returned; but they apparently had no intention of doing so. I had all along had some misgivings regarding their expedition; but I now felt a strange undefined dread coming over me that it would have a tragic termination. I at first regarded this as a mere fancy; it assumed, however, a more tangible form when one of those damp mists which in summer sometimes fall on these coasts, suddenly overspread the sea. If the fog should continue, it was ten chances to one if they would find us.

'Stewart,' said I, 'this is rather serious. What is to be done?'

'I really don't know,' said Stewart. 'We'll knock up Archie. Archie had gone some time ago to his berth. Perhaps he may be able to tell us how long there is any likelihood of its continuing. Hi—Archie—halloa! come up here for a moment, will you?'

'What's the matter wi' ye now?' cried Archie, from the fore-castle. 'Can ye no let a pody sleep?'

'Come up, Archie, for a little, and see this fog,' said Stewart.

'Fog!' said Archie, putting his head up through the hatch. 'Oich! a mist. Well, what's about her?'

'Why, Archie, Mr. Martin and Starry—Mr. Crawford, I mean—are in the boat, more than a couple of miles away,—that's all.'

'They went away in the fog!' exclaimed Archie. 'Well, well! did ever anypody hear the likes of that?'

'They went away before the fog came on,' said Stewart, 'just a little after you went down yon time.'

'And what was taking them away?'

'They went to shoot, I believe. But that is not the question—it is,—What are we to do?'

'To shoot!—to shoot dookers, I suppose; and what was they going to do with the dookers—the dirty things? I have a taste in my mouth whiles yet with one I eat this time two year. Well, well! did ever anypody hear the likes of that? They went to shoot dookers! Well, of all the stupid pluckheads I ever seen (and I've seen a few), they is the stupidest!'

'But that is not the thing, Archie,' said Stewart. 'What are we to do?'

'Oich! what can ye do but wait till the fog'll went off? She's very wetting though—very—just like rain. I'll give ye my skins to put on.'

'Could we not take the sweeps and pull towards them?' said I.

'Oich! I suppose ye could,' said Archie. 'It's maybe your best plan. Man, but she's wetting, the mist! I'll bring ye my oilskins to keep ye dry. Yes, it's maybe your best plan. Hows'ever, I'm going to have my sleep out; and don't you be wakening me up the way ye've been doing every two meenutes. Ye can just do as ye were saying, and maybe ye'll meet in with them.'

We took the sweeps at once, and having noted by the compass the direction in which we had seen them last, we steered accordingly.

In about an hour we had attained the distance at which we had reckoned they had been; but we could see nothing of them. Any further use of the oars

might now only serve to carry us farther from them. We abandoned the work, and waited anxiously, hoping that the mist might clear before night.

Night came—the mist was thicker than ever. There was now little hope of their finding us before next day at least. If, in the meantime, a breeze should rise, it might prove too much for the capacity of the boat; and if the fog should continue longer, there could be little doubt what their fate must be; for there could hardly be a prospect that they would fall in with us, or even be able to make the land; for they must long ago have lost every idea of the direction in which to steer. Our only hope was, that the mist might disperse before morning; and even in that case, there would be some danger of their lives; for, unaccustomed as they were to exposure, they must both be totally exhausted with cold and hunger.

We did all that could be done in the circumstances. We hoisted a light at the masthead. We then rummaged about for something with which to make a sound sufficiently loud to be heard at some distance. But we could find nothing, excepting an old key, which Stewart—with the fragment of a file, which he found in the fore-castle—endeavoured to manufacture into a species of fire-arm, by filing a touch-hole at one end. But the file was worn away by use and age, and he had to abandon the design. We then tried whistling into it; and finding it to produce a tolerably loud sound, we continued it at intervals.

We felt painfully anxious. Even Archie manifested some concern. He came on deck, to keep his accustomed nocturnal watch. Stewart and I went below; and, throwing ourselves on the seats, endeavoured to obtain some repose. Stewart soon fell asleep; but I lay awake till long past midnight. We had a fire burning in the stove, and warm blankets ready; so that restorative means might be applied at once, if we should have the good fortune to fall in with them in the morning. The faint, flickering light which the fire shed around—the gentle heaving of the vessel—the dead stillness, broken alone by the low creaking of the cordage and the murmuring wash of the water, mingled confusedly in my mind with what seemed to me to be their all but certain fate. Towards morning I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was drifting, in an open boat, at sea—with a pair of human skeletons lying in the bottom.

(To be continued.)

DAYBREAK ON ZIDON.

A PLANET climbs from Hauran; one more fair
Rolls, orb'd in silver, down the sea-bathed sky.
Beyond a land of love and memory.

It sinks. A radiance, flushing earth and air,
Flames over Zidon! Crimson clothes the bare
Sands—the surf reddens—vanish from on high
The stars—yon garden feels a fruitful eye!

Behold! And hark! the call to morning prayer!

Men rise—the camel may no longer sleep—

The roused horse snorts for water. Ye who draw,

White vell'd, admiring how the weary roam,

Admire, but do not wander; rather keep

Unchanged your old hereditary law—

Remain among your people—dwell at home.

E. PEN.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.]

LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

March 1, 1836.

GEORGE brought home a gentleman to dinner to-day, whom he has lately adopted as partner in his business. He is considerably older than George; and it seems that his acuteness and great general information, and, above all, his high legal knowledge, are things quite extraordinary. He has, moreover, an immense acquaintance among that sort of people with whom lawyers have most to do. So, though he brought no money, in immediate pounds, shillings, and pence, into the service, my husband seems well pleased with the prospective advantages offered by the connection. Notwithstanding all this, I don't care for Mr. Locke. A tall spare man, with a hard gray visage, cold eye, and dry manners, he wears to me rather a repulsive aspect. He has a hesitancy of manner, too, even when speaking on the most ordinary topics, as if he had something to cover up, which jars upon me. This is not the class of men that I fancy; but nice, out-spoken, happy-hearted (like George, for instance), who say what they mean, and feel kindly as they look, and who, if at times they do utter a quick word, think no more of it and have nought to hide. But I suppose it would not work well if the entire world were peopled with the same species of characters, however good and pleasant these might be. There must be individuals adapted for every different scene and circumstance, or the various affairs of this earth could never go on. For example, what would become of law if amity were universal? If there were no selfishness, no envy, no anger, no revengeful feelings, how many people might eat the bread of idleness—mayhap have no bread to eat at all? So, perhaps, it is better as it is, though I cannot reconcile myself to that concealed way which some persons affect. And, by-the-by, speaking of concealment, how is it that George never touches on the subject of that young woman, who seems to have the power of making herself very disagreeable, and of whom he yet cannot quite get rid? Only two evenings ago, I caught a glimpse of her again on the distant high road, in busy conversation with my husband as he was returning to dinner; and yet, upon his coming into the house, he forbore as usual any allusion to the matter! I was too proud to speak of it, after all that has past. Still, I puzzle myself—why should George have any secrets, and what can this one be?

To return to Mr. Locke. I have been thinking, if he were married (as by good luck he is not), what a curious unsatisfactory sort of a husband would he not make? With *such un grand talent pour la reti-*

cence, his life would be all a secret together. It would be a constant game of hide-and-seek between him and his wife, and she would never know anything he was about from morning till night. What a dull stupid fireside theirs would be! No pleasant reciprocity of thought and feeling. I should not survive it a month.

But do any of this awfully taciturn genus, I wonder, ever enter the gates of wedlock? How could such men find time, or speech rather, for the work of courtship—that work which looks so like play, and is yet so serious, and will not be hurried over either, as a duty done by clockwork? Their wooing would needs be in some short abrupt style, like a piece of leger-demain—the lady being of course without a spark of fancy. No delightful small talk with these parties—no preliminary sighs or palpitations—no doubts or fears—no lovers' walks or lovers' quarrels; nothing but a few bald, plain-spoken words, coming at once to the extremest point. The only fitting resemblance to this mockery of courtship is the story of that eastern damsel's wooing by proxy—she who let down her pitcher from her shoulder, and gave the camels to drink, as told in the first book of the oldest record in the world. 'Wilt thou go with this man?' And she said, 'I will go.' Oh! it is dreary, dreary to think of! Then, if this frigid couple had ever any children, they would have no idea how to speak to them, as children love to be spoken to. They would give them clothes, and food, and lessons; but would never draw out their playful fancies, or quicken their latent affections. And so the poor boys and girls would grow up grave, unnatural, reserved, stunted things—like small apples withered by untimely frost—good for nothing save to perpetuate the stiff parental prototype. But stay, perhaps it is the very want of all these qualities which I am deploring that George values in Mr. Locke. He may be too abstractly intellectual to be imaginative—he may be too superior to be agreeable. His mind may be so crammed with the useful that there is no room for the ornamental. The excess of nutritive vegetation may not leave a corner for a single flower. Yet, in his own walk of life, he may be a paragon and a tower of strength. Casting my eyes back on past years, I remember my papa once remarking upon this very theme, and saying of some one he had met, 'He is a clever man—amazing erudition, a perfect mine of solid sense and judgment; but you could never have an hour's genial intercourse with him on a familiar footing. You might as well try to put an oak into a box of mignonette, and bid them both grow together.' Now, Mr. Locke seems to be exactly the counterpart of this. And it may be very right for George to choose an oak for his own purposes, but for my part I would far prefer the mignonette.

Mem.—I have always heard that children were

excellent judges of character. I never understood till to-day what thorough physiognomists mere babies could be.

When Charlotte was brought into the dining-room after dinner, she was not long in fixing her eyes on Mr. Locke. The more she gazed, I could see that he grew less and less to her taste. She nestled close and closer to my arms, ever and anon stealing a scared furtive glance at the intruder; till once, when he chanced to turn round his face and gave her a cold uninterested look, she pursed up her mouth, and seemed on the eve of uttering a cry of alarm. I secretly hoped that Mr. Locke might not have observed the disagreeable impression he made upon my darling's mind. Whether he did or no, the only outward evidence he gave was a small sardonic smile, that perished almost as soon as it was born, and which somehow made his grim features grimmer and harsher than before. George says that men, absorbed in the momentous concerns of life, cannot be troubled with the littlenesses of children's ways. Yet I have heard of grave statesmen, with the burden of a nation's affairs on their shoulders (such as Pitt, Fox, and others), who not only did not disdain childish companionship, but became very children themselves in their hours of relaxation. Mr. Locke, however, is like none of these. The more the pity, say I.

March 25.

This is the first true spring day we have had, and I am enjoying it thoroughly out in the garden with the early flowers—the snowdrops, the crocuses, the primroses, and the budding bushes. The wind is west, the sun is brilliant, the birds are singing. I hear the cuckoo in the adjoining wood 'cuckoo! cuckoo!' and all nature is making a simultaneous start into green exuberant being. Now, what is it (I wonder could philosophers tell?) which causes that delicious thrill in the heart, rising in responsive sympathy with the season on a morning like this? It is not hope, nor joy, nor gratitude, nor love, nor any separate emotion, so much as a mingling of the thousand lights and shadows of our conscious sensibility. Have we a new element infused into our vitality; or is it that we sit more loose to our material frame at such a time, and are more permeated by the spiritual and divine? Mamma used to say that spring was all glad anticipation for the young, but all mournful memory for the old. And what did this imply, but just the potency of atmospheric influence upon the universal mind? Everybody knows Felicia Hemans' exquisite rendering of 'The Voice of Spring,' beginning with a joyous shout, as of a leaping sparkling fountain dashing about its silver spray in glorious wreaths, and then spreading in deeper, grander, more tender beauty, on to its solemn close—the great ocean of eternity! There is another poem I met with lately, on the same subject, whose melancholy tone arrested me. I shall transcribe it here as long as I remember it.

'SPRING.

'I fear thee, Spring! to feel thy fresh, soft wind
Go dallying o'er my cheek and round my brow;

To see thy glittering fingers' touch unbind
The icy seal on meadow, bush, and bough;
I fear, through nature's frame, the electric start;
I fear the awakening echo in my heart!

'For, as a stream long clasp'd by winter's chain,
Or herbage wither'd in the snow-clad field,
My drooping thoughts in sorrow's plight have lain,
And joy's sweet fount lone watching hath congeal'd;
And thou wilt loose the bands of wood and river,
But my soul's gloom, O Spring! wilt scatter never.

'I fear thee, Spring! The tender memories, gushing
From the heart's citadel, long dry and cold,
Come not as from the rock the flood came rushing
Soon as the Prophet's rod was raised of old;—
That blessed shower like Hope's sweet presage fell;
But tears are none in grief's unfathom'd well.

'I fear thee, Spring! I fear thy fiftful brightness—
The faintest odours of thine opening flowers;
For ah! the loved that made my bosom's lightness
Gaze now on blossoms fairer far than ours!
For me, alas! no lovelier verdure waves
Than the soft grass that bends above their graves!

I have spread a shawl on the smooth young grass and set my baby thereon, propped up with cushions, leaving her free to use her eyes, and ply her arms at any sort of light work to which she has a mind. At present her dimpled hands are tugging with might and main at the blue woollen boots woven for her by my worshipful self at odd intervals.

Query—How is it that babies are so fond of seizing hold of things, pulling at them, and, if possible, tearing them to pieces? Phrenologists would tell us it was the early development of the acquisitive and combative organs. Now these are not very pretty qualities. Yet certain it is Charlotte never looks so defiantly happy as when her restless fingers are intent on destruction. At this moment, she is uttering such a shrill scream of satisfaction, that I am fain to turn away my head and cover up my ears from the dissonance. And yet, sooth to say, there is a touch of music in it too, at least to a mother's perception, inasmuch as the wild ringing of the little voice proves that the legion springs in the corporeal mechanism are all in sound active order. Soon, however, the fledgeling energies are exhausted. Then comes the reaction. Fatigue, with fretfulness occasionally, supervenes upon the boisterous epoch. The head droops, the half-closed eyes become gradually unconscious of outward objects, the face loses its roseate hue, the faculties grope and linger irresolute on the borders of the real and tangible—the dim precincts which divide the waking and sleeping worlds—till at last the heavy lids close gently down. The waxen arms lie motionless by the side, and with a long drawn breath the announcement is made that the infant has dropped asleep.

And now that she has sunk into slumber in my lap, inhaling the scent of flowers on the balmy breeze—now that I fix my gaze earnestly on the fair smooth countenance, white as a lily (all babies do grow so white when they sleep!)—now that I am alone with this pure spirit of humanity beneath the blue canopy,—I fall a-thinking, for the thousandth time, what may be my daughter's destiny in the distant

years? Here not unnaturally the thought arises, will the dower of beauty be hers? Will she grow up a creature of loveliness, and will her mind partake the outward excellence—so that she shall indeed realise the poet's description,

'Made to enchant all hearts and charm all eyes'?

And again, is this birthright of beauty really so desirable? Some have said it is a fatal gift. We cannot tell. Mankind may err in their intense desire after it, as they err in their coveting of gold and other perishing possessions. But I for one shall rejoice with moderation should Charlotte turn out pre-eminent in charms, remembering that there is no boon lavishly bestowed which has not its attendant drawbacks. If, on the contrary, my darling should grow up to womanhood with very ordinary features, and be even remarkable for plainness, I shall not repine, hoping for counterbalancing advantages. Yet, looking at her as she now lies before me, with that delicate contour of visage, and rounded outline of form, how can I imagine she will ever be other than she is at this moment,

'A thing of beauty and a joy for ever'

April 1.

George has been from home on business for the last two days—more than a hundred miles off. He was summoned by a gentleman, who thought himself dying, to draw out his will. Now, I am somewhat interested in this visit of my husband's, inasmuch as Mr. Halliday, to whom he has gone, resides in the house in which my Mr. Grey used to live, having purchased it of the trustees shortly after my old friend's death. I believe this gentleman is quite a hypochondriac, who every now and then takes it into his head that his end is approaching, and needlessly alarms himself and his friends about fantastic maladies which he is sure will end fatally. I know that his sole reason for purchasing 'The Grove' was that he fancied the air particularly salubrious in that quarter—having taken note of several very aged persons who had been born and lived and died in the neighbourhood. Ten to one if his present ailment is serious; only, as George has not yet returned, it is possible he waits to do the work for which he was sent.

Yesterday being wet, and nothing particular to occupy me in George's absence, after an early dinner, and a long colloquy with Charlotte, I ascended to the large garret at the top of the house. By-the-by, I do not know if I have mentioned this room before. Indeed, I was not aware of its existence myself till I had been a good many weeks here; and, conceiving it as merely a receptacle for lumber, I never thought of paying it a visit. When I did go to spy out the land, I was surprised to discover several pieces of furniture, of whose existence I was either ignorant or had totally forgotten them. Being hurried, however, at the time, I could not stay to make any special inspection. Last afternoon, however, the thought recurred most opportunely. So I went up determinately, and opening the door on the bed-room landing-place with the large key I had purposely brought,

I climbed the rather steep flight of stairs which this door encloses, and speedily found myself in the isolated chamber. The first thing that struck me on entering was the atmospheric haze that brooded over the interior, involving every object in dusky obscurity. The window is small; I am sorry to add it was so dirty, little wonder the light was dingy and defective. I stood looking round a few minutes, and then concluded to examine a large oak-chest standing in a corner, which somehow I recollected having seen before, though when and where I could not tell. The moment I lifted the lid, the veil of memory was lifted too. And straightway the remembrance came that about the time of my marriage, various heterogeneous articles had been here deposited, not of immediate use, and therefore the more liable to suffer neglect. Of these, it appeared that books and papers formed the staple, though other things had been stowed away into corners of the capacious box, which indeed in its breadth and bulk reminded me of Geneva and the mistletoe bough!

I do not know how long I rummaged, for I took no note of time, among the olla podrida of this chest—ever lighting upon some relic of my childhood's home, with which I had been unwilling to part;—now an ivory needlecase, the gift of a dear school companion far across the sea—now a sewed cushion, with colours well nigh faded, the handiwork of a mother long laid beneath the sod. As the search proceeded, I felt most grateful in being perfectly alone; for, so quick and varied were my emotions, I should not have liked any one to have been present—not even George.

Mem.—Talk as people will of independence of thought and speech, as being the birthright of the human race, there come seasons, to the experience of every one of us, when all this boasted liberty dwindles into a shadow—when influences, over which we have no control, rise like viewless airs, we know not whence, and sway our finer sensibilities hither and thither without question or resistance. Who compares the soul to a watch, or a musical instrument, or to any other piece of mechanism, however delicate and complicated? It is a poor imperfect simile. For whereas we know the agencies which, when brought to bear on the lyre or timepiece, must produce particular results, we know neither the causes which may agitate the soul, nor the effects which these may engender. One philosopher laughed at every new contingency he witnessed in life. Another wept. Each believed himself the wisest. The majority are content to steer a middle-course, keeping their smiles for days of sunshine—their tears for nights of gloom. But oh! how immeasurable, how indefinable, is that emotional expanse within the heart (of which memory and imagination hold the rule) which is subject to no special ascendancy, either of joy or grief, but is changing as the autumn cloud, and evanescent as the snow-flake on the river!

I lighted upon an Æolian harp, the bare sight of which caused the blood to rush to my face, and my pulses

to tingle—so vividly was it connected with the olden time, when my father used to sit of evenings listening to its fantastic minstrelsy; while I, a thoughtless child, dressed my doll on a stool at his knee. I felt quite old myself in looking at that harp.

Next my hand came upon a large volume which I did not at first recognise. I opened it, and read on the title page, 'R. Grey, 1797.' (He must have been a young man then.) And on the fly-leaf was written, in the cramped penmanship of advancing age, 'Miss Atherton, with every kind wish, August 2d, 1832.' This was one of the books—there were many of them—which had fallen to me from my too generous benefactor. It was Shakspeare—a handsome, massive copy—with my own pencil markings visible here and there on the margin, signalling favourite passages. I toyed with it a few minutes pensively, and was about to replace it in the chest, when a loose sheet came fluttering from between the boards, and fell at my feet. I picked it up, and saw a picture. I carried it to the window, when it proved to be a beautiful water-colour portrait, executed with great skill and taste. The tints were slightly faded; but the *tout ensemble*, even at a first glance, struck me as most interesting and pleasing. A boy was seated on a rustic bench beneath a tree, modelling the hull of a miniature ship. In his hand was a short knife with a broad blade coming abruptly to a point; while around him lay scattered on the green turf the refuse fragments—small splinters and shavings of wood which had been evolved during the operation. But he was not working just then; he was looking up—a bright, earnest, happy face, with dark curling hair, and eyes in which sweetness and intelligence shone out in rich combination. As I gazed, I felt irresistibly attracted to the charming countenance; and, holding it nearer and nearer to the light, I discovered at length some writing at the foot of the page. The words I read were these:—'Stephen Grey, at the age of seven years.' Stephen Grey, I repeated meditating. This, then, was the likeness of the son whom I had disinherited! So fair and engaging in childhood, could he indeed have turned out so unworthy in maturity? I ruminated long and seriously over this. At last I walked slowly to the oak repository, shut down the heavy lid, and, taking with me the portrait and the *Æolian* harp, retraced my steps by the precipitous staircase.

Once more in the drawing-room, I looked out and perceived that the rain had ceased, and a light breeze had sprung up toward sunset. I placed the lyre on the outer ledge of the window, rang for my baby, and, when she was brought, took her in my lap and showed her the pretty picture of the boy. Soon the wind began to do its duty; and we sat listening to the wild music which played fitfully from the harp strings, until the twilight had fairly sunk into night. When the first star came out, I found that Charlotte had dropped asleep in my arms. Still, I did not move; but looked alternately at the portrait and at my slumbering child, while the sweet, strange melody went waiving on in my ears.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

THE ROYAL EDINBURGH HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

I CAN scarcely imagine a more painful sight than that of a little, helpless, suffering child. The merry smile has faded, and the innocent playfulness has ceased; and instead, there comes upon the pretty little face a strangely old expression, touchingly sorrowful in its beauty. And when the twinges of pain become more severe, when the features are contorted, when the limbs quiver, and the cry of agony is uttered, his heart is hard indeed who can look upon the little sufferer emotionless. Yet the diseases common to children are many, and the sight of a suffering child is not a rare one. Indeed, it might almost be said that the life of a child, from its birth until it reaches the age of six or eight, is one long disease. These diseases of childhood are not peculiar to the children of one class of people—they are common to all. But the ability to procure proper medical aid is not shared in common. There is a class of people to whom it is a hard struggle to procure the daily bread; and when sickness enters among them, it is often permitted to spread itself, simply because they have not the wherewithal to procure the necessary assistance to stay its progress. Very true, that in every town of any importance there is an hospital to which children can be sent, and where they will receive able medical treatment. But it is almost unnecessary to say that the common run of hospitals are not the best places to which the children of the poor might be sent. The diseases of children and their treatment are so peculiar that an ordinary hospital is scarcely suited for them.

In many of the leading Continental towns, and in a few of our own cities, this truth has been realised, and hospitals have been established exclusively for the reception and treatment of sick children. In every place where such institutions have been established, they have been found of great service, not only in curing the sick, so that their diseases might not be communicated to others, but also in the advancement of medical science.

As the existence of these institutions, and the benefits to the communities among which they have been established, are not so widely known as they deserve to be, I purpose, in the present paper, to lay before the readers of the *Miscellany* a few facts connected with the establishment of one of them—the Royal Edinburgh Hospital for Sick Children. I select this hospital, in preference to any other, for the simple reason that I am more intimately acquainted with it than I have the means of being with any other; and, consequently, my information is the more likely to be correct. But I believe the principles upon which this and kindred institutions are managed to be somewhat similar; so that, though these remarks are confined solely to the Edinburgh hospital, they will, perhaps, give a pretty fair idea of the manner in which such institutions are generally conducted, and the good results of which they are the cause.

During the year 1859, and for some time previously, the attention of the public of Edinburgh was directed to the necessity which existed for the establishment of a sick children's hospital. It was shown by statistics that, of all the children born in Edinburgh and Leith, nearly one-half died before attaining six years of age. A meeting of those favourable to the establishment of such an institution was convened, and, immediately afterwards, a sum exceeding £2,000 was subscribed for that purpose. Directors having been appointed, they, after some difficulties, succeeded in leasing a building suitable for the purposes contemplated; and, on 15th February 1860, it was opened as the Edinburgh Hospital for Sick Children. The objects of the institution, as contained in the constitution and rules, are threefold, viz.—

(1.) To provide for the reception, maintenance, and medical treatment of the children of the poor during sickness, and to furnish with advice and medicine those who cannot be admitted into the hospital. (2.) To promote the advancement of medical science with reference to the diseases of childhood; and to provide for the more efficient instruction of students in this department of knowledge. (3.) To diffuse among all classes of the community, and chiefly among the poor, a better acquaintance with the management of infants and children during health or sickness; and to assist in the education and training of women in the special duties of children's nurses.

The institution is governed by a general court of contributors, who meet annually for the election of office-bearers—consisting of a president, vice-president, an honorary secretary, an honorary treasurer (who are also directors *ex officio*), and an auditor; also, twenty-four directors, eight of whom retire annually; and five trustees, in whom the property and funds of the hospital are vested. Other general business is likewise transacted at the annual meeting.

The general management of the affairs of the hospital is vested in the directors, who appoint their own chairman, and select from among themselves a committee of management, composed of not less than nine members. The secretary and treasurer are members of the committee of management. The whole of the hospital officials are appointed by the directors. A medical committee is likewise appointed by the directors annually.

There is also a ladies' committee, nominated by the directors. This committee appoint from among themselves lady visitors, whose duties are to visit the hospital, to examine into the efficiency of the arrangements, and to inscribe in a book kept for the purpose, any observations or suggestions that may occur to them, for the consideration of the directors or committee of management; also, 'to revise, half-yearly, along with the matron, the stock of household and cooking utensils, bed-clothing, &c. within the hospital, in order to ascertain whether or not they are sufficient in quantity and in good order, and to report accordingly.'

The internal management of the hospital is under

the care of two consulting physicians, a consulting surgeon, three ordinary physicians, a surgeon dentist, a resident medical officer, a matron, and nurses. The ordinary physicians are on duty, one after the other, in regular succession, and the changes take place once every three months. The acting ordinary physician visits the hospital daily, and sees and prescribes for all the in-patients, whom he also admits and dismisses. He superintends the dispensary, seeing and prescribing for whatever out-patients the resident medical officer may bring under his notice, or others, according to his own discretion; and this whether the patients are in waiting at the hospital, or at their own homes. He has also to observe that the resident medical officer keeps the hospital books properly; to give clinical instruction to the pupils in attendance at the hospital; and he must not absent himself from duty without finding one of his colleagues as a substitute. He may invite the consulting physicians and consulting surgeon to attend along with him, and advise or operate upon a patient, if necessary.

The resident medical officer must be unmarried, and a registered medical practitioner. He resides constantly in the hospital. His duties are to visit the patients every morning and evening, or oftener if required; to accompany the acting ordinary physician in his visits; receive directions as to the management and treatment of patients; and see that they are attended to. He has also to keep the hospital books; dispense medicines for patients in the house in emergencies; and also, if necessary, to prescribe. Under the acting ordinary physician he prescribes for outdoor patients, and visits them at their homes when necessary, keeping a register of them in the hospital books. He must not absent himself from the hospital without the consent of the acting physician.

The matron also resides in the hospital. Her duties are to look after all the household work, and the furniture, linen, &c.; to inspect the wards twice a day, and superintend the nurses. If requested by the acting ordinary physician, she must accompany him on his visits to his patients, and see that his directions are carried out by the nurses.

The nurses are engaged on condition of receiving a written certificate from the medical committee, after a month from the date of their hiring, of their then competency to discharge their duties. None are appointed who cannot read and write. They keep an inventory of every article in their respective wards, which is examined once a quarter, and certified by the matron. They take care that the beds of the patients are kept clean and decent; and that their wards, furniture, and utensils are cleaned and in order every day, by eight o'clock in the morning in summer, and by half-past eight o'clock in winter. 'It shall be the duty of every nurse, not merely to tend the children with gentle firmness and care, but also, by all means, to keep them cheerful and contented; and while impatience, ill-temper, or anger towards the patients will be followed by dismissal, the inability generally to

make children happy will, of itself, be regarded as a sufficient cause for not retaining a nurse in the service of the hospital.'

There is, besides, a dispenser, who attends the hospital daily, at a fixed hour, to make up all prescriptions; to give to the out-door patients their medicines, and prepare the medicines prescribed for the in-door patients.

Out-door patients of any age, from birth to twelve years, are attended at the dispensary, or at their homes, if necessary. The name, age, sex, residence, and disease of every out-patient is entered in a book for the purpose.

Children of both sexes, between the ages of two and eight years, are admitted as ordinary in-patients. Children to the age of twelve years are admitted in special cases. Patients on whose behalf application is made for admission into the hospital, must be presented at the dispensary hour; but, in certain cases, the resident medical officer is authorised to admit them at any time. A register of in-patients is kept, similar to that of out-patients, with the addition of the dates of admission and discharge. A detailed account of each case is also kept, by the resident medical officer, in the hospital case-book. Each patient has a number in the books, which is inscribed on a ticket placed on his or her bed. On this ticket are also inscribed the name of the patient, the disease, and the diet. There are separate rooms for convalescents, patients whose diseases are not infectious, and patients whose diseases are infectious. The parents or guardians of the children are expected to provide the necessary clothing, and to take away such soiled clothing as the matron may direct; but there is an exception to this in the case of patients suffering from infectious diseases. Clothes are provided for these while in the hospital; and their own clothes, in which they were admitted, are washed and disinfected, and returned on the discharge of the patient. Patients who die in the hospital are removed by their friends; but when they have been recommended for admission by a public body, that body is bound to take charge of the burial.

The parents or nearest relatives of in-patients, not exceeding two in number at one time, are admitted to the hospital at certain hours; but in special cases, the acting ordinary physician, the resident medical officer, or the matron, may admit them at any time; and this is always readily granted under circumstances really justifying it.

No one connected with the hospital is allowed, directly or indirectly, on any pretence whatever, to accept of any fee or gratuity, from the parents or relatives of the patients, or from persons supplying the hospital with goods or furnishings.

It is intended that pupil nurses shall be admitted to the hospital 'for such period and on such terms as may be considered advisable,' to be trained and educated in the special duties of children's nurses; and these, if considered worthy at the expiration of their period of instruction, shall receive from the

committee of management a testimonial, designed to recommend them for usefulness in private families, and which shall bear the signatures of the chairman of the committee and of the medical officers of the hospital.' I am not aware that any pupil nurses have as yet been admitted. I rather think there have not been any, on account of the limited accommodation.

Medical pupils are admitted to the hospital under certain conditions.

These are the leading features in the method of management adopted in the hospital. Let us now see what has been done since the opening of the institution, on 15th February 1860. From that date until 1st January last, being the date of the last published report, there have been admitted into the hospital no fewer than 582 patients. The numbers in each year were:—

From 15th Feb. 1860 to 1st Jan. 1861,.....	154
From 1st Jan. 1861 to 1st Jan. 1862,.....	186
From 1st Jan. 1862 to 1st Jan. 1863,.....	242
	582

Showing an average in the last year of 20·2 monthly.

During the year 1860 there died,	16
" 1861 "	32
" 1862 "	36
	84

The percentage for the year 1862 being rather more than 14.

During the year 1860 there were dismissed, 124

" 1861 " "	145
" 1862 " "	204
	473

In hospital on the last day of 1862,..... 25
—582

In order to realise the full importance of these figures, it must be borne in mind that the number of beds regularly available in the hospital has been hitherto, at most, only 23, and for some time considerably less; although, on occasions of great urgency, more than 23 patients have been in the hospital at one time.

Besides in-patients, there have been treated, at the dispensary and at their own homes, out-patients to the number of 7,015:—

During the year 1860,	985
" 1861,	2,420
" 1862,	3,610
	7,015

Showing an average, in the last year, of 300·10 monthly. The lowest number of patients treated, at the dispensary or at their own homes, in any one month since the opening of the hospital, was 35—in March 1860, when the hospital was only newly opened. Since that time the number of out-patients has been almost constantly increasing. In September last, the number was 389; in October, 405; in November, 351; and in December, 392.

These figures will give an idea of the benefits which this institution has already conferred upon the poor of Edinburgh. But there are many others which no

tabular statements can approach, for it is impossible to say how many lives have been spared through the treatment received by patients at this hospital,—not only the lives of the patients themselves, but others to whom the infectious diseases might have been communicated.

In regard to the ages and sexes of the patients, it is worthy of remark that the number of in-patients between six and seven years of age is higher than that at any other age. There appears to be a gradual increase until the age of seven is reached, and then a gradual decrease. The ages of the patients, in each year, have varied from between one and two years to between eleven and twelve. The ages during which children were entitled to be admitted were fixed originally as between two and eight years; but the peculiar circumstances attending many cases, below and above these limits, were considered sufficient to warrant the admission of the patients under two and above twelve years. A considerable majority of the in-patients are females, while the majority of the out-patients are males. There are no figures in the annual reports of the hospital which furnish the exact majority of female over male patients admitted annually. The relative numbers of male and female out-patients stand thus:—

Male out-patients treated during	1860,.....	486
"	1861,.....	1,252
"	1862,.....	1,839
		<u>3,577</u>
Female out-patients treated during	1860,...	499
"	1861,...	1,168
"	1862,...	1,771
		<u>3,438</u>
Total,.....		7,015

Making a majority of male out-patients to the number of 139.

Among the out-patients, the highest number treated appears to be under one year. The number of out-patients under one year, from the opening of the hospital till the last day of 1862, is 1,458. (In 1860, 188; in 1861, 557; in 1862, 713—1,458.) Above one year there is a gradual decrease till we come to the maximum age of twelve years. At that age the number treated during the same period amounts to only 57. (In 1860, 10; in 1861, 24; in 1862, 23—57.)

The hospital is supported almost entirely by public subscriptions and donations. A bazaar was held in December 1861, for behoof of the hospital, from which a sum of £1,420 : 1s. was realised.

The directors having often experienced considerable inconvenience from the want of sufficient accommodation, it was unanimously resolved, at the annual meeting in January 1861, that a fund should be established for the purpose of building an hospital of the requisite size and accommodation. An appeal was issued to the public, and responded to in such a manner that in May 1861 the directors were enabled to purchase Meadowside House, of which they obtained possession in May 1862. The bazaar above referred to was in aid of the building fund. The necessary altera-

tions having been made, the new hospital was opened the other day, as 'The Royal Edinburgh Hospital for Sick Children'—Her Majesty having become patroness of the institution, and sanctioned the adoption of that designation.

In regard to the new hospital, the annual report, published in January 1862, says:—‘The ground extends to nearly an acre, and slopes towards the Meadows, with which it is intended to open a communication. A large play-ground, having a southern exposure, and remarkably well sheltered, is provided for convalescent children; and, according to plans which have been prepared by Mr. David MacGibbon, architect, the house is capable of being altered so as to furnish forty beds for patients, including a separate fever ward. In addition to this accommodation for patients, there is ample provision for a dispensary, resident-surgeon, matron, nurses, bath-room, &c.; while great care has been bestowed by the architect on the arrangement of all the wards and rooms, and in providing the most approved system of ventilation.’

Some-time ago I paid a visit to the old hospital, and I could not but admire the manner in which everything was arranged. Many of the little patients were propped up with pillows, and amusing themselves with toys, which are very properly supplied 'to while away their weary, waking hours.'

The blessings which this institution has already showered upon the people of Edinburgh—rich as well as poor—directly and indirectly, are very great. The poor have had their children treated by the leading medical men of the city, and provided with almost everything which could assist in their convalescence; while the wealthy have had their children treated by men who have now better opportunities for studying the diseases of children, and consequently they are better able to understand and administer to those diseases than they possibly could be before the establishment of the Sick Children's Hospital. Wherever such institutions have been reared, they have been found immensely useful. People only require to understand their objects to appreciate these hospitals, and it is with the view of diffusing a little information in regard to them that this paper appears in the pages of the *Miscellany*.

[A sketch, by another hand, of a visit to the Royal Edinburgh Hospital for Sick Children, will appear in our next number.]

LOVE'S PSALM.

**THERE are poems in the mountains,
And in the waving trees;
In the silver-springing fountains;
In the winds' melodies;**

In the day's resplendent light;
In sunset and sunrise;
In the solemn hush of night;
In heaven's glittering eyes;

In the boundless, ageless sea;
In foam-wreathed waterfall;—
Throughout Nature's works by me
Poems are read in all !

But oh! the grandest of all these
Is that still psalm that lies,
Breathing an ecstasy of peace
Within thy dovelike eyes!

W. COOK BRENS.

UP THE MISSISSIPPI TO NEW-ORLEANS.

PART III.

In my last paper, I diverged somewhat abruptly from the subject of New-Orleans to that of Entomology; but my reader may trust my affirmation that the subject was not altogether irrelevant to the title of the article. But having fairly arrived at the city, and safely passed through the first night's trying ordeal, it will now be our duty to make the most of our trip, and, as a professional tourist would say, to 'do' New-Orleans.

The arrival of an armed English vessel, at a time when English subjects were trembling for the safety of their persons and property, was hailed with no small demonstration. The inhabitants had longed for some friendly hand, if not to stretch them material aid, at least to grant them sympathy, and exercise some moral force over the further lawless proceedings of the Union power, which was not simply that of martial law, but an absolute and despotic monarchy. And, whilst we could not hide from ourselves the fact that the South had for years held an embittered hatred towards England and everything English—that the man who now on his bended knees begged our nation to give him a nationality, had, within the memory of every one, cursed our abolitionism and denounced our aristocracy,—how could we, with a Briton's heart, look quietly on the execrable doings of one of the sternest military chiefs who ever wielded authority, without a feeling of indignation that he should be of a race with ourselves, or that his shameless mandates should have been couched in the Anglo-Saxon tongue?

Our officers and crew were lionised. Crowds flocked to the wharf during the day, and seemed to satiate their vision with gazing on that millennial flag which adorned the peak; 'loafers,' that numerous class of indescribables who flock American cities by thousands, were found at earliest dawn staring at us with an air of professional criticism; whilst, nightly, flocks of men, women, and children assembled together to join in a choral detestation of their presiding Government, and repeated assertions that they were

'A band of brothers,
Native to the soil,
Fighting for the property
We gain'd by honest toil.'

Whatever truth we may attach to the latter portion of the strain, it is certainly a fact that no small portion of the 'band' was composed of *sisters*! These midnight orgies were frequently and successfully cut short by a raid of police, and woe to the luckless wight whose lips were caught incautiously uttering a meed of praise in favour of 'Jeff.'

We were frequently treated to 'My Maryland,' 'The bonnie blue Flag,' 'The Volunteer,' and others of Secession birth; but perhaps the most curious fragments of song ever born of rebellion were those in which the principal oppressors were each condemned to his own peculiar punishment, in a tune

as unique as the castigation. Although somewhat unchristian in sentiment, and what my readers may perhaps deem not altogether orthodox, I cannot refrain from a sample, to the tune of 'Old John Brown'—

'Drown Abe Lincoln in the Mississippi;
Drown Abe Lincoln in the Mississippi;
Drown Abe Lincoln in the Mississippi—
As we go marching on.

Singing glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
As we go marching on.

Hang old Butler on a sour apple tree;
Hang old Butler on a sour apple tree;
Hang old Butler on a sour apple tree—
As we go marching on.

Singing glory, glory, hallelujah! &c.

Chain Major Stafford to a black nigger woman;
Chain Major Stafford to a black nigger woman;
Chain Major Stafford to a black nigger woman—
As we go marching on.

Singing glory, glory, hallelujah! &c.

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

These were the lower classes, the *canaille*, of New-Orleans; but they did not the less on that account represent the prevailing sentiment of the educated and more wealthy portions of the community, who, though in less public manner and more refined tone, yet proclaimed their contempt at the treatment received from those who did not hesitate to outrage every rule of modern warfare, and act upon that everyday yet erroneous and absurd dogma which holds everything as 'fair in war.'

But, while thus briefly dwelling on our reception, I must not forget to give some slight sketch of the city itself—a city interesting not less from its present position in the Southern rebellion than from its former history of colonization, and of progress in all the 'arts of war and peace.' Ranking among the most important commercial cities in North America—being the great market-town for the Southern and Western territories, as also the abode of wealth, luxury, and refinement, and the seat of America's 'democratic aristocracy' (which, by the way, is not wholly the 'aristocracy of colour,' as a recent popular writer would have us believe)—it claims no second place among the objects of interest to the traveller in the Western World. There is little, certainly, to be done in that style of peregrination termed 'sight-seeing,' and still less when the ruling powers had closed not only the theatres and opera, but even the churches, and prevented all ingress and egress to the outskirts of the city, except under the strictest surveillance.

Of public buildings there are but few to boast of, either as regards solidity of structure or beauty of architectural design. One or two hotels of that mammoth description found in Yankeland, the City Hall in St. Charles-street, the Opera, several churches of modern erection, and the Customhouse (as yet unfinished) include nearly all the public edifices of note. It is, however, from no want of municipal enterprise that such scarcity of architectural decoration exists.

but from a want of the material, which has to be brought from the North. The Southerners have always had a great aversion to such dependency—long indeed before such aversion grew into hatred, or such hatred grew into open rebellion.

In New-Orleans—as in New-York, Baltimore, and other large American cities—the more modern style of street travelling is adopted;—I refer to the railroad cars; which, in spite of the late aspersions upon the sanity of Mr. Train when endeavouring to introduce them into England, are found to work admirably, and are certainly a most comfortable mode of travel. They are clean and neatly kept, are well cushioned, and in every respect preferable to our omnibuses at home. Nor is the tariff of fare higher—the charge for riding any distance within or immediately around the city being five cents. One cannot fail to remark the total absence of all rural scenery in the neighbourhood of this Southern metropolis. Its peculiar situation precludes all country seats, pasture fields, and lowing herds; and one may wander far before he hears 'the milkmaid's song' in the vicinity of New-Orleans. The planters rarely reside on their plantations, except during the working season—preferring a city life to the isolated and monotonous one on their estates. To take 'a walk into the country' is a feat nearly impossible; for you are soon interrupted by swamps, lagoons, or miles of sugar-cane. But if, by enterprise, these are overcome, there but lies before you the endless rolling prairie, or the interminable 'forest primeval.'

The periodical press issues several daily newspapers, and one or two tri-weeklies and hebdomadals; together with some magazines, of general and class interest. The French and Dutch population have also their 'organs.' The state of the press, however, under martial law, could not be seen to any advantage. All freedom of utterance was suppressed, and Fort-Jackson ball and chain held *in terrorem* for the luckless editor who should dare to mutter a syllable against the ruling authority; and, during my stay, a 'daily' was more than once suppressed, for daring to breathe, in strictly neutral tones, a fervent wish that the bloodshed should soon terminate, 'if even by mediation of European Powers.'

The population of New-Orleans is, perhaps, the most curious of any one city in point of diversity. It consists chiefly of two parts—French and American; the former occupying the older and lower portion of the town; the latter the upper portion or 'west end,' which it really is, consisting of buildings of more modern and agreeable style. The distinction between those two parts of the city is well marked, being separated by the principal thoroughfare—Canal street,—a very broad and magnificent street; and I have been assured by several residents, that so completely do the French isolate themselves from the other portions of the community, that there lived not a few of the old French settlers who had never once crossed the 'Rue Canal'! Many Spaniards also live in the lower parts of the town, where the houses are

of ancient and foreign construction, and where the manners, language, and customs of its people are preserved in all their individual purity. Indeed, there are many parts in New-Orleans where it would be hard for a stranger to believe that he was in an American city. There are also Germans, Creoles,* and coloured races of every hue, from the bright complexion of the 'yellow girl'—which renders her descent somewhat dubitable to an unpractised eye—to the burnished ebony of the unmistakable 'nigger.' Every civilised nation in the world has a representative in New-Orleans; and it is remarkable to witness how totally distinct they remain in those features characteristic of their countries. Their individual languages are retained with a jealous pertinacity. According to the part of the town you inhabit, your dirty clothes are sent to a 'washerwoman,' a 'blanchisseuse,' or a 'wischerin,' and you are measured for new ones by a 'tailor,' 'tailleur,' or 'schneider.' If by chance a dinner-party should assemble—a company of frigid Englishmen, æsthetic 'Crapauds,' and intriguing Spaniards—there is just as sure to be one end of the table occupied with imperturbable calculation, and another with gesticular raving, while the third party are grouped together in some deeply laid conspiracy, each in his own language and style. Nor is this any fault in society or an outrage on its usages, but an inherent custom alone. There are few residents in New-Orleans but can speak more than one language fluently, and few nations can boast of an education more eminently polite than that of the Southerner. A curious patois of the French language is spoken by the negro servants in French families; it is called 'Creole French,' and is little more than the 'baby talk' of that language formed into a kind of idiom.

New-Orleans has been designated 'a modern Babylon' by more than one writer, but for what reason does not so readily appear. I know too little of it either to support such an assertion or to defend its morality. Statistics, however, of police reports go far to show that, unlike the great Chaldean bagnio, it holds no maternal relation to that class of unfortunates which earned for Babylon its infamous soubriquet; as—numerous though they may be—but few can claim ancestral relations to New-Orleans; nor are they permitted—in all defiance of social outcry, the disgust of every finer feeling, and abhorrence and contempt

* I would make a remark on the word 'Creole,' lest any of my readers ever fall into the egregious error I did on my first visit to New-Orleans, or expose their woful ignorance in a manner which may not only mortify their pride but lead them into serious embarrassment. It is in vain to look for any accurate definition of this word in a dictionary; and if the reader has been accustomed—as I believe is most general—either to regard the 'Creole' as a West Indian by birth or as a mixture of white and black blood, he will pay no compliment to the Louisianians. I shall not so soon forget having been told one evening, by a Southern lady, that the Creoles are the most beautiful women of the South; and while looking somewhat aghast at hearing what appeared a very wonderful statement, I was informed, with the utmost degree of *naïveté*, that she herself was a Creole! In Louisiana, a Creole means any one born in the State whose parents were not.

of the more virtuous of their sex—to ply their avocation on the public streets, and flaunt their tawdry trappings under the very eyes of authority. If the evil is not thereby diminished in itself, it is certainly diminished in its attendants; and one sense, at least, is gratified by their absence. It may not, after all, be that severe and shameful punishment, as it at first appears, which Major-General Butler, in his 'infamous' order, pronounced upon those females who should, 'by word, deed, or gesture, insult any officer or soldier of the United States,' seeing that it was only to prevent them from walking the streets. Let us trust, for the honour of that nation which he represented, and the humanity of a commander in this nineteenth century, that such was its true construction. What a pity that the diction of such an order should be at all ambiguous!

It is true that the city was occasionally overrun by scoundrels who could murder, lie, and steal; and that, either through leniency in the administration of the State, or want of activity in the detective authorities, they too often escaped their merited rewards. But where is the city like New-Orleans free from such? Where is the great mercantile and speculative community which does not offer abundant opportunities for vice to thrive at the expense of honesty, or support its gambling-houses and haunts of debauchery? It is also too true that many who appear in society, with every air of refinement and respectability, hesitate not, on a Sabbath evening, to take a hand in a 'rubber,' to listen to sectarian ballads, or even to join in the mazy waltz. But is it not so in *La Belle France*, of which these are natives or descendants? And is the Parisian opera not open on Sunday evening, as well as others? This is certainly no defence; but why should moralists travel so far to discover errors so near home? I do not, however, write on morality.

The French Creole population possess an air of languidness and *ennui*, rivalled, I believe, only by those 'dark-eyed senoritas of Cuba,' who

'Sleep all the morn to glid the eve of day.'

Many of them, however, are really pretty—a redeeming trait which, in spite of every poetic description, is rare in a Cuban.

The Creole men have nothing, however, to recommend them. They are generally of an effeminate cast; and, while their more hardy brethren had gone to the war, they seemed to prefer a life at home, talking of rebellion and treason—leaving their braver fellow-citizens to defend their soil from the onward march of the invader.

(To be continued.)

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

A FIERCE wind is blowing, and heavy rain is falling—adding to the wild music of the wind, as it whistles among the house-tops and down the chimneys. With a thud, thud, thud, it beats upon the windows, as they shiver and rattle in their casements, through the fury of the blast; while, at every fresh gust, the gas-light flickers, and the smoke from the fire sweeps out into the room. It is impossible to read. I draw a cloak

around me, and sit gazing on the glowing embers as they burn in the grate. They seem to form themselves into intelligible pictures. Sometimes a well-remembered face is visible, bearing the old familiar expression upon it. I can trace the features of the friends of my school-days; and they seem to smile upon me in recognition. Then the old games we played are joined in once more. The buoyancy and thoughtlessness of earlier days return, and we indulge in the merry pranks of old. There is the face of one I loved with all the fervour of a schoolboy. We wander once again, as we used to do, chatting and laughing gaily. Care and thought we have none beyond the moment. A summer sun smiles upon us, spreading its genial influence around. With light hearts, we run and tumble in the green fields—among the daisies and the buttercups, which we pluck, and then toss carelessly away. Everything ministers to our pleasure and adds to our happiness. The old lays are sung, and the old stories are told. But the picture begins to fade, and soon is altogether gone. Memory fills up the blank, connecting the past with the present. Our school-days are ended, and we part—many of us never to see each other again. Some are in the city, poring over the dreary ledger, or haunting the marts of commerce. One is tilling the soil, and reaping the golden grain. One is ministering to the spiritual, and another to the bodily wants of his fellows; and still another is studying the dry details of law. Some have sought employment in foreign lands—one among the hordes of China, and another with an Indian sun above him. One is enrolled among the protectors of his country, and seeks for military fame; while another ploughs the ocean for the purposes of commerce. And, alas! some have been out off in their very flower and beauty. One sleeps beneath the restless waves of the Atlantic—ah! well do I remember him; and the happy days we passed together I can never forget. Another was laid to rest by stranger hands, in a land where the sun is ever bright and the flowers are ever blooming, but where no friendly eye ever sheds a tear upon his grave. And still another lies in the church-yard, where so often we have played together; and the daisies grow beautiful above him, and friends come and sit beside his grave, and think of the young soul that has gone. Strange that the little band should be scattered so, and have its representatives in almost every quarter of the globe.

But another picture is in the fire. What means it? I see a vessel, with everything trim and neat, and in its proper place, commanded by one who seems worthy of his post. Slowly she is towed out of harbour, and sails majestically down the river to the open sea. Then, with every stitch of canvas spread to catch the favouring breeze, she speeds over the blue water. I look again, and I see the captain and crew loiter idly on the deck, gazing at the huge creatures that play around the vessel's side. What a happy life they seem to lead! Except the man at the wheel, every one is idle. Soon even he begins to grow less careful in his work. He looks eagerly upon the compass, but seems not to heed it. A black cloud is in the sky, and coming ever nearer

and more near. The sea in the distance is lashed into foam. Madly the white-topped waves chase each other onward, as if striving which should reach the vessel first. The men on board perceive not the approaching storm. One more rush forward—a retreat—another rush—and the waves dash over the vessel, sending her on her beam-ends. With blanched lip and pale cheek, the captain beholds the position of his ship, in doubt whether it is a dream or a reality. A moment more, and his look of doubt is gone. His voice is heard above the fury of the gale. Manfully they strive to make up for the carelessness which has caused them so much. Their struggles seem fruitless, and for a time their doom appears certain. One by one the masts are cut away, and once more the vessel is on her keel, but still at the mercy of the wind and waves. With renewed efforts, they apply themselves to their work, rigging jury-masts and setting sails. The storm passes away, but its effects remain. The vessel ends her voyage, but what a change from the trim neat thing it was before. The storm has left its mark behind, and the crippled vessel retains little of its former beauty.

But the fire is nearly out, and the room grows cold. I go to bed, and dream of those pictures in the fire; but in my dream the vessel takes the form of a man, and the sea is life. S.

THE CRUISE OF THE HERMIONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FRED HARPER'S LEGACY.'

CHAPTER VI.

I WAS wakened suddenly by the shock caused by an embrace from the larger of the two skeletons. I started up. Was that Martin's voice, or was I dreaming? 'Hallo! Jack, how are you? Good morning. We've come back, you see.'

'Martin! Do I—is it possible?'

'Possible! of course it's possible; and more than possible, it's probable.'

'And more than probable, it's positive. Mr. John, how are you?' said Starry, jumping down and extending his hand.

I was indeed surprised to see the pair, who had been so recently associated in my mind with thoughts of starvation and skeletons, in such apparent good spirits. Suddenly it flashed upon me that it might be the excitement of the fever which exposure might have superinduced. I hurried on deck. 'Stewart,' I whispered, 'this may be rather serious. Come down, will you? and help me to see after them.'

'Yes, I'll be down immediately. I'll just make the boat fast—they have just come on board. In the meantime, go down yourself, and see what you can make of them; every minute, you know, may be of consequence.'

I went below at once. 'Martin,' said I, patting him soothingly on the back, 'I think you had better get into one of the berths. Lie down both of you. I will make you some tea, and put a little brandy into it, and bring you a biscuit. You must not eat too much all at once.'

'Ha, ha, ha—ho, ho, ho!' laughed Bob, till he sank into a seat with fair exhaustion. I had now no doubt that he was in a raging fever.

'Thank you; we are very much obliged to you indeed for your consideration,' said Starry; 'but we have breakfasted.'

'O Starry, do lie down like a good fellow,' said Bob; 'here are some nice blankets that we have been keeping warm for you all night—we'll roll you up in them, and you'll be so snug; and here's the brandy all ready waiting, and the water boiling—do lie down, and I'll make you some toddy.'

'O Bob,' said I, 'do. Will you not listen to reason? Will you not?'

'I'll listen to reason, Jack, when you talk sense. In the meantime, I think you look more like sleeping than we do, with your eyes more than three-quarters shut, looking as if you had seen a ghost.'

'I see,' interposed Starry, 'that you are labouring under a slight hallucination. You imagine that we spent the night in the boat; whereas, we had a most comfortable night. We were picked up by the fishing-boat which we observed in the forenoon.'

'And which you mistook for the Rock of Ailsa?' said Stewart, coming down.

'The same. At least, I don't know,' answered Bob. 'It was either it or another one—the Katie of Inveraray.'

'The fishermen were most kind. In point of fact, I do not think I ever experienced more kindness in my life,' said Starry; 'though it was no more than I had expected, from all I had heard of the hospitality of the Highlanders. When we got on board, they made us drink some whisky, out of a curious utensil manufactured from the horn of a goat; and, indeed, we were cold enough, for it was late in the afternoon before we fell in with them. We pulled towards you when the mist came on. We must have passed you, though not close enough to observe you.'

'Ay,' said Bob; 'and that was all owing to their confounded stupidity in pulling away. If you had remained where you were, we would have come right down on you; for I had noticed where you were before the mist fell, and then we turned her head in that way, and kept right on—noticing always to keep the track which the boat left behind her perfectly straight.'

'But who told you that we had pulled towards you?' said I.

'Stewart there, when we came on board. I suppose you were asleep when we came. It was the stupidest thing I ever heard of. However, you did it for the best; and I daresay you had a more uncomfortable night of it than we had.'

'I should hope so; but, Stewart,' said I, 'why did you not tell me?'

'He wanted, I suppose, to see the manner in which your hallucination would develop itself,' said Starry. 'If you will allow me, however, I will continue my little narrative. Well, then, as I observed, we were considerably revived by the potation which the

Highlanders made us drink. They then made us remove our wet coats—it is rather a phenomenon how that mist saturates—and brought us some of their own—very rough they were, and of a peculiar smoky flavour; they heaped more fuel on their fire in the little apartment in the front end of the vessel, and made us dry ourselves at it. We soon began to feel quite comfortable; the only counterbalancing consideration being the recollection of the feelings of anxiety which we knew you must experience on our account. Then they prepared dinner for us—a species of soup, made with oatmeal instead of vegetables, and most excellent mutton. Then they made us drink another potation, to prevent, as they remarked, any ill consequences ensuing on our exposure, we being not much accustomed to such exposure. We had a most pleasant evening among them, one of them being an excellent player on the violin, with which we beguiled the time—was he not, Martin? Martin granted his acquiescence. 'They were very kind in replying to my inquiries regarding their language. I made considerable progress in my acquaintance with the Celtic derivatives. When night approached, they insisted on our occupying their berths; but Martin and I expressed our disinclination to deprive them of their accustomed place of repose, upon which, after a little farther pressing, they spread coats, sails, and other articles along the seats, upon either side of the fire, and we slept most comfortably indeed till morning, when, the mist being cleared, we observed you in the distance; and the fishermen having prepared breakfast for us—coffee and oat-cakes—I made particular observation of their diet, mode of living, &c. for insertion in my journal—coffee and oat-cake'—

'And fresh herrings,' said Bob. 'Capital fresh herrings! I punished no fewer than four. I say, Stewart, did you take our day's shooting out of the boat?'

'I took these out of the boat—if this is what you call your day's shooting,' replied Stewart—'one seagull and one wild duck—the latter evidently as old as the hills and probably as tough as bend-leather.'

'I'm sure there's nothing wrong with him,' said Bob. 'We're going to have him for dinner to-day. I'm going to begin to him at once.'

'Talking of cooking dinner already!' said I. 'We haven't had breakfast yet.'

'You haven't,' said Stewart; 'but I have. I let you sleep; but I've been up for more than three hours. But I have it all ready for you on deck; you've only to go and get it.'

'Just as well you had,' said Bob; 'for we shall want the fire. Come on, Starry! Off with your coat, and we'll set to work. Spread something here for the feathers.'

'Starry, my trump! you'll do no such thing,' said Stewart. 'The place is bad enough already without your turning it into a poultry-shop. Go on deck, can't you? if you are determined to cook that old bundle of bones. A precious cooking it will be, I dare say.'

'You hold your tongue till you see what sort of cooking it will be,' said Bob. 'And I say, Stewart, you give your orders pretty free to be on board another man's yacht! Starry, we'll go on deck. Tie something round you for an apron.'

'Here you are!' said Stewart, fastening the tablecloth round Starry's neck, so as to give him all the appearance of a great pinafores schoolboy. 'There! That will keep your clothes clean. Now, up you go; and see and keep the feathers together, and don't have them flying about all over the vessel.'

'I shall endeavour to do so to the best of my ability; though I must confess that it is to me rather a novel field of operation,' replied Starry, gathering up his pinafore and stumbling on deck.

Stewart and I followed, and found Bob, already seated at the foot of the mast, tearing away savagely at the feathers of the duck. 'Come on, Starry; here's work for you. Sit down here and take hold of him by the wing there. I say, who gave you that table-cover? You'll get it all spoiled, and then won't I catch it from the old lady? Go and put it off.'

'I was just about to do so of my own accord,' said Starry; 'for I tripped there in coming up, though you were too much engaged to observe me. I tripped in coming up by its catching under my feet, so that I thought I would have been precipitated head foremost into the water. I have now, however, replaced it by my pocket-handkerchief, and am now at your service.'

'Here—sit down beside me here. There's the wing for you; pluck away now like mad, and see you pluck it clean—do you hear?'

'What capital poulterers you do make, to be sure!' said Stewart, cutting up a piece of tobacco with his knife. 'You'd make a capital picture, I do declare! Look now, Bob, there goes a whole handful of your feathers; they'll be all over the vessel, and you won't get them out again for a month.'

'So there is,' cried Bob, jumping up. 'I want to keep them,' he added; 'they'll stuff a pillow capital!'

'Certainly,' said Stewart; 'perhaps two or three of them. Penny for your thoughts, Starry—concocting poetry—eh?'

'Oh, no,' replied Starry; 'that is, I was merely—a digesting a few ideas previous to arranging them in a rhythmical form. The term of poetry, however, is too high a one to apply to any effusions which may flow from my muse.'

'I say, Starry, what is poetry?' said Stewart. 'Give us a lecture on it; anything is better than this.'

'Well, Stewart,' said Starry, 'you have assigned me a more difficult task than you seem to imagine. Critics have entertained various and different opinions regarding the terms in which that species of literature ought to be described; and, as Pope has it,

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

Some maintain that it exists in the ideas—that poetry may be clothed in the garb of prose; others, on the principle of the common usage of the term, maintain that it exists more in the form—that it is a distinct

species of literature altogether. According to the first definition, I would scarcely venture to call myself a poet; according to the second, I might venture, I think, to insinuate that I am a poet.'

'Hem! Poetic occupation you're at now—rather!'

'Oh, as to that,' replied Starry, 'I consider that it is no—a—derogation to any one to engage in a little occupation such as the present. In the first place, I may remark that it affords an excellent opportunity for the observation of the anatomy of birds—the beautiful structure of the whole, and the adaptation of every muscle and member to its particular use. Then, secondly, it has been remarked that one half the world do not know how the other half live. Now, does not this give considerable insight into the manner in which a considerable portion of the—a—female population of the world are accustomed, either directly or indirectly, to spend a considerable portion of their time? And I can assure you, that even the very short space which I have been engaged upon it, has contributed not a little to increase my great respect for the sex, from the difficulty which I experience in performing it to my satisfaction. Again, surely a poor student need consider it no—a—derogation to employ himself in plucking the feathers from one of Nature's noblest handiworks, when the great Roman general, of whom we have all heard, after having repelled the enemies of his country,'—

'I say, Starry,' cried Bob, 'I wish you would stop all that stuff, and pluck that wing properly. See, you have left half the feathers behind you! And now, just look—just look at all those stumps!'

'I believe that there is poetry in everything,' continued Starry, forgetting his employment in the enthusiasm of his disquisitions. 'Something of a similar sentiment has been expressed by our great dramatist, when he spoke of finding

"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

But I believe that in the commonest scenes of—a—the commonest scenes in nature—in the every-day incidents and occurrences of life, there is poetry. It is the prerogative of genius to extract the poetry, clothing it in the expression which suits the scene, whether humour or pathos—so truly has it been remarked that

"'Tis nature to advantage dress'd."

'I say, Starry, just look at those stumps, will you?'

'Oh!—a—I was forgetting, in the heat of the argument. I will endeavour to be more careful in future.'

'Well, see that you are,' said Bob. 'I say, do you think you could manage it now yourself; it is almost time I was beginning to that dumping. I think I remember hearing at home that they took a good while to boil. Does anybody know anything about it? Here, Stewart, do you know? Does a dumpling take long to boil?'

No one being able to furnish any satisfactory information on the subject, Bob, with the remark that it was better to err on the safe side, rose, and repaired to the cabin, leaving Starry to prosecute the denudatory operations.

'Starry,' said Stewart, lighting his pipe, 'give us a screed of your last. I know, by the way you sat gazing at the beams last night, that you were concocting something. We'll give you the benefit of our criticism. Do, man—don't be bashful—poets seldom are; we'll say you are none.'

'Oh, it is a mere trifle—a mere bagatelle,' said Starry, going aft. 'I, however, shall have much pleasure in having the benefit of your criticism upon it.'

'Starry, where are you going?' cried Bob, appearing on deck, his sleeves tucked up, a towel tied round his waist as an apron, in the one hand a jug, in the other an earthenware basin, containing eggs, butter, and flour. 'The dinner will be late. You can read your trumpery again, can't you?'

'I beg your pardon, Martin,' said Starry; 'but I shall be at your service presently.' He jumped down into the cabin, and shortly returned with a sheet of foolscap in his hand. 'Meanwhile, I shall be much obliged by your lending me a few minutes' attention, in order that you may be enabled afterwards to give me the benefit of your critical remarks. The subject is a storm,' said Starry, seating himself on the windlass. 'It is a little outline which I have sketched, so that, if it should be our fortune to encounter anything of the sort, I may be enabled to grasp its distinguishing features. I have observed that when I have endeavoured to embody a scene or an aspect of nature which I have not had an opportunity of observing, that I can make much more minute and satisfactory observations, when such opportunity does occur, if I have endeavoured previously to embody it in words. The scene, then, opens on the evening of the night of the storm. I have endeavoured to delineate the stillness which reigned—the repose of the cloudless sky—the placid, child-like slumbering of the sea—so as to heighten, by the power of contrast, the effect of the storm, when it—a—rushes in its fury on the devoted barque, lashing the ocean into foam. However, I am betraying some of the secrets of the art which I have used; which is calculated to diminish the impression which I am desirous of producing. We shall allow the poem to tell its own tale.'

Starry cleared his throat, spread out his sheet of paper, and began as follows:—

'The west wind whisper'd with soft sigh—'

'The dinner will be late,' cried Bob, setting down his basin on the end of the water-cask. 'I wish you would leave that alone and attend to your work.'

'Yes, I will return to it in the course of a short time,' replied Starry. 'Meanwhile, I have to request that you will not interrupt me.'

The west wind whisper'd with soft sigh,

And calmly rose the evening star;

Nought told that o'er the midnight sky—

Now, here, the remaining line of this stanza is not quite to my satisfaction; it hardly supports, as it were, the style of the three previous lines. Can any of you suggest a word which would rhyme with

star, and could be introduced as a termination in an appropriate line?'

'Tar,' suggested Stewart, performing a necromantic feat with a mouthful of tobacco smoke.

'Tar!' repeated Starry, thoughtfully; 'I do not exactly see how it could be appropriately introduced.'

'What is your third line again?' said Stewart—'yes—let me see—

Nought told that o'er the midnight sky
The clouds would fly as black as tar.'

'The clouds would fly as black as tar,' said Starry. 'I am afraid that is liable to the same objection as the line which I have temporarily supplied. We will consider it, however, on a future occasion; meanwhile, I will continue the recital:—

The sea heaved in a golden swell,
When low the sun sank in the west,
Soft as the maiden's bosom heaves
Upon her lover's manly breast.

'You're coming on, Starry,' said Stewart. 'That's not so bad. I see you have had some experience in that line.'

'What—a—' said Starry—'to which line do you allude, might I inquire?'

'Oh yes! That's it. Pretend you don't know! The love-making line, of course. Don't your last two lines tell that?'

'Oh!—a—I see. That does not necessarily follow,' replied Starry. 'Well—a—however, if you please, we will continue the reading:—

The sea-gull to his nest had flown'—

'Starry, you're an ass!' cried Bob, seizing the manuscript, crumpling it in his hand, and sending it flying over the water. 'There! The sea-gull to his nest has flown! Perhaps we will be able to get dinner ready now.'

'Perhaps this will form a more perfect illustration of the flying of the sea-gull to his nest,' said Starry, quietly taking up the half-plucked duck, and sending it after the manuscript. 'Perhaps we will be able to proceed with the dinner now.'

'Bravo, Starry!' cried Stewart. 'Your lesson in plucking has surely given you pluck. You've served him right, at any rate.'

'Crawford!' said Bob, when he had sufficiently recovered himself to speak—'Crawford! go and bring back that duck!—go this instant; it will be better for you.'

'Indeed, I shall do no such thing,' replied Starry; 'I think it would be more consistent with what is right and proper, if you should bring back my manuscript. It has cost me time and labour, and is of incomparably greater consequence than your paltry bird, which, even if it were in itself of any value, would be spoiled by your execrable manner of cooking.'

'You'll pay for this yet, Crawford, I tell you!' said Bob, between his teeth, lowering himself into the boat, and sculling violently towards the floating bird.

He stooped over the side, and picked it up, leaving Starry's manuscript to drift away with the tide.

'Bring Starry's paper, can't you?' cried Stewart. 'We want to hear the rest of it.'

Bob made no answer; but, turning the boat round, and sculling towards us in the same violent manner—the oar slipped up, and away Bob, went head over heels into the water!

'Help! murder! oh! I'm d—drowning!' he yelled, spluttering the water from his mouth as he rose to the surface. 'Stewart, I'm going d—down!'

Stewart coolly took his pipe from his mouth, knocked the ashes out of it, and set it down on the deck, and taking up the coil of the peak halyard, threw it towards Bob. The rope was too short. The end of it reached within three yards of him, but he could not swim. He struggled to get to it, but the tide drifted him away—he was sinking.

'I'm going down. Help! Stewart! Stewart! Stewart! help! help! I'm going down!'

(To be concluded in our next.)

MAGGIE.

Maggie! Maggie! sister Maggie!

In the dear familiar room

We are sitting, sad and lonely—

Wearied, wearied of its gloom.

Fast and warm the tears are flowing,

Down each alter'd, sorrowing face;

Dark and awful is the shadow

Resting in thy vacant place.

Maggie! Maggie! gentle Maggie!

Sweet, and innocent, and mild;

Lovingly thou nestled 'mongst us—

Trusting as a little child.

I am sitting by the firelight,

Gazing as we used to do—

Dreaming strange, bright dreams together;—

Now I dream not, wanting you.

Maggie! Maggie! loving Maggie!

Still and mournful is our dwelling;

Through the silent rooms we wander,

Each its own fond memories telling—

Memories of a face we loved, so

Girlish, beautiful, and fair;

Sweet young tones and smiles of gladness,

That we find no longer there.

Maggie! Maggie! patient Maggie!

How we watch'd thee many an hour!

Watch'd thee slowly fading, dying,

Like a broken, wither'd flower.

When, at last, we sat at midnight

With the light made pale and thin.

Then we knew that we had lost thee,

And that death had enter'd in.

Maggie! Maggie! angel Maggie,

In thy home beyond the skies!

Oh! I fain would have thee near me,

With those sinless, loving eyes.

Fast and warm the tears are flowing,

Down each alter'd sorrowing face;

Dark and awful is the shadow

Resting in thy vacant place!

A. R. G.

*. The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention, but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.]

GABRIEL GRAY—A GLASGOW STORY.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR.

'Oh, sir, the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.'—Wordsworth.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. M'CORKINDALE—or, more properly, David M'Corkindale, Esq. of the Drums, the interior of which country-seat I never witnessed—sits in his office in the city, in an inner chamber thereof, distinguished by a carpet, dimly-patterned, that was new when he and I had more hairs and blacker. He sits at a table-desk, the purple leather of it frayed with highly lucrative tear and wear, and with a worn mat under his feet, which are like boats. There he sits, fabulously rich and authentically unhappy. The muscles of his face are screwed into an everlasting suspicion. No beggar entering that chamber, by accident, would waste a word of his professional rhetoric there, unless his stock-in-trade were sockets—not eyes. The thunder, hugest of noise-makers, roars only when the heavens are black; but Mr. M'Corkindale, nearly the next hugest, is Mount Vesuvius under divinely cerulean and serene skies. More than any man I ever knew, he has a capacity for storming without occasion. Internal fires have devoured him under the vineyards until he is all hollowness and crust. Aha! it is a worldly politic face his—a chronic Sunday unchristian face, as befits his position of elder. So devout a man might find it painful to make negative answer when struggling and aspiring merit importuned. But his face is a perpetual negative. It shows like a crouching, red-eyed watch-dog, or a stormy placard warning trespassers. Behind it his riches are safe. It affords him the immunity of rags. Oh, an infinitely politic face, good churls! Yet I have seen his name in subscription lists which were to be advertised, and where mercantile considerations whispered at the ear of charity. Let us, accordingly, do the old curmudgeon justice, as he sits in his office, in that inner carpeted chamber, like a throned tyrant, conquering his silent alarms, or trying to do that feat.

Said Mathew Waddell to me the other night, in my own mansion—for he had just come over for an egg,—'Gabriel Gray! you are the biggest fool extant. Fancy,' quoth he, 'one of earth's God-made kings—with no more stately and luxurious throne than an odious countinghouse tripod, picked up a bargain from some shivering wreck of bankruptcy, ringed with vultures! How is it that you have suffered an old vinegar-crust, like M'Corkindale of the Drums, to lord it over you for forty years almost—you, by Jupiter! who have more brains in the tip of your

little finger than he can boast in his whole body-bulk? It makes one's blood boil,' he continued, feeling if the little brass kettle were hot, 'to see genius like yours content to cower under the table, and nuzzle among gouty silk stockings for crumbs, while braggarts, and swaggerers, and skinflints, and hypocrites, and nincompoops are cracking the walnuts and passing the silver-mounted decanters overhead. By George!' he exclaimed, grasping the bottle for a fresh tumbler, 'you are an incomparable jackass!'

Without uttering a word, I rushed to the half-dozen crazy shelves which I call my bookcase—bulked myself with Shakspeare, Milton, and such of my other own treasures as I could on the sudden muster—and making each, like a bag of sovereigns or an orator's knuckles, ring upon the table, asked whether I was not richer than any poor M'Corkindale of them all, though with actual metallic nuggets piled high enough to make Ossa like a wart.

'Mathew, poor devil!' I cried, 'you are a miserable Mammonist, with not an inch of soul above £ s. d. No matter. You are a licensed calumniator. But let any one, except yourself and any despicable Income-tax commissioner, dare to set me down as a poorer man than old M'Corkindale, and I will knock him into insignificance with a display of wealth which I defy all the Bourses of Europe to parallel.'

At this moment, too, hearing high voices, my fair nucleus blazed into the room, followed by a luminous tail—Kate the sprightly, Barbara, like a white angel, and the rest; whereupon I pointed to these, my luminous living riches, and Mathew, throwing himself back in his chair, roared and shook with laughter, and incontinently confessed himself floored. In the midst of the giggles and explanations which ensued, down came the 'Battle of Prague,' like a rattling tempest of hail, from the piano of the Old Reds, a broken, jingly-wired instrument, that was never in tune in its life; and Mathew, patting the brass cheek of the kettle, admitted that, after all, he would prefer it hot.

But let the truth be out. In spite of my contempt for Mr. M'Corkindale, I hold him in a certain degree of awe. Oh, I have been behind the scenes of him, and, even while taking his sorry wages, esteem myself colossally his master. Yet I would rather crave audience of twenty noblemen, of the courteous, high-bred stamp, than stoop to solicit a sparrow's leave to pick and chirp at his bloodless, unpulsing hands. Mathew declared this to be ridiculous modesty on my part, but I feel it to be ungovernable pride—such pride as goes tingling to the toes of one's boots when confronted by a pompous wind-bag. Modesty, dear Mathew! Why, the very floor—I declare it conscientiously—becomes a royal dais under my feet, whenever, goaded by some petty insult, I pull up to my full stature at his side. Yet not pride exactly; pride

is never tall. It is his littleness alone makes me gigantic. Never, in my most cowering moments, have I suffered him to stand above me by the thickness of his own carpet. How could it be that I should have known him so long, and not made the discovery that yellow dross, though ever so regally minted, constitutes but poor stuffing for a seat, let alone a pillow?

Yet I had lately occasion to go before him, burning with a blush of humiliation, to ask if I might attend a funeral.

'Whose funeral?' he interrogated, as if he thought I lied, but without lifting his pen or eyes from the paper on which he gloated.

'You have heard of Hugh M'Donald,' said I, 'the Rambler.'

'I never did,' was his gruff response. 'What was he?'

'A well-known local writer and poet,' I said.

'A what? Humph! Was he a relation of yours?'

'No, sir.'

'Then why do you wish to attend his funeral?'

'Out of respect.'

'Is there no one else to bury him?'

'I dare say there are, sir. Man or dog of us, we are easily put under ground. Any hireling with a spade can do that.'

'Your remarks are impertinent.'

'I am sorry you should view them in that light.'

'Are those invoices made out?'

'They are, sir.'

'I suppose you may go, although I don't see the necessity.'

'Why, sir, absolute necessity can seldom be pleaded even for our most urgent duties.'

'Mr. Gray, I'm busy.'

I left him thinking himself a great man—thinking he had done the dignified thing—thinking he had administered a useful lesson while granting a superfluous boon—thinking he had towered to a sublime height in the eyes of his poor bookkeeper—thinking he had performed a noble action in snubbing a slave who durst not retaliate—thinking, perhaps, how he might be cheaper and better served by some younger man who would 'know his place.'

We had agreed—Mathew and I—to meet in Mr. Menzies' omnibus office, as we contemplated a two-penny ride to Bridgeton. A young man, James Bryson—with something of the inborn gentleman, as I think—bade us courteous welcome, invited us to warm our toes, and promised that we should not miss the 'bus. The day was gaily and wild, and there was a draggly crowd continually coming and going; while every five minutes, some blue-coated guard entered, exchanged his belt and bag, shouted the name of the district for which he was bound, and vanished with his little trail of city travellers to be packed. In due time came the announcement, 'Bridgeton'—whereupon Bryson picked us out from the throng in a moment, and gave us polite convey across the pavement. By dint of compressing two or three ladies into the natural bulk of such women as God made and Praxiteles sculptured, the guard was

enabled to find us suitable, though somewhat tight, accommodation. This, however, we were not long permitted to retain. Decency, feeling, politeness forbade that exercise of selfishness. We accordingly set a gallant example to two or three young fellows—lazy underbred rascals, who stuck to their seats like Chartists, while weary women with infants had to rock awkwardly on their feet between impudent unyielding knees. But the journey, besides having its humours, was short. We soon found ourselves in Bridgeton—a locality lying wholly out of our usual beat, and which I had not visited for years. 'What a city, after all, is this, Mathew!' I exclaimed, as I surveyed the busy, unfamiliar streets. 'How easy would it be to excavate a town like Paisley, or Kilmarnock, or Falkirk, or Stirling, or Perth—steeple, police-office, and all—out of any odd corner of it, without its ever being missed, except by the handful of unhoused dwellers in the actual gap! Yet look at these shopkeepers. Morn and night they put off and on their shutters, and perform their daily drudgeries, knowing little of the great, brilliant city else, as it runs coyly away from them—towards the west-wind—its threads of smoke blown back from its bright young face, like hair *à la* Eugénie. All their world is hereabout. Ah, Mathew! the most cosmopolitan of us live and labour in strangely little rounds. Even those most addicted to travel carry with them a clinging and trailing mass of habits, memories, associations, prejudices, and fancies to shut them in, and mar their clear vision. They are surrounded and circumscribed by these, as the voyager—wander over what vague expanse of ocean he will—is girded by his familiar clothes, hammock, cabin, sails, ropes, shrouds, and impassable bulwarks. Man, in his largest orbit, is ringed like Saturn. Death, dear Mathew!—for the theme harmonises, like crape, with the eternally-solemn dust-to-dust business on which we are now entering—death, I speak it piously and philosophically—is your only enfranchiser.'

There was a grieved stir in John-street—the rather narrow street whence the funeral procession was to move—a stir as of troubled dreams, and thoughts of the infinite mysteries, coming down like wreaths of mountain-mist and cloud on the lowly waters of life. Women and little children, from shop-doors and the mouths of closes, looked out as if under some passing shadow of doom. No hearse displayed its sable plumes as yet; but, taken by the current, we found our way without asking. A yielding deference was visible, as we moved through the crowd, in compliment to our silvered age; and we got into the place of mournful rendezvous by a kind of noiseless swirl, like a couple of sere leaves into a slow, quiet eddy. It was a hall by the side of a modern-fronted church, entering level from the street; with a high-pointed roof—plain, somewhat Gothic, and charmingly suburban. A matted passage ran up the centre, and terminated in a pulpit, slightly raised. From each side of this passage, forms diverged at right angles

through the length of the apartment. These rapidly filled. A little lull ensued; and, looking back, we saw, by the large round face of a clock above the door, that a quarter of an hour had elapsed beyond the time appointed for assembling. Punctual to that moment, a dark-complexioned gentleman entered the pulpit, whom I afterwards ascertained to be the Rev. George Simpson, parish minister of Bridgeton. There was a hush as if every breath were held. Slowly and solemnly dropped his words upon the silence—words selected from Holy Writ, haloed with celestial flame, and flashing and dazzling upward to glorious and immortal issues. Then, borne high on the wings of these inspired splendours, ascended a purely human prayer—burdened with the sorrow of a little bereaved household, petitioning for heavenly comfort. The simplicity and the earnestness translated themselves into pathos and eloquence. Every heart, we doubt not, was impressed. When the company loosened itself into the open air it became very large. It amounted to several hundreds. Straggling some little way down the street, to where the hearse now stood in front of a certain humble and I dare vouch for it very sad dwelling—we formed ourselves in its rear, four abreast as directed, and the procession moved on. It moved with a steady tramp, back through the main thoroughfares, towards Hutchesontown Bridge. Oh! how infinitely more solemn and sublime than any dull string of carriages, with nothing of sorrow visible but its hired liveries, was this marching mass of mourners! The mud was thick on the stones, and tears from the sympathetic clouds—tears wildly funereal—came down on paroxysms of wind; but the procession held steadily on its course. Windows were thrown up as we passed, and faces invalidated, blear, or with pipes, braved the raw gusts for a moment to gaze upon the unwonted spectacle. We trudged through the open space lying betwixt the Jail and the public Green, where, time out of mind, mountebanks have tumbled and juggled, and murderers been hanged. Hats were crushed down like helmets, and umbrellas stubborn like shields for the storming of the bridge. The usually quiet river was roused into a plaint and a wail. A tornado was encountered in Crown-street—one of those sudden and terrific gusts which drown fishing-boats and shatter Indiamen at sea. For a moment it partially broke our column, blowing one man into a whisky-shop—we believe after his hat. But a heroic rally took place, and the compact mass, stimulated by strong love and duty, charged the remorseless south-wester, and triumphed. By the time the Southern Necropolis was reached, a shimmer of sunshine fell upon the wet tomb-stones. Under a huddled arch of down-staring earnest faces, the mortal remains of Glasgow's favourite 'Rambler' were deposited—by the side, it was whispered, of his first love. At this moment a wretched, ragged woman who had joined the procession, forced her way through the crowd, looked into the grave, and hurried away. The remarkable funeral was over, and the mourners gradually

dispersed; but how I could have wished old M'Corkindale to have been an onlooker throughout the whole scene, in order that he might have wondered and reflected, in his sick moments, by what curious, inscrutable necromancy it came to pass that a man who had so little of the world's riches while he lived, should be so honoured when he died!

Poor Hugh M'Donald! The world did not do much for him, but he did something for the world! His soul hungered for beauty, and, in the intervals of hard work, he sought her in the grass, near the hedgerows, by the purling streams, among odorous farms, under blue spirals of smoke—wherever a bough blossomed, or a bird sang, or a wee well 'skinkled,' or the lichen, and the moss, and the ivy gave Nature's silent burial to dilapidated baronial hearths, or grave-stones whose carvers were dust. My daughter, Barbara, has asked me what he was like? Well, my dear, he was not tall, but of homely Scotch build—somewhat slow of gait, as if scorning to use his feet fussily—in other words, a deliberate, contemplative man, like one who had something to observe at every step, and feared lest he might tread, by accident, on some of his dewy-eyed darlings of the year. A brave poetic reaper he was, who went out and gathered, through all seasons, sheaves and harvests of floral and traditionary wealth, from virgin fields lying all round within reach of a morning or afternoon saunter. These he threw into the surprised heart of the city; many a sweet rush took place to the local Californias he had discovered; and in dim workshops, in steamy factories, in anxious counting-houses, and in languid conventional drawing-rooms, a healthier beating of pulses gave miraculous triumph to his labours. But although loving the country much, he loved his kind more. Truly, an intensely sociable man! Mathew and I met him several times some years ago; and I shall never forget the gusto with which he enlarged upon 'the Wallace wight,' stood up for Robert Burns, or warbled out, with his honest Scotch face finely a-glow, his own favourite song of 'The Flower-Lovers.' What wonder he is missed and mourned? O thou great money-bag of a M'Corkindale, wilt thou tear thy thumbnails with rage if I set down this lowly dweller in Bridgeton—a dweller there now no more for ever—as having been infinitely richer than your ignoble merchant prince? Man, man! how often must the lesson be pressed in upon thee, that the sure way to die unregretted is to live unbeloved? It is such wealth as Hugh M'Donald possessed that has all the world for sorrowing and grateful heirs. Think of his great funeral! But more is behind. Tears, happy memories, impulses of good, minds awakened to beauty, and hearts made glad by song, are magically in the track of him, like the silvery foam where a noble ship has passed—like the margin of bright green where a river has meandered to the sea.

Farewell, thou city-bred son of toil, ever strolling countrywards, and bringing back the flowers of many a field, and the melodies of many a grove, to make

our crowded and choked-up dwellings sweet! My friend Mathew Waddel and I—considerably stricken in years, but worshipping Nature and delighting in song—are fain to claim thee as kin to our own blood. We have, therefore, taken in resolution to visit thy humble grave annually, what time the gentle Spring will be hand in hand with us, and the tiny minstrels of the air hover about our tryst, to keep thy memory fresh and beautiful at our hearts.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

MUSIC.

There's a language full of power,
Mighty in its varied play;
I have heard 't hour by hour,
As it changed from grave to gay.

Air, and melody, and song,
Time, and tune, and voices all,
Notes that swell and linger long
On my grateful senses fall.

Melodies of moments gone
Long ago, in days gone by,
Still so sweetly sounding on,
Linger with me till I die.

Harmonies of fullest chords,
All the mightier being one—
Oh! the joy their sound affords,
Ending ever—never done.

Ah! how life-like all comes back,
When some simple air is play'd!
How along my earliest track
Childhood casts a fleeting shade!

I have seen the bed where Death
Came and took his iron stand;
I have watch'd the gasping breath;
I have press'd the bloodless hand.

Yes! and stood by hollow grave,
Gaping for its kindred soil;
And have seen the grasses wave
Silent o'er the crumbling spoil;

Voiceless rooms and vacant chairs,
Signs that dared me to forget,
Everything that token wears
Of a missing some one yet.

Yes! I've seen them all, nor wept
As each one its story told,
And did marvel if I kept
Not one thought for times of old.

But when music comes and sings
Strains I used to hear 'them' play,
Something rises up and rings
Passing bells of soothing lay.

And their notes fall one by one
On my ear and on my heart,
And before the peal is done
Silent tears unbidden start.

Give me music—give me song—
Echoes all of bygone years;
Let me list their voices long,
Bring they smiles or bring they tears.

Thus unfetter'd in thy might,
Men and angels honour thee;
Music e'en on heaven's height
Makes eternal minstrelsy.

F. W. B. B.

OUR TENDER BLOSSOMS.

A FLEA.

As I write, the sound of hammering and busy work is going on in a spacious building, pleasantly situated among trees and green pastures and grand old hills. It is a favourite 'bit' with old and young; and from generation to generation it flourishes on in everlasting freshness and beauty. Who amongst us that were cradled in Edinburgh has no rich associations with the 'Meadows' in 'auld langsyne,' when every season had its joys, and the dew of youth made summer fadeless. It was there the 'toddlin' wee things' looked out for buttercup and gowan—there the school-boy proved his strength and fleetness in many a race round the smooth level walks—there they frolicked in the sunshine—there they snow-balled in winter weather! The Meadows are altered now; but children come there to play still, and the grass is as green and the trees as large and loving as in the days when we were young, and rejoiced under their shade. Above the din of youthful glee, the hammer strikes out with clear and hearty ring, and willing hands are giving the finishing strokes to the noble edifice that towers like a princely palace. Fair it stands in the sunshine of heaven—every stone hallowed by love, and consecrated by pity to suffering humanity in its feeblest form. It is an Hospital for Sick Children.

Many have never heard of this benevolent project. It originated in London many years ago, and the example of London has been followed in Edinburgh, in Birmingham, Liverpool, and other towns. Some account of a recent visit to the Edinburgh Hospital may be interesting. The subject recommends itself to all who have a fellow feeling with childhood's weakness and dependence. The original Hospital is an old-fashioned family mansion—a stone cast from the building which is shortly to supersede it. We present ourselves at the door, and a cheerful portress admits us. We are prepared for a sad sight—eyes, that should be sparkling with youthful joy, heavy with trouble; limbs, made for active play, enfeebled by disease; forms of beauty wasted and worn; the rose of health withered in life's dewy morn. But lo! we are ushered into a bright, airy, cheery nursery, pictured, and furnished with a superabundance of brilliant toys. The sun streams in through the polished windows, and we can hardly believe ourselves in a sick chamber. Two long rows of little iron cribs occupy each side of the apartment; in each is a tiny white image propped up with pillows. The sharp suffering is past with the patients in this ward—some are nearly convalescent. Each crib has a moveable board attached, for toys, and the child can amuse itself without fatigue. One little fellow was proudly examining his gun—a regiment of wooden soldiers filled the board, and an array of miniature military 'gear-ing' was scattered about. His complaint is disease of the heart; and he can never be laid down to rest. He sleeps in a sitting posture, and in a prone position. They watch him carefully; for in a moment, suddenly, death may overtake him at play. Sad we

think it; but the boy's merry laugh drowns the sigh of pity.

Calm contentment sits upon every young brow, and the pale faces wear a pleased smile. It is a scene of peace and comfort. Here is a baby, with a broken arm in a sling. It has fallen asleep to the music of its noisy rattle. The lady superintendent stops to smooth the pillow; the blue eyes look up to smile, and peacefully close again—no fretfulness—no tears.

In the next crib, a serious little maid is hushing her doll on her feverish breast; and, near her, a young girl, dumb with palsy, is quietly looking at some pictures. The lady again stops to say a kind word here; and she is thanked, with a smile of bright intelligence, from the poor speechless lips.

Is not this a hopeless case? we ask. She is recovering the use of her limbs, we are told. The patient has made great amendment in the Hospital.

In this ward there is another baby, no bigger than the china doll, staring at 'Bonnie Bessie Lee' in her new scarlet jacket.

'What an atom?'

'Ah, yes,' replies the matron, patting the thin little hand lying on the bed-quilt, 'its mother died, and it was starved, poor thing. There is a wonderful improvement here, though,' adds the lady; 'and all this skin (hanging in bags from the bones) has to be filled up.'

We draw back with a shudder. A little helpless infant starved, perishing for food in a Christian land, amidst plenty! Oh publish it not lest we be mocked at our philanthropy, and alms-giving, and benevolence!—lest savage and barbarian, true to the instincts of a divine nature, fling back to us the charity that passes by a famishing babe to preach a pure and exalted righteousness to unconverted nations! It has been under good treatment a considerable time, but it is a mere skeleton yet; you may tell all its bones—they look and stare upon you.

'But we are improving,' insists the lady, as she tenderly 'tucks' in the small breathing image again. The baby looks out in amazement, as if it had fallen asleep over life's troubles and awaked in paradise. We go back to 'Bessie Lee'; her wondrous beauty is a spell. Is the child a 'patient?' we ask; for a rich glow mantles the clear olive cheek, and the beautifully moulded limbs are rounded and plump. She has passed through much suffering we are told; but it is past and forgotten, and the little foreign lassie is getting strong again. The large liquid Italian eyes flash up in splendour, and a little white dimpled hand flings kisses freely to all. Bessie's father is far away with Garibaldi; he is an Italian, but the child says she is 'Bessie Lee.' She has found a home among 'strangers'; and she dreams not of kindlier skies.

As we pass out, a 'tousie' urchin runs up against us.

'Tommy! Tommy!' says a nurse.

'And who is this?'

A city Arab who has travelled far and seen rough weather. He was picked up in a den in the Cowgate

in the last stage of fever. They have brought him through with careful nursing. Tommy is a 'character,' and his 'experience' amuses the 'Hospital.'

'How old are you, Tommy?' we asked.

'Seven,' was the reply.

Threescore and ten was written on the shrivelled, puckered face; but the limbs were those of a weakly undeveloped child of three or four years.

'Why don't you grow, laddie?' asked the nurse.

'I canna, nurse, for *tramping*,' answered Tommy, apologetically; 'me and mother tramps twenty miles sometimes, and whiles we sleep under a hedge, you ken.'

'But that is not good, Tommy.'

The boy looks wistfully across to the hills.

'I am the bread-winner, though, nurse; mother will miss me sair; she's no sae clever at *pattering* [begging] as me. We make most on rainy days.'

'Can't you do something better, Tommy—you are a smart fellow?'

'I sing at nights, ye ken—grandfather learned me to sing—he was a merry man in a show, but he turned over auld, and syne he gathered prayer-meetings in the Grass Market. I can sing all Richard Weaver's hymns, nurse—they are bonnie.'

'Does your grandfather let you go about begging, Tom?'

'Grandfather's dead; but me and mother buried him respectable in the middle o' the earth without the Parish, says Tommy, proudly.'

Tommy's mother is an Irishwoman, his father is in jail for wife assault, but they are better without him, the boy says, for he does nothing but drink and fight when he has his liberty. The mother drinks too; and if the poor child were to be sent back to her to-morrow, warmly clothed, she would strip him naked to get money to buy whisky! Many a weary mile has poor Tommy trudged hungry and foot-sore. On the marriage-day of the Prince of Wales, he was singing in the streets of Paisley. When he got back to Glasgow, he was tired and sick; but he travelled on foot to Edinburgh, with fever in his blood! When he is dismissed, he has no home, but he says he will 'aye mind the Hospital, though he should have to travel the world a'round! God help him when he leaves that kind shelter! Higher up there is another ward, similarly furnished. Every little crib is occupied—some are asleep; some are playing with their toys; pictures pleasing to children hang against the walls, and cheerful surroundings beguile the little sufferers of their troubles. Unless in acute pain, a tear is seldom seen, the matron informs us; and children are readily won by gentleness and kindness. The law of love is the rule here, and we have no difficulty. Friends are admitted to see the patients, but the little sufferers show no disposition to keep them; and, when they depart, they lie down on their pillows quite contentedly. We hardly wonder, for the little sufferers are nursed with motherly tenderness, and they have every comfort.

'But are not some diseases contagious?' we asked. 'Will not one child affect another?' It never happens, we are told. The fever ward is remote, and approached by a separate staircase, and there is also a ward for special cases. No disinfectants are used; but the Hospital is strictly aired, and the utmost attention is paid to cleanliness. 'We are very watchful on this point,' said the lady, 'and sanitary regulations are rigorously observed.' Few deaths take place, but parents sometimes delay sending their children to the Hospital until the disease has run on too far for recovery, and some children have died the day after admission.

We are invited to visit the other departments of the Hospital, but we have lingered with the children until our time is up. In passing out, we merely glance into the household rooms, dispensary, &c. All are in perfect order, and good management is everywhere apparent. The garden is rich in flowers, and the convalescents are inhaling healthful breezes. A little hand thrusts a pale blossom into ours, as we depart—a token of love from the Sick Children's Hospital.

In every town and city there are fair blossoms rich with promise of golden fruit; but unkindly frosts have nipped the tender bud, and blighted it in its bloom; shall these droop and die without fostering care?

Sweet flowerets on the dusty battle-field of life, fresh with the dew of morning! Ye gladden the scene and bring back pure and holy memories of childhood's sunny hours. Shall you languish and die in our path unheeded?

We have asylums and refuges and shelters, and princely munificence is bestowed on charitable institutions by wealthy cities; but no provision is made for the lovely and unerring. The little children droop with the lilies, and are swept into the cold churchyard like autumn leaves!

Objections have been raised to Hospitals for Sick Children, on the ground that children's diseases are mostly contagious, and that it is impossible to prevent them being propagated from one to another. This, however, has been proved fallacious, as may be seen from the medical reports of the institutions in operation. The blessings of a Child's Hospital are obvious; and in such cities as Glasgow, we make bold to affirm that no appeal beyond a simple suggestion will be needed to establish this good work.

But, apart from philanthropy, an Hospital for Sick Children is a desideratum for medical science. These institutions are exclusively devoted to infantile diseases; and a more perfect knowledge of these ailments will be acquired by the physician and student. And it is a well known fact that, while rapid strides have been made in every other department of medical science, this branch has been less attended to, although the proportion of children's diseases is much greater than those of adults. This weighty consideration will have power with those who live for the good of others, and, in so doing, find their own.

STUART MILLER.

THE THREE NEW ELEMENTS—CÆSIUM, RUBIDIUM, AND THALLIUM.

New elements are not so often discovered nowadays as in the time of Berzelius, the great Swedish chemist, when one could hardly take up an unknown mineral without finding something new. But within the last two or three years no fewer than three new elementary bodies have been discovered, by the process of spectrum analysis.

Before going further, it may be as well to explain what is meant by the term 'element' in chemistry. An element is any body that has never been decomposed into simpler ingredients by any force at the command of the chemist. Spectrum analysis has also revealed the wide distribution of other elements which, until its application, had been considered comparatively rare; and has even shown us the elements existing in the sun and planets.

It has long been known that certain bodies impart colours to flames. Thus soda gives a yellow colour, lithium a red, and strontium a crimson; and the reason is that the bodies volatilise at the high temperature of the flame, and the vapour gives this peculiar light. On decomposing the coloured light thus produced by a prism, it gives rise to various coloured bands, differing in number, colour, and position, with the different bodies employed. This, then, is the principle of spectrum analysis, and by which these three new elements have been discovered.

In 1860, Bunsen, while examining the spectrum of alkalis obtained from certain mineral waters in Germany, discovered the first of the three new bodies, and named it *cæsium*, on account of its giving rise to certain blue lines in the spectrum. Not long after, he announced the presence of a second new element, which he named *rubidium*; it gives two beautiful red lines in the spectrum. *Cæsium* and *rubidium* have a great chemical similarity to potassium. *Cæsium* is found in largest quantities in mineral waters; *rubidium* is found in largest quantities in a mineral called *lepidolite*. *Cæsium* and *rubidium* have likewise been discovered in saltpetre residues, at a manufactory at Paris.

Cæsium.—This metal is easily decomposed by water. It is less abundant than *rubidium*; a ton of the mineral water of Druckheim yielded not more than three grains of the chloride of *cæsium*. *Cæsia*, like potassa, is deliquescent, and easily dissolves in alcohol. With sulphate of alumina, the sulphate of *cæsia* forms a brilliant octohedral alum. 1-70,000th of a grain of *cæsia* may be discovered by spectrum analysis.

Rubidium.—It is generally found accompanying *cæsium*. It amalgamates easily, and decomposes water, burning like potassium. A ton of the mineral water gave four grains of the chloride of *rubidium*. The mineral *lepidolite* yields about 1-2,000th of its weight of oxide of *rubidium*. *Rubidium* has likewise been discovered in coffee, tea, tobacco, and beetroot.

Thallium.—In 1861, Mr. Crookes, while examining some sulphur residues by spectrum analysis, discovered

this new metal. It is named from the Greek *θαλλειν*, a green twig, owing to its producing a brilliant green line when examined by the spectroscope. The discovery of thallium in the sulphur residues is analogous to that of selenium by the Swedish chemist, Berzelius. Berzelius, searching for tellurium, discovered a new element called selenium. Mr. Crookes also, while examining the residues for tellurium, discovered thallium. Thallium is a white metal, somewhat of the appearance of lead. It is malleable, but not very ductile. It is softer than lead, and possesses the peculiar property of welding together by pressure in the cold. It is easily fused, and may be distilled at a red heat. Thallium, when precipitated from its solutions, appears as a black powder. Those who visited the International Exhibition would see a specimen under a glass shade, in the eastern annexe.

Mr. Crookes remarks that, in its metallic state, it tarnishes too readily for much practical value in that form, but that, in the form of alloy, its uses are likely to be great. Owing to the magnificent green it communicates to flame, it may be used for pyrotechnical purposes.

Thallium has likewise been discovered in copper and sulphur from Spain, in metallic zinc and bismuth ores. It has likewise been found in commercial samples of bismuth and copper salts, and in sulphuric and muriatic acids.

JAMES W. YOUNG.

THE PHANTOM PUNT; OR, THE HOWL OF GUILT.*

A TALE OF VIRTUE AND VILLANY, TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,
DESPAIR AND DEATH.

BOOK FIRST.—PART FIRST.

CHAPTER III.

THE HAWKS TAKE WING.

VAVAZOUR at last broke down from sheer exhaustion, and leaned on his spade.

Duferny regarded him with a sinister smile.

'And now, my friend, what a condition would the most noble the Marquis of Pennywhistle's carcass have been in by this time?'

Vavazour wiped his brow with his hand, stuck his spade into the soil, and said, 'I shall die in a month, Duferny, if I do not escape from this place.'

'Courage, mon ami, don't talk of dying.'

'You say that I can be of service to you in England. You say, also, that you have a grudge against that plebeian hound. How do you mean to escape from here, and when? Come?'

'How and when? Good!' He gazed at Vavazour for a moment, as if he would read his soul, looked round to see if the overseer was within sight, and, compressing his brow and clenching his teeth, hissed out 'To-morrow night, if you are discreet, we shall be free. Hush, imbecile!'

Vavazour had given a slight cry, and his mouth and eyes had opened in amazement.

*The right of dramatising, translating, and reproducing this serial fiction is reserved by the authors.

'To-morrow night!' he echoed.

'Yes, if you are discreet; to-morrow at midnight we shall be on board *Le Kokt At Vert*. Attendez—the captain is my friend. I have had an interview, by means of a private telegraphic signal established between us in France. If Kato can be bribed to assist our escape, we shall be in England at the end of this year.'

Vavazour's jaws fell. 'Kato bribed! Impossible.'

Duferny's teeth gleamed again—a smile of ineffable disdain flitted across his swarthy features. 'Bah, mon ami! nothing is impossible to me. Kato's one of my puppets. I shall play with him like the rest. Death of my soul! who could resist me? I tell you I shall work him like a marionette; but you must assist me in finding the string. Comprenez?'

'What do you mean?' said Vavazour, testily. 'When will you cease to speak in parables, and when will you drop that cursed egotism? I'm sick of it. What are you driving at?'

'Driving at, mon ami! Now you speak in parables. Que voulez vous dire by driving at? What does it mean? Impart?'

'What do you mean by saying that Kato's one of your puppets? And what the blazes do you mean to infer by saying that I must assist you in finding the string?'

'Now, look here,' said Duferny, coolly, and, despite the serious nature of their conversation, evidently deriving a malicious enjoyment from the testiness of his companion. 'Look here. I understand what the nature of the idiom 'driving at' is. My little idiom should be less difficult to you—should be, mark you, if you had brains. You haven't brains; at least, nothing to speak of in comparison with mine. I'm all brains. My brain will get you and I out of this *petit enfer*, c'est a dire, if your deficiency of brain does not counteract my scheme. In such a case, I should take care that you would suffer most for the attempt; and I should quietly allow my brain to rest for a little, and then go to work again for my own especial benefit. Voyez vous? Soyez tranquille, mon ami! you are nothing without me; but my brain will get you out of this. See if it don't.'

'If it don't, I swear by all that's holy I shall prove whether there is such a superfluity by cracking the skull with my spade, and scattering them about the sand here, where you can pick them up again if you think they will still be of service.'

Duferny's teeth glistened again, and his swarthy face took a darker tinge from the sun, which was setting behind the hills.

'Ah! you say so, my friend; you are a true John Bull—brag, brag, fanfaronnade; but you waste your breath on me. Attendez, encore. Listen!'

The presence of the overseer, who had sauntered up, put an end to their conversation, and both resumed their work.

'And now,' continued Duferny, when Kato had gone, 'what I mean by Kato there being one of my

puppets is this, as you might have seen—I mean through you to make him the chief instrument of our escape. Now don't interrupt me, and don't scowl, please, and you shall understand all. You tell me,' he continued, 'that you had the felicity of knowing our friend Kato in the old country, that you had the honour of being Monsieur le President of a society of which he was a humble member. N'est ce pas?'

'I did.'

'Good! You also imparted the information of the fact of our friend Kato having the misfortune, through his connection with the society, to be deprived of the privilege of being master of his own actions; and the paternal government, upon whom fell the responsibility of the direction of his wasted talents, having deemed it advisable, for his own good and the good of the country, to transplant him for a time to a more genial soil.'

'Go on. I see what you're at.'

'Bien! In due time the date expires at which the supremacy of your amiable government over our friend ceases, and its representatives here deeming (I do not say whether rightly or wrongly) that, in the event of an early return to the land of his nativity, he would be apt and liable to be employed in fresh dangers, considerably make him an offer of an official appointment, as overseer of his late companions in chains.'

'Exactly.'

'Good again. Our friend Kato, being of a plastic nature, and inclined to be influenced by the last speaker, whether for good or evil, incontinently accepts the appointment, with, I have no doubt, the prospective idea of accumulating a little money, by salary and perquisites, returning regenerated to England, and investing his savings in some virtuous and profitable speculation—say a skittle-alley or a rat-pit; or perhaps a billiard-room; or even matrimony and a joint-stock interest in a small public-house, with obscure and mysterious entrances and exits, known only to the initiated.'

'Quite possible. But what the dev'—

'Soyez tranquille, and listen without impatience. You also gave me to understand that the society on which you conferred the distinguished honour of officiating as Monsieur le President, consisted of several skilled artificers in copper, lead, and other metals, not to speak of paper, and that the united talent of that section of the society, viz. the skilled artificers, was directed to the manufacture of a new and original medium of circulation, which was designed by your society to take the place, or mix on terms of equality with the more expensive current coin of the realm; that, with a characteristic modesty (which does you credit) you had no wish to intrude your ingenious invention too prominently before the public, from a vulgar prejudice which they, in common with (I blush to name it) your paternal government, had against inventors in coin; that, for this reason, you made demands upon the exertions of the second section of your society, whose duty it was to call up as much as pos-

sible of the old coin, and substitute your own clever and less bulky invention. I see that you comprehend. Our friend Kato, with a burning thirst for money (the society's profits were of course in proportion to the skill and ingenuity of the members) enrolled himself in your corps and flourished—flourished, mon ami, as you all did, till an unlucky transaction with a penetrating Methodist cheesemonger, in which the opinion of a policeman was unfortunately called for, put a stop to his'—

'Little game,' said Vavasour.

'Merci! or, in the more symbolical poetical language of the society,'—

'Blew his gaff, eh?'

'Merci, encore!'

'I admire your straightforwardness in coming to a point known to me before,' said Vavasour, with strong irony; 'but I confess that I am as far in the dark as ever with regard to a knowledge of your intentions with Kato.'

'Ah! Je ne suis pas encore fini. Mark! Our friend Kato, as you have told me in one of our many little tête-à-têtes (which are the only relief to the monotony of this existence), was brought up before Old Bailey—though who that gentleman is, in his non-official capacity, I know not.

'Curse your shallow jokes!' broke in Vavasour. 'You are sure to renew the acquaintance, if ever you live to return to London.'

'Pardon my little joke, and allow me to hasten back to my mutton. Kato was brought up at the Old Bailey, and was offered a respite of the sentence if he would—again to use the mystical language of the fraternity—blow the gaff upon the honourable society. Is that not so, mon ami?'

'Kato refused to split,' said Vavasour, sententiously.

'Bravo, Kato! I admire his fidelity. Then, mark you, Kato refused to inform on the society. Rather than do so he preferred to suffer six years' penal servitude.'

'Exactly.'

'Then, I say that Kato had hopes of returning, and again enrolling himself among the honourable gentlemen, where he would, of course, be received with open arms—not only on account of his professional abilities, but for the high and general admiration which his disinterested conduct at the bar of his country called forth.'

'Of course he had,' replied Vavasour; 'and has still, for two reasons—first, because, though risky, it was a paying game till another less disinterested member split, and broke the concern. Of course it's useless now, being broken up—blown to the winds.'

'Mais, mon ami, our friend Kato here does not know of its having been blown to the winds. I have no doubt he cherishes the idea of returning; besides—and here is the great point at last—you tell me that the society, in gratitude for his noble conduct, voted a sum of money, which was to be laid aside for his special benefit when he returned; that the friend to

whom that money, as also his private fortune acquired in the service of the society, was entrusted, was Monsieur le President—yourself. Good! We have already proved that Kato is stanch to his friends; we have also proved that his ruling passion is money. We have found a clue to the string. You, mon ami, are the string. Comprenez? You are Monsieur le President, unknown as yet to Kato by that distinguished title. You have recognised him, but he has failed to recognise you. Work upon his respect for your former position; but, above all, bring the influence of your possession of his money, and the prospect of your being able to assist him to multiply it by hundreds if you were once free, to bear upon him for the furtherance of our interests.'

'But his money is spent. I was not such an ass as to keep the money for him; he might never have returned.'

'Good! You spent his money. Very natural; but you are not at the confessional. It is not imperative that you should confess your sins to him. Let him remain ignorant of your having spent his money; and let him think that the secret of its whereabouts is in your head; that you are, in a word, Monsieur le President; and that you can coin money, literally and figuratively, my friend, when you are free and in England. Mort de ma vie! c'est bien simple. 'Tis clear as possible.'

'It is as clear as possible,' said Vavazour, [thoughtfully; 'but how can I obtain an opportunity of speaking to him about it? and, above all, how could I break the matter to him in a sufficiently delicate manner? Besides, the risk of his conniving at the escape of two convicts is great, and would be sure to imperil his own liberty. It's a difficult job.'

'Pas de tout, mon ami. Death of my soul! why difficult? If you can only work upon his cupidity, it's all right. He means to return to England. He can do so if he pleases. All that we ask him to do is to give us a couple of files, find a duplicate key for our cells, furnish us with a rope-ladder; and, with those little favours, we are safe. There will be a boat from Le Kolt At Vert lurking about the west point of the bay every night for a week, in expectation of my arrival. I shall take you with me.'

'And pray what have I done to deserve such a great favour at your hands, Duferny?' said Vavazour, with the ironical tone again.

'Mort de ma vie! don't you see that you are a necessary accessory of my own escape? Further, after we are in England, I have use of you on a matter concerning a certain Marquis of Pennywhistle and a yellow parchment, both of which articles can be turned to our mutual profit and revenge. Pennywhistle is as much my enemy as yours.'

'By all that's holy I would dare the Devil to pay him back.'

'You shall do so. I have told you the first step.'

Vavazour was again silent. Both recommenced their work as Kato approached.

When he had retired once more to his sentry-box

on the eminence, Vavazour ceased working, and said, 'I have been thinking about that, Duferny; and I'm sure I could not come round Kato in an artistic manner. Suppose that you, who are so great at palaver, undertake the job? You are sure to succeed—I might fail.'

'Death of my soul! Yes, a good idea. I shall undertake and do it. I shall break the subject to him to-night, in our cell. Mort de ma vie! why could I think of trusting you? Nous verrons ce soir.'

Next evening the convicts were startled from their slumbers by the loud report of the guns of the garrison. Each turned on his back, grumbling at the disturbance, and grunted out 'Some poor devil of a fellow has escaped, and will either be drowned or shot.'

Shot followed shot at intervals, and some of the convicts fancied there was a general uprising.

Each started up in bed, and prepared to take a part in the general struggle for liberty.

Suddenly was heard from across the bay a demoniacal shout of triumph, which pierced the ear like the shrill tones of a fife.

'It's the Frenchman's yell,' said [the convicts simultaneously.

Another shot boomed from the fort.

It was answered from far across the bay.

The flash revealed the dark hull of a vessel, with all her sails set, making way with great rapidity across the dark waters.

Another shot from the fort!

Another!

Another!

'Twas in vain.

Another yell of defiance from the bay, which was even more demoniacal than the first.

'It's the Frenchman's comrade—the sandy-haired Englishman, Vavazour'—said the convicts, wildly. 'How the fiend have they contrived to get off!'

Kato, during all this excitement, was rushing madly up and down, apparently in deep despair at the escape.

So thought the governors of the settlement when he made his appearance before them; and such was their confidence in their moral overseer that they calmed his fears and exonerated him from all blame. They would have stared if they had overheard the soliloquies in which he indulged next day at his usual post, and with his eyes fixed Britainwards.

'And so I have unloosed their wings, and they're off!'

—The hawks had at last taken wing.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

THE CRUISE OF THE HERMIONE (Concluded).

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FRED HARPER'S LEGACY.'

CHAPTER VII.

STEWART in a moment threw off his coat, tied the end of a rope round his waist, threw the other end to me, and dashed over the side. He swam rapidly to the spot, and, diving down, returned in a few moments, dragging Bob by the hair.

'Haul away aboard there,' cried Stewart. 'He's all right—more frightened than hurt.'

'Don't—don't, Stewart,' cried Bob—'don't let me go. Pull, Jack—quick. I thought it was all over with me. Don't pull my hair that way, Stewart. Pull, Jack. Oh dear!'

Starry and I drew them to the side. Stewart fastened the rope under Bob's arms, and we hoisted him on board. He sat down on the bulwarks, and put his hands up to his head; he shivered violently, partly with cold, partly with terror.

'Bob,' said Stewart, 'you had better change yourself; come along, I will help you. Indeed, I don't know but you would be better to tumble in for a little. Starry, get him a thimbleful of brandy, will you?'

'Oh, I shall be better in a few minutes,' said Bob; 'I am getting better already. I will just change my wet things, and then—but the boat! she's going adrift—she'll be lost! What are we to do?'

'Never you mind the boat, Bob; go below at once; we'll see after her. Come away, Starry. Here, Bob, take this.'

'Oh, thank you. Yes; I feel a little better. But I wish you would look after the boat.'

'Yes, yes; go you below,' said Stewart. 'Here, Jack, take you one of the sweeps; I'll take the other. I say, by-the-by, we had better knock up the old fellow; he has had a good long spell of sleeping now. Hi! old truepenny!—Archie—hallo! Come up here and give us a hand.'

The invitation was repeated several times, aided by sundry stampings on the deck over his berth, when his shaggy head at length made its appearance.

'Tam! will you no let a pody sleep for five minutes together?' he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes. 'What's wrong wi' ye now?'

'We want you to help us with the sweeps to go after the boat; she's gone adrift,' said Stewart.

'Gone adrift! how you'll let her go adrift?'

'Mr. Martin was in her, and fell into the water; we picked him up, but the boat floated away.'

'Floated away! Well, ye're the queerest lot ever I met in with, and no mistake. Ay! I thought there would be some o' ye drowned; there will be before we got home. Have ye all been in the water? Ye're soaking wet yourself, and this one's as white as a clout—was you the one as tumble into the water?'

'Yes, Archie, I was,' replied Bob. 'But I wish you would go after the boat. Mr. Stewart and I will require to change our wet clothes. It will not take you long.'

'She wouldna need,' said Archie, looking up the Sound. 'There's a breeze, and a stiff one, coming on. Pe fast, lads, pe fast—out with the oars. Here you, Big-legs!'

'Did you wish for me, Archibald?' said Starry.

'Yes, just; stand by the helm. Now you, Hairy-face! work away like grim death.'

Starry, as directed, took the helm; and Archie and I wrought with the sweeps till we reached the boat,

when we took Bob's duck out of her and made her fast at the stern.

'Now, lads,' said Archie, 'we'll took in a reef of the mainsail, for the breeze will be none of the smallest for a crazy old smack like this. Her upper works pe bad—very bad. She'll took in the water when she'll pe lie over. Hows'ever, if it comes on very bad, we'll make for Campbelton Loch. Never heed, lads; we'll took in our reef. Here, you—Hairy-face! you'll stand there. Now, lads, see that none o' ye will tore the sail, or poke your fingers through him. He's papery—very papery.'

We reefed the mainsail accordingly. In a few minutes the breeze came down; our sails filled, and away we steered for the Mull.

'Hurrah!' cried Bob, coming on deck—he had changed his clothes, and appeared quite to have recovered from his fright. 'Hurrah! We're on our way again; and, once round the Mull—three cheers for the Mull of Cantyre! Hurrah!'

'Ye'll pe better no to crow quite so big, my lad,' said Archie; 'ye're no just round the Moil yet—no just.'

'Hurrah!' shouted Bob. 'Oh, I say, chaps! we are forgetting all about the dinner. Come on, Starry—we'll have it ready in no time. Where did you put the duck? Oh yes, here he is. Here, Starry, take him, and finish the plucking; you haven't much to do now. You singe them, or something, with a piece of paper afterwards, don't you? Do you know, Stewart? But, at any rate, he must be plucked first. I'll begin at once to the dumpling. We can boil them in the same pot, I suppose, which will save time—or no—we can tie him on a string before the fire, and roast him, only that I wished to make the kind of soup with him which we got from the fishermen yesterday. Up hands for roast or boiled!'

'Bob,' said Stewart, 'who ever heard of cooking a bird so soon after he was shot? Stop this foolery, and let Archie cook the dinner in the usual way, can't you? Here you have been skittling all day; it is already past our dinner hour, and you are no further on than when you began! If you have such a particular affection for your duck that you must eat him in some shape or other, keep him over till to-morrow, can't you? and let us have a rational dinner to-day.'

'To-morrow is Sunday,' argued Bob, 'and I don't think it would be right to be working and skittling as you call it, so much as it will require—especially—well—I was going to say, especially the very first Sunday, and the very next day after, by your means, Stewart, I made such an escape as I made to-day. But just you leave us alone for half-an-hour, and you'll see how we'll get on. That's it, Starry; tear away! Starry, you're a trump; you're worth a dozen like them! Where did I put my basin? Oh yes, here on the water-cask. Oh isn't it a splendid breeze? How nicely she lies over to it! Jack, you lazy wretch, take these eggs, and get a bowl and whiik them up, will you?'

'Keep her up a bit—keep her up!' cried Archie,

who was coiling ropes forward to Stewart, who had the helm. 'The wind is getting up. I doubt we'll need to make for Campbelton. Keep her up—keep her up!'

'Look alive, Jack, you blockhead! Here are the eggs; I'll be ready for them in a moment; and bring up a cupful of sugar, will you? and a plate, and a spoon.'

'But are you sure they put eggs in a dumpling, Bob? I rather think not.'

'Eggs! yes, I think so; yes, to be sure they do. Look alive, Jack, look alive! Starry, what on earth are you about? Look at your feathers—just look; there they go, blowing all over the vessel! Sit over there under the bulwark, can't you? Well, did you ever? I say, Jack, I think you had better take it in hand. Starry, you'll whisk the eggs. Here you are! Bring up a cupful of sugar when you're down, and a spoon; look alive now! Now, Jack, tear away like mad! See that you pluck him clean, and keep your feathers together, will you?'

'I think we had better took in another reef of the mainsail,' said Archie. 'Pe fast, lads! we'll took her in. Here, you, Hairy face!'

'Bother the mainsail!' cried Bob. 'Jack, where are you going? Never mind the mainsail, I say! The dinner will be late.'

'If you value your dinner more than your life,' said Archie, 'it's more than Archie M'Niven does. Here, Hairy face! come away. Pitch that tirty pird over the side; I'm sick of him. Give him to me. There! that's the way of him,' he added, sending the duck away to leeward.

'What do you mean?' yelled Bob. 'What did you—what did you do that for, I say? Take the boat and go after that duck—go after it this moment, I say! Put the helm up, Stewart. Stewart, do you hear? put the helm up!'

Stewart taking no notice of the mandate, Bob rushed aft; but Archie caught him by the collar. 'D'ye want another dooking? Ye're taking the fair way to got him. If you do, I'll soon show ye the readiest way of getting to your pird, by sending ye after him. So, you just look out, my lad!'

'You're choking me!' gasped Bob. 'Stewart! Stewart! take him off! He's choking me!'

'Och! I'll soon do that,' said Archie. 'As well pe choke as drown. So, my lad, you just look out.'

'I wish you would take a look below,' said Starry, coming on deck, alarm depicted in his face. 'The water is fast trickling in on the low side of the cabin. I was trying to stop the places with flour, but it only got worse.'

'It's more nor likely,' said Archie. 'Pe fast, lads; pe fast! We must took off the foressail, and put out a storm-jib. Pe fast, lads; pe fast! We'll make for Campbelton. I wouldna venture the Moil to-night.'

Another reef of the mainsail was taken in—the foressail was lowered—the jib was replaced by a smaller one. We brought her up a little, and steered for the coast.

'Where are you steering for?' cried Bob. 'That's not the way; we're going right on to the coast.'

'Mind you your puddin',' said Archie; 'it's all ye're good for. However, I would just like ye to have her done pefore night; ye'll please to mind that I ha'na tasted nothing since breakfast time.'

'And you're likely to taste nothing till breakfast time to-morrow, if you get no more than you'll get of my dumpling,' said Bob. 'Look alive, Starry. I think the eggs will do. Hold on; it's rather sweet; hold on till I put a little more water in it.'

A little water was added; this made it too thin, which made it necessary to add a little more flour, which again made it necessary to add a little more sugar; the eggs made it too thin again, and the various additions had to be repeated; so that, when Bob at length announced it to be to his satisfaction, it had attained a size so prodigious that there was not a pot on board large enough to receive it! Bob, however, after a good deal of reflection, obviated this difficulty by dividing it into two; and each division being tied up in a towel, it was found, to Bob's great delight, that the pot would now contain them; whereupon Bob poured some salt-water over them, and placed them on the fire.

It was not till he had arrived at this satisfactory stage in his operations, that Bob seemed to become conscious of the position of the yacht. The wind had increased to what a sailor might have called a good stiff breeze, but what we landmen certainly considered something of a gale—a gale it certainly was for a vessel of the *Hermione's* size and character. The sky wore a wild, threatening aspect; the sea was rapidly rising, breaking in long lines of foam; and notwithstanding the small extent of canvas we had still exposed, she lay over till the water came rushing under her bulwarks over the deck—her bowsprit, as she dashed through the spray, being sometimes buried to the stem.

Bob soon began to look rather uncomfortable. Gradually his face assumed rather a clayey colour. He went below, when we heard him calling on us to come down and look at the water, and, as we valued his life, to bring him a mouthful of brandy.

On going down, I found Bob groaning on a seat. The floor was several inches deep in water, and more was pouring in at the seams on the leaside, faster and faster, every moment. I became much alarmed—there was reason for alarm. I jumped at once on deck; and with Starry's assistance, having adjusted the handle of the pump, we soon had the water gushing in volumes from the spout.

'What's up, lads?' asked Archie. 'She's filling, is she? Ay; I thought so much. Took it coolly, though—took it coolly. Ye'll maybe need all your pith before morning. Take spell about—one of ye at a time; one of ye is enough. Where's the other one—the puddin' fellow? He's sick, is he? Ay; I thought so much. It's the way he was working wi' yon tirty pird, and the muckle puddin', that done it. If he had ta'en a good dinner of salt beef, he wouldna

have been this way. We've a night's work before us, lads; for I'm thinking we'll maybe have more trouble in making Campbelton Loch than we're thinking for. We're drifting a heap to the south'ard, —so it's time we had some dinner. We'll put on the piece beef now—petter late than never,' he added, taking Bob's pot from the fire, and emptying the contents over the side! 'There, that's what they're good for. We'll maybe get them, some o' them fine mornings, in the form of a good fresh herring. Now, lads, we'll put on the bit beef. I cookit before he was born; and I'll let him see that I can cook yet without him. Hoich! Below there! I'm thinking it's time ye was coming up, to give the other lads a hand wi' the pump. Ye're no going to lie there, like a shentleman (as ye're no), when other folks is working their fingers to skin and bones, to keep your leaky old smack afloat!'

'Leave me alone; leave me alone,' groaned Bob; let her go to the bottom. I wish I was dead! I wish I was dead!'

'Do ye? Ye'll maybe change your tune before long. I'm telling ye, lads, I wish we was safe in Campbelton Loch. We're going fast to leeward. If she had not been for that plockhead's being in such hurry to get off, we might have put more ballast in her before we come away; she's too light—too light. There's bad tides here, lads—very bad tides; and it's getting dark too—it's getting dark.'

As he spoke, heavy drops of rain began to fall. It was still an hour from sunset, but all at once it became dark as night. Suddenly, a flash of lightning illumined the sea, followed instantly by a peal of thunder, so loud that we stood transfixed with awe. The rain poured down in torrents, but, heedless of it, Crawford and I wrought silently at the pump. Archie, with a bucket, emptied the water as it gathered in the stern-sheets; while Stewart stood, with knit brows, at the helm, his eye fixed steadily on the lighthouse of Devar, which now gleamed out far away through the darkness.

In a couple of hours we had approached, as we judged, within three miles of the lighthouse. But we had been drifting considerably to leeward; for Stewart had gradually to bring her up more and more, until, at last, steering towards it, the wind was almost dead ahead. The lightning had passed, but the rain still continued to pour. In the darkness, we could discern no traces of the land. We were now evidently losing ground instead of gaining it; but still we headed towards Devar, toiling to keep her afloat.

'The water is rising up over the seats,' said Bob, crawling on deck. 'Oh, give me something to eat. I think it was wanting my dinner so long that made me so bad; I'm better now, though. Are the dump-lings ready?'

'They'll be ready enough for them that's to eat them,' said Archie. 'We throwed them over the side.'

'You threw them over the side!' cried Bob. 'What do you mean, you old rascal?'

'Just that we waena going to want our dinner for any capers o' yours—that's what it is.'

'You threw them over the side! You don't mean to say that you threw the towels along with them—did you? Tell me this moment—did you throw the towels along with them?'

'Is this a time, Bob,' said Stewart, 'when our lives may not be worth an hour, to be going on in this way?'

'It's all very well for you,' said Bob; 'but if you had an old mother to be kicking up rows when you go home, for losing her towels?'

'Martin, are you mad? Do you see the condition we are in? She's settling down, Martin! The lighthouse—I saw it there this moment. Look, Martin! Martin, look! It was there this moment.'

A peal of thunder crashed above our heads. As if by a common impulse, we stopped in our work, and looked fearfully at each other. Another flash. 'We're on the rocks!' cried Stewart. 'Help! Martin—the sheets—Martin, Martin—down with it—down, down!'

Another flash. The cliffs of the coast rose before us, the sea dashing up the beach which skirted their bases. She came up to the wind—her sails were filling on the other tack; but the jib-sheet broke loose, the sea drove her on, and dashed her on the shore.

Another wave carried her higher up, when she lay, thumping on the beach, with the sea breaking over her. We could now see dimly the outline of the cliffs, seemingly at no great distance from us. From their apparent nearness, we had at first but little fear that there would be any great danger, when the sea should go down a little, in our venturing ashore, one by one, in the boat. But as the sky cleared, we found that we were considerably farther from them than by had imagined. We began to fear that instead of being on the shore, as we had fancied, we had struck on the ledge of rocks which Archie informed us ran some hundred yards from the shore, along the part of the coast on which he believed we were.

If it should be so, to remain in the yacht seemed to be almost certain destruction; for as the tide rose, it might lift her off the ledge and carry her into deep water, where she might go down. The safer alternative of the two was to venture at once in the boat; though even this, from the distance of the shore and the violence of the sea, would be attended with not a little danger. But on going aft to get the boat ready, we found to our dismay that she had broken away—the painter not having been properly secured.

'What will we do? what will we do?' cried Bob, wringing his hands. 'She said all along it would come to this; and her words have come true—her words have come true! O mother, mother! had I but taken your advice, this would not have been—this would not have been!'

'O Martin!' exclaimed Starry, putting one arm round Bob, while with the other he held on by one of the backstays, 'I cannot bear to see you so! I have been in a measure the unintentional cause of

what, I fear, must be our melancholy fate. It was I who tied the boat.'

'No, Starry; it is I who am to blame, for letting my temper get the better of me, when I threw away your paper. That was at the bottom of it all—that was the cause of it all! What are we to do? what are we to do? The tide is rising. O Stewart! Stewart! Stewart! can you think of nothing?'

'Nothing, Bob,' said Stewart. 'The sooner we say our prayers the better. When the tide rises, we may go up the mast. Perhaps she may remain fast till morning, when I will try to swim ashore with a rope. If I don't reach the shore, you will—but no matter; we'll try it, at all events.'

The tide began to rise—we went up the mast. It rose higher—she remained fast. The night passed—we still clinging to the rigging, drenched and shivering.

In the morning, the wind had gone down; but the sea was still boisterous. Whether it was that the darkness had deceived us, or that the waves had carried us in during the night, our distance from the shore seemed now to be considerably less than it had before appeared. We thought it prudent, however, that Stewart should postpone his attempt to reach the shore till the tide should abate a little; and, indeed, the decks being covered, we could not have found the ropes, nor tied them properly together so as to form one which would stretch ashore.

When the tide had ebbed sufficiently, we went down, though scarcely could we move, so chilled were our limbs, and scarcely could we speak, so famished were we with hunger. Stewart, however, dived down into the cabin, and brought up some biscuits, which, soaked as they were, we greedily devoured. We then set to work, fastening together the ends of all the ropes we could find, leaving only the stays of the mast, so that we might have it as a resource should our attempt fail. Stewart then made fast one end of the rope round his waist, and jumped over the side. He walked for some little distance; we were glad that he could do so, for he would then have more strength to swim when he got to the edge of the ledge, and reached the deep water. But what was our surprise to find that, instead of getting deeper, it gradually got shallower, until it scarcely reached to his knees. Could it be possible? Yes, he was actually coming out of the water—he had walked every step of the way! Any lingering doubts we might have had were dissolved by the loud 'Ha, ha!' which echoed from the shore. Old Archie joined in it after his own fashion, in a sort of grunt. 'He had known it all along,' he said; 'but he thought we might just be so well to get a bit fright. It was the tirty pirl as was at the root of it all. He was just telling Hairy-face and the other big lad that he had a taste in his mouth whiles yet with one, something the same, he eat this time three year; and it was the capering that was about him that done it. The smack was finished, and no mistake. He was only just sorry that there was like to be none of us

drowned; for she would be a good lesson to the rest no to meddle again wi' things we knewed nothing about. Hows'ever,' he added, 'it's my first voyage wi' the likes of ye; and, tam, but it's the last!'

Stewart made the rope fast round a large stone; and, having made fast our end round the mast, we walked ashore one by one, steadying ourselves by it. Bob came dragging his trunk after him; but Starry and I were too cold and uncomfortable to think of or to care for anything. We felt supremely wretched—we felt not even the pleasure or the gratitude which our escape might have inspired; for it scarcely seemed as if our lives had ever been in any real danger.

Archie having announced that he knew the part of the coast on which we were, under his direction we proceeded along the shore. Bob, having dragged his trunk upon the beach, remained behind us for some minutes, gazing wistfully at the battered wreck of his yacht. He heaved a deep sigh, struck his forehead with his hand, and turned away.

After walking for some distance, we came upon a cabin which had been erected for the accommodation of two customhouse officers, who kept surveillance on the landing of the cargo of a large outward-bound ship, which had been wrecked some weeks before, and now lay, a dismantled hulk, on the ledge of rocks on which we believed we had been. They received us kindly, and entertained us hospitably. We remained with them the greater part of the day; and in the afternoon (Bob having obtained a promise that his trunk would be forwarded by water in the course of a few days) we set out on our way to Campbeltown. We arrived in the dusk of the evening, and took up our quarters at one of the hotels.

Next day, none of us, with the exception of Bob, felt any ill effects from our night's exposure; but he was as hoarse as a landrail. Notwithstanding this, however, he set off, accompanied by Archie, to ascertain whether there was any probability of the Hermione's ever being put again in a condition to float. But all that remained of her was a part of the bow, the rest being scattered in beams and planks along the shore: whereupon, Archie gave it as his decision, that 'She was like Sandy M'Carrigil's gun—she would need a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel.'

Bob returned in a most melancholy mood; he hardly spoke a word all the rest of the day; and, on the day following, set off in a steamer without telling where he was going.

Stewart, Starry, and I remained in Campbeltown for a couple of days, exploring the country. We returned together as far as Greenock. Stewart and Starry then took passage for Rothesay, where they purposed spending a week. I proceeded on my way to Glasgow, vowing, with Stephano, that

'I'd no more to sea, to sea;—
Here would I die ashore.'

I found Bob at his lodgings—very different, however, from what he had been a week before. I endeavoured to prevail upon him to accompany me on a tour through the Highlands, but my arguments were unavailing. I set off by myself, and spent a fortnight very agreeably.

Bob did not recover his equanimity for some months.

His spirits for the time seemed to have been completely broken—his temper to have been completely soured. In none of the letters which I afterwards had from him, however, was there the slightest allusion to the Hermione.

JOHN FOSTER.

BY THE LATE JAMES MACFARLAN.

ONE of those retiring hermit souls that carry pure lights with them like haloes; a calm dignified nature, walking in the quiet byeways of life, and, without despising the great world, living apart from it, as one may dwell beside the ocean without trusting himself to its waves—such I take to be John Foster. His life, or those portions of it which are left others to record, and what we see of him in his writings—the autograph of the soul—seem to give such a portrait.

The external life of a man like this might almost be summed up in the language of the simplest headstone—'John Foster, born 1770; died 1843.' There is nothing to entice the marvel-hunter in that existence, and any points of interest receive their colouring from the life within.

In his boyhood, Foster was meditative and retiring, and indulged in those long rambles which have delighted so many similar spirits. But these could not always be enjoyed, as his father was a poor man, earning subsistence by the somewhat irreconcilable callings of small farmer and weaver, and the son had to assist at the spinning-wheel. The web of fancy was, however, spun at the same time; and, amid companions, who could scarcely be expected to sympathise with the thoughtful, young Foster soon became thoroughly isolated. It was this meditative disposition, doubtless, that led the parent, who belonged to the Baptists, to first think of making his son a minister of that sect. Accordingly, Foster went through the usual studies, and, after a time of stiff and rigid training, we find him a preacher in his seventeenth year. But the hopes entertained were never quite realised by John in his evangelical character. He was destined to become a Baptist preacher; and we see him, ever afterwards, in a hopeless struggle to fit on a garment that was out of all proportion to his herculean frame. Circumstances forced him into the preacher of a sect, but nature was continually urging him to address a larger audience. Hence his want of success, and constant shifting from place to place—now in Newcastle; now in Dublin; now in Chichester; now in Frome. But the scene was ever the same. The little chapel, with its congregation of plain-speaking and plain-thinking people—all no doubt pious souls and true, but no more able to comprehend John Foster than John Foster was able to tie himself down to the exact measure of their thoughts and leanings.

At one time we find him nearly falling into misanthropy; but his love of nature saved him. No man indeed ever worshipped nature with a purer or more earnest spirit. His devotion was as deep and true as that of Wordsworth; while his intercourse, if not

quite so uninterrupted, forms a striking feature in his history. The happiest circumstance that ever befel Foster was meeting, in his thirty-seventh year, with a partner who could understand and appreciate him. The sympathy and companionship he had so long yearned after came at last, and that in the most agreeable of all forms—a noble woman's admiration. To her were addressed, in the shape of letters, those four splendid essays which are the pillars of his reputation. His life, henceforth, was more that of a man of letters. His writings were well received, but never exactly popular, in the wild, horn-blowing sense of the term. He did not throw his readers into a fever, but kept them in a state of pure and thoughtful enjoyment. He has indeed done nothing wild or daring—dazzled the world with no lightning flashes; but is full of great moods, and deep and solemn communings. We have never in him a roused ocean, but the full onflowing of a broad, majestic river.

THE CAVALIER.

A SKETCH.

[Sir Hugh Grattan stood pre-eminent among the young Cavalier knights of that period for his brave and daring spirit, and his handsome person. He married the lovely daughter of Sir Thomas Clifford; but, ere the honeymoon was well out, he was called on suddenly, one bright winter's morning, to join the King's troops. He fell at that engagement, with the words literally on his lips, 'For God and the King!'—*Lives of the Cavaliers.*]

SADDLE my good steed,
Give me to drink;
There's no time for parting,
There's no time to think.

Brush from thy fair cheek
That bright falling tear;
So should a Clifford
Meet trial, my dear!

Again I may clasp thee,
By setting of sun,
Skirmishing ended,
And victory won.

Snow-clad the landscape,
Clear, bright, and still;
Press on, good Rover!
Swift o'er the hill.

What though the air bites,
Cutting and cold,
Warm beats a strong heart,
Cheerful and bold.

Crush we those traitors,
Our peace who would sting.
Strong in our watch-word,
'For God and the King!'

Shout we that war-cry
With our last breath,
Thus shall a soldier
Meet danger—meet death!

MARGUERITE.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.]

LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

April 2, 1836.

WHAT an alarm and agitation I have had this morning! In George's absence too. Though, now the worst is over, I scarce regret he was not here, considering his violence upon provocation. And no doubt, if ever he was violent at any time, he might have been so to-day; and how to tell him when he does come!

O my poor dear darling, Charlotte! Little did I think when, no later than yesterday, I was rehearsing the chances that transcendent loveliness might be your future dower, how soon all these visions would be put to flight. But let me tell my story connectedly.

I had nearly finished dressing this morning, when I was startled by the noise as of something falling in the adjoining room, followed immediately by a sharp cry. Alarmed, I ran into the nursery, when, to my amazement, I discovered my baby lying screaming on the floor, having been evidently precipitated out of bed, and with nobody in the apartment but herself. On my flying to her, and taking her up, how was I horrified to find her face blood-stained from a deep wound on the left eyebrow! An ordinary fall would have been bad enough; but the cause of the cut was too evident in the sight of a broken stone jug, against the sharp edge of which her head had struck, shattering the lip from the vessel. I easily guessed how it had all happened. That careless cruel Martha had given the child some toys to play with (I saw a doll and a whistle on the coverlet), while she ran down stairs on some selfish errand; and behold the consequence of her neglect of duty! Just as I laid my hand on the bell to summon assistance, the culprit appeared; and really when she perceived the mischief she had occasioned, she looked so conscience-stricken that my fast-rising displeasure was in some measure disarmed. Indeed, anger at such a crisis, when I knew not what might be the issue of the frightful mischance, seemed quite out of place. Another minute, and Martha, her eyes streaming with tears, was off for the doctor, leaving me pacing the chamber in a wretched, bewildered state, straining my baby to my breast, and vainly trying to hush her piteous cries. What a relief when Dr. Armstrong's kind face appeared at the door! He seemed to have come as on the wind; and I disburdened my miserable anxiety into his sympathetic ear. When he had looked at the wound—

'Calm your fears, dear Mrs. Weston,' he said. 'It is not so bad as you fancy. I will make all right by-and-by. Have you a needle in the room—a large darning needle, and some worsted!'

I was not much quieted on hearing these requests, which sounded with an awful meaning to my heart. Martha came forward, agitated and frightened, to offer her services. I bade her begone, for I could not bear to look at her. She shrank away, while I gave the doctor what he required. But why dwell on what followed? Suffice it to say that, with my knees trembling as if I had been in ague, my pulses thumping like hammers, and my whole nerves racked with the recent shock they had sustained, I sat and held my baby's head firmly (by the doctor's directions) towards the light, till he had actually *sewed* together the lips of the wound, and finished his work by bandaging the poor eyebrow with the needful strips of plaster and fine linen. This done, I looked timidly in his face, and put the dreaded inquiry that was vaguely floating in my mind, 'Doctor, do you think it will be a mark for life?'

The worthy man, who I verily believe would not tell a lie to save his own existence, answered me mildly—

'I scarce think so; but, as yet, I cannot say positively. Assure yourself of one thing, however, the worst of the pain is over, and you need have no dread of more serious consequences—I mean in reference to the child's general health. I will see you to-morrow.' With these words, he shook me warmly by the hand, and departed.

As soon as he was gone, I began pacing the apartment once more, holding my poor wounded dove close nestled in my bosom. Gradually she ceased crying. Indeed, the strong convulsive sobbing to which she had just given vent appeared to have entirely exhausted her, and she was on the eve of sinking to slumber. I hushed her tenderly, with the yearning fondness which none but a mother can know, and that in seasons of sore trial, and was at length rewarded by seeing the tear-stained lids fall over the heavy eyes, and by hearing the deep-drawn sigh, which told me she was mercifully asleep. I laid her warily—fearfully lest she should wake—on the velvet pillow of her downy bed. And then—oh! then my own pent-up emotions gushed forth, and with a heart faint, well nigh to bursting, I sank into the nearest chair. I wept long and bitterly, till by degrees my agitation was subdued, and Charlotte's sweet low breathing came to me like an augury of brighter hopes. My tears flowed more softly then. And I slid noiselessly from my seat, till I perceived myself fallen into that attitude suggestive of holiest and sublimest thought, which it is the privilege of mortals to know—when the veil which conceals Heaven's awful majesty is for the time withdrawn, and the soul goes up with the angels on the mystic ladder to the skies.

These are consecrated moments, whose secrets are

inviolable. For the spirit's communion with its Author, there is found no written Cardiphonia. Mortal speech may not profane it by revelation to outward ears. There is no book but one wherein such matters may be registered, and that book is in no human hand. Truly there is a life within a life, and that is the one which the soul lives with its God alone. O book of remembrance! impenetrable in the awful secrecy of its memorials, which none but He, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, will be found worthy to open on *that* day. O life!—humanity's noblest prerogative of hidden communion with the Father of the Universe—how cold, how blank, how aimless and imperfect were our being here below, without the sublime talisman of the immortal hope!

My darling slept long and soundly; while I continued my watch beside her, closing the window-shutters the better to favour her rest. I had sat thus for a good while, when, observing that the door stood considerably ajar (I suppose the doctor had left it so), I rose, intending to push it to very gently, when I became aware of a figure crouching on the outer threshold, and leaning dejectedly against the lintel. It was Martha—poor, penitent, self-condemned Martha; and though I did not see her face, which, besides that her head was much downcast, was partially shaded by her hand, there was enough implied in what I did see to quell every wrathful impulse I had felt inclined to harbour against her. Lying there so lowly, so abject, so miserable, the silent picture appealed at once to my compassion; and when she looked up to perceive me standing before her, and showed me her eyes red and swollen, and her lips tremulous with compunctious grief, as, clasping my gown, she murmured in a piteous voice, 'Oh! forgive, forgive!' what could I feel but that we are all weak fallible creatures? and what could I do less than just say to her, 'Martha, you have wrung my heart deeply, cruelly; but I spare you all further reproach?' I fancy she was affected by the clemency these words implied, for she fairly sobbed aloud; and then, fearing (as I interpreted it) that baby might be thereby disturbed, she made a hasty retreat down stairs, holding up her apron to hide her woe-begone visage.

When I re-entered the nursery and hung over my lily's couch, she opened her eyes at the very moment, and gave me such a beautiful smile, my heart leaped with rapturous surprise. It seemed like the recompense of my forbearance to her who had injured us. Never, never, my own Charlotte, did star at midnight give light more precious to the storm-girt mariner than did that quiet smile give solace and gladness to thy mother's timorous heart. Twine thy dimpled arms, dear one, closer, closer round my neck, and let me kiss thee a thousand times with the kisses of love and thankfulness.

April 3.

George has come back, and no business done. But when I was about to condole with him on his needless errand, he stopped me, saying gaily—

'It is better as it is, Kate. See the good of having a partner. This man's hypochondriacism will be a rare thing for me. He may send for me as often as he pleases. I can see that both profit and amusement are to be got out of the affair. Mr. Halliday is quite a character, Kate; and as he is in a position to pay handsomely for his whims, I shall find no fault with his indulging them.'

'And was he not seriously ill after all?' I asked. 'Oh! as to that,' George answered, 'he is never well, mentally I mean; and a diseased mind will gradually work even upon a strong body. I have no doubt, in his case, the one has made important inroads upon the other. But give me something to eat, Kate, for I have ridden fifty miles and not had a morsel.'

While he was busily devouring cold pie and quaffing his sherry and water, I thought it a good time to tell him of baby's accident, which I related as cautiously as I could in reference to Martha's blame. Well, whether it was his hunger, or the good humour engendered by his late jaunt, I know not. Certain it is, he did not break forth into the violence I feared; but went on with his refreshment, merely remarking quietly, at intervals,

'You should part with that woman at once, my love, before she does any more mischief. What a comfort that you got the doctor so readily. My poor little wife, you must have been sadly flurried —'

Flurried! This was cool speaking of a verity! Little did he know the amount of distress I had suffered on the occasion. Evidently he viewed it far more lightly than he would have done had he been told the full particulars. And was it for me to undeceive him, at the risk of rousing up the most impetuous feelings? I trow not. I was well content to let the matter tide gently over, though I could not help appealing to him in conclusion:—

'O George! I really never was so frightened in all my life, and you from home, too; yet it might have been worse. And our darling is quite well, only the mark; and if that goes away through time —'

He looked more serious when I said this.

'The mark! Of course it will go away. It cannot be so deep as that. Let me see it.'

I was glad baby was sleeping just then, and told him so, when his mind quickly reverted to other things, as if nothing had happened.

Mem.—People are always learning by slow degrees, and having their eyes opened to home truths. For example, it is now plain to me that the love of paps for their babies is a mere figment compared with that of their mammas. My model poetess, Felicia Hemans, has set this forth in her impassioned verse, beginning

'There is in all this cold and hollow world no fount
Of deep strong deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart!'

And though, when I first read the passage, I could scarcely agree with the principle it enforces, I can now do so very emphatically. For natural affection is one thing, and the affection of habit—of daily familiar intercourse—is another. Each exists entirely

independent of each; yet the intensity of the former is increased in exact proportion to the agency of the latter. Parents love their children primarily simply because they are *theirs*; afterwards very much in the ratio in which they are used to their companionship. Of course I do not speak of children old enough to have developed their peculiar dispositions, but merely of those of tenderest age. Now, how short a time the father spends with his baby compared with the mother! Consequently the space which that child occupies in his heart is little more than nominal (being solely the natural affection), contrasted with the vast extent which the near and dear and constant fellowship has made in *hers*. Thus, though George is as fond of Charlotte as a papa *can* be, it is not the engrossing fondness which mine *must* be. Perhaps some married ladies who are disposed to chafe at this state of things would do well to consider that what they may call a fault is only a necessity. They say that when daughters are grown up, their fathers usually idolise them. Is this because their girls remind them of what their wives once were in their own young days? And do the graceful pliant figures, flitting about the rooms, recall the early images of some who are now, alas! rather dowdy, rather fat, and rather elderly matrons? Association again! What a power it is! Somebody writes,

'We live by admiration, hope, and love.'

Truly, as far as my poor experience goes, we live more by association than by any other ascendancy, and our feelings are governed by habit and memory far beyond what we take account of.

From all I can learn, this Mr. Halliday must be half an entertaining, half a provoking type of mankind. When George arrived at the Grove, post haste, expecting to find his client stretched on a sick-bed, maybe scarce able to articulate, he was startled by the information that he had set off about an hour before to the nearest fishing village, a distance of about fifteen miles; and he was more astonished still when told by the old butler that the object of the journey was to procure oysters, that being the only panacea which his master deemed suitable for the present phase of his disorder. 'Was any message left for me?' George asked.

'Oh yes, sir; if you are the lawyer, master begged you would wait his return in the afternoon.'

George followed the servant into the house.

'Why did Mr. Halliday go himself on this errand? Could he not have sent?'

'Well, he might have sent,' was the response; 'most gentlemen would; but master's not like other folk, leastways about health he isn't, as more people can tell besides the doctors.'

Having delivered himself thus, the butler gave a sort of chuckle, as if pleased that a fresh victim was being gained to the cause he served; and ushering his visitor into the library, he bowed and disappeared.

Here was a fine situation for a quick-spirited man, his mind full, primed for business, to be mewed up in a dull apartment in a strange house, to await, he

knew not how long, for a person who seemed to be governed by no ordinary rules of common sense or common forethought!

After looking about the room, which had an odious scent of drugs (as indicated by the presence of sundry phials ranged upon the mantelpiece), and convincing himself that nearly every book on the shelves treated of health, or rather of all the diseases under the sun—horrid volumes with plates, rashly unveiling the intricacies of the human frame, and disclosing the legion of unimagined distempers which people *might* but never *do* take, George boldly resolved to burst his bonds.

'And so,' to use his own words, 'lifting the under sash, I stepped out over the low sill, and got out upon the lawn. The Grove is a large square erection, not exactly modern, and yet not ancient enough to be romantically suggestive. I was strolling along, and gazing at the general aspect of the place, when I observed another loiterer moving slowly across the grass, as if his sole aim, like my own, was to pass an idle hour. He came up, a young man with sand-coloured hair and pale eyes. We got into conversation; and then it turned out that this was a medical practitioner newly-fledged, who was also "biding his time" till Mr. Halliday should come home, having been strictly charged thereto by himself ere his departure in the morning.'

'“Mr. Halliday wrote for me in an extreme hurry, to come and draw up his will, as he thought himself dying,” I observed. The young Esculapian laughed.

“Easier said than done. That job has been talked of—let me see—yes, off and on, it has been talked of for the last ten years. I was just a boy, in Dixon's laboratory, when I remember being once despatched, in prodigious haste, to fetch a lawyer to do that very business. And it's never done yet! That is a joke! Some people fancy they'll die as soon as they've signed their last will and testament; but this man thinks it will be all over with him whenever the will's made out.”

“And who was the lawyer for whom you were sent, can you remember?” I asked, wondering why Mr. Halliday did not continue to employ him still.

“Oh, bless your simple heart! I beg your pardon,” he added, comically; “it's not so simple, maybe, seeing you're a lawyer; but you little know the patient. He has had a dozen of your sort since that far away time. He quarrels with them, he does, regularly. At least, he talks so absurdly and disagreeably to them, that their pride rises. One after another they take flight; and every week or two there's a new lawyer to seek.”

“A fine prospect for me,” I rejoined, smiling. “I had better decamp at once, before I am boarded by the enemy.”

“Boarded and bearded both you'll be, most assuredly,” quoth the vivacious youth; “and, sooner or later, retreat will be your course—that is to say, unless you are either a better-tempered or a cleverer man than any of your predecessors.”

'You see, Kate,' George said to me, by way of parenthesis, 'I was to have rather difficult cards put into my hands to play; but this forewarning by the stranger was not amiss by way of preparatory discipline.'

'Well, but, George, take me to the climax, the dénouement,' I said; 'tell me about the principal actor of the *dramatis personæ*. When did he return, and what ensued?' My husband resumed—

'I walked about a good while with this juvenile physician, whose name was Herbert, and who, I discovered, was a fellow pretty tolerably given to fun and frolic, till at length, feeling hungry, I frankly put the query—"Was he aware what was the dinner hour at the Grove?" A loud fit of laughter was my friend's primal response.

"Dinner!" He echoed the word in high glee, as if gloating over my perfect innocence of the mysteries into which he was himself thoroughly initiated. "You will need more ability than the handling of the quill if you come here to live. I can tell you *that*." He had rather an aggravating way of thus emphasizing every scrap of information he gave me. "Whenever you want to eat in this house you have to set your wits tremendously to work to plan how to get it." Another laugh. "The first week of my apprenticeship at the Grove nearly finished me. That was in the days of my nonage; but even now I am sorely put to it sometimes to procure a mouthful."

'I suppose my face had grown long at this announcement,' George continued; 'and certainly I could not regard the matter as much of a joke—remembering that I had brought no edibles with me, and that the nearest shop I had noticed in coming along was a good four miles distant. Herbert could not restrain himself. Glancing at my blank visage, he threw himself on the turf, and absolutely roared. I stood ruminating, while vague notions of making a sudden bolt homewards at once glanced rapidly through my mind. A wretched, unreasonable, ill-tempered, sordid, hypochondriac, who would sould, and starve, and torment me, body and soul, till I should be tempted either to knock down the poor, feeble creature—and so make myself liable to a criminal charge—or else burst away from him at last (after suffering unknown miseries), to re-appear among my old friends a very skeleton of want and unrest. Why expose myself to such a chance? It was not to be thought of. Yes; I would disappoint the abominable churl, and escape from his clutches ere I had ever set eyes upon him. Thus I reasoned for a few minutes. But prudence and curiosity quickly took up the defence; and, in fine, prevailed. Let the worst come, I would brave it all; only he should pay for it, the unconscionable imbecile. And, meantime,

"Oh for a beaker full of the warm South!"

'What was I to do about the needful aliment? There was that ridiculous young man still lolling on the green sward, and indulging his most provoking merriment at my expense. I consulted my watch.

"I am going into the house," I said determinately;

"I see it is past five o'clock." My companion started up. He would go into the house too.

"Is Mr. Halliday a miser," I inquired of him, gravely.

"No—not exactly. I do not think parsimony is his besetting sin. It would be hard, indeed, to say what is; for he is everything that is chimerical. I can tell you *that*. His humour varies like the hues of a chameleon, and on no subject more than dietary. They say he sometimes takes a gormandising fit—seized with a sudden panic that his system is undermining—and eats rich meats every four hours, while his guests, perforce, must do the same. But I never had the luck to be here at these festive seasons; I suspect they are few and far between. He is on the starving method just now at any rate. But as to this dining project, perhaps, if you speak the butler fair, you may get some scraps or other to assuage the pangs of outraged nature. I might offer you a taste out of my private treasury (I mean the sandwich-box that is in my pocket); but I do not know how long I may have to subsist upon the contents myself. I may be kept here for a couple of days yet."

'We were nearing the hall door.

"What is the butler's name," I inquired.

"Mordaunt. And he is not a bad creature, only the leader's strings draw him rather tight; but speak him fair—speak him fair. Things go by the rule of contrary in this house. People are best entertained in the owner's absence; or, rather, when he is out of the way, they may possibly snatch a fearful joy in the matter of meat and drink, but, under his presidency, they are not entertained at all. You may depend upon *that* as a fact."

'I took the hint. I did speak Mr. Mordaunt fair. That is to say, besides dropping a civil word in his ear, I dropped a coin into his fat palm; and, after some preliminary skirmishing, such as consulting of clouds and calculation of distances to and from the fishing village, the time likely to be consumed there, &c., Herbert and I were set down to a pretty good repast—cold roast beef, hot cabbage, bread and cheese, and excellent mild ale. I could not help noting, however, that the covers were laid very warily, in a small back parlour, as if the whole affair were something out of the ordinary course of events, and not rashly to be spoken of. Indeed, it struck me that there was an air of secretness about the arrangements, as though the young surgeon and myself had been Government spies or returned convicts being feasted surreptitiously, in circumstances of imminent peril, which looks doubly droll in the retrospect.

"Ah! so much for the host being from home," exclaimed my friend. "What would Mr. Halliday say could he see you and me sitting here doing such capital trencher work. I never ate such a good dinner at the Grove—never! And I don't expect to do again in a hurry."

'We had barely finished our strange but most welcome meal, when the noise of wheels crunched on the gravel in front of the house; and the butler,

rushing into the parlour, breathed out in an alarmed whisper—

"Gentlemen, master is come. I am very sorry, but you had best vacate this apartment. You can get into the library by the side door. It is as much as my place is worth. Do, gentlemen, oblige me. Come this way." We rose, and presently found ourselves in the library. And really, Kate, had it not been for the curiosity which impelled me from having seen the beginning to desire to see the end of this queer episode in my business experience, I should have literally vacated the premises then and there, henceforth and forever. But the novel phase of life upon which I had lighted seemed to promise some diversion, and I was unwilling to forego the affair.

"Bring those oysters into the house, but don't dare to open one of them till I am ready! How many doctors are here? Is the lawyer come?" we heard a high-pitched disagreeable voice demanding impatiently of the servants in the hall.

"There he is!" quoth my pale-eyed, sandy-haired comrade. "Now, woe betide us if we put not all our quips and cranks into our pockets."

"The strangers are in the library, sir," Mordaunt informed his master in an obsequious tone. The door opened, and disclosed Mr. Halliday.

George had reached this point in his narrative when Rachel put her head into the room, announcing that visitors waited my presence in the drawing-room. George sprang up.

"Au revoir, Kate. I must be off to town. I shall give you the rest of my story to-night."

(To be continued fortnightly.)

INNOVATIONS IN SCOTCH FORMS OF WORSHIP.

BY HERBERT GRAHAM.

THE subject of innovations in the forms of worship in use in the Established Church of Scotland, was lately brought before the General Assembly, by an overture from the Synod of Aberdeen. This overture was supported by Professors Pirie (Aberdeen) and Crawford (Edinburgh), who objected to the innovations for reasons which must appear to every one as rather shadowy than otherwise. The former thought that any innovations in the forms of worship would give rise to discord; while the latter objected to them solely on the ground that it was 'unwarrantable and inexpedient that established usages should be disturbed.' Both gentlemen concurred in the opinion that the innovations against which the overture was directed were 'in themselves matter of indifference.' Professor Crawford, indeed, went so far as to say that 'he had no prejudices against those postures or attitudes which the members of some congregations seemed to favour. He had no objection, in point of principle—whatever he might have on grounds of expediency—to the partial or occasional use of forms of prayer; though he preferred the old system of free prayer. And as to instrumental music, he confessed he never was able to see any good Scriptural grounds on which it could be objected to.' The subject was discussed at considerable length, and every opportunity was afforded

for objections to the innovations being brought forward; but never was so lame a case made out as that in support of the overture from the Synod of Aberdeen. Not a single objection was stated which can bear the slightest investigation.

The innovations against which the overture was directed, and which have been either wholly or partially introduced into a number of Scotch churches, are—A recognised and established liturgy; kneeling during prayer; standing while singing; chanting the prose version of the Scriptures; and the use of instrumental music in the exercise of praise.

With reference to the second and third of these innovations, little or nothing need be said. Everybody knows that it is much easier to sing while in a standing posture than when sitting; and scarcely any one will deny that kneeling is the proper posture when engaging in prayer, as most expressive of perfect humility of soul, and reverence for the Supreme Being we address. The Bible itself teaches us the posture which we ought to assume in prayer. It must be humility of body as well as humility of soul; and the posture most expressive of humility and reverence is certainly not that at present recognised by the canons of the Scotch Established Church. But apart from this, and were it for no other reason, kneeling during prayer is preferable, because our attention is more apt to be attracted from the solemn service in which we are engaged by surrounding objects if we engage in that service in a standing posture. Whereas, by kneeling, surrounding objects are hidden from our view, and our attention is more likely to be given to the service. According to the existing practice, that posture is chosen for singing in which the voice has least scope; and for prayer that which is least expressive of humility and reverence, and in which we are most likely to have our attention diverted from our devotional exercises.

The use of a recognised and established liturgy is, we must confess, the most debatable innovation of the whole, as having too much the appearance of formality. But, after calm and unprejudiced reflection, we cannot see that even this is a very serious objection. Prayer, as we consider it, is the addressing of God in the language of the heart, confessing and asking forgiveness for sins committed, and soliciting the Divine help in everything we undertake. It is immaterial in what form of words the prayer is couched, for it is not the words themselves which constitute prayer. Words are but the expression of prayer. There may be prayer without words, and there may be words without prayer. The simple expression, 'Our Father,' &c. is not prayer. The words must be uttered in meekness and sincerity, and with a belief in their efficacy. At the same time, however, that it is immaterial in what form of words a prayer is couched, so that it is emphatically the heart's utterance, we must not forget the Being to whom that prayer is addressed—the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. No language, however beautiful, is too good for prayer. When we address an earthly

monarch, we do so in the choicest terms; and, if we so respect the majesty of an earthly potentate, shall we not reverence in a far higher degree Him who is King above all kings—mightiest in the mightiest? Can there, then, be any objection to a recognised liturgy, which would be the work of the greatest divines in the Church? The language, doubtless, would be the most fitting in which to address our Maker, and it would be such as would rivet the attention of worshippers to a much greater extent than is often at present the case, when extemporaneous prayers are offered up in a careless tone, and couched, at times, in language calculated to shock the ear. The objection of formalism is, we think, as applicable to the present mode of prayer as it could be to the liturgical service, and indeed we consider it groundless as applied to either; for, however beautiful, however original and extemporaneous a prayer may be, it is *not* the prayer of him who does not in his heart repeat it with a fervent Amen! Jesus himself said—'When ye pray say, Our Father which art in Heaven,' &c. thus giving the *form* of prayer which is repeated by almost every Christian man, woman, and child; and does any one, who fervently, and with his whole heart, repeats the Lord's Prayer, accuse himself of formalism?

The two remaining innovations—chanting the prose version of the Scriptures, and the use of instrumental music—are scarcely open to a single weighty or valid objection. With all reverence be it asked, Is it not preferable to praise God by singing His word, as contained in the Old and New Testaments, rather than to praise Him in that language as pruned into metrical shape by men almost our contemporaries, as if the inspired book required to be twisted into rhyme before it could be made use of in the exercise of praise? The introduction of instrumental music would add to the euphony of the praise which we offer up. We are not of those who deem it necessary that praise be *expressed*; on the contrary, we maintain that praise in this respect resembles prayer, and may be offered up in the language of the heart. There is no instrument so well fitted for leading the Church psalmody as the organ, because there is none which can send forth music so solemn and sweet; and although not a single voice were uplifted, the praise would be as effectual, provided the melodious cadences of the instrument found a fervent repetition in the heart. But more than this, there is Scriptural authority for the use of instrumental music in the Church. This is not denied even by the opponents of those innovations. There are some people who deem the prevalence of discord an evidence of the sincerity with which praise is conducted, just as there are people who think that a clumsy, careless delivery on the part of a preacher is an evidence of his earnestness. We have no desire to be ranked among either of these deluded people; but we have a very great desire to see the forms of worship of the Established Church improved upon. It is little short of an absurdity to refrain from improving these forms simply because they were in existence among our forefathers. As well might we object to purify anything because it had been dirty for years. We have no fear of any discord which these innovations might introduce into the Church; and we think the statement of this objection on the part of Professor Pirie was only a weakening of the already weak case of which he was the supporter.

In the meantime, the matter is in the hands of a committee to consider the overture from the Synod

of Aberdeen, 'in connection with the whole subject of the laws and usages of the Church, and the present practice of the congregations in regard to the administration of public worship throughout the Church; and to report to next General Assembly the result of any inquiry the committee may institute regarding these matters; and at the same time to report whether, in the opinion of the committee, any and what legislative measures on the part of the Church seem necessary or expedient in the circumstances.'

MEMORY.

HERR TEUFELSDRÜCKH, in 'Sartor Resartus,' describes two kinds of hats, which he thinks highly desirable—one to give the wearer the freedom of space, the other the freedom of time. Put on the space-annihilating hat, and you are anywhere. But more profitable and pleasurable than these, and vastly more to be desired, would be the freedom of memory. If one could forget just so much as displeases, and remember only what is pleasant, it would be a discovery and an acquisition more valuable than Teufelsdrückh's hat, or the chloroform metamorphosis. The misfortune and misery is that we forget what we want to remember, and remember most what we wish to forget, and the science of mnemonics thus far does not help us. Many a wretch is haunted and turned haggard by a remorseless past; and many other wretches have lost their years of toil because the past has become blurred, and swims in mists and darkness.

To those earnest after a full investigation of the constitution of memory, we refer to Abercrombie on 'The Intellectual Powers;' our purpose shall be to express, in this article, our views on the causes of its defective culture and use.

It is evident that scholars in all ages have had the greatest delight in the accumulation of learning; and this delight, so little attended to, yet so keenly pursued, is the secret spring and power of their memory. *What we love we can remember, and what we love and understand is constantly present to the mind*, especially when it is free to turn to the object of its love. On the other hand, it is equally clear, from the facts of the case, that the class which has no love for and perception of scientific and philosophic facts and principles, can have no very strong scientific or philosophic memory. The call, therefore, to participate in the sciences, where a love of learning does not exist, will be responded to by a dull and stupid acceptance of facts, and with a miserable memory for their induction and details. As memory lies at the basis of education, the question becomes important,—By what means the ninety-nine hundredths of the human family are to enjoy the benefits and blessings of the knowledge of natural truths, and how they may be enabled to gather up with delight and pleasure the multifarious particulars which give weight and consistency to the understanding of the sciences and arts, instead of taking a few generalities on trust from others, accompanied by much disagreeable and unprofitable exertion of memory? This is the question the

diffusers of knowledge have not proposed to themselves, much less attempted to answer. The scientific world has a pleasure in its science, and therefore retains it in mind; the general public is attracted to other objects, and scientific facts are faintly apprehended, with whatever effort, and no sooner heard than they fade from the disc of memory. The promoters of education have a serious obstacle here, which requires their primary regard, namely, the adaptation of scientific, artistic, and philosophic knowledge to the rudimental intellect of the public. It is not to be thought, however, that the scientific memory is remarkable for strength and retentiveness. Putting out of sight the mathematical and mechanical sciences and their dependencies, it may fairly be asserted that the greater part of the other sciences is held by books and not by living memories. It is true that there are in Europe and America a few dozens of professors, who, by dint of perpetual repetition, have imprinted on their recollections immense stores of facts, which they can reproduce at pleasure, almost without an effort of thought. But, in these cases, the memory is too often developed at the expense of the active faculties; and besides, they are so rare and so easily enumerated, that they only prove by their single tall heads how many memories of smaller stature are sleeping an unknown sleep under the oblivious waters. We are obliged to conclude from our own experience, as well as from the observation of others, that in the noblest of the physical sciences — we mean physiology — the scientific memory is lethargic and oppressed; while the public memory refuses to hold even for a brief hour any considerable number of details of that important subject. The literary class is especially to be pitied for the awkward position which it occupies in relation to the sciences. With every motive to refresh the mind from the deeper fountains of Nature, and to cultivate a sincere amity with the votaries of all knowledge, the literary man, by his very education, by the refinement of his tastes, by his appreciation of beauty, by his practical grasp of the value of order, by the habit of appealing to the human heart, is incapacitated for entertaining dry, dull, and juiceless subjects, and consequently is for the most part singularly ignorant, and not seldom hostile to the prosecution, of the sciences. If there be a series in the art of forgetting, if oblivion can attain different velocities, then we should say that the man of letters, generally remarkable for studious habits and retentiveness of mind, has the shortest memory of all scientific particulars — that he forgets them with a rapidity and a power far surpassing that of other men.

It appears, then, that the experience which supplies the materials for all our knowledge is, from some cause, ill-adapted to the first faculty which is destined to receive it; that the memory refuses to retain the greater part of those facts which ought to nourish the intellect; and furthermore it is found that, in proportion as the facts are related to the living or organic kingdoms, in the same proportion they are indigestible,

and their stay in the mind is short and unsatisfactory. What is the solution of the knotty difficulty? Is the common mind ill-constructed, or has it been wrenched or become diseased? Or, on the other hand, may we resort to so daring an explanation as to affirm that the particulars of the sciences and their literary presentation are not worthy food for the unsophisticated human powers? As to the fact itself, we believe the largest portion of every miscellaneous audience will bear us out. Who has not tried, with a painstaking almost amounting to martyrdom, to read, understand, and carry away the information contained in works on botany, zoology, organic chemistry, comparative and human physiology? Who has not tried to persuade himself or herself of their magnitude, interest, and value? And who has not miserably failed in the attempt? And though he commenced with a will strong as Hercules, yet after a brief space has he not slunk away from the distasteful duty, with his mind emptied of all motives for the prosecution of the enterprise? For, like a tired horse which has been once over-driven, or as the vulgar saying is, 'dead beaten,' on a particular road, the mind no sooner finds itself on a track, which suggests a parallel experience, than it becomes obstinate, restive, and immovably stationary, or only active in retracing its steps and quitting the compulsion of the journey.

We know of no more hopeless task than that of publishing and popularising the present sciences, until there is awakened in the understanding of the public a ready and spontaneous sympathy for the facts of science, and a clear perception of their relative use and practical value. There must be developed a love for, and delight in, the details and principles of science, else there must exist a deplorably deficient public memory. Those who live in the central glow and focus of Mechanics' Institutes may retain, for a longer or shorter period, a few of the details of the sciences, because they are 'rewarded' for such exertions of memory; but to expect the common people to be converted to botany, or zoology, or physiology, as those branches are at present taught, is as wild as to dream of the conversion of the Hindoos, as a nation, to the revived doctrines of Protestantism or Catholicism. We might indicate, without difficulty, a series of other unfortunate predicaments in the existing sciences; but it is quite sufficient to show that they are heterogeneous with the cultivation and practical exercise of memory, and that, by natural necessity, ordinary mortals find themselves thinking about something else when these dry specimens of knowledge are taught or discussed. And if the mind refuses to house or hold them — if they are dismissed from the very threshold — how can they ever be embodied in the human constitution, or partake of the deeper life of the affections, or give vigour and cosmopolitan power to the understanding? If they gave pleasure, or even pain, they would then be remembered by their effect; but, causing apathy, weariness, and sleep, it is no wonder that ordinary dreams should leave a more vivid impression, and enter

more into the tissue and connections of the work-a-day world.

But the ready question which mounts to the lips is,—Where is the fault? Is the shortness of our memory to be charged to our stupidity, or to a wrong-conception of our rights and uses in relation to the sciences? If any of these suppositions be accepted, there is an end to further attempts at the diffusion of knowledge. We believe the main explanation is to be found elsewhere. We justify the baldness of our memories by alleging the baldness of the materials which are offered to them. Facts are, indeed, facts; but in Nature they occur in a certain order and simplicity, and out of that order and simplicity are fantastic and artificial; that simplistic order invests them with a beauty that is the highest object of sense, shorn of which their native sense is obliterated, and we cannot attend to them. Facts also take for granted principles, homogeneous with the principles of the human mind; and if these are ignored or disregarded, the soul and motive of the science die. Now, the data of the sciences are labouring under this twofold disfranchisement, and this is the reason of that secret consciousness which we all feel of an inability to receive them, even at a time when the necessity for knowledge is greatest, and the thirst intense, and when duty, not less than interest, prompts us to seek instruction wherever it may be found. Before we close these superficial reflections on this weighty subject, we solicit attention for a brief moment to the ill effects which have arisen from the method of education in our public schools and seminaries. These effects may be shown in the ignorance and half-developed understandings of many who have received what is commonly enough called a first-class education. Learning has been pumped into them by a diurnal process, until they become top-heavy—vast accumulations of figures and facts heaped up in their memories; but no considerate attention having been given to the relation of these facts to uses, the memory, at the dictate of compulsion, is the conservator of dead knowledges, and the brain has become a scientific necropolis. Those who in their youth have had all the advantages of an eclectic, rich and varied culture, by stupidly weakening the faculty of reason, which gives the noblest material for instruction and delight in science, become our dullest men. Much complaint is made by those who are capable of discerning radical defects in our educational systems, that in the schools the memory is too exclusively cultivated, and educators say that the children learn mechanically or by rote. Let them be comforted, the young innocents are in no danger of a mnemonic plethora. Our opinion, expressed already most freely, is that the memory is sadly or fatally abused, by crowding upon it stores of propositions, predicates, and principles, which the understanding does not comprehend or the feeble heart sympathise with; and that is the reason of our defective and feeble scholarship, and of the want of coherency in our philosophic and scientific systems. Instead of attempts to strengthen the memory, to make it retain the record of a multitude of facts and fancies which are mainly unintelligible, let earnest heed be given to the eleva-

tion of the understanding, the opening of the perceptions, and the development of the affections, to clasp the beneficent ends and uses of knowledge; and then the memory will, through kindred sympathy with the heart and intellect, retain their image and impress.

There is a vulgar notion that a great memory draws its pabulum from the other faculties, and leaves them feeble. Sir William Hamilton effectually refutes this notion. Memory—or, rather, reproduction, which is the power of drawing from memory, out of which nothing is ever lost that once entered, depends, in part, on self-energy, and intellectual and spiritual life; and men of the first reasoning powers have had it in remarkable fulness. Leibnitz and Euler could repeat the whole of 'The Gæid'—Seneca could recite the longest discourses—Cyrus name every soldier in his army—Lord Macaulay and Dr. Leyden could give the contents of a newspaper and an Act of Parliament after having once read them.

The experience of any one who watches the process of his own mind, will verify that, when the feelings are aglow with interest, and the intellect receptive and strong, the memory not only becomes retentive, but the more readily yields up its treasures. Then its whole province becomes alive and astir, and facts and images throng up out of it, without being called—showing that the very opposite of the common notion is true, and that memory, intellect, and spiritual life rise together into quickness and energy, or sink together into torpor and death—revealing, too, how the quickened consciousness, like a Witch of Endor, speaks the buried thoughts from their graves, and, rushing through the soul, makes all the sealed pages of our mental books open and burn with fire.

ANNABELLA-FRANCES PORTER.

SKETCH FROM MY VISITING-CASE BOOK.

'I SAY, Lee, by Jove! it won't do. She does not care for your intentions, that same young lady, though you have tried to obtain a smile from her for the last month. You see, man, she is quite respectable. That's a pretty little cottage where she stays—the garden in front, with its flowers—the rose twining over the doorway in full bloom—the arched roof—the paternal relatives unconscious of Cupid's dread artillery—the lovely creature—the only child, well-beloved and much admired;—and then you, the young gallant, attempting to take her heart by storm, make the grand general combination quite à la mode—poetical and romantic. Eh! But it won't do, I repeat. Why, now, say you are beat, and console yourself, as all disappointed lovers do, with the sage reflection that "there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."'

'Well, Fairgrieve, perhaps I might have done this a month ago; but now her very pertness and sarcasm provoke me to the contest. What do you think! The little minx fired up and became dignified, the other night, when I spoke to her. Very absurd this, was it not! There are various avenues, however, to the female heart, and though I must confess the path is not very plain at present, yet I could bet you a small trifle, old fellow, that before the summer ends she and I will be better acquainted. Give it up, do you say! Not if I know it.'

'Of course, I did not expect you would. Arthur Lee not succeed! Why, the whole mass would ring with it if you were beat. Arthur Lee experience defeat in the scaling of the female heart! The thing is preposterous. Yet, seriously speaking, I am afraid your handsome face won't be of so much service here. Nay, don't look so fierce; and though your intentions, I doubt not, are honourable, still she does not know that, and hence won't speak to you. However, if you are bent on going on, I wish you luck, for she is a deuced pretty girl; and, were you not already in the field, mayhap I would discard Polly and enter the lists.'

'*Hinc illa lacryma!* and those very sententious remarks from my very moral friend Harry Fairgrieve! Well, we will give it up this afternoon at all events. Yet, heigh-ho! my little nymph, you and I must know one another. 'Twould be a shame that such

"A flower should blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

By-the-by, who is the author of that! Though I have quoted it scores of times, I am blessed if I know. My education and principles, I am afraid, have been sadly neglected. You have got your cigar-case, I see; hand me one, and let us have a turn along Princes-street. Eh!'

Such was the conversation of the young officers, as they stammered along, after having followed, at a respectable distance, yet never losing sight of, 'the pretty girl' they spoke about, until she arrived at her home, as thoroughly romantic as Fairgrieve had described it to be. And, indeed, it was a very beautiful and sweet spot—'Rose Villa,' as it was called—and bright and clean was the brass plate on the gate, which showed it belonged to John Fairlie, Esq. A kind and pleasant man, too, was John Fairlie, Esq., retired now from business, to live here, with his wife and only daughter, on the competency he had fairly earned. Very proud, too, was he of his daughter Bella, with her light and happy ways, her merry laugh, her graceful figure, her pretty face, and bright blue eyes; all which made her—he was won't to say to his old friend Isaac Ridley, as they smoked their pipes together—'A perfect jewel, sir, I can assure you. I never contradict her in anything.'

To which the other would always reply, 'Yes, yes. I love her as much as you, John. She will make some young spark's heart ache yet.'

Yes, Bella Fairlie! not merely did your father and Isaac Ridley, and your bashful but not less devoted admirer Robert Willan, acknowledge your beauty, but you knew it and felt it yourself, when you went to a mirror and saw the reflection there. I am afraid, like a faithful biographer, I must admit that you knew it very well, and that you were not a little vain of those good looks of yours. And what young beauty of seven-teen is not? I am afraid I must also state that you liked to be admired, and that in the bottom of your heart you were not so terribly displeased, although you affected to be so, with the handsome young officer's marks of admiration. You were trained up to beware of deceit and flattering words; yet I am afraid you knew from whom all those rapturous *billets-doux* came,

and that you were wont to sit and read them very diligently, and that you did not burn them at once, as you ought to have done. Perhaps those novels you read contributed to this, and made you like the mystery and romance. I am afraid Arthur Lee was right when he said there were many avenues to the female heart, and that he interpreted rightly in imagining flattery and perseverance was the way to yours. I am afraid all these things put together made you allow your dignity and propriety to be too easily compromised, when he spoke to you, exactly one month after the conversation I have mentioned. I am afraid you did not resist, as you ought to have done, his polished address; and that you should never have permitted yourself to speak to him at all. I know not how it was that your resolutions fled as you talked with one another. Perhaps there was something in the hour, in the place, and in the man that helped it all, and banished the recollection of the usage of society as to personal introduction which should have been yours.

It was the evening hour of a hot summer day; and at such a time how tuned the mind is to gentler feelings—how banished are all angry thoughts—how the breast swells and the heart flutters with that nameless sensation which bespeaks the advent of love! And the place, it was the Calton Hill; and the summer evening there, how gloriously grand it is! Beautiful then is the shade on the hills of Fife—quietly sleep the waters of the Forth. 'Tis a noble sight to see

'The stately ships go out and in
From their haven under the hill;

while the 'lion couchant' of Arthur's Seat, seems bathed in purple radiance, to look down less gravely and grimly than at other times on 'my own romantic town.' And the man—ah! yes, as he sat there you recognised his power. There was a frank *bonhomie* about him—polished and artful was his conversation—low and winning was his voice—well did he describe to her what he had seen in other lands when he was abroad—how the sunset there differed from that they were admiring, and the intercourse so unlike that of this northern clime—how heart met heart, as 't were, spontaneously, and stiffness and formality were never seen! In truth, he possessed that nameless something to which the woman turns and clings as instinctively as the tendrils of the vine do to the props which bear their weight. We speak about love at first sight, as if it were reserved a peculiar privilege for men alone; but I often think there is a somewhat stronger feeling in the female breast, which runs riot at times with the position the woman holds in society, and breaks down all the barriers and fences which custom has reared. Usage and conventionalism may rightly endeavour to check this; but yet at times we can often discern that which has been so beautifully described in 'David Copperfield,' when, as Stearforth told his stories of shipwrecks and dangers, Emily fixed her eyes on him, and crept closer to the wall, as if to be away from Ham. And so it was here; and Bella Fairlie, poor child!—for she was but a child in this world's ways—gave him, almost before it was asked, that simple trusting heart of hers, with all its untold

affections and deep and faithful love. Perhaps, O casuist! you will say this confession is subversive of all principle, and utterly alien to the stereotyped Hoyle-pattern of love-making. Well, it may be so. I have merely to detail facts, not to analyse reasons; but if I cared about contradicting the charge, I think it would not be difficult to show how the one occurs more frequently—ay, fifty per cent. more—than the other; I mean that those namby-pamby love conversations between Augustus George and Beatrice Alice, or whatever the names of the hero or the heroine may be.

And Arthur Lee, what meant he as he sat beside her on this the first night of their interview! Why had he so persistently attempted to become acquainted with her for the last two months! And now that he had succeeded in speaking to her, what was his object! What did he want! He, the accomplished gallant—he, the acknowledged lady-killer—the scion of an aristocratic house—the high-born, well-bred officer—why did he thus exert all his efforts to please on this untutored mind! I will do him the justice to say that he meant no harm, that it was as yet all a bit of lark and quiet chaff. He had been previously struck by her beauty, and now he still more admired her artless ways—her *naïveté*; and it flattered his vanity to see the liking she evidently had for him, and which, though not expressed in so many words, he soon discerned.

When he saw all this, he paused not to consider consequences. He thought it would be nice to have a small flirtation, *pour passer le temps*, and that her company and conversation would be rather agreeable than otherwise, after the etiquette of other ladies' society; and that it would be charming at times to have a quiet stroll with such 'a pretty and fascinating girl' as he owned Bella to be. More than that, he said to himself, as he looked at her as she sat beside him, in the flush of her maidenly beauty—'She is one with whom a fellow need not be ashamed to walk. Why, that girl of Fairgrieve's is nothing like her.'

And so he pooh-poohed her scruples as to meeting him; talked her over, until she thought there would be no harm in it at all; and, in the innocence of her heart, said she 'would take him up this night, this very night, to see her father; for he is a kind old man, and will be glad to see any one I like.' Arthur Lee, however, did not accede to this. Nor on this night, or ever afterwards, did he show any anxiety as to knowing her father; and, indeed, if the truth must be told, he was rather averse to seeing him—strove to impress Bella with the necessity of secrecy—and took care, on each succeeding evening he met her, to choose places for their walk where there might be the least possible chance of their ever encountering her parent. These walks—how very pleasant they were! How little did Bella see the diversity of rank between them! How firmly did she rely on everything he said; and loved him foolishly, fondly, with all the gushing affection the woman's heart can bestow!

And so the thing went on for two months; and then—But why should I further dwell on what, I daresay, most of those who read this, and who are ac-

quainted, in ever so small a degree, with the world's ways, will have already anticipated! 'Tis somewhat sickening to detail the steps of a girl's ruin—to hear the same old story about parents' opposition, and worldly interest, requiring, in the meantime, a private marriage—the refusal at first, and then the separation talked of, which he who proposes it knows full well would but break the fond heart that is left—and the artful plan, at last accepted, of flight, concealment, and—and—ruin! I like not to dwell upon this; and I think I will best consult good taste, and the reader's approbation, if I merely say that they went away together—far away from her home and her parent's love—far away from Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags—from the old familiar walks and faces. And she is now with him in bright and golden Italy—the land she had read about in the story-books of her youth—the land of the poet and the painter—of sculpture and architecture—the land which, with its clear and sunny sky, she had told him she longed so much to see.

It is now six months since she came with him;—and is she happy! Portly priests and rubicund philanthropists may call public meetings, and make lengthened speeches, about homes for the destitute. Ladies—I honour their motives—may issue cards, superintend midnight parties, and fancy that sympathy, in the shape of butter and bread and tea and toast, will recall the wan and wearied wanderers who attend. Maiden aunts, as they instil the principles of the Ten Commandments, and the terrors of the law, to their young female class, may try another plan, and, shaking their gray, old curls, may point their thin and withered hand to one who fell. But oh! what a power for good there would be, far greater than anything else, could the picture but be hung round the young and tempted female heart of one who has left her home—who, seated amidst all the grandeur that wealth can supply—seated even where Bella Fairlie was at the time we write, with her eye resting on the sunset of Italy,—but who yet has the great big tear of shame stealing down her cheek—as now, after the first maddening love-dream is over, she finds that no marriage rite has ever sanctioned her love, and feels the immeasurable gulf that separates her from the purity of her youth. For, I daresay, I need scarcely again repeat that Arthur Lee never did intend to marry Bella Fairlie; that all the story about the justice he would yet do to her, and the position she would yet occupy, were mere salves to a wounded conscience. I daresay even he was sorry he had gone so far—anxious, it may be, about the girl's future; but then, marry her! that was quite a different thing—perfect nonsense—sheer madness even to think of committing such an act of folly! Why, after all, he had been no worse than others. The same thing is done regularly. Had not Jackson of the 30th, and Harris of the 60th, and fifty others he recollected, been as bad, if not worse, than he was! Had not Fairgrieve written a reply to some of the scruples he had expressed, stating he 'would be a confounded fool if he spent any more money upon her—that it was time he was thinking of returning home—adding various pieces of judicious

worldly advice, and hinting that perhaps her friends would take Bella back, forgive and forget the past! He reasoned thus with himself for a little, and gradually came to the resolution that, however much he had liked her, and did like her still, yet that it was but right and proper that this state of matters should cease—that he should free himself from the position in which he was placed—that justice both to himself and Bella required they should separate! And so this reasoning ended, as it ever will end, in the man's desertion and the girl's despair. With him to resolve was to act. Yet he did not abruptly terminate their intercourse, but cautiously and circumspectly put the ban of estrangement between them. Less passionate did he become in his declarations of attachment—cooler and colder in his conduct—talked much about friendship, and seldomer about love—till it chilled the blood, as it were, in her heart, and was harder, yea, very much harder, to bear than the thought of home, friends, or anything else. 'Tis very terrible to feel the affections of one you love with heart, body, and soul, flitting away from you; and, do what you will, you can never regain a love that even for a moment has ceased to be entirely and surely yours. It was chilling to the warm-hearted girl, who had sacrificed everything for him, to feel his affection ebbing away—to know that the old familiar caresses were returned with but a careless shrug, and daily to experience the fact that, for some reason or other, she was not in his eyes the Bella of old.

At length, on pretext of making a visit to a friend at Naples, he went away. He promised to return soon—yes, very soon; and as she clung around him, telling him how very lonely she would feel in this strange land without him, the better part of his nature seemed for the moment to rise within him, and he said:—

'My poor dear child, do not act thus. In a month at most I shall be back to you again, never more to be separated, I trust, in this world. You will find everything provided for you as if I were here. I will write often to you—yes, very often; and you must think of me in my absence as if I loved you, dear, as much as ever! You will think of me—will you not?'

Think of him! Yes, if that were possible, she thought of him in his absence more than she had ever done—thought of him during the dull, spiritless, wearisome days, for though the sun was bright and the sky was clear, there was no sunshine in her saddened heart—thought of him during the long sleepless nights—thought of him, prayed for him—thought at first of his happy, joyful return—thought of him, as she worked away so regularly and steadily at the nice little presents she would have ready for him, the slippers and the book-marks, and, whatever it might be, she took care, if possible, that the initials A. L. and B. F. should somewhere be seen—thought of him, with that intense, yearning longing, which the female heart can so deeply feel.

Days and weeks passed slowly on. The month expired on which he was to be back, and yet there came no letter—nothing to cheer her. No one to make a companion of, except those melancholy thoughts of

hers; and, alas! they became still more melancholy and sad as time wore on. Was he ill? Was he dead? Why—why was this? Or, worse than aught else, at times, as stories she had read rose to her mind, there came the dawning of the dismal truth—the breaking in on her of the bleakest and blackest of sorrows—the sealing up, as it were, of the very springs of her existence, when there came the thought that, perhaps, the studied coldness previous to his departure, and now this long, long silence, were all parts of one plan, premeditated and intended—that, perhaps, this was desertion! Back did she fling the foul suggestion at first. Back, and away down, down, out of every corner of her heart—away down, till she thought it would never rise again and trouble her more—the awful, frightful thought, which, she said, would never be realised, so confident did she feel about his return—so certain that, whatever others might do, or had done, Arthur Lee, her own Arthur, would never—no, never, she said to herself, as she looked at the locket she wore round her neck, and kissed the image of him who was away. But time still wore on; and up came the suggestion again and again—black, hideous, and appalling as before, till it seemed as if she would grow mad under the suspense. Yet even the suspense, terrible as it was, was better than the awful truth that came at last, with the letter, the long looked-for letter, which stated—(I shall not repeat how the fact was varnished over)—the fact that circumstances prevented him from seeing her again—about his wishing still to be reckoned her friend—about his never forgetting her—and hoping that the cheque which he enclosed would be sufficient to carry her home again, if she wished it.

There is a strange peculiarity in this nature of ours. I have often seen the coldness and shivering, the depression and languor of commencing fever, followed by the bounding pulse, the hot skin, the parched lips, and the mad ravings of an unhinged mind. In medical nomenclature we call this the state of reaction—the assumption, we mean, of a new vital force, which has dethroned, and is to rule instead of that which previously swayed the frame. What is true of the body is in some cases as true of the mind. Here often we also see reaction—sometimes great and sometimes small. Call it by what terms you may—analyse the motives to which it owes its cause—account for it if you can on physical principles, ye philosophers and metaphysicians—search and see if you can give the explanation—for it is and ever will remain a fact, that of all the passions which influence and make havoc of the human frame, there is none half so violent or half so strong as the recoil and reaction of despised love. I speak not of that milk-and-water lackadaisical affection, which, by parlance and the fashion of the day, is sometimes designated love. Such a feeling does not merit the term. But I speak of the effect rejection has, in a case like this, on a heart that never knew another choice—on a nature that has given up all to be ever near him from whose affection the very life-blood seems to be drawn—of a love such as Bella Fairlie gave to Arthur Lee.

Was it for this she had left her home? Was it for

this she had rejected warnings, braved reproach, and despised the world's talk! Was this to be the end of it all! Was she to be thrown off like a faded garment after it has served its master's ends! What was she now to do! Was she to steer her boat, as others had done, right merrily away into the ocean of shame, to drown regret and memory in excitement and drink! Was she to cozen her lips with the decoying smile! Was she to command attention by her beauty and become the woman of pleasure, the trafficker of vice! Nay, verily; such thoughts as these never entered her mind. It was but of him she thought—him who had done it all. But how changed had she become!

Tears and regrets were for ever gone; and there was now energy and resolve in their place. There was a fire—the fire of revenge—smouldering in her breast; and it but lacked time and opportunity to burst into an awful flame. Bad news never come alone; and she learned—from a casual acquaintance, to whom he had once introduced her, and who told her, perhaps with the view of furthering his own ends—that 'Arthur Lee (the butterfly that he was!) was now busy, in the southern capital, courting the only daughter and heiress of Signor Benoni. And, happy dog!' he added, with a careless laugh, 'I think that, as usual, he will succeed.'

This was to heap insult on wrong. These were the 'circumstances over which he had no control!' This, then, was the cause of his detention! The torch was now laid to the slumbering fire. Bitter was the cup she had had to drink before; and now, if it were possible, it was more bitter and terrible far when jealousy served to stimulate revenge. Wilder, sterner thoughts became her daily companions. She had something yet to live for. She would not die thus tamely. She would show to the world, and to him, what an injured girl could do. She, who used to look with pitying eyes on the meanest of God's creatures that had been injured, now seemed possessed with a fiend. Away with the false scruples that might bind her! Away with the laws of God and man! Away with everything which might intervene between her and the object of her desire! Crime it could not be. Nay, rather, it was justice to seek revenge on one who had broken every vow with her. There must be wrong for wrong—blood for blood! There must be death, and the means. Arsenic and antimony, given in the poisoned draught—she thought of these; but she heard there were antidotes for them. Antidotes! Bah! She must have something on which she could rely—something which would serve her purpose surely and well. She was in Italy; and there men soon rid themselves of a troublesome friend or an open foe. She must employ a weapon as effectual as theirs. So she gloated on the sharp stiletto. She loved to look at its polished blade. She was a weak woman; but she nerved her arm, and strengthened her muscles, to make the plunge swifter and surer.

After her resolve was taken, and her plans arranged, she reached her destination. Senora Benoni! She was known through all the town. She lived! Every

one knew where she lived—in that large quaint old mansion, with the pleasant terraced garden to the back, that stretched down nearly to the bay. She learned that the young Englishman and she to whom he was considered as betrothed were wont to walk in the garden. It, then, was the place for her. She represented herself as a stranger—an admirer of the beautiful; and she heard there was no place, almost anywhere, which combined so well as this the perfection of nature with all that taste and wealth could supply. This, backed by a more tangible bribe, procured her admittance. The old man who allowed her to enter said,—

'She was free to walk over it all, on condition that she did not intrude herself on the sight of his young mistress; but, indeed,' he added with an arch smile, 'as the garden is large, there is not much danger of this, if you but keep away from that arbour which I show you; for in truth, senora, she loves to sit there better now than tend the flowers, as she used to do.'

Circumstances appeared to favour her design. The arbour he had mentioned would be the place for her. How well did the foliage behind screen her from view! Pleasant, grateful retreat! Fully an hour elapsed ere the two lovers entered the garden and neared the place of her concealment. They sat down, as she had expected, on the seat from whence the wide expanse of that loveliest of all lovely sights which Italy affords could easily be seen. Had they wished it, perhaps their ears might have caught at times the song—the song of that land of passion and of love—that ever and anon was borne towards them from the occupants of the gondolas as they studded the bay. But the two lovers—Arthur Lee and Laura Benoni—as they sat together, had a song of their own to sing—the song of mutual, reciprocated love. They spoke about many things. They spoke about the joys of the present and the hopes of the future—talking as only lovers talk, and in tones and language that it appears only profanity to attempt to repeat.

'Do you know,' she said all at once, 'caro mio, what I dreamed last night! No, I did not dream it. It was but a waking dream; for last night, as I was lying in my chamber all alone, there came a strange, wild thought into my head. I would not mention it to you, but you said you wished no secrets to be between us. Did you not! And I wondered, Arthur, if I was the only one you ever loved; if at any time you loved another; or if, O God! any one ever loved you as I do now!'

Arthur Lee! never did you look so handsome as now. Never was your face lighted up with such a glow of conscious triumph. Never did your eye appear so pure and true. Never was your voice so low and winning as when you made your reply, and told her again, as you had often told her before, of a love that was unbounded—of a love that as yet had never known a former choice—of an affection that through the future would never swerve from her, who had preferred him, the stranger, to others who sought her hand, and whom she knew better and longer. And you succeeded in your object. For Laura Benoni seemed to draw nearer

to you, and to trust and love you better than before, as she said, 'I knew it was so. Yet I am so glad, so very glad, that suspicion or slander will never alarm me now. Who could hear you speak and not believe you? I trust you now just as truly as I have ever loved you.'

And, Bella, why, what is this? Why do you hesitate? Why does your arm fail to strike or your mind to boil with thoughts of revenge? You are very near already, but you can draw still nearer. They will never hear you. One step more and you will reach the goal. Arthur Lee has not forgotten you. You know he can't do that; but he has done worse. He has ignored your existence. He speaks as if he was as pure as the lisping babe,—and you know what he has done. Come nearer to him, therefore. Does not your hand bear the stiletto—the quick, sharp, and sure friend? Your arm, too, is strong now. And you black, beetle-browed man grinned behind his bushy beard, as he whispered to your inquiries, 'It is poisoned, senora. One little thrust—one little thrust this way, and human skill will in vain attempt to save your foe.'

Why, then, do you hesitate? Your fair fame is gone, and he is there who took it away. Courage, then, and action. Time is pressing. The gray dusk is gathering around, and Laura Benoni, your rival, is drawing her mantle around her, for the evening is getting cold. They will leave soon, and an opportunity like this may never again recur. Draw near, then, and complete the fostered and now almost realised scheme of revenge.

Philosophers tell us that the sea may be lashed into angry billows—that the storm may sweep along the rolling waters—that the waves may rear their crested heads—but that still, deep, deep down, further than human eye has ever reached or fathom ever gauged, there is a calm as profound as the slumbering lake may present after the evening's shower. What is true of the ocean and its laws may in kind represent that stranger, lawless, and more mysterious sea—the human heart. Passion, neglect, jealousy—a deep, irreparable wrong—everything that can break the spell of a woman's love had Bella Fairlie suffered. She had been roused to execute a rash, and one might almost say, had it been accomplished, justifiable deed; yet, down in the mine of her affections, secure from all the turmoil of the months that were past, lurked her love for Arthur Lee. False, deceitful, perjured, and liar as she knew he was—breaker of every oath that honour dictates or morality teaches—yet still, even now, as in former times, he was the Arthur Lee of her love, as she doubted not he also was of that proud Italian lady's. Hence, when the hour she had so much longed for had arrived, her will was powerless to raise her arm; and, had thousands been laid at her feet, she could not by one jarring word of hers have intruded a blot on his future life. There was a terrible binding fascination to her in the tones of that well-known voice, and the plans of that future which he had sketched were still to her the plans and wishes of Arthur Lee. She would not have foregone the luxury of hearing him speak, for she knew this would be the last time she would do so—that henceforth their ways in life would be far different—that his path would be

one, it might be, of happiness; while, alas! hers would be one which would soon terminate in the grave. The funeral pile of her own hopes had been lit, and with their dissolution she knew would soon arrive that also of her life.

When the gray dusk was settling into night, the two lovers left the garden, and as she looked at her rival once again, she wondered not at his choice; for, Laura Benoni! thy form was fair. The sunset seldom lingers on a face as lovely as yours; the fire of youth, and beauty, and love brightens up your eye, and as you sit beside him you love, no wonder you are called 'la Bella' of the south! Yes, lady, you are passing fair, and life for you has been pleasant indeed; but not many months ago the sunset of a more northern land lingered on a form as fair as yours—golden ringlets rested where yours did lie—and eyes as bright and pure as the cloudless sky looked up to that man whom you think has never known a former love.

Away, away from the garden; and on the future you have elatched may sorrow never rest! May Time, the great discloser of events, never reveal how very near there was to you this evening, as you talked with him who is to be yours through life, one who felt a love with which yours can but ill compare, and who now, with bended knees, is praying for your welfare with a sincerity that will make them heard before high Heaven, for the sake of him who has thrown her lightly aside, as the school-boy does the butterfly after its wings are soiled and its beauty gone.

Five months after this scene in the garden, I was called in professionally to attend Bella Fairlie. The most superficial eye could then have detected that Death, the great destroyer, had marked her as his own. The face had lost its rounded contour, the figure its full and graceful outline. She appeared but the wreck of what I could have fancied her once to have been. I saw that human art would in vain attempt to stop the course of her malady; but I gave her something which might tend to relieve present suffering, and soothe, if it could not arrest, the passage to the grave. There was little anxiety on her part to remain longer here; and when I learned her story, as I did when I became better acquainted with her, I did not wonder that, like a wearied traveller, she longed for rest. She told me she 'did not want to die in a foreign land, but thought that, ere she passed away, she would like to see, at a long, long distance though it might be, the home she had forsaken and the friends she had left; and that for this purpose she had come back to her native city.'

I remember, though many busy years have elapsed since then, the last visit I paid to her. For some days previously she had been gradually becoming weaker; and when I arrived, I found the change I had expected was coming on, and that the spirit was struggling to be free. The eye was bright, but it was lightened up only with the fire of dissolution. The face, usually so pale, was suffused with the hectic flush. The blood was bounding rapidly in its last circuits through the thin and fevered frame. The mind, too, was partially un-

hinged. At times the empire of reason was overthrown, and wandering, fitful thoughts showed its reign would soon for ever cease. But yet, whether delirious or not, the same all-absorbing feeling which had animated her through life remained dominant to the end. She recognised me when I entered, and, grasping my hand, exclaimed,

'Doctor! the end is coming now. This can't last long—can it? I am sinking fast—am I not? My mother! my good, kind mother!—did I tell you about her? The little cottage in which we lived is tenanted by others now. The old pictures are off the walls—the flowers, my flowers! are gone—and strange voices are heard where I used to sing. My mother! She is not dead! She is here! She has risen to come to this death-bed scene! Yonder! Don't you see her? Her face—it used to be so pale and mild; but, see, she frowns! Can that be the gentle mother I was wont to say my childhood's prayers to, long, long ago? Was there not a part in it which said "Lead us not into temptation"? She points to that, and says I have fallen. She wants me to curse him; but oh! no, no—I can't do that. My father! They said he went away to another land—they did not know where; and then they told me something about the daughter's shame. Aunts, with stern propriety depicted in their face—uncles, with averted looks, who speak about the disgrace to the Fairlie family—cousins, who in other days envied my beauty, now whisper "We knew it would bring her to this." Robert Willan asks me what I think now of "my gentleman lover"? All, all that I ever knew are crowded together here, and invite me to join with them in seeking God's vengeance on him who has done it all! But I can't do that. For,' she said, as she rose, with a wild and fearful energy, 'Hence! away! I tell you all. I was faithful to him in the days of happy, trusting innocence—faithful in the time of awful temptation; and I wish to die, faithful also in the hour of death.'

Then there was an interval of repose, and she awoke more calm and collected than she had previously been.

'Doctor,' she said, 'you have been very kind and friendly to me, and ere my tongue falters I would like to leave with you my last request. When a sunny, light-hearted child, there was a spot in Edinburgh where, in my young fancy, I liked to roam. You know the Lovers' Walk, with the tall hedge on either side, that bounds you in from the green fields of the meadows! Often, often, before I knew what it was to be loved, did my father take me up there on the Sabbath evenings, and he was wont to sit on the first seat you see after you have reached the cemetery, while I gathered bouquets of the daisies and cowslips that grew in plenty around. And often, also, after I knew Arthur, did we go to that favourite spot, and he told me then, so kindly and lovingly, what he would like our future to be. And now I wish to be buried there. The last of the money he gave me you will find within that old portfolio. I have long kept it a treasure sacred to this end. It will be enough. And on the stone that marks the spot place my name and age, and at the bottom—"Faithful even in death." The Christian, as he passes it by, will think it means I was faithful to my God; the eye of strange curiosity will deem it too humble for notice; and few will care to inquire who the Bella was. Yet you will know that it marks the spot where lie the remains of a poor broken-hearted girl—once a patient of yours—who threw a sweet incense of devotion around what might otherwise have been an unhallowed love. And one word more. In the practice of your profession, you will see many faces, and become acquainted with some who do not require mere professional advice. You may meet

Arthur. Should you ever chance to do so, then speak to him about me; but oh! do not do so harshly. Call him not my destroyer. And if he come here, then take him to my grave, point to the inscription upon it, and tell him how and where I died; that the last words I ever uttered were blessings on his head; that, when I would have cursed him, the old love arose, and, like a good angel, banished angry feelings; that, for his sake, I prayed for even his wedded wife; and that—that I wished him well. Oh my God! could I but see him once again—only once.'

I could not remain longer with her then, but left, promising to return. When I arrived there early next morning, the friend's face with whom she was staying too evidently showed me that I might expect worse news of my patient; but I was scarcely prepared to find, when I entered the room, that she was attired in the habiliments of the grave, and that the spirit had for ever fled.'

'When did this occur?' was all I could say, so much and deeply was I moved.

'Last night, sir, two hours after you left, she called me to her side, and asked me to put my hand below the pillow and give her the picture. She looked long at it, sir—very, very long—and then, two or three minutes afterwards, passed quietly away. Poor, dear child, she has been early taken!'

She was buried within the cemetery, and near to the spot where she had desired to rest. I never saw him whom she died for, and, indeed, had I done so, I do not think I would have mentioned her name, as marriage vows were upon him now, and it was needless to recall the past. She lies there, I doubt not, unnoticed and uncared for. Yet often, when my hard day's work of professional duties was over, often in the summer evenings, did I steal away to visit her grave; and I never did so without feeling better thoughts arise within me, and manlier resolves for my own future conduct-in life.

MINNIE MINE!

ANOTHER silver string is broken

From the thrilling harp of life;

Another wild farewell is spoken

'Mid the world's clanging strife:

And our tears of bitter brine

Flow for thee, wee Minnie mine!

Another blighted bud is shaken

From the spreading human tree;

Another last long look is taken,

As thy mother turns from thee:

While my tears of bitter brine

Wet thy cheek, wee Minnie mine!

Another white-wing'd soul is soaring

Heavenward through the clouds of pain;

Another little grave is gearing

Earth's green bosom And in vain

Gush those tears of bitter brine—

God has call'd wee Minnie mine.

Another little voice is blending

With the angel choir above;

And other two poor hearts are reading

In the storm of grief and love:

Round thy dust our spirits twine,

Loth to part, wee Minnie mine!

TOM ELLIOTT.

. The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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GABRIEL GRAY—A GLASGOW STORY.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR.

'Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.'—*Tennyson.*

CHAPTER V.

THE following amazing epistle, by an unknown hand, has been elicited by the matter contained in my last chapter:—

'MR. GABRIEL GRAY,

SIR,—Have you no gratitude? How can you reconcile it with common decency to vituperate, in black print, the gentleman whose bread you eat? My belief is that you are one of those insolent fellows who entertain no respect for their superiors. I have, accordingly, put myself at charges for a postage-stamp to tell you that, were I Mr. M'Corkindale—whom, even by your own showing, I take to be an upright and respectable gentleman—I would set you about your business at an hour's notice; or, in other words, with barely time to pack up your abusive manuscripts, written probably on *his* time, and with his very pens, ink, and paper.

Allow me, further, to make you aware that the fingers of the man whom you sent, in such deplorably bad taste, into a whisky-shop, during the storm at poor M'Donald's funeral, have, I am informed, been ever since itching for a nose.—Yours disrespectfully,

CASTIGATOR.'

Is there any way I could get at the profile of this knight-errant? What a revenge to pillory the slant forehead of him in the glass cases of the photographers! The Artex! Not to know that M'Corkindale is Brown! Not to perceive that he is Jones! To be ignorant of the fact that he is Robinson! The next thing that I should expect of him would be to ask Brown, Jones, and Robinson whether they did not feel insulted up to the point of pistols and twelve paces! No doubt they could tell him that M'Corkindale was no other than Jenkins; but what a web-footed biped not to make the discovery for himself! Here is a man to interpret an allegory! Castigator, forsooth! As well might an aspirant for public office thrust his head into a noose, and call himself hangman. Who but the insanest of castigators would commit the mistake of putting his own back under a cat-o'-nine-tails?

Does he ask—'Why not say Jenkins at once?' I answer, that a villanous wrong would thereby be done, as Jenkins is very M'Corkindale after all, and shall be so branded to posterity, if there is life in these pages. But what a head must this Castigator have for cap and bells to fancy me in peril of his wrath! What though I have painted him as with the very pencil of the unflattering sun? Behind the agis of his vast conceit, David M'Corkindale, Esq. of the Drums, is as safe from being taken personally by the beard as were any of Alexander's shaved

soldiers. Were I to draw the portrait of a brilliant architect of his own fortune—a man of profound sagacity—one who never committed the folly of encouraging imposture with alms, or mitigating, with impolitic tenderness, the natural penalties of imprudence—a merchant with a sleepless business eye, and a Christian always prominent in his handsome pew—the world might be a little puzzled, but the worthy man himself might use his razor by *that* mirror! O most forlorn of castigators! flourishing a melancholy ideal horse-whip, like a whirl-brained master of the ring gone mad and under keepers!

Then, with regard to the funeral storm and whisky-shop business, was it not in the flat bumps of him to think of prying into the beautiful, secret meanings of that episode? Was there no decipherable pathos in it, as a hurriedly-snatched reminiscence of convivialities never to be revived? Spoke it not of the humour peeping out from the quaint corners of all mortal solemnities, like the grotesque gargoyles from the eaves of some lugubrious old cathedral? Besides, was there not the insinuated double apology of the impelling hurricane and the misleading hat, showing—if not to Castigator, surely to the next dullest—the incomparable subtle logic reticent at the heart of all innate bias? Did not one, the immeasurably opposite of this anonymous, put his fool's jests like breaking sunlight into the crannies of a king's madness, making the ruin more infinitely impressive? Oh, I can fancy the kind of nose that should smell fingers moving hither and thither, in mazy-morris, as Macbeth saw daggers in the air!

But how often does it happen that things in themselves worthless produce inestimable results? When I saw how Mathew Waddel, with his incomparable instincts, enjoyed Castigator's lucubration, the sudden increase in its value was miraculous. It went up as the funds go up when Louis Napoleon surprises Europe into a millennial confidence and a calm pulse. Every additional chuckle gave it an impetus like a fresh bid in an auction-room. Rarely, indeed, have I seen Mathew in finer fooling. His imagination gyrated about it, like a cat about a mouse, or a bee about a globe of clover. The idea, however, which tickled him most was the hint that I was not sufficiently respectful to my 'superiors.' 'By the tub of Diogenes!' he ejaculated, 'I should like to see your superiors, Gabriel.' Shortly afterwards, as if struck with a new idea, he swept the ceiling with a long whistle—such a whistle as Swift, or Churchill, or Butler might have emitted, on finding their choicest sarcasms too feeble to express their blended wonder and scorn. This was followed by a loud chuckle of 'Your superiors!' as if these words contained a conspicuously self-evident, and monstrously exquisite joke. Then, as if compassing a large horizon with

his eyes, he said, 'Lend me thy lantern, good cynic.' After a pause, he, exclaimed, starting to his feet, 'But, Gabriel! don't, after all, blame the world if it takes you at your own measure. By the soul of King John's barons! if I had a tithe of your genius I would be satisfied with nothing but a front seat. I would speak up to the world as Cobbett spoke up to the Bishop—telling that right reverend prelate that he "had ten times his talent and a thousand times his industry." What can any one expect but to stand behind chairs, and do insufferable menial work, if he will insist on wearing plush and hiding his noble individuality in the sleek lay-figure of a serviceable monosyllabic entity, buttons and calves predominant?"

'Mathew,' I said, 'sit down, curb your superfluous eloquence, make up another tumbler, and fancy yourself a creature with long ears.'

While my friend did as he was desired, and laughed like one who had to do all the laughing himself, I proceeded in this wise:—"What merit is there in crying out "Excelsior" to a galley-slave? Any blockhead who ever mounted a stump could do that. But a still more topping folly would be that of the galley-slave falling to buffets with his oar. "Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals"—a noble and heroic resolve, but with the stomach considerably knocked out of it by the alternative of no fire and nothing to cook. Ah, Mathew! if flying were easy, our shoemakers—unless they, too, became volatile—would have to walk on their own soles; the streets of traffic would be empty; and all the high free air pervaded and shaken by a darkness and confusion of wings. For the most part, we set out in life on certain defined rails, leading to predestined and inevitable stations; and divergence from these, except by the switches and turn-tables of fair opportunity, would be destruction. But don't fly to conclusions, like a thirsty traveller to the first wayside inn. Even for scraping together of the Queen's coin, I confess to the possession of faculties worth twenty M'Corkindales. But away backward forty years and more, when our two lives were shaped into a union, daily and close, yet infinitely divergent—I was proudly—yea, I dare speak it, Mathew, before high Heaven, grandly weighted, while he, the old sinner! had nothing to carry, from the first, but a stomach of very catholic dimensions, and a cloak—tropical, old friend—of a rigidly formal cut. Had I chosen like him to bend every faculty of my being to the one worldly end of gain—had I been base enough to yoke all my young enthusiasms to the car of the plethoric god of riches until its axles were on fire—had it been my cue to fill my very dreams and nightmares with sum-totals long enough to reach to the infernal depths,—can I doubt that I would long since have been exhibiting, at the table even of the Drums, a visage purpling like a sunset, glowing with many vintages, flushed as might become a victor in the battle of life, with his gold-shod gouty boots on the prostrate necks of intrinsically nobler heroes? But the mystery of the celestial orbs—the low fitful

harmonies and great sublime silences of the surrounding fields, floods, and mountains—the fancies and adorations of that youthful love that is of all human passions at once the bashfullest and the bravest—the bewildering mythologies that so fill the dim or brilliant canvases of the past with bizarre or beautiful shapes—the wonderful regions of romance and faery opened up by the glorious old minstrels of all lands that have an antiquity—and the appalling phenomenon of Death transfigured into an infinite beatitude by the splendours of Christ's revelation—all hung upon my mind, filled my thoughts, engaged my highest meditations, and imparted to my imagination something of the wings that made the fabled horse of the poets kick the farmer's dray to atoms, and shake its resplendent harness into music fit for the gods. What, at that time, was an additional sovereign in a stocking to a fresh image in the heart, or a new acquisition in the brain? No matter. Look down this pit-shaft, O worldlings! and scorn, if you dare, the poor miner at its base, who sees, even from his low dark level, high over all your heads—immeasurably above all your dreams—through all the mighty daylight of your blindness—the stars of God and his angels!

'You're a great man, Gabriel, if you only knew it, you old fool, you!' said Mathew, with rounded eyes, and a voice almost breaking into foolishness. 'By St. Mungo! you deserve to be knocked down with your own three-legged stool. Man alive! had you been only in the pulpit, or on the stage! But I shall blow my nose like a congregation—I shall clap my hands like a theatre—that is, if you will persist in making a spendthrift of yourself on such a poor solitary auditor as I am. Nay more, I will drink to you in your very greatest character—[enter Barbara abruptly],—as the father of the belle of Portland-street!'

My poor child—tall and very pale—with the inspiration of a fine pride on her statuesque features, had hurried across the street to exhibit her new gift, and almost to kiss the donor. When our praises of her ladylike and comfortable appearance subsided, Barbara took our dear neighbour's hand, and, looking him sweetly in the face, said—"The poet Wordsworth tells of a little girl whose old cloak got entangled and completely destroyed in one of the wheels of a chaise, behind which she had been hanging to help her on her way to Durham. Her cries caused the vehicle to be stopped. She was then taken inside, and carried to the end of her journey. But finding her quite inconsolable for her loss, the traveller ordered a new cloak to be provided for her, saying—

"And let it be of druff gray,
As warm a cloak as man can sell."

After which the poet only adds—

"Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell."

Now, like Alice Fell, I am, I assure you, very proud of my new cloak. I know not why you should have

selected me for such kindness.' A thin tear glistened on her cheek as she faltered these last words, and Mathew Waddel affectionately kissed it away, not caring to trust his voice. Never since she was a tiny child had I seen him use such a liberty, but it had the sanctity in it of a good man's benediction, and neither she nor I was offended.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

ALLITERATION.

ALLITERATION is one of the most frequent, and, when properly used, one of the most beautiful and impressive ornaments of poetry. Like almost everything else, it is liable to get into abuse, and instead of being, as it ought to be, one of the most effective 'handmaids of the muse,' it is apt to degenerate into a vulgar and unmeaning instrument of witless buffoonery. Its abuse, however, is no argument against its real utility and beauty; and we are not to discard it on account of its being occasionally used in the bombastical effusions of some sensational author.

'Alliteration' is one of those words the meaning of which the glib-tongued schoolboy is expected to have at his fingers' end, though possibly he may not have the most distant idea of their real bearing and signification. With Johnson for his prophet, and the 'Dictionary' for his rule of faith, he will perhaps tell us that 'Alliteration' is derived from the Latin *litera* a letter, and means a succession of words beginning with the same letter, or something to the same purpose. As to examples to bear out his meaning, he might reply in the appropriate language of Canning's 'Knife-grinder'—'God bless you! I've none to tell, sir.' Doctors differ, it is said, and lexicographers are not entirely at one as to the meaning of the word which graces the opening sentence of the present article. Some are sensible enough to allow that the syllables do not invariably commence with the same letter, but almost all hold that they at least commence with the same sound. The best definition of Alliteration we have met with is that given in the 'Popular Encyclopedia':—'Alliteration is a figure or embellishment of speech which consists in the repetition of the same consonants, or of syllables of the same sound, in one sentence.' It is not necessary that each syllable or each word should commence with the same sound. It is sufficient for the purposes of alliteration if the same or similar sounds are repeated, in such a manner as to strengthen the language and produce a pleasing harmony. One of the finest and most admired examples of alliteration is the celebrated line of Virgil:—

'Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.'

This line is justly admired by the best critics, as illustrating to the sense, in a very happy manner, the measured gallop of the haughty war-horse, as it thunders over the plain, all 'boden in feir of weir.' Yet this line, forming as it does one of the best examples of alliteration to be found in the whole range of literature, fails to bear out the lexicographical

meaning, which speaks of every successive word as beginning with the same letter.

A necessary quality of alliteration is imitation, or what the French, with their usual facility of expression, have more happily denominated 'harmonie imitative.'

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence—
The words must seem an echo to the sense.'—Pope.

The repetition of the same sound, or of letters having similar sounds, in such a manner as forcibly to illustrate to the sense the action of the subject, forms, perhaps, the highest species of alliteration. Instance the 'galloping' or cantering line of Virgil which has been given above. The same poet, in describing the rushing of the winds in the cave of Aeolus, makes use of our figure very effectively:—

'Hic vasto rex Aeolus antro
Luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit.'

Homer's lines, describing the ineffectual labours of Sisyphus, in his attempt to heave the 'huge round stone' up the steep sides of the 'high hill,' afford another instance of the effective use of alliterative harmony. To save our readers the trouble of digging into the mine of the 'Odyssey,' in order to disinter for themselves this precious *morceau*, we deem it right to give it here:—

'Haan ano otheke poti lophon, all'hote melloi,
Akron hyperbaleen, to' apostrepasake kratallis.
Antis speita pedonze, kulindeto laas anaidete'

Speaking of this passage, Pope says:—'The very words and syllables are heavy, and, as it were, make resistance in the pronunciation, to express the heaviness of the stone, and the difficulty with which it is forced up the mountain.' The heavy, lumbering nature of the first two lines, and the easy, bounding flow of the third, express very forcibly the tremendous labour of Sisyphus, in attempting to push the stone up the hill, and the facility with which it bounds back and rolls down to the plain. Pope's translation of these celebrated lines is little inferior to the original, and may be given as another instance of imitative harmony:—

'With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, revolting with a bound,
Thunders, impetuous, down, and smokes along the ground.'

Spenser, in describing the 'warlike shield' of his hero, Prince Arthur, says that it was

'Hewn out of adamant rock with engines keen,
That point of spear it never piercen could;
Ne dint of direful sword divide the substance would.'

The continued recurrence of the fourth letter of the alphabet in the last line, reminds us of the successive 'dints' of the sword in the vain effort to hew to pieces the impregnable shield.

The following, from 'Tam o' Shanter,' is another good specimen of imitative harmony:—

'A thief new cuttill frae a rape;
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape.'

The best proof of the poetical utility and value of our figure is to be found in the fact that it has been

used more or less extensively by the 'whole range' of poets—ancient and modern, and, we may say, sacred and profane. It has added grace and dignity to the stately lines of Homer and Virgil; it has feathered and 'driven home' the poetic arrows of Shakspeare and Gay; it has played fast and loose with the volatile genius of French poesy; and has bestowed strong emphasis and redoubled force on the pens of Schlegel and Burger. It has lent its 'artful aid' to the poetry of almost every clime, and tinged the literature of almost every language. In modern times it seems to have taken more kindly to the Teutonic than to the Latin stock; but this partiality though general is not exclusive, and does not justify us in calling alliteration a Teutonic peculiarity.

We doubt not that it would well repay a little trouble to dig for alliterative 'beauties' in the mines of ancient and modern authors. The harvest would be prolific and the labour pleasant; and we recommend our readers to make the attempt. To give anything like a list of these 'beauties' would, on our part, be a task requiring far more space than we can command, and far more attention than the generality of readers would be inclined to bestow. Besides, the examples when placed one after another, 'in (anything but) linked sweetness long drawn out,' lose a great portion of the beauty they possess when taken in connection with the passages where they are found. Alliteration—used sparingly and to profit, and come upon, as it were, by accident—is by no means devoid of beauty; given in a long array of detached lines, strung together with no connecting link, 'like beads on a rope of sand,' it becomes 'trivial,' perhaps even 'ridiculous.' We shall therefore give only a very few examples of alliteration as used by the poets of Greece and Rome, and those of modern days, with perhaps a word or two regarding what is called burlesque alliteration. We may cull a flower here and there; we can promise nothing like a bouquet.

Alliteration among the Greek and Roman poets is, we are afraid, a subject of a nature too abstruse and learned to interest 'general readers.' Few of them could appreciate or even understand the finely modulated lines of Virgil or Homer; and a selection of Greek and Latin 'beauties' would be almost sufficient to secure for our article general want of attention, or something worse. An old gentleman of our acquaintance, totally innocent of 'classical' knowledge, takes the most intense delight in theological works, of which he possesses a considerable library. Long use having made him familiar with the classical quotations scattered throughout the recondite pages of Owen and Gurnall, he can detect at a glance to what language they belong. He has a kind of paternal affection for the strange characters: so much so, that had it been our intention to secure his approbation, we should give scores of Greek and Latin quotations. These quotations, however, would probably have quite a different effect on most of our readers, so we must be content, as some one says, 'to talk as little Greek as possible.' The celebrated passage of Homer,

on Sisyphus and his stone, has already been given. The odes of Anacreon abound in alliterations. In his ode 'To the Ladies,' he says that nature has given to the fair sex

'Kallos
An' aspīdōn hapasōn,
An' egcheōn hapantōn,' &c.

In one of his odes to Cupid, the same poet has the following alliterative lines:—

'Pīfers, phēal, peirasōmen;
Tode toxon, es ti moi nun,
Blabētal, bracheias,' &c.

But lest our readers should be surfeited with Greek quotations, we shall conclude this portion of our subject with the following couplet from Anacreon's 'Address to the Dove':—

'Erasmlē peleia,
Pothēn, pothēn,' &c.

which imitates indifferently well the wayward flight of the pigeon tribe.

We have already been indebted to the 'Mantuan bard' for alliterative examples. His 'celebrated line, expressing a cavalry charge,*' has been criticised rather severely by Sir Walter's Triptolemus Yellowley, who infers, from the word *putrem*, that the horses had gone galloping over a newly-manured field. Virgil has many other alliterations. In some of the examples which we shall select, the effect is produced mainly by the nice selection of words and the skilful disposition of the *dactyls* and *spondees*. Such is the description of a prodigy:—

'Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum'
or

'Illi inter sese magna vi brachia tollunt.'

In the following example, *i* is the letter operated upon:—

'Accipiant imineum imbrem rimisque fatiscunt.'

The lines written by Virgil on the folding doors of the amphitheatre may serve as another specimen of his alliterative powers. Virgil had written, *incog.* a couplet, containing an elegant compliment to the Emperor Augustus, 'the power that was,' the authorship of which was claimed by one Bathyllus, a Roman poetaster. Mortified at this, Virgil wrote the original lines, with the following addition:—

'Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.
Sic vos non vobis —
Sic vos non vobis —
Sic vos non vobis —
Sic vos non vobis' —

Various attempts were made, but without success, to complete the verse, when Virgil completed it himself as follows:—

'Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis boves;
Sic vos non vobis, mellificatis apes;
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.'

It will be seen that the alliteration was preserved throughout. We have already, we are afraid, exhausted the patience of our readers; and we have but a small space left for Horace or Ovid. Neither of

these 'sons of song' is altogether unfit for being pressed into our service at present; but our partiality for Virgil can scarcely allow them breathing room. The shade of Horatius Flaccus must rest content with an extract:—

'Cum lacus, et ars Dianæ,
Et properantis aquas, per amoenos ambitus agros.'—*Arts Poetica.*

We promised to say a few words regarding the use of alliteration by poets of later times. Perhaps we ought to have confined our promise, as the song says, 'to our ain folk at hame.' A French example would be as dull, we doubt not, as a Latin one; and a German couplet as prosy to English ears as aught that 'Homer sung.' This, perhaps, 'the mair a pity,' as the 'beer-inspired' Germans have made a very extensive use of alliteration. The following may pass muster as specimens of French and German alliteration:—

'Pour qui sont ces serpens, qui stiffent sur vos tetes?'—*Racine.*
'Wo Liebe lebt und labt ist lieb das Leben.'

In the following sentences, we mean to confine our draughts solely to the 'well of English unde-filed.' To commence with Chaucer is neither more nor less than our imperative duty, as it is only 'beginning at the right end.' The venerable 'Father of English poetry' has shown himself not altogether unsusceptible of the beauty of alliteration, as witness the lines in which he says that—

'Zephyrus, with his softe breath,
Inspired hath in every holt and heath
The tender croppes.'

He speaks also of 'knotty knarry barren trees of old,' of the suicide—'his herte's blood hath bathed all his hair;' and of 'Lycurge'—'a fewe fraknes on his face ysprent.' Archdeacon Barbour, the first of our Scottish poets, describing the character of the good Lord James, writes thus:—

'For he was of full fair effeir,
Large and luffand als was he,
And our all things loved lawtē.'

In Dunbar's 'Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins,' the following richly alliterative lines occur:—

'Then Ire came in with sturt and strife,
His hand was aye upon his knife,
He brandeist like a bear;
Boasters, braggarts, and bargainers,
After him passit in pairs,
All bodie in feir of weir.
Next in the dance followed Envy,
Filled full of feud and felony,
Hid malice and despite.'

Gawain Douglas, in his 'Palace of Honour,' says:—

'Innumerable folk I saw fluttering in feir,
Whilk perishe'd on the wetering wallis weir.'

Alliteration seems to have been rather popular with the poets of this age. Sir David Lindsay of the Mount addresses Falkland in the following alliterative strain:—

'Farewell, Falkland, the forteress of Fife!
Thy polite park, under the Lomond law,
Court men to come to thee; they stand great awe;
Saying thy burgh bene of all burrows baill,
Because in thee they never get gude all.'

Spenser, who was born about the time of Lindsay's death, makes a very frequent use of alliteration. Diaraeli adduces the following examples:—

'In woods, in waves, in wars, she wents to dwell,
And will be found with peril and with pain.'
'He used to slug, to sleep, in slothful shade.'
'They cheerly chaunt, and rhymes at random fung,' &c.

Spenser tells us, also, that 'day discovers all dishonest ways.' Speaking of Una and the Lion, he writes:—

'Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she waked, he waited diligent.'

And Prince Arthur, in his address to Night, says that

'Light alike is loth'd of them and thee;
And all that lewdness loves do hate the light to see.'

It is pleasing to be able to adduce the name of England's greatest poet as a supporter (so to speak) of alliteration. Oberon says to Puck, that the 'imperial votaress' (Elizabeth) 'passéd on in maiden meditation, fancy free;' and he tells him that the juice of a certain herb 'will make or mán or woman madly doat' on the next living creature. The exiled Duke, in 'As You Like It,' speaks of the 'churlish chiding of the winter's wind.' Burns, the greatest of the Scottish, as Shakspeare is of the English, poets, has many alliterations. 'Lassie, wi' the lint-white locks;' 'Rantin', rovin' Robin;' 'Mang moors and mosses many, O;' 'In days when daisies deck the ground;' 'It's no in makin' muckle mair;' 'The parent pair their secret homage pay,' are a few of the examples that might be given. Gay's alliterative lines, 'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king;' 'Weave the warp and weave the woof,' and others, have acquired some celebrity.

In the poem of 'Christ's Kirk on the Green' occurs the following verse:—

'O a' the maidens mild as mead,
Was nane sae jimp as Gilly;
As ony rose her rude was red;
Her lire was like the lily.'

As an example from Scott, we give the following verse—a species of exorcism which bristles with alliteration:—

'St. Magnus control thee! that martyr of treason;
St. Ronan rebuke thee with rhyme and with reason!
By the mass of Saint Martin, the might of Saint Mary,
Begone, or thy weird shall be worse if thou tarry!
Begone to thy stone, for thy coffin is scant of thee;
The worm, thy playfellow, walls for the want of thee!
Phantom, fly hence! take the Cross for a token!
Hence pass till Hallowmass! My spell is spoken!'

When used for the purposes of satire or ridicule, alliteration becomes burlesque. Thus, Pope satirises

'Apt alliteration's artful aid,'

and thus the figure is often used to point an epigram or sharpen the shafts of ridicule. The alliterative lines on the notorious Cardinal Wolsey are considered to be a very successful example of this kind of alliteration:—

'Begot by bishops, but by butchers bred,
How high his honour holds his haughty head.'

We forget where we met with the following instance,

which, if we mistake not, was written by a young lady in ridicule of a neighbour's horticultural operations:—

'Let lovely lilies line Lee's lonely lane.'

Burlesque alliteration is made use of only by writers of humorous tendencies. In the 'Baby's Debut,' written by the clever brothers Smith, in imitation of Wordsworth, Nancy Lake ties a bit of string to

'His peg-top peg,
And bang with might and main';

and

'Molly mopped it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.'

When we classify some of Burns's alliterations among the burlesque specimens, we trust we will not be deemed wanting in respect to the memory of the great bard. Tam o' Shanter's better-half told him well—

'Thou was a skellum—
A blethering, blustering, drunken bhellum.'

Burns addresses one of his acquaintances as

'Rough, rude, ready-witted Rankin;'

and in the tale of 'The Two Dogs,' he calls

'The ploughman's collie
A rhymin', rantin', rovin' billie.'

The latter alliteration, by the way, is one not unfrequently repeated, in a different order, throughout Burns's poems. In the 'Beggars' Litany,' the famous system of Halifax law is alluded to in the following alliterative manner:—

'From Hell, Hull, and Halifax
Good Lord! deliver us.'

Many attempts at burlesque alliteration are of a very wishy-washy nature, as the following example will testify:—

'Waxed weary with wasting, wet Wednesday wanes away,
Dim darkness dispelling, down drops distinct day,
The travelling tinkler to town trips along,
Still solemnly singing some singular song!'

We have hitherto spoken only of alliteration as used in poetry, because we consider that poetry is its true sphere. Alliterative prose can scarcely be anything but proxy alliteration or miserable bombast. Yet many writers seem to have a fancy for this kind of alliteration, and instances occur too often to be altogether the result of chance. High-sounding alliterative phrases may captivate the vulgar, but must certainly prove offensive to good taste. We can forgive an ardent and amorous admirer who addresses his adorable and angelic Amelia Ann in an alliterative epistle, which concludes by modestly asking an answer, and assuring amiable Amelia Ann that her ardent amorist will ever be —, &c. &c. But when newspaper editors, whose professed aim is to 'instruct and elevate the minds of the people,' fill up their leading articles with trash of this description, they forfeit all claim on our regard. We have read more than one leader intended, doubtless, to be spicy and telling, the alliterative flippancy of which was quite cloying to the mental appetite. We had the curiosity on one occasion to scrutinise one of these clever pieces, which appeared in a Dundee newspaper, and which contained alliterative phrases in every second line!

Novelists generally contrive to christen their characters with alliterative names. 'Meg Merrilees,' 'Clement Cleveland,' 'Timothy Tugmutton,' are examples. Authors—particularly those who intend to create a sensation by their works—treat them in a similar manner. This custom of giving alliterative titles to books and other publications was very much in vogue at an earlier period in British literature, but seems now to have fallen into disrepute. Still the acute philosopher *Punch* feels himself constrained now and then to bestow a lash on 'sensation authors' and their alliterative trumpeting. At one time books, even on religious subjects, rejoiced in alliterative titles; and bibliomaniacs still speak of the 'Hiveful of Honey,' the 'Handful of Honeysuckles,' the 'Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin,' &c.

There is, however, one form of alliterative prose to which the objections urged above are not applicable. We refer to the use of alliteration in proverbs. Many of the most telling and oft-quoted examples of proverbial wisdom are couched in alliterative language. Out of numberless examples that might be given, are the following:—'A tale never tines in the telling; 'Better buy than borrow; 'Wilful waste makes woful want; 'Gude gear's no to be gapped; 'Lo'e me little and lo'e me lang; 'Mastery maws the meadows down; 'Money makes the mare to go,' &c.

We shall conclude our remarks on alliteration by observing that many of the examples which we have given above were probably the result of accident. But this observation applies equally to any other figure or embellishment in literature. Some of the most famous expressions and some of the happiest thoughts to be met with in the whole range of literature are known to have been in some degree accidental; but their beauty or value is not in the least impaired on this account. E. R.

LORD DUNDREARY.

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. SOTHERN'S Lord Dundreary is the most remarkable theatrical success of our time. After keeping London in a state of exhilaration for nearly four hundred nights, it is now circulating laughter and winning golden recompense in Scotland and the provinces. We are old enough to remember when Edmund Kean was earning his £50 or £100 a-night by his magnificent tragic impersonations. The *furor* created by Jenny Lind, whose young fearless voice went up to unwonted altitudes of song, must be fresh in the recollection of even the younger portion of our readers. Many instances occur to us, besides, of more patient and perilous crushing at the theatre doors than any overcrowding which we have recently witnessed. But for a steady and continuous run, or rather persistent gathering tide of popularity, the career of Mr. Sothorn in his one celebrated character is, so far as we can remember, without any parallel in our British dramatic annals.

Never, perhaps, was there so great and profitable a reputation achieved in any department of art with such conspicuously slender materials, and with so little apparent labour. As a general rule, the triumphs of genius in painting, in poetry, in fiction, and on the stage, have been as much due to downright hard work as to any access of the divine afflatus. The stage, in

particular, has demanded prodigious physical exertion, as well as long and laborious training of the higher faculties. Even when the terrible upward struggle has been passed, and the height of consummate accomplishment and capacity serenely reached, look at the expenditure of brain-work and muscular effort in every successive representation! From Edmund Kean—nay from Betterton and Garrick—down to Macready, Kean the younger, and Robson, how has the soul of the great actor been fired into glowing enthusiasms, and torn with conflicting emotions, at every fresh exhibition of his skill! Some one tells of having witnessed the exquisite Malibran plunge her beautiful lips into a mug of porter, after one of her tremendous scenes; and who will aver that the mug of porter, thus immortalised in histrionic memorabilia, was not earned by superlative abandon and exhaustion? Neither did Cerito nor Taglioni, we dare avouch, win her Terpsychorean laurels and reward without severe nightly toil. But, with Mr. Sothern, a certain easy indifference and absolute non-exertion constitute the very essence of his effectiveness. Lord Dundreary is too much favoured by fortune to *need*, and too little favoured by nature to *desire*, anything in the shape of actual work. His lucky delineator has only to lounge, to dawdle, to luxuriate through his scenes, with scarcely even the trouble of a sneeze; and in this royally easy way has he made, at least, one manager's fortune and his own. His puzzled stares, his unmeaning chuckles, his little idiotic hops and skips, may each be roughly appraised, through a tolerably long performance, at—say, half-a-sovereign a-piece! Never surely, in this world, was the mimicry of lordly incompetence so productive.

We profess ourselves of those who believe that no great and continuous measure of success can be attained, in any walk of life, without some—nay, without much merit. To an age suffering from over-excitement, and somewhat used-up and *blasé*, Lord Dundreary presents the charm of a new sensation. Fancy a village 'natural'—the sport and mock of thoughtless children—born and educated as a nobleman—not naturally unhandsome or ill-favoured—irresistibly set up by his tailor, and with head, whiskers, and mustache of glossy artificial jet—and you have something hitherto unknown to the drama—the Lord Dundreary, in fact, at which people stare and laugh, and are apt, on subsequent reflection, to be not a little angry with themselves for positively applauding. Lord Dundreary, as etched by Tom Taylor, the author, and filled in and elaborated by Mr. Sothern, the actor, is, in short, a novelty. It is, however, a funny novelty, and, on the whole, singularly perfect of its kind. We have had many fops and fools on the stage of the incomparable Malvolio type. But it was a new idea to present—in connection with something of the ease, polish, and dandyism of high life—so curious and unique a specimen of absolute unadulterated noodleism. Lord Dundreary stutters in his speech and in his gait. He is comically, as poor

Ophelia is pathetically, insane. His blunderings, his nebulous and delusive attempts at logic, his solemn mnemonic confusions, his readiness to pronounce everybody else lunatic, his silly laugh and stammer, and numerous other little inanities and mannerisms, are all indicative of an imperfect organization. Yet he has sense enough to perceive the absurdity of his own illogical conclusions. It is a mistake to call such a character a pure invention—unlike anything ever seen in nature. Our asylums for the insane contain lower types of humanity than even Lord Dundreary. The gradations from the supreme ruling intellects of the world down to the lower levels of idiocy are infinite; and Lord Dundreary is simply farther down the scale than is usually seen in Great Britain, except under benevolent custodianship. But everyone has encountered men of sorry, uncertain, and perplexed capacity—idiotic almost—yet capable of such vague imitation, and imperfect enactment of the sanities, as to fill indifferently various positions in life in which little intellect is required. Lord Dundreary is, therefore, entirely natural. The character is a creation, but only as any character in fiction is such. His lordship's peculiarities are not in the least affected. None of his eccentricities are assumed. It is their simple naturalness, coupled with a seeming idiotic consciousness of profundity, which constitute their humour. We may never have met with so thorough an aristocratic goose as Lord Dundreary; but neither may we ever have met with so inimitable a compound of rheumatism and conceit as that prince of antique beaux, Lord Ogleby. Nay, we question whether, in actual life, we ever knew one person precisely and in all particulars like any other person. For all purposes of art it is enough that we discover *craieemblance*, without desiderating identity; and that Lord Dundreary is just such a lord as might have existed, and as we can easily suppose to exist, in cases little paraded by friends, is the key to his general and golden acceptance as a piece of life-like stage portraiture.

But art may be genuine, so far as it goes, and yet not be high art. Cockneydom is easily moved to merriment; any unmeaning phrase may become witty to it through sheer iteration; a little innocent chaff shakes all its myriad sides with laughter; and Lord Dundreary has taken, tickled, and fascinated its fancy, until a certain degree of humour has become associated with the very name, and until the term Dundrearyism threatens to take permanent root in the English tongue. The rage for Lord Dundreary argues, we fear, rather a degenerate condition of the public taste. When we remember the masterpieces of our greater histrians—the 'Othello' of Kean, the 'Virginus' of Macready, the 'Lord Ogleby' of Farren, the 'William' of T. P. Cooke, the 'Country Squire' of W. H. Murray, the 'Monsieur Jacques' of Morris Barnett, the 'Daddy Hardacre' of Robson, and a host of others—the continuousness of the Dundreary crowds does not strike us as a spectacle, on the part of the public, indicative of any very lofty standards

or grand ideals. But we claim no exceptional superiority. On the contrary, we have gone and enjoyed ourselves with the rest. Nor have we attempted to delude our conscience with any secret protest. The character, let us confess at once, is decidedly odd and abundantly entertaining. It suffices for idle laughter. But the laughter over, nothing is left. We cannot assign to Lord Dundreary any lofty place among our better dramatic memories. He addresses no high faculty; he stirs no generous feeling; he inculcates no useful lesson. The facile mirth of the performance leaves no darling echo in the heart. Nor is it without an emotion of chagrin, not to say humiliation, that we behold the profuse multitude running after this strange Dundreary idol, until it flushes and burns with the glittering prestige of the world's dross; while on all sides, genius is struggling and perishing, consumed by the fire of its own divine impulses, in the solitude of its defeated dreams.

What, we wonder, will be the next new thing to be a theatrical world's wonder? In the strain to attract the favour and win the support of the public, there is perpetual danger of talent being tempted to rush in where genius fears to tread. The result may be some dramatic monstrosity, having no resemblance to anything in creation. Such productions, however, can be only for a day. Those works which have survived all the caprices of taste, and defied all the tyrannies of fashion, are ever in harmony with what is purest, noblest, and best in the human soul. If Shakspeare 'holds the mirror up to nature' in its foibles, sins, and crimes, as well as in its pathetic affections and sacrificial heroisms, it is because laughable or fearful warnings as well as touching and brilliant examples are needed. In other words, that which the great true heart of humanity will alone take to itself as a possession forever, must, in its main tendencies, be calculated to purify and ennoble it; and it is from an instinctive appreciation of this truth that all the strivings of great minds, in all ages, have been, even through toil, loss, and suffering, upward—through all obstacles, upward—save when accidentally degraded and corrupted by malign, though happily ephemeral, influences.

The final unerring test of Mr. Sothorn's merit as an actor—that which will rescue him from the mere dubious position of a single-speech Hamilton—will be his appearance in some other and sufficiently different character. We remember, some twenty years ago, giving a certain performer credit for admirable fidelity of conception and execution in the Cousin Modus of Sheridan Knowles, until we discovered that he was Cousin Modus in everything he played! Now, what if Mr. Sothorn cannot help his amusing Dundreary peculiarities, and would be Dundreary were he to attempt *Mercutio* or *Macbeth*? If he is only himself he cannot be an artist, and his great reputation must, in the end, collapse like an overblown bubble. Let him therefore—he has money enough—induce Tom Taylor, or some other successful playwright, to enable him to vary his rôle, and justify his matchless and highly lucrative renown by some new and equally vivid creation.

EVENTIDE.

WHAT golden splendour, beauty, peace, and balm
Comes with the sunny tranquillity of eve!
Earth seems a benediction to receive.
How still and stately stands the eternal palm,
Beneath whose pendant boughs of glossy green
Mingle in sportive mass the dancing midges!
Noiseless, amid the silence of the scene,
Browse the white flocks upon the slanting ridges.
Sweet peace! that reigns where garish day hath been,
That soothes the wearied frame and sadden'd heart,
May naught unholy dare to intervene
To mar the bliss those joys of earth impart—
Sweet foretaste of the golden age to come,
When hate, and strife, and anger shall be dumb.

Above all times and seasons here below,
Beauty, enthroned, rules the evening hour:
In cool recess and tassell'd woodbine bower
She reigns, enrobed in golden checker'd glow;
O'er ocean's ancient, ripple-dimpled face
Her scintillating light divinely gleams,
And with a charming and a radiant grace
She smiles upon the brooklets and the streams;
Her luminous feet in sober glory pace
Rich fertile scenes, round lowly cottage homes:
Mid clouds of roses in the west we trace
Her lambent pathway, as each eve she roams
Heaven's dim empurpled heights, to curtain round
The setting sun with shadowy clouds, gold bound.

The voice of melody floats round about
Each flowery region and green pastoral haunt:
It is the birds—sweet worshippers—that chant
Their vesper hymns. The linnet's notes ring out
From leafy lime and aycamore halls of green;
The goldfinch and the thrush respond, amid
The network of the maple's trembling screen;
And from the hawthorn, where the robin's hid,
Gush dulcet strains; the blackbird, perch'd between
The spreading branches of the shady beech,
Enlivens with his tune the gladsome scene;
A host of others loud respond to each,
From regal oaks and stately pines, like fancies,
Till earth is drown'd in showers of melting strains.

The sun is sinking into ocean's breast,
Like Pharoah's glory into Egypt's sea,
And curving ripple, cliff, and upland lee
Beam in the glory of the lustrous west:
The clouds, like heath-flush'd mountains, grandly gleam
From lakes, all thickly flagg'd with leaves of blue—
From plains, that like bright star-stoned levels beam,
All saturated with the morning dew;
Anew they change, and like a witching dream
Of eastern grand romance, appears the whole,
Another magic scene; and now they seem
To form the promised heaven of the soul—
Now like fierce mounts, with red flames rolling out,
And scarlet lava streaming round about.

Swan-like, along the sea's gold-freckled blue,
The heavy-laden fishing-boat glides home;
Track'd by a lengthening line of purest foam,
That sparkles in the beam with silvery hue.
Bright beams her rudder in day's parting glow;
Her sails, like golden pennants, lightly play
With viewless winds, as still they come and go;
As proudly through the deep she makes her way—
Her fairy form quick mirror'd, clear, below—
Looking like some wing'd phantom of the sea,
With spray upon her prow as white as snow.
High o'erhead soars the fleet-wing'd sea-gull, free—
The welcome harbinger of land and life,
In calmy tides or when the storm grows rife.

Glistens, like pearls and gold, the sunny strand;
 Sweet roll the ripples over silken weeds—
 O'er humming shells and pebbles like amber beads,
 Cool sephyr's skim the sparkling waters bland;
 Then toll the pale harebells that gem the ground—
 That from the beach recedes in bloom along,
 And through the clust'ring rosebays softly sound,
 Hark how the heavens are ringing with a song!
 It is the lark, for sky-hid altar bound,
 Before the beauty-clouding close of day,
 To pour his madrigal God's feet around.
 Meet worship this. Man! get thee, too, and pray:
 The gold plumes of the setting sun may ne'er
 Expand again in beauty on thee here.

On castle turrets, and on cottage walls—
 On mountain peak, and pine of sombre green—
 Grandly, throughout each sylvan rural scene,
 The mellow'd, fading sunlight softly falls;
 It lingers 'mong the hazels in the dell—
 Through city homes of rich and poor it flows;
 It glads, like Freedom's smile, the captive's cell,
 And through stain'd gothic pane in beauty glows;
 It gildeth ivied trunk and lily bell,
 And glitters goldenly on rill and stream;
 It cheers the sinking heart with gladsome spell—
 Awakes, like death, the soul's elysian dream—
 And, like a smile prophetic of the blest,
 Lights the green mounds of weary hearts at rest:

Earth, sea, and sky are sweetly blending now
 In one vast glory of all-minding dyes;
 The sacred star of eve, with loving eyes,
 Gemmeth the heaven's deep cerulean brow,
 And silvers with its rays the reeds, and brooks
 Low whisp'ring to the osiers as they pass.
 Mild, star-like eyes now close in violet nooks,
 And shadows lengthen thwart the silken grass;
 High overhead the last, lone, truant rooks
 Wing to the dark'ning woods beyond their way;
 And now the beauteous, golden cistus looks
 Its farewell to the calm, departing day:—
 A dreamy joy—a pleasant, soothing glow,
 In silent streams down from the heavens flow.

The tired milk-bearing kine leave mead and nook,
 And lowing to the grange their steps retrace;
 The ploughman, with his honest, sunbrown'd face,
 Leads forth his jaded horses to the brook,
 Humming his favourite ditty as he goes;
 And down the shady lane the children run
 To where the cooling, crystal water flows,
 Then eager every little clamouring one—
 As smiling Hodge, good-natured fellow, knows—
 To get astride the tame old horses' backs;
 They're mounted now—and how each round cheek glows
 With triumph as the flourish'd whip-cord cracks,
 And youth and horse pass through the old farm gate
 More proudly than a cavalcade of state.

The village lovers keep their trysts—and meet
 Where hawthorn sprays and fragrant eglantine,
 Like their own heart-strings, fondly intertwine—
 To pass the twilight hour in converse sweet;
 And with his basket fill'd with silver trout,
 The patient angler lingers along the stream;
 The fleet-wing'd swift keeps flitting round about,
 Like darting apparition in a dream;
 The little playful children fret and pout
 To think that they must 'off to bed' so soon,
 When older heads are gossiping without,
 And when the nightingale's delightful tune
 Is ringing from the thick laburnum boughs,
 And the young colt just new turn'd out to browse.

Within her august dome, the placid moon
 Comes smiling forth the spouseless Queen of Heaven,
 Silvering the dim and silent hues of even;

The drowsy hum of bee and beetle's tune
 Grow silent 'mong the limes and herbage blades;
 The lark is nestling 'mong the ripening wheat;
 From earth and sky day's glowing splendour fades;
 The owl peers from her ivied, lone retreat;
 Brown tints succeed eve's golden chequer'd shades,
 And wood, and mount, and vale in gloom recede;
 Loved twilight's dreamy quietude pervades
 The shadowy glen, and grange, and lonely mead.
 Ye dull, corroding cares of earth, away!
 And visions bright be mine with fall of day.

Oh! would that it could last—this charming eve!
 But no! 'tis meet that it should fade away;
 Better this fitful change of night and day:
 Bless'd alternations, tending to relieve
 The weary heart's monotony below.
 We cannot—must not look for heaven here;
 The glories that around us come and go
 Are but reflexes of a brighter sphere;
 Seasons must roll, flowers fade, yet bud and blow—
 The greenwood harmony softly sink and swell—
 And light still follow shade—seas ebb and flow—
 Yea all things here are order'd wise and well;—
 Then love, nor trust much, be that beauty thine
 Whose home is in the spirit land divine!

CHARLES KENNEDY.

THE PHANTOM PUNT;

OR, THE HOWL OF GUILT.*

A TALE OF VIRTUE AND VILLANY, TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,
 DESPAIR AND DEATH.

BOOK FIRST.—PART FIRST.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD CHIPPS SEES A GLARE IN THE SKY.

WE must now return to the village of Dubdub, and to the night of the great storm recorded in the opening of our story—to old Chipps on his perilous eminence on the chimney of his rickety old house; and to the yellow parchment riding on the whirlwind above him, and occasionally ducking down, with tantalising effect, within an inch of his nose.

The reflection which passed through old Chipps' mind, after a pause, was to the effect that, if he ventured to launch himself out upon the immense vacancy which surrounded him, he would run a great chance of either being dashed to pieces on the rocks, or carried out to sea and drowned.

The reflection was natural, and proved that the despair which had overcome him at the loss of the parchment had not been able to reduce him to the condition of a lunatic.

It had driven him to the verge of lunacy, however, as his presence on such a perilous eminence amply testified. He determined to descend, and watch the yellow parchment from the second-floor window. The vivid flashing of the lightning kept it in sight.

He descended to the second floor window, and strapping himself to the bed-post, in order to provide against the contingency of being carried off by the wind, strained his eyes upwards. He had not long remained in that position when a lurid glare in the

* The right of dramatising, translating, and reproducing this serial fiction is reserved by the authors.

sky attracted his attention, and the sound of cannon came booming on his ear, borne shorewards by the gusts of wind which had been sporting themselves with the water far out at sea, and had obligingly conveyed the message to all whom it concerned on dry land.

'Holy Abraham! 'tis a ship on fire,' said old Chipps, rubbing his hands. 'Mein Gott! what spoil there will be sunk in that hungry restless monster the ocean! By the beard of my father! 'tis a shame. Had it been merely a wreck, there would have been a chance of spoil. Curse the wind and rain! By the fires of Gehenna, how it blazes! I can almost hear the crackling of the wood from this distance. How many infidels will be feasted upon to-morrow by the fishes! Ah! it does one's heart good. Holy prophet! that was a blast, and no mistake. Look at that yellow parchment. O mein Gott! if I only had it, how I could enjoy this glorious sight! A ship on fire—it warms my heart. He, he!'

Old Chipps rubbed his hands, and chuckled with glee. His mirth was soon, however, changed to a wild howl of agony, as he saw the yellow parchment disappear again into the darkness. To secure the rope tighter to the bed-post and swing himself down was the work of an instant.

He is on the ground—the parchment is almost within his grasp.

With another wild shriek, he follows it out into the darkness. The chase has begun in earnest. The parchment seduces him seawards.

Seawards!

Gracious powers!

CHAPTER V.

THE MARQUIS APPEARS AT LAST, AND MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.

It so happened that, on the same night of the great storm, there had assembled in the bar parlour of the Duke of Dishwater's Arms a goodly company of the inhabitants of Dubdub, who found themselves at last, to the delight of the landlord, unable to venture out.

The effects of an anticipated prolonging of their conviviality was somewhat different upon each. The landlord, unlike the ordinary run of Bonifaces, was a slim, wiry little man, with twinkling black eyes, a large hook nose, and a bullet-shaped head, ornamented on the top by a layer of scrubby black hair, which looked as if it had been put on in the manner of thatch upon a house-pipe, or like a perpetual fly-blister stuck on his bald skull, with the sticky side out. He was seated in a huge leather arm-chair at the top of the table, a steaming bowl of punch by his side, and a long clay pipe in his mouth. He vomited forth clouds of smoke every now and then, and as the atmosphere became thick around him, he faintly repelled it by waving his hand backwards and forwards. Around the table were seated the parlour company, the members of which we shall notice as they take part in the conversation. The room was lighted with gas; and if it had not been so densely

filled with smoke, a spectator could not fail to have remarked its exceeding snug and comfortable appearance.

'It's my opinion, gentlemen,' said a gruff voice from the table, as a blast of wind made the shutters rattle, 'it's my opinion, not to put it too strong, that the most judicious proceeding on the part of the present company, married and single, would be to make up their minds to have a reg'lar night of it here, in the present parlour of the Duke of Dishwater's Arms, as the elements outside seem to have made up their minds to go in for a reg'lar bust of it, and keep the ground to themselves; and, speaking mildly, I should have a high respect for the moral and fizzical courage of the hardy individual who would venture out on such a night. What I say then, friends all, is, fill your glasses, and appoint a chairman.'

The voice proceeded from a pimple-nosed, red-faced, watery-eyed, flabby-cheeked, scant-whiskered spirit at the north-west corner of the table, who, after uttering these sentiments, refreshed himself with a drain from his tumbler of punch; and, requesting the waiter, in a firm, authoritative voice, to fetch him a light, settled himself comfortably in his chair, and looked as if his night was fairly commenced, and no power on earth would prevent him from enjoying it in his own manner and to the very best advantage. This personage's name was Troff; his occupation was that of a leather-merchant; and the particular hallucination which attended him throughout life was, that everybody in general laboured and groaned under a chronic modesty and bashfulness, and that he, Troff, was the person instituted by nature to encourage, draw out, and otherwise pat on the back, everybody who had the supreme felicity to make up a unit of the party of which he, of course, formed the great figure.

'And now that that's settled, gentlemen,' continued Troff, without waiting for any dissent which might have been made to his proposition, 'and now that matter's settled, my friend Philip [Philip was the waiter's name, and it was a point with the great Troff to make a general recognition of everybody around him by the word friend, which had the effect of putting everybody in general on a delightful state of equality with each other, thereby preserving the sort of republic which he had formed, with himself as the great president] my friend Philip will take the orders from the gentlemen, after which I have not the slightest doubt but that my friend Fiff—whom I observe opposite me, and whose health I have great pleasure in drinking—will favour us with a recitation of his stanzas on the untimely death of a favourite terrier, unfortunately killed by the falling of a sand-bag out of a balloon. The present company, whose very good health I am happy to drink collectively, may not be aware that our young friend, Mr. Fiff, has lately had significant evidence of the partiality with which he is regarded by the Muses [the most of the company found themselves next day instituting secret inquiries as to the social position and standing

of the Muses, whom they looked upon as a recent addition to the gentry of the county, and considered Fiff in luck in consequence]—a fact which I take a little credit in, having been the first to recognise, which I should not have done thus publicly were I not satisfied of the universal correctness of my judgment in matters of that sort.'

And here we must give the great Troff credit for some amount of perspicuity; for, whereas the general opinion of the Dubdubites, with regard to the condition of Mr. Fiff, who occupied an irresponsible position in the gas-office, induced to the belief that he was gradually getting too great a regard for ardent spirits, and would ultimately lose his situation through it,—the great Troff warmly criticised Fiff's conduct, and arrived at the conclusion that he had recently taken to writing poetry; which conclusion, on Fiff being privately sounded, turned out correct. We are inclined to think, however (and this qualifies the degree of credit which should be awarded to Mr. Troff for his discovery), that any individual with ordinary intelligence, and a knowledge of the private deportment of our great poets, might have made a shrewd guess at the state of matters with Mr. Fiff. It is notorious to all lovers of literature, that before a young man can be a poet, it is necessary to ingratiate himself with the Muses; as, without their valuable assistance, any attempts could only be characterised by competent judges as little short of evidences of lunacy on the part of the perpetrator. It is also no less notorious that the Muses, in matters of this sort, are inclined to be peculiar, and eccentric, and fickle, and to exact a great many attentions from their devotees;—we have only to mention the names of Byron in connection with collars, or Wordsworth in connection with Blucher boots.

'Gentlemen,' continued Troff, as a slight commotion occurred at the foot of the table, 'I think I heard a voice uttering words to the effect that a chairman had not been elected. Would my friend, the party who uttered that sentiment, receive the assurance of my profound regret at my unparliamentary proceeding, in making a motion before a chairman had been assigned; and would the company please to consider the motion withdrawn till that point has been settled?'

Chorus of voices all round the table—'Troff in the chair! Keep the chair yourself!'

'And now that everything is smooth,' continued Mr. Troff with calm dignity, 'we will hear Mr. Fiff's lines. Silence, please, for Mr. Fiff's stanzas.'

Mr. Fiff, a pale, cadaverous-looking youth, who had evidently taken too much drink, and who might have had a cleaner shirt on without running the risk of being considered extravagant, having been occupied during the last five minutes in disarranging his hair as much as possible, was about to rise, when the same party who had found fault with the non-appointment of a chairman, remarked in a very loud and decided voice, that perhaps his friend, the chairman, would please to name a *vice* before going on with the convi-

vialities, as, according to standard authorities on such matters, a *vice* was indispensable. This was a bold proceeding on the part of the individual at the foot of the table; and the company, who peered through the smoke (some of whom had no particular affection for the great Troff, who was secretly talked about among the dissatisfied as a humbug and an impostor), considered it a remarkably bold proceeding for a little slim-made, sandy-haired, gray-eyed man, dressed in a black frock-coat, and with one thumb stuck in the arm-hole of his waistcoat, and the other hand flirting occasionally through his scanty sandy locks, which were spread over his little head lithe and long and yellow, in the manner of straw. He smiled did this little man, and winked knowingly at a farrier who was mechanically polishing his lips with the sleeve of his coat, in blank amazement at the intrepidity of the strange little man—for he was a stranger.

There was nothing very courageous merely in suggesting a chairman for a convivial meeting; but to the Dubdubites there was something very courageous in the fact of the little man smiling when Troff frowned, and winking when Troff attempted to asphyxiate him by a look.

'Ha!' said Troff at last, 'it was you who spoke, my friend, was it? You suggest a vice-chairman, do you? Ha! Would you have the complaisance to aver your reasons for wishing a vice-chairman? Would you also suggest a party who might, in your opinion, fill it to your satisfaction; and, when you're about it, [Troff looked as if this would be the only chance which he, the little man, would be able to have of ever opening his lips again in the present company, and attempted to throw a suggestion into his eye, recommending him to make the best of it] would you also be kind enough to let myself and my very good friends and neighbours here (whose healths I have again the honour of drinking) know who you are, what your business is, and the superior social or mental condition which gives you the privilege of putting your oar in—putting your oar in, I say, when it isn't by any means necessary to the smooth-sailing of the craft that you should have an oar at all?'

Troff sat down, and gazed with a sort of supercilious defiance at the little figure nearly opposite.

The little man's eyes twinkled; he stuck his thumb further into the waistcoat-hole, twiddled his fore-fingers, and rubbing up the wisps of his hair again, said, with a smile playing about his lips,

'I only recommended a vice-chairman for the reason I stated before, namely, universal custom. Being a stranger here, I have no selection, and beg to assure you that I meant no offence in the suggestion; which apology I hope you will consider in the light of pulling my oar out again.'

Troff's stern expression relaxed, the farrier took another sip at his beer, and after solemnly wiping his mouth with his sleeve, solemnly said, 'Good again!' and looked approvingly on the little man, who pulled out a case, took out a cigar, lighted it, and leaned back on his chair. 'Suppose now,' continued Troff,

'suppose that our friend takes upon himself the office of vice. He made the proposition.'

'That I shall do with pleasure; and beg to second the motion made by the chairman, that Mr. Fiff should now recite his lines.'

'Good again!' said the farrier, solemnly.

Troff nodded encouragingly to him, and Fiff rose up and was about to speak, when he suddenly recollected that he had left the words of his poem at home, and, would the company accept a recitation?

Mr. Troff, as the mouthpiece of the company, would be glad to have the recitation. Troff was reckoning, however, without all his hosts.

The farrier, who was a moral man in the strictest sense of the word, objected to a recitation; and, in stating his objections in these words—'No; I'll have no play-ranting; we wont have that; that wont rub; something else.' He crossed his mouth with his sleeve, and looked at Troff through an opaque glaze which had gathered in his eyes within the last hour.

'Parkins, you're drunk! Hold your tongue.'

The little man looked at Parkins with some degree of interest; and Parkins looked at Troff, and said, 'You're another! And, what's more, you're a humbug! And — me if I doant raise your rent; singe me if I doant!'

The little man seized a layer of hair and rolled it round his little finger, puffing his cigar rapidly, and infusing a malicious twinkle into his eyes.

'You'll raise my rent, ha! Who the dence are you, and when did you become my landlord?' said Troff, with supreme disdain.

'I am your landlord, and that's sufficient; and what's more, I'll turn you out. I wont have a stuck-up leather-merchant, who tries with fine words to ride over better men than himself, and men with more money, about my property. So you'll clear out, take notice. The property's mine. I bought it from the Marquis of Pennywhistle. Now, then, call me drunk again, and I'll throw this ale about you—now!'

'And who's the Marquis of Pennywhistle when he's at home?' said the little man, evidently making the question for the purpose of preventing further words between the farrier and Troff.

'Who is the Marquis of Pennywhistle? Don't you know?' said the farrier, with a look of calm astonishment.

'I do not. Who is he?'

A figure glided out from the shade of the bar—a tall figure dressed in a short shooting-jacket—a figure with a handsome face, and a deep scar over the left eye, a hunting-whip in his hand, and great leather riding-boots on his legs—a figure who blinked maudlingly about in the gas-light, evidently drunk, and with a look of supercilious contempt on the handsome face.

'I am the Marquis of Pennywhistle. Is there anybody here gainsays it? Who's got anything to say to me?'

A rattling at the shutter, a crashing of glass, and

an apparition remotely in the likeness of a man staggered into the room, and before the astonished company could interpose, rushed on the tall figure who had just spoken.

'I have something to say to you at last.'

The riding-whip was wrenched out of the tall figure's hand.

The butt end descended on his head with a hollow sound.

He gave a horrible cry, and fell to the ground.

The short figure was about to repeat the blow when another vault was made through the window, and another figure leaped into the room.

In an instant it had sprung upon the assailant of the Marquis.

'Fool!'

'Devil! you have robbed me of my revenge. Let me kill him.'

'Ass! imbecile!'

In an instant Duferny and Vavazour (the escaped convicts) were struggling wildly on the floor, over the prostrate form of the Marquis.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

NOTHING TO DO.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE printer's imp had just carried off the leading article I had been working at all the evening, and I had come to the conclusion that I had nothing to do; and a blissful conclusion it was, too; for during the last fortnight I had been slaving early and late, as only a hack-writer can slave. Indeed, it was so blissful that it was some time before I could realise it. However, when I did become satisfied that such was the case, I speedily set-to to make myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit, during the two hours that wanted to my usual bed-time. I threw aside my pen, looked up my paper in the desk, and put *that* into the darkest corner of my little room; resolved that, if putting things out of sight were best calculated to put them out of mind, I should not leave any available means untried for the attainment of that desirable end.

'Ah!' said I, stirring the fire into a cheering blaze, seating myself in the only chair in the room, and placing my feet on the fender, 'now for a glorious spell of dreamy, forgetful listlessness, during which my thoughts may rush after one another in a wild-goose chase, and play at hide-and-seek among the recesses of my relieved brain.'

Write, write, write

Till my head and my wrist are aching;

Write, write, write

Till my hand and my pen are quaking—

Paper, and ink, and pen;

Pen, and ink, and paper—

Till each burning thought has burn'd itself out,
As well as the flickering taper!

'O all ye bards who are making for the pinnacle of

Parnassus! is there not one among ye who will deign to publish to the world the sorrows of the hack-writer, even as Hood did those of the needlewoman? But hold! I have actually spent a quarter of an hour in vain regrets. Away, gloomy thoughts!

It seemed as if my exorcism had taken effect, for I became gradually lulled into a state of calm, dreamy unconsciousness. But it was not long ere I was rudely roused from my ecstatic enjoyment by the rattling sound of footsteps on the stairs; and, presently, my door was thrown open by my younger brother.

'Now, Hal!' burst hurriedly from his lips, 'pray leave off that horrid writing, and—Halloa!' continued he, with surprise, and in a more subdued tone, 'what evil spirit has possessed you to cause you to sit before the fire in this way? Have you become a maniac this evening; or have you been mad these six years—which is more likely—and but just recovered?'

'Whichever way it is,' said I, 'be so good as to shut the door and come near the fire. Don't be afraid of me. If I am mad, it is a very harmless insanity.'

I gave my chair up to him, perched myself on my writing-stool, and looked at him by the blaze of the fire. There was some uneasiness in his manner.

'Well, John, what's the matter?'

'Have you heard—but of course you haven't. You are pent up in this close prison from one week's end to another, without seeing any face but that of the printer's boy.'

'Take pity on me then, John, and relieve my mind at once. What is it?'

'Why, old Uncle Goldworthy has just arrived in London. He has made his fortune in Australia, by dint of hard work; and intends to make up for it, by enjoying himself in Old England for the rest of his life.'

'He has brought his daughter with him, has he not?'

'Yes, I believe so—at least, I know he has,' responded John, looking very confused, and endeavouring to concentrate all his attention upon the fire.

'Have you seen her?'

'Yes. Niceish girl; but not so pretty as'—

'But pretty enough for you,' interrupted I. 'You must think me blind not to be able to see that; and I wish you success, with all my heart, John.'

'Ah!' said John, 'it's all very well to talk of success; but it is hardly likely that Uncle Goldworthy will give his daughter to a poor fellow like me. He seemed good-natured enough this morning, it is true; but I am afraid his good-nature will not extend so far as that.'

'Hope on, hope ever, John,' said I.

'I will, Hal,' said John. And he went away.

* * * * *

'There you are again, stuck on that high stool, and scratching away with that spluttering quill, as if for your bare life. How like a frenzied oracle you look, with your puckering beetle-brows and distended nostrils! Mad, hopelessly mad!'

Such was the compliment wherewith my brother chose to greet me one evening, about a week after his visit to my sanctum as related above.

'Do let me finish this article for the *Daily Surprise*, as I am expecting the printer's devil to be here in ten minutes' time, and it is but half done.'

It was late in the evening; but John waited very patiently for him, and began examining a very fanciful portrait of Joseph Addison, of *Spectator* celebrity. Presently the imp referred to made his appearance; but, by that time, I had finished my article, which that functionary bore away in triumph. As I had now done for the night (and it was near midnight), I drew my stool closer to the fire; and, for the first time, I observed that my brother's face was actually beaming with triumph and delight.

'Well, John,' exclaimed I, 'when are you to be married?'

'Oh, in six months' time. Uncle Goldworthy is infinitely kinder and more considerate than I expected. He even intends buying us a small house in the suburbs, within three miles of our office. What do you think of that?'

'But how did you succeed with'—

'Miss Goldworthy? Why, after my declaration, she confessed, or as much as confessed, that she fell in love with me the instant she saw me.'

'Ah, I see. You were evidently meant for each other. Permit me to congratulate you on the course of your true love having run very smooth. You must have me for a groomsman. I'll manage to make a holiday for once.'

'Thank you, Hal. You must forgive me for calling upon you so late in the evening, as my brain has been so completely turned of late that I have lost all notion of time, and forget that there is such a machine as a clock. So, good-night.'

CHAPTER II.

The six months had rolled quietly and uneventfully away. The small house in the suburbs had already been bought by Uncle Goldworthy, and the day arrived on which John and Miss Goldworthy were to take possession of it as a married couple.

I dressed myself carefully, put on the wedding-gloves sent me the day before, and went to join the party at Mr. Goldworthy's house. It was a glorious morning, and the sun set my eyes a-blinking and winking; for, shut up in that miserable second floor, what light could I catch but twilight? The sun never shone through my window,—for the very good reason that it faced the north. But to return.

The whole house was lively and busy. Uncle Goldworthy joked, the bride blushed, the party laughed; John blushed and laughed too; the servants giggled, the dog barked, and sometimes howled, by way of a change. At length the hour arrived when the party were to proceed to the church of St. Benedict, and off we went accordingly.

* * * * *

The company were assembled in the pretty little drawing-room that formed part of John's new home. From the window could be seen bright green meadows, ripe and ready for the mowers, while the hay-makers were already at work in one field, turning the hay, and tossing its fragrance right into our gladdened nostrils. The cuckoo breathed its farewell notes, the swallow greeted the fly with a 'how-d'ye-do' and a snap, the awakened summer fly crept out of his winter quarters, and paid long and protracted visits to the sugar-basin and the cream-jug. In fact, spring, like an old maid, was quietly and quickly fading away, while young and rosy summer was making her toilette by the side of whispering and fanning trees and mirror-like brooks and streams, that lay in the lap of her mother, that gay old dame—Nature.

One of the bridesmaids had been gazing on the scene before us in an ecstasy of delight. She was cousin to the bride, and the prettiest in the whole company. Her merry round face was set off by a profusion of rich light-brown hair, and her laughing hazel eyes were kept very much in the shade by those provokingly long lashes, which seemed to strive to hide them as effectually as they could from my admiring gaze.

I soon managed to engage her in a lively and earnest conversation on literature; for I discovered that she knew almost as much about it, and appreciated it as much, as myself, and I was perfectly charmed with the originality as well as the modesty of her remarks. I soon contented myself with listening only, but as soon as she saw that I had left the active part of the discussion to herself, she ceased; upon which we went to a painting on the other side of the room, to which I had called her attention. It was a small painting, and a charming one; and I was glad to find that my new friend agreed with me there also. In the foreground was a startled rabbit; who, with one ear erect, and one paw upraised, seemed debating within itself whether or no it must leave that tempting sowthistle under its nose uncropped. Further back was given the cause of its alarm; a boy, probably a truant, swinging himself on the bough of a tree with all his might, and hallooing with glee—forgetful of the slenderness of the bough, which threatened every moment to snap, and bring the youngster to untimely grief. From that we got into a quiet talk on painting in general; and my fair companion began telling me of a certain Professor Sing-song, who maintained that painting was not to be compared with music—that music was divine, and painting was not; and that there would be (as a grand clincher to the argument) plenty of music in heaven, but no painting.

'And why should we not have pictures in heaven just as much as music?' exclaimed she. 'One is quite as ennobling and refining as the other. Music is the pleasure of the ear and painting is the pleasure of the eye, and both influence the soul. Then is the bliss of the soul to come through the ear only, and not through the eye? I do not believe that, Professor

Sing-song, though you do manage your arguments very cleverly.' She stopped, her face glowing with enthusiasm.

'Do you paint, may I ask?' inquired I.

'Yes.'

'Ah,' thought I to myself, 'she is an enthusiast in the art, I can see.' And I fell in love with her all the more for that; for I thoroughly sympathised with her.

It would be tedious to the very courteous reader to go through all the discussions of that (to me) eventful afternoon; suffice it to say, that we got on so well together that both of us thought neither of us could agree so well with any one else; and were so pleased with each other's intercourse that we were sorry when the time came to part that evening, and finally made an appointment to meet again for another very interesting discussion at the church of St. Benedict.

My wife and I sit quietly, industriously, and happily, in a pleasant room of our house, which is situate in the town of Exton. She is at her easel at one end of the room; at the other end I sit at my editorial table, superintending the production of the '*Exton Magazine*, a Journal of Fact, Fiction, Fashion, and Fancywork;' the last two divisions are edited by my very industrious and talented wife. To think us happy will be a natural and a true inference—happy in our work, and enough of it to make it often a pleasure to have NOTHING TO DO.

HENRY G. HUNT.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I MAY have met smiling with many,
But even then thought I of thee;
And thy face is the fairest of any
That ever was seen by me.
Oh, stately yet musical beauty!
Oh, brow clothed with living light!
Oh, eyes fill'd with the sun of duty
That shall guide thy life aright!

And oft in the solemn splendour
Of heaven's glittering stars,
When the past makes my heart grow tender
And beat loudly 'gainst its bars,
Those eyes rise more clearly before me,
Replete with a light divine;
And a passion of grief comes o'er me
That thy paths may not be mine.

I think of thee waking and sleeping;
O'er every dream reignest thou;
I think of thee sometimes with weeping:
Joy sometimes flushes my brow.
I'm sad and I'm glad that I met thee—
Pain mingled with sweetest sweet;
Nor can I, if I would, forget thee
Till my heart shall cease to beat.

W. COOK SPEER.

* * * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.]

LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

April 4, 1836.

LAST night George took up the thread of his narrative touching the Grove. He began:—

'I shall not soon forget the absurd, serio-comic appearance Mr. Halliday presented when I saw him for the first time. Though the afternoon was bright and warm, he was wrapped up nearly to the eyes. Indeed, the bulk of his clothes was so tremendously in excess of the size of his person, that he was literally buried in coats and mufflers, so that I wondered he could either move or breathe. He is perhaps without exception the smallest man I ever beheld; and his physique, though in a manner grotesque, has nothing interesting about it, but is altogether unprepossessing. Lean and angular in figure, his features are small, sharp, and pinched; light colourless hair, partly gray, and resembling withered grass; reddish ferret eyes, with an expression of snappish irritability; sallow complexion and thin lips, which he has a way of compressing tightly when thought is at work. *Voilà ce petit gentil homme!* who, entering with the shuffling gait and fussy importance of wealthy invalidism, confronted young Herbert and myself in the library of his own house. He was attended by the butler, and a rosy-cheeked lad (Thomas by name) the very antithesis of his master in health and good humour. I subsequently learned that one of the fancies of this *malade imaginaire* was a detestation of female attendants—there was not one about the place—while he had a craze for the services of athletic youths, as if contact with the lusty bloom of their spring might infuse new vigour into his decaying age. Of course I moved forward a step or two to greet him as he came in. I might have saved myself the trouble; he took no sort of notice of either of us. His whole mind was concentrated on self; and with an impatient wave of the hand to me, as though I had been some large blue-bottle fly, buzzing in mid air and threatening to light on his face, he wriggled his poor small body, with its heavy fortification of garments, into an easy chair, piping forth as he did so, in an exhausted treble,

“My drops, Mordaunt! My drops—I am going fast—I am done!”

He motioned feebly towards the mantelpiece, while Thomas disencumbered him of a portion of his outward habiliments. He had spoken as if life were well nigh extinct. I could see, however, that he watched the butler jealously from out those keen diminutive eyes; for upon his taking up a particular phial, and giving the red mixture a preparatory shake, the patient cried out sharply,

“Not that! Do ye want to poison me? The brown one, Mordaunt. Twenty drops—quick, quick, or I shall faint.”

The suitable dose of the proper drug being duly administered, Mr. Halliday lay back in a state of utter collapse, during which, strange to say, the doctor never stirred from the post he had assumed at the window; and when I turned to whisper to him hurriedly, “Had you not better look to your charge?” guess my astonishment at observing that gentleman actually holding his pocket handkerchief to his mouth to stifle his laughter! He positively could not answer me one syllable for fear of exposure; and sooth to say, Kate, remembering what he had told me before, and the fantastic scene I had just witnessed, I was fain to relax into a smile myself. Noting this, he grew grave, as by a strong effort, and was about to say something, when Thomas, who had been standing respectfully behind the easy chair, peeped stealthily over the back of it, and formally announced to the company, *sotto voce*,

“Master’s noddin’.”

“Sleeping, is he?” cried our merry doctor, in a loudish whisper, “then I can tell you he’s likely to sleep a good while; and we may all go to sleep too, for there’s no chance of any business being done this night”—(looking at me).

Here was an announcement! I had travelled post haste a full day’s journey to make out the will of a man who was *non est inventus* for many hours after I arrived; and who, after all, had fallen asleep as soon as I set eyes upon him!

“Is he weak through illness?” I asked; “or is it to-day’s fatigue?”

“Well, sir,” responded he of the rosy cheeks, “master has gone through as much this day as would have tired many a strong man, let alone a poor sapless trunk like his. The way he ran about them oysters, first to the fishers’ cottages, and then down on the shore among the boats—picking and choosing, tasting, talking, and scolding. It was really something extraordinary. No wonder he’s wearied. I was wearied myself, just looking at him. No, no; I warrant he’ll be in no haste to waken.”

And this was the manner in which your time was frittered away, George? I broke in. “How provoking! And when did he open his “ferret eyes” again, as you call them?”

He slept so long,” George continued, “that the others dropped off one by one, leaving me sitting alone with the invalid in the twilight. Herbert had gone out to smoke a cigar; and the servants were looking in, from time to time, at the door, which stood slightly ajar, watching the moment when he should stir once more. It was tedious work enough for me. But, by-and-by, I fell into a reverie about

home and about you, my darling! and our baby, and a number of things very pleasant to remember. And so the stars came out, and I was still sitting gazing on the dim outline of the flat country, when I was startled by a curious spasmodic noise—something between a cough, a grunt, and a protracted snore—proceeding from the great arm-chair; and, the next moment, the shrill voice sent forth its complaint:

“Hilloa! Thomas! Mordaunt! Where are ye? Is nobody beside me? Have ye all left me here to die?”

“I rose and pulled the bell-rope quickly. So doing, I had to come pretty close to the speaker. The peppery eyes were instantly fixed on my face.

“Who are you?” he inquired, in alarm. “What, ho! Thieves! robbers! This is too cruel, to leave me here to be murdered—”

“Pray be calm, my dear sir,” I began; “you are quite safe. I am the lawyer—Weston—whom you sent for.”

“He fetched a long sigh of relief. “Oh! you are only the lawyer, are you? It is well; though, indeed, for that matter, lawyers are a sort of thieves, too, in their way. But I hear you are less of a rogue than most of them.”

“Just then the servants came running into the room and flew to their master, who speedily overwhelmed them with a host of foolish railings and trifling orders, ending with, “Now, help me to the dining-room, and bring the oysters—not on the shells, mind ye; but in the shells. These are what I need to renovate me. Come along, Mr. Weston. You must take some, too—opened on the spot, sir, and ate as soon as opened.”

“Thus talking, and leaning on the butler's arm, the quaint little oddity of a man shambled out as he had shambled into the library several hours before. Such was my first interview with my new client.

“I will not attempt a minute description of the oyster scene,” George went on, “which was sufficiently ludicrous. Mr. Halliday, as master of ceremonies, occupied a high chair at the end of a long table, the favourite fish being placed in a tub in the centre. Mordaunt and Thomas busily plied their scallop knives; while I, the solitary guest, was expected literally to keep time with my host, and swallow oyster for oyster in turn with him! What had become of Herbert? I understood afterwards that he had skulked out of the way, having a mortal antipathy to the crustaceous animal. Now, though it is quite true, as you know, Kate, that I do like the bearded anomaly, I don't care for a surfeit at any time. And therefore, as I saw very plainly I had rather an unreasonable companion to deal with, I was prepared to make a stand at the commencement. Mr. Halliday went on—

“Eat, sir; eat, and purify your blood. Eat, and promote the free flow of the bile, without which no man living will be long a living man in the proper acceptation. Commend me to oysters, sir, as the best food for every mortal being—young or old, fat or

lean, sickly or healthy, at all hours too, whether breakfast, dinner, or supper. I tell you, Mr. Weston, I regard oysters as in all human probability the only medium by which my present distressing symptoms may be alleviated. And what is good to remove disease may be equally good to ward it off. Ergo, eat, sir; eat while the opportunity lasts. For I consider it my duty to press such nourishment upon you; and it is not every day we light upon such a barrel.”

“This was awful. Yet I was not so sorely put to it as I had feared. Mr. Halliday's talk was considerably bigger than his appetite; and I was not sorry when, after a while, the rather inelegant stock-in-trade was removed by his commands to the cellar, there to be held in readiness for future use.

“Seizing the opportunity of the servants' withdrawal, I ventured at length to remind him that I was then at the Grove by his desire, and waited to know his pleasure in sending for me. Hereupon his features—which had worn, I cannot say a more pleasant, but only a less disagreeable expression while the feast had been in progress—resumed their full severity.

“To-morrow, Mr. Weston—not till to-morrow. If you knew, sir, the excruciating pains which come and go continually through this poor fleshly tabernacle of mine, you would deem my life next to a miracle. Besides, how can digestion proceed when business is on hand? Impossible! I may feel better to-morrow; and if so, I will not have the matter entered upon at all just now. What's the hurry, I should like to know? Can a man not live comfortably for a little without the chance of his death being constantly thrust upon him? I may be ill or well, but surely I am the best judge of when my testament should be written out. Were it not that I detest my lawful heirs (two abominable old maids that are wearing for my decease), I scarce think I should make a settlement at all.”

“I was about to reply, when Herbert sauntered in.

“How are you now, Mr. Halliday? Have you enjoyed your oysters?”

“Yes, immensely; and you are a fool not to have taken some along with us. How can you expect to thrive, sir, in this world, if you undervalue one of its chief blessings? Dr. Bellingham knows better. He practises as well as preaches. By-the-by, was he here to-day? Why is he not here to-night? An able man—a very able man; has an excellent appreciation of oysters, and a capital eater of them, too! Mr. Weston is a middling hand at the game, but nothing to him. Perhaps he may come yet? And what has become of Ridley and the rest of them?”

“It is growing late, sir; Dr. Bellingham will not be here now. We should rather be thinking of bed.”

“I'm not sleepy,” answered the patient, which was not wonderful, considering his long dose in the easy chair. “I am going out for a stroll. One doesn't need to be a doctor to know that a walk is beneficial after supper. Mr. Weston, you have had oysters, you ought to walk.”

“Now, to tell you the truth, Kate, Mr. Weston

would rather have had a glass of something warm and pungent. But as Herbert had formerly told me this was not to be so much as named at the Grove—its owner being, at this juncture, of the strictest sect of abstainers; and the ale we had got at dinner being a fair piece of smuggling on the part of the *major domo*; and as, moreover, the complaints of an unreasonable hypochondriac were less in my way than that of the young medico, I waived my right to accompany him, and suggested that the chambermaid might show me to my apartment.

“Chambermaid!” echoed mine host briskly, “there’s no such character in this house. The male being confessedly the nobler animal, has exclusive possession here. Once let a woman into the private concerns of life, and where would peace and order be? Above all, where would health be? My coffin would have been filled long ago if women had had the management. But I need not dwell on the subject to you, Mr. Weston. Lawyers know right well that women are their best friends, which says very little for both parties. But why should we, who are not lawyers, harbour enemies under our roof? No, no. Mordaunt will show you your room. And since you have a wife at home (as they tell me), be thankful, sir, if she has not already brought your head into some vile noose, as you may be sure she will ere you have done with her.”

“I smiled, and retired with the butler; not, however, till I had remarked a certain furtive flash of merriment in the doctor’s face, which, as usual, he seemed afraid would find inopportune explosion, so had recourse once more to the handkerchief. I was really thankful when at last I got into a nice airy bed, though awfully hard, none other being wholesome according to Mr. Halliday’s creed, where I slept soundly till eight a.m. next day.

“At breakfast, my host was much more complainant than I had yet found him, though I was grieved in spirit to perceive how scant was the fare presented—thin dry toast and rather washy tea being all that the present code allowed. Spare entertainment, Kate. How I longed for a good slice of that corned beef that we had the other morning! Herbert and I exchanged woful glances, while our host kept up a running commentary:—

“‘Strong tea destroys the nerves. Bread should be cut thin, and made crisp by the action of a smart fire. A light meal like this is commendable, and does nobody any harm.’”

“I trow not, nor any good either.”

Poor George! I was really vexed to think of his enforced abstinence. I even fancied he had grown thinner upon it, and told him as much. He laughed, and wound up his story.

“Seeing that Mr. Halliday was better, or at least called himself better (which was all the same to me, as I had yet to learn wherein either his sickness or his convalescence consisted); and seeing, too, that the drawing out of the will seemed as far off as ever, I took leave of him very amicably, his last words being these:

“‘I hope you will come again, Mr. Weston, when I write for you. I like you, for two reasons; first, because you have not bored me with business questions, as men of your profession are so apt to do; and, second, because you have shown a relish for oysters, which is certainly a bond of union between us. Take a few before you go, I advise. You may not have them again; the season will soon be over.’”

“I declined, at the expense of a passing frown from the small sallow face. My ally, the doctor, gave me a convoy to the end of the avenue.

“Your gaiety has relieved the tedium of my stay here,” I said, “and I thank you.”

“We shook hands cordially as he replied,

“‘Isn’t he a dainty old soul! See how needful is my sandwich box. Though why I am here at all, unless that I am Dr. Bellingham’s assistant, and he is a favourite; or what good I am doing, except to learn patience, is rather a riddle to myself.’”

“But what is the matter with him?” I asked. “Is his disorder serious? Is it likely to end fatally; or is it all chimera together?”

“His complaints are chiefly neuralgic; and every symptom is more or less aggravated by the particular humour he is pleased to indulge. Then he cries for doctors, yet seldom follows their advice for more than a few hours at one time. His fancy is his doctor; but he throws the blame of every mistake upon our shoulders.”

“And has he much property to make a will about?”

“Well, I have heard it variously estimated at from £10,000 to £40,000, but which of these is nearest the truth I cannot say. One fact is obvious. He owes his importance to his guineas, as he owes also the felicity of my attendance on him.”

“We are alike there,” I said; and so we parted.

“After an hour’s brisk walk, I reached the village of Ludhope, when I took up the mail and came rattling home at a royal rate. “But O, my darling!” exclaimed George in conclusion, “of all strange things in this world, it appears the strangest to me that any man should willingly ignore the blessings of marriage—the calm full enjoyment of household ties—and talk of sweet, kind womanhood otherwise than as the best as well as the fairest portion of creation. [Now that was a very pretty speech of my husband’s, and I think deserves to be recorded.] What a melancholy picture is a poor solitary hypochondriac! As for the ‘noose’ into which, by Mr. Halliday’s account, you are yet one day destined to bring my head, you have got my heart so completely into your meshes already, and so great is the confidence engendered thereby, it were little wonder though the head should follow. But you will never lead me into mischief, Kate; you will be my good angel now and always—will you not?”

I made him no answer. But I believe that he espied a quiet tear or two hanging on my eyelids. For just then he started up; and, throwing his arms round me, kissed away the foolish drops.

Mem.—How thankful ought I to feel that all men

are not like this Mr. Halliday—peevish, selfish, and useless; and that my lot in life has been linked with one who is so generous, devoted, and true! If I only knew that no scar would remain on Charlotte's eyebrow from that fearful accident—and who that woman is with the furred mantle—and that all is right with Mr. Grey—and what is to become of the fine, high-spirited boy at Nice, I should be perfectly happy. Ah! that envious *if*! It is so apt to intrude upon us, with its impertinent suggestions, when we ought to be most deeply satisfied. But I will not let it interfere with my contentment. That would be little in keeping with my allotted part of a good angel. Good angels never murmur. They do not bring shadows, like the sombre twilight; rather they scatter them, like the cheerful dawn. George and I must be thoroughly and trustingly happy. Ours must be the blue-eyed Goddess of Hope, to bask ever on in the enchantment of her smile, and to catch the waving of her golden hair.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

HOW A WEDDING CAME OUT OF A BURIAL.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is very seldom a wedding in the parish of St. Milgith's, and very seldom a burial. Not that by any means the people of St. Milgith's do not marry or do not die. Like the rest of the world, they do both. But for many centuries St. Milgith's was a mere hamlet of the great parish of Hollingham; the people of St. Milgith's went to Hollingham church to be married; and the rector of Hollingham took all the wedding fees of St. Milgith's and other hamlets hereabouts. The folk of this country hold fast to all traditional practices; and though they may now be married here by me if they choose, they prefer to stand at the altar at which their parents and grandparents and most remote ancestors usually stood. So it is that I have but few weddings; and, therefore, those which I have make a distinct and rememberable mark in the quiet course of my years. My burials are a little more frequent.

My first wedding grew out of my first burial. If I had not buried Mrs. Large, so far as I can see, I should never have married Portia Goodman. In the country, where there is so little to see, we learn to see very much in that little. Our events are so few and so distant from one another, that we have time to look at them, and dwell on them well, and make a great deal more of them than town's people make of theirs.

I have spoken two names, and I must now show what sort of person claimed each name. First, then, for Portia Goodman. She was the daughter of John Goodman, a man of indefinable position and of nearly indefinable character. Some said he was a gentleman, some said he was a secret tradesman in some suspicious trade; some said he was wealthy, some said he was almost a beggar; some said he was the very pattern of honesty, some said he was an undoubted thief and

at; some said that he was killing himself with over-

hard work, others said that he was the idlest fellow in the country; some said that he was a very learned and clever man, others said that he was 'a natural.'

What was he! 'It was your duty as parish-priest,' says the reader, 'to know the man. What did you find him?' Well, I tried very hard to know him, but he was particularly shy of knowing me. If I called, he was either not up or not at home. If I pounced upon him in the road or in his garden, he turned the talk at all times upon the crops or the weather.

Once only was I able, in any measure, to draw him out and make him communicative. I saw him in the road opposite his house, standing beside some immense logs of wood. He began to half-drag, half-carry these up the long narrow pathway which led to his door. He was a spare, thin, consumptive-looking man; and he appeared to be worn and tired by the labour. I took up some of the smaller pieces, and helped him to carry the larger pieces, until we had stowed them all on one side of the door. He neither thanked me nor spoke in any way until the work was over; then he asked me to go in and sit down by the fire. I gladly entered.

I never saw such a singular interior. He had been in the parish three years before my time, and I had heard that the house was built under his personal overlooking, and that he had worked at the building himself. It was very long and low, having only one floor, which was divided into two large rooms. 'This is my room,' said he; 'that,' pointing to a closed door, 'is Portia's.'

His own room was apparently kitchen, sitting-room, bed-room, and library. There was no flooring. The rough, clayey earth was uneven beneath our feet; and he stood against the fire, striking the ground with his heel, and raising up the earth in a small, dry dust—as if he was anxious that I should take notice of the want of boards. The walls were unplastered brick and mortar. They were lined all round with unplanned deal shelves; which were covered with books, alternated with cooking utensils, candlesticks, pieces of broken looking-glass, blacking bottles, sides of bacon, candles, piles of writing-paper, newspapers, plaster of Paris, reductions of the Laocoon and other antique statues, and a few busts. I glanced at the shelf nearest to me, and saw that it contained some good editions of the Greek and Roman classics, and stray volumes of French 'Memoires,' chiefly of the First Revolution era. The room contained a large table and two wooden chairs. It had no other furniture. As I was looking at these, Mr. Goodman, without a word, went up to the further corner, drew aside a curtain, and I saw a bed. He then came back to the fire, put one chair to me, and sat down himself upon the other. The fire was made of wood, laid upon dog-irons, on a large and irregular-shaped paving-stone. We sat for some time, looking silently into the fire. I almost forgot that he was opposite me; and I began to lose myself in guesses about his childhood and training, his original occupation, his wife, and the source and extent of his income. At last I was startled by his voice.

'Parson!' said he.

'Yes.'

'Simplicity, parson. Nobody comes into my house but the simple. I saw that you were not altogether wanting in what I denominate *simplicitas*. You began, without-circumlocutory politenesses, to assist me in conveying hitherwards my fuel. The last guest who sat on that chair—and he sat there a *biennium* ago—was Lee the gipsy—poor Lee the gipsy, who was incarcerated in jail for what they call poaching. I undertook the advocacy of the man; but our laws—your laws—have got so far out of simplicity and first principles, that I could not be heard.'

'Indeed!' I said, to fill the interval, for here he had paused and shut his eyes.

'Yes,' he began again, '*Sim-plici-tas*—simplicity, the true rule of private life: simplicity, that is republicanism, the true rule of political and public life: simplicity, the true rule of religious life. I once thought of joining the Quakers, but I found they were not simple enough. Lengthened experience has taught me, parson, that for any individual to be really simple, he must be really an individual. Now, I have been for seven years the only man of my religion; this is my church, and I am my own parson. If anybody else were to join my religion, I should try and leave it.'

The wild and lost look of his eyes, as he fixed them upon me after this speech, showed me that he was a man quite out of the sphere of reason or dispute, so I merely said,—

'I see that your daughter is not of your religion. She comes regularly to church, and teaches in our school.'

'Yes; I should send her if she did not come. It is her religion. I named her Portia from Cato's Portia, Brutus Portia. It is *her* Christian name. It is not a Christian name. Now, parson, you may as well go home. Your hands are very dirty. It is with my fuel. You shall wash them with my water. Come, let us go into Portia's room, and wash our hands.'

He showed me into a room exactly the same in size as his own, but in appearance the very opposite. It was boarded and carpeted; the walls were papered with a plain pattern; the furniture was ordinarily good; everything in it was good, neat, plain, and clean.

Portia arose from a little work-table as we entered. She shook hands with me, and left her father and me alone. She was a cheerful, happy-faced girl, who seemed always to have a smile both in her eyes and her mouth. Neither in feature nor in character could I ever see in her the least likeness to her father. A portrait of her mother hanging over the mantelpiece, to which Mr. Goodman silently pointed, showed me that she was entirely her mother's child.

As soon as we had washed our hands, Goodman took me by the arm, and said, '*Vale*, parson, *Vale*. I think I am pleased with you; but do not come again until I invite you.'

I never saw Mr. Goodman again. Every Sunday, however, after service, and as often as I met Portia in the week, I inquired after her father. Formerly she had been shy of speaking of him; but now that I had been in their home and had seen him as he was, she

seemed to feel free to talk confidentially about him; and, piece by piece, I learned the secret of their history and position.

He was the son of a wealthy English merchant and of a French lady whose father had died in the first wars of the French Revolution. He succeeded to his father's business in partnership with his elder brother. He married very early; but after a year or two of wedded life his wife died, leaving him with an only daughter. He had been eccentric from his boyhood; but, after his wife's death, his eccentricity became troublesome and confusing to the business, and an arrangement was made by which his brother bought his share in it. From this time until he came to St. Milgith's, he gave himself up to travelling and to the education of his daughter. To everyone but her he appeared occasionally lunatic; and his relatives, more than once, seriously debated on the propriety of confining him. His daughter, however, was on each occasion the test and proof of his sanity. She had had no other teacher, and the effect of his training upon her showed itself in quite an unusual soberness, moderation, and good sense.

His daughter had only once suffered personally from his eccentricity. But that suffering was very deep and lasting, and often rose again in great vigour, from the ground of her naturally joyous and hopeful character, under which it lay entombed. Three years they had lived at Paris; and there, in a wild republican club to which Mr. Goodman was admitted, he one night made the acquaintance of a young English medical student. He was so pleased with him that he often took him to his lodgings. Love grew up rapidly between the two young English persons. Portia, who knew nothing of young men, was charmed with his enthusiasm for science and politics. He, sick of the class of womankind with which too many medical students in Paris become acquainted, was smitten down by the freshness and purity of his young countrywoman. With her father's fullest sanction, and almost at his invitation, they engaged themselves to one another.

After six months of happy communion, the acquaintance was suddenly broken. Mr. Goodman started off one evening to his friend's lodging, and found him seated at table with some ten or twelve young fellows of his own age, and as many young women, whose characters were by no means above suspicion. A most luxurious supper was spread upon the table.

This was plea enough for Mr. Goodman, the stern and simple. He forbade the young doctor of the future to come near him or his daughter again. He went straight to his daughter, told her his will, and began to help her to pack up their luggage. Before light the next morning they started for England; and, after a few weeks of privacy in London, he left Portia with their land, and began to build his singular house. A month or two after its very incomplete completion, he fetched his daughter, and they had now lived there together, with little change, for nearly five years.

CHAPTER II.

I have said that I never saw Mr. Goodman again.

About six months after my visit, I began to miss Portia Goodman from church and school. At first I took no notice of it; but after she had been absent two Sundays, I began to fear that either she or her father had been taken seriously ill: so the first thing I did on the Monday morning was to call at their house. I knocked with my knuckles: there was no knocker—no bell. A stout woman of about sixty years opened the door.

'How is Mr. Goodman?' I asked.

'Oh! come in, sir,' said she. 'You are the clergyman!'

'Yes,' I answered. 'How are Mr. and Miss Goodman?'

'Come and sit down, sir.' She led me up to a seat by the fire—the very place where I had sat at my former visit. I saw at a glance that the whole character of the room was changed. The rude native flooring still remained, indeed; but a handsome piece of thick carpet was laid over it at one end of the room, by the fireplace, and the chair in which I sat down was a comfortable stuffed elbow-chair. The shelves were arranged in the greatest order. It was evident that the reign of Mr. Goodman and simplicity were for a time over.

'Is Mr. Goodman unwell?' I asked again.

'Well, sir,' answered the stout lady, 'I am sure I do not know. I haven't seen or heard of him these ten days.'

'Has he gone away, then?'

'Well, sir, I must tell you, first, that I am—I mean, I was—Miss Portia's nurse. It was ten days ago, as I said, I was sitting in the parlour with my daughter, at Bethnal Green. My son-in-law was just putting up the last shutter—they keep a pork-and-tripe shop, and they make the best and wholesomest sausages as ever I tasted—when in rushed my old master, Mr. Goodman.'

'Ah, nurse!' says he, 'here you are! And this is your son's wife, I suppose!'

'Not exactly, sir,' I replied. 'But the young man putting up the shutters is my girl's husband.'

'Now, nurse,' he said, very flurried, and not sitting down, though my daughter said, 'Pray, sir, be seated.'

'Now, nurse, the cab is at the door; and I want you to go off to the Great Northern Station, and take the eleven o'clock train down to St. Milgith's. You must live with my Portia for six months; and,' says he, knowing me to be reasonable in my charges these twenty year, 'I will pay you whatever you ask.'

'It's impossible, sir,' says my daughter. 'Mother has such falling fits,' and so I have, 'that I dare not leave her long by herself.'

'Not so impossible, child,' I says, 'for Miss Portia knows me near as well as you.' Moreover, I recollected that, though Mr. Goodman is alway somehow odd, he always pays anybody, and especially me, like a gentleman. 'Not so impossible to go, sir; but I can't go to-night, sir; for what things have I ready? But my son-in-law will take me off in the horse and cart to-morrow morning.'

'Mr. Goodman has gone out for six months, then, I suppose!' said I, not wishing for the whole history of

her packing up, and her farewell to tripe and sausages and Bethnal Green.

'Yes, sir, he was odder than customary, as I thought. He told me he would telegraph that night to his daughter that I was coming the next morning, and that he was on the way to America. Then he said a long piece out of a play, as my son-in-law supposed, about the little profits of an idle king. To which my daughter's husband replied that there was little profits for an idle pork-butcher. Then, without sitting down for an instant, he jumped into the cab, and went off, nobody knows where.'

Mrs. Large was interrupted by the entry of Miss Portia Goodman. She looked very pale and anxious. She told me that her father had been strangely excited for the last month, and had declaimed aloud many times in the day the 'Ulysses' of our Poet Laureate; and had applied the fireside regrets and world-wide longings of the king of Ithaca to himself. He had also written and talked a great deal about the rotten republics of the west, and wished he could see his duty clear to go out and restore the pure and simple idea of republicanism to the nations of South America. At last he went up, as he told her, to London, with a bundle of books, writings, and clothing. 'Until I received the telegram, and saw Mrs. Large,' said Portia, 'I expected him back in a day or two.'

Mrs. Large and Miss Portia lived together in great quietness for six or seven months. Portia's elastic disposition, together with her lifelong experience of her father's extraordinary doings, prevented her from being so deeply affected by his departure as some daughters would have been. Had he done anything tenfold as flighty, she would have simply called it an eccentricity; and she was comforted by her firm assurance that he was perfectly competent to prove his sanity to any person, in any circumstances, if the proof were called for. My own fears were for his total loss of reason,—'if,' as I said to myself, 'he has not totally lost it already.'

During these six or seven months, the house underwent a decided transformation. Every time I visited it, I saw an increase of comfort about it, and a gradual assimilation of its interior to the ordinary interiors of middle-class houses. A little kitchen was run up at the side of the house. The simple room of Mr. Goodman was boarded and carpeted, and somewhat spoiled of its squareness by the formation out of it of a kind of hall, to keep away the rush of cold air which used to enter in with every opening of the door. The ladies also indulged themselves with a little maid-servant.

At the end of some months, however, poor Miss Goodman found that her father's departure was only one in the series of her troubles. Mrs. Large looked as if she suffered from excess of health; but she was continually unwell. Throughout the hot weather she was unequal to the walk from Miss Goodman's house to the church.

One morning Portia came up to the parsonage, pale and flurried. 'I wish, sir,' she said, 'you would kindly come over and see Mrs. Large. She is so ill.'

I returned with the young lady. When we arrived,

Mrs. Large was lying upon the bed, dressed, and speechless. I was frightened at her look; and hurrying up to the bedside, took her hand. It was cold.

'I am afraid,' I said, 'it is all over. The poor old lady must have died whilst you were on your way to my house.'

CHAPTER III.

We could not leave the poor girl in the sepulchre which her own house had now become. 'The child had better stay here,' said my mother, 'until we have communicated with her uncle or acquaintances in London.' Poor Portia very gladly accepted our invitation to a few days' stay in the parsonage.

Mrs. Large died on the Monday; and, having seen her daughter and son-in-law, for whom I at once telegraphed, Friday was arranged by me for the day of burial.

It was, as I have said already, my first burial at St. Milgith's. At five minutes to three on the Friday afternoon, I put on my cassock, surplice, and stole, and went into the church. It was a cold, windy day, about the end of autumn. The funeral was to come at three. On rising up from my knees, I went to one of the windows on the north side of the church; and, leaning there, looked upon the road along which the procession would come. I could see to the distance of about a quarter of a mile; for, so far, the road was straight, but beyond that distance a sudden angle hid the rest of the way—very nearly a mile, to the house where Mrs. Large had died. Only the sexton, besides myself, was in the church. It was a melancholy sound for me—for the first time to hear, in my little church, the tolling of the funeral bell. Sadder still when I remembered that the poor woman had died so suddenly, and so far from her own kin. Close beside me was the seat where she had sat down, only a few Sundays before—astonishing our village women with her fresh London finery; and now her body was to be carried in, passing unconsciously up the aisle along which she had lately walked with so much dignity and self-consciousness. 'I could not bear the thought of death,' I said to myself, 'if I could not believe the words of the Apostle, that as in Adam all die, equally so in Christ all shall be made alive. How thankful I am to be the minister of a source of such high faith and infinite hope as this burial office!'

I had just opened the book at the burial service, when I noticed that the bell had ceased tolling for a longer interval than before. I looked out upon the road; but, although nearly half-an-hour beyond the time, the funeral procession was not even in sight.

'Sir!'

I turned, and the sexton was standing beside me.

'If you please, sir, will you come and look at the grave! I want to show you something.'

I looked out again upon the road, saw that the funeral was still not in sight, and then followed the sexton into the church-yard. The grave was at the south-east corner, close to the wall. At the head of the grave next to that newly dug, stood a large and clumsy cross, made not of

stone or wood, but of stucco, and one of its arms almost stretched over the new grave.'

'Please, sir,' said the sexton, 'this cross is quite broke, and I wanted to tell you not to touch it as you stand here; for if you do, I think it will break off.'

'It looks as if it would,' I said. And thanking him, I went back into the church.

As soon as I looked out of the window, I saw the funeral procession in the distance. I walked out, and met it at the gate of the church-yard. When we returned to the church, I saw that my mother had brought in Portia. They neither of them, however, followed the corpse to the grave.

Having taken good heed to the sexton's direction, I left the cross as safe as I found it. My mother and Portia were sitting in the church when I came back from the burial. 'Do you not think,' I whispered to my mother, 'that Portia would like to give one look at the coffin!'

The poor girl heard me, and cried, 'Oh yes, sir.' She rose up directly, and we went with her as far as the porch, and standing there awaited her return. Suddenly my conscience smote me. 'I have forgotten to give her warning about that headstone.'

I ran out, and saw the fruit of my heedlessness. The poor girl was being lifted up by two men. She was stunned and unconscious. The cross was broken at the stem. In her eagerness, she had leaned upon it as a support the moment she got to the grave; the action of leaning forward had precipitated her into the grave. She had been thrown upon her head and her right elbow.

'Her arm is broken, poor lass,' said one.

'It's only fright, sir,' said another. 'She'll soon come too.'

'Fright, indeed,' cried a woman. 'I think you'd be frightened to fall into a new-dug grave. She will na be a live body this day next year, poor thing.'

CHAPTER IV.

'My dear,' said my mother, when I got into the house, 'you must drive down to Hollingham for Dr. Stacey. The poor girl is now sensible; but she is in most excruciating pain, and I am afraid that it is quite true that her arm is broken.'

Like an obedient son, I went out at once, harnessed my pony, and drove down to Hollingham—some three miles from St. Milgith's—at that reckless speed with which I, like many other born Londoners, astonish country charioteers. Every cart I met was drawn as nearly into the hedge as it would go, and every driver turned his head after me with gaping and stolid astonishment. I found that Dr. Stacey had gone out; but the boy told me that Mr. Soames, the doctor's assistant, was in the surgery.

Mr. Soames immediately came out. He asked me if my mother was unwell; for she is the only person who ever wants the doctor in my household.

'No,' I said; 'a young lady staying with us has had a very bad accident; we fear that her arm is broken.' As we were riding back, I detailed all the circumstances to him. My mother met us at the parsonage door, and

took up the surgeon to the patient's room, while I sat down in my study to write my day's budget of letters.

I was startled in the midst of a troublesome epistle by the entry of Mr. Soames. His whole manner was peculiarly changed. He looked nervous and greatly agitated; and, without speaking a word, he dropped into the chair nearest the door. It was hardly a surgeon's expression which showed itself in the young man's face. I was used to Stacey's professional look of sympathy with pain; but his assistant appeared more like the patient than the physician.

'Well,' I said, putting down my pen, 'what do you think of her? How is she?'

'Not so well as she would have been, I fear, if I had not come. You ought never to have brought me.'

'How!' I cried. I began to fear that he had made some fatal surgical mistake. 'Have you injured her then?'

'Not her body. I have set her arm. The accident is less dangerous than you supposed. It is her mind that I have hurt.'

'You speak mysteries, Mr. Soames.'

'If you were to go upstairs now she would not know you.'

'Do you mean that she has lost her reason? Can she have her father's—her father's disease?'

'God forbid!' he said, most solemnly. The tone and look with which he spoke struck me, and I asked,

'Do you know her father? I thought he never allowed a doctor to come near himself or her.'

'He did once allow me to come. It is my fault that he has allowed no other.'

'No,' I replied; 'it was his principle. He thought them, or professed to think them, unnecessary. But—you knew them!'

'She knew me in a moment,' said he. 'Why did you not tell me who your patient was?'

'How could I guess,' I asked, 'that you were that person whom I must now say you are? You are that medical student of whom I have heard?'

'Yes.'

'Whom they knew in Paris?'

'Yes.'

'And you were engaged to Miss Goodman?'

'Sir, I am engaged to her. I cannot think of an engagement—a betrothal—being broken, unless both persons break it. I have never broken it. I am sure she cannot have broken it.' Then, after a moment's pause, he added, with a glance at me which I could not mistake, 'Perhaps she has, and —'

'You need not fear,' said I, smiling in spite of myself; 'I know not of any one to whom she is engaged.'

I spoke to the poor fellow such words of sympathy and encouragement as both my office bid me, and the simple truth allowed me to speak. He grasped my hands on leaving, saying, at the same time, 'I dare not come again to see her; at all events until I hear she is better, and is willing to see me. I will ask Dr. Stacey to visit her. I will send up in a few hours to ask how she is—how her mind is, I mean—if you will kindly send me word.'

'Well, good-bye,' I said. 'I have no fear about her mind. Whether she is still holding sacred her engagement with you, you must come and discover for yourself.'

I am glad to say that both sufferers recovered their health in body and mind. The doctor healed the patient's arm, and the patient healed the doctor's heart. Without waiting for the sanction of the eccentric father, my mother and I agreed that I might give Portia away, by right of my large fatherhood over the whole parish as its priest; and we were fortunately seconded in this, after we had agreed upon it, by the arrival in St. Milgith's of Portia's uncle. Thus, as far as the chain of causes show, Portia would not have been married had not Mrs. Large been buried. Thus, too, my first wedding at St. Milgith's grew, in a curious manner, out of my first funeral.

ON DISSIPATED MEN OF GENIUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN order to prevent mistake, we desire, at the outset of this paper, to make it apparent, even to the dullest reader, that we have an utter detestation of drunkenness. An inebriate person is to us an unspeakably disgusting object. When we think of the pawned household effects; the scarcity of food, bedding, and fuel; and the thousand frantic quarrels and breaking hearts under the miserable roof-trees of the habitually besotted, we dare even go the length of confessing that, were we ambitious of oratorical distinction and renown, we should feel strongly tempted to select, like Mr. Gough, the teetotal in preference to any other platform. Its themes—branching, with terrible directness and rapidity, into the outer lawless verge of all vices and crimes—are the most touching and tragic that our modern civilization supplies. What room do they afford for hilarious foreground groups, for harrowing background pictures, for vehement and soul-moving appeals on the basis of these hideous social antitheses! How easy, by the due touching of alternate chords, to melt the heart to pathos or inflame it to indignation! But our Demosthenic aspirations are modest. Nature, we fear, never moulded us for conspicuous philanthropic warfare. Yet we must add, emphatically, that, in the humble matter of our personal self-government, we should deem it a duty to abstain totally from all alcoholic beverages, did we not consider it, on the whole, a higher virtue to be judiciously temperate in their use.

Now, from these broadly honest asseverations and confessions, it will, we hope, be clear to any one not wilfully blind, that we stand respectably qualified for admission into all but the extreme fore-front and ultra-fanatical British temperance ranks. Thus entrenched, then, in a position quite above reasonable suspicion, will we be thought to act inconsistently if we solicit a tear, a pardon, and an alms for dissipated and downfallen men of genius? It has been our good—or perhaps we should say our bad—fortune to be

acquainted with many such. Some of them we have seen die—almost before our eyes—the wildest, the terriblest, the saddest of alcoholic deaths. With dismal forebodings—which we have tried now and then, as occasion offered, to frame into useful lessons and warnings—have we marked the wretched, unnerved, tremulous, restless-eyed horror of the one awful want, and the splendid temporary relief resulting from the delusive draught—the draught delusive because inducing a more deadly reaction. Yet, somehow or other, we never knew a dissipated man of genius who was not, in sundry social respects, loveable. The light that 'led astray' has, in fact, been evermore 'light from heaven.' Who has not heard, again and again, the significant expression, 'Poor fellow! he was only too good-hearted.' A genial disposition, an amiable good nature, a rare capacity to shine in society, are the delightful demons that impel their brilliant victims to over-indulgence and ruin. In such cases, if it is human to blame, it is angelic to pity, and god-like to forgive. Take the singer, the poet, or the artist. How society feasts and flatters him! If he is cold, selfish, and calculating, he resists solicitation, and lives to be rich and honoured. But if, on the other hand, he is kindly, facile, and fond of good fellowship, he is ready for all exhilarating companionships, and eventually dies poor and despised. Society is thus at once the tempter and the avenger; and who can tell how cruelly its blows may sometimes fall on hearts whose very softness is their curse?

We are aware, of course, that sympathy for dissipated men of genius is neither very frequent nor very popular. Our fiercely industrial, coldly utilitarian, and meanly money-worshipping age, is under a tyranny of hard-headed, flinty-hearted politico-economical maxims. According to a certain school of modern philosophers, any attempt to avert or mitigate the natural penalties of imprudence, or of any other form of misconduct, is an unwarrantable interference with the immutable laws of Providence. Yet, as well might it be said that it is wrong to give surgical aid or nursing consolation to any one who stumbles and is hurt, on the ground that the suffering endured in that case is no more than the punishment due to a rash disregard of the inevitable law of gravitation! True, God has given us feeling hearts as well as logical heads; but it so happens that, for the present, the logical heads are mightily in the ascendant. Men of genius should not be above making money. If they are poor, and especially if they are drunken, they have themselves to blame. They must just suffer the consequences. Therefore, the said men of genius—at least when they begin to wax fiery-eyed and seedy—are on all hands vituperated and shunned. Their *amour propre* is continually wounded. Going down in the social scale, every one gives them a kick to help them down. Soared and angry with the world, they scathe it with their immortal scorn; and, clutching at the maddening cup, find themselves suddenly translated into a world of sweet and beatific dreams. The drink that has been their bane in prosperous

hours thus becomes their ready refuge in hours of despondency and hopelessness. It makes life endurable to them, until death comes at the last, grandly and with triumphal songs—the final emancipator of all who are irretrievably unhappy, and not the least so of all who have undoubtedly of their own weak will fallen, but who, being down, have been trampled on by society with its myriad remorseless heels.

There is a Scottish air well known, and often sung, which can scarcely be listened to without tears. It is a strain of the truest and purest inspiration. Innumerable hearts have been touched by it into emotions of tenderness. Its composer was first a star in admiring circles; then a convivialist, flattered into self-neglect, and cheered onward to his destruction; and, finally, a degraded drunkard and shameless waif and outcast. God helps those who help themselves. This wretched creature of originally fine clay had not helped himself, and he consequently appeared in the end as if altogether God-forgotten. He had brought his misery upon himself—therefore he deserved to suffer—therefore he was permitted to suffer. The business men and the wary calculators saw wherein he had erred, and were quick to tell him of his folly. But death found him unbefriended. On all sides wealth was squandered in gross gratifications and vulgar displays, but not even a poor modicum of comfort fell to the share of the poor composer of '———.' Yet that genuine heart-gush of melody will continue to be a joy to the world long after the wise and stern contemners of its hapless author—who looked well to their own interests, and especially well to the interests of their heirs—and who were altogether great and important personages in their day and generation—are forgotten beneath their marble tombs.

In connection with this subject, the cases of Edgar Allan Poe and Hartley Coleridge naturally occur. The former was as inveterate and irreclaimable a drunkard as George Morland, the unrivalled painter of English stables and farm-yards. But he was something worse. In spite of his ingeniously constructive intellect and extraordinary ear for the rhythmical arrangement of words, he appears to have been guilty of such heartlessness and ingratitude, especially towards his amiable benefactor, Mr. Allan, as to render him a psychological enigma. But poor Hartley Coleridge, like most men of his fine and sensitive stamp who have fallen victims to the allurements of social intercourse, was nobody's enemy save his own. Could it be wrong to alleviate the last sufferings of men like these—men who, whatever may have been their failings, still ministered to the higher and more enduring enjoyments of mankind? Why should not compassion and help follow them even when pursuing their true divinity into false and fatal paths? The defences at one time put forward for the errors of Byron and Burns provoked much righteous denial of the claims of genius to despise the moralities of life. A reaction was thus engendered of uncompromising sternness

towards the frailties of brilliant-minded men, until the world, in its desire to be severely virtuous, forgot to be even moderately Christian. The safe course is to avoid either extreme. Inebriety is a flagrant sin, and is, in one sense, aggravated when it involves the waste or the destruction of noble and beautiful gifts. On the other hand, our men of shining intellect are peculiarly exposed to temptation; besides being more liable, perhaps, from the very sensitiveness of their nature, to those heart-aches and depressions which impel to the use of stimulants. When, therefore, society has drunk the fresh bright wine of their lives, and are casting off what remains as the mere worthless lees, there is room surely for some little exercise of that greatest of Christian virtues—charity. Few of us, we apprehend, are much better than our neighbours, no matter how diversified may be our positions in life. To some, however, ample means have been given—perhaps through a parsimonious ancestry—perhaps through unscrupulous clutching and saving—perhaps through the accident of a fortunate run of business—perhaps through the timely help, at some critical juncture, of wealthy and generous relations—perhaps through some mere casual windfall, implying not one particle of personal merit or exertion. To these the teaching and the preaching of all nations and ages have assigned certain lofty duties—duties which, in the doing, have the sweetness and the recompense of Heaven's best benediction—and not the least sacred of which is kindness towards those wofully erring unfortunates who, though themselves utterly impoverished, have made the world eternally their debtor by contributing to its diviner needs.

A DREAM.

How strange and eventful is life in dreamland! How like sometimes, and at other times how very unlike that of the common work-a-day world! In it even the most monotonous or unpoetical kind of existence may receive a tinge of romance unequalled in all the wide domain of Faëry. The fancy, freed from the control of the will, flies off for a frolic, and, strange to say, it generally chooses *night* for its *holiday*;—generally, we might almost have said *always*, for though there are such things as *day-dreams*, yet the imagination is never so free and untrammelled in its wanderings as at night.

Who shall define the boundaries of dreamland?

'That wild weird elme, that lieth sublime,
Out of space—out of time;'

or shall we rather say *throughout* the whole of both, for whither has not the fancy taken its flight? It has gone down into the regions of horror and darkness, and anon soared afar into the realms of light and love. How often has it glided sadly away back into the past—to the old familiar scenes of youth, and conjured up the features of the loved and lost; and how often, again, has it swept with daring wing away into the future!

What pleasures have been enjoyed, and what pains

suffered in a few seconds of dream-life! Every one old enough to have a memory, carries about in it some souvenir of dreamland, and his life is in a greater or less degree influenced by his visits there. We hope, though, that no one will ever allow himself to become a victim to this influence, like Bulwer's poor 'dreaming enthusiast,' who donned his nightcap, and plunged into dream-life as others put on their hats and go forth to their daily toil. 'I seek no joy,' said he, 'in this world; I form no ties; I feast not, nor love, nor make merry; there [in dreamland] have I found all that the world denied me; there have I realised the yearning and aspiration within me, there have I coined the untold poetry into the felt—the seen!' Poor fool!—yet to be pitied; for surely his was no gross, but a sweet and lovable nature, though all unfit for dealing with the rough realities of life.

Reader! do you know the High-street of Glasgow? If you do, I need not—if you don't, I dare not—attempt to describe to you the poor half-fed, half-clad creatures, who sit with their baskets bridging the gutters, selling herrin', sybos, &c. Well, no later than yesterday, as I was going up the street to H—n's,* I chanced to hear one of them say to another—and in tones, too, betokening all a woman's heart, albeit touched with a woman's vanity—'I dreamed I was at a grand merridge, an' I thoct I had on a pair o' fine white satin slippers.' A grand marriage and satin slippers for thee! thought I. Poor creature! surely that was indeed a *dream*. Ah! ye youthful fair ones—rich and poor—I know you all; and is it not a dream of white satin slippers, and a grand marriage, with every one of you?

And this brings me to think of thee, my dear F—, and the last night I spent with thee, when we sat in my little *chambre au troisième*, and thou didst write on the fly-leaf of my 'Pensées' a verse, beginning 'La vie est un rêve,' adding, by way of superscription, 'En souvenir de celui qui aimerait se nommer votre ami F— H—.' *En souvenir* of thee, my dear F—! I shall keep it as long as I live. It is even now before me; for I have taken it forth once more from its shrine in my old travelling-case. There it lies—a cherished and fit memorial of thee—mystical, melancholy, yet warm and impulsive; half French, half German, like thy native Alsace. There it lies, and at sight of it the past is so vividly recalled that I feel as it were an inward struggling to reach thee and renew the old times. My heart beats against its prison bars, as though it fain would burst them, to find communion with thine; and the eyes of fancy strain wide to catch if possible a clearer sight of thee. But, like Prometheus to the rock, the spirit is chained to this clog of clay, and all the ardent longings, sweet affections—thwarted and disappointed—turn back upon the panting heart, and gnaw like very vultures.

'La vie est un rêve!' Ah! mon ami, mon pauvre ami, why—when scarce two dozen summer suns had shone upon thee—why didst thou look so sadly on

* A bookseller, whose name has been as 'a household word' with all Glasgow collegians for the last quarter of a century.

life? Why should it so soon appear to thee—a dream? Hadst thou so early borne the baptism of fire? Would that I could wipe it from thy brow! Thou knowest I tried it. Now, if good wishes and kind regards can reach thee, may this gentle breeze (or the post—for thou mayest one day read this) bear away to thee, the best and kindest of 'le numero quatre.'

Alas! to how many is life nothing better than a dream! We do not mean here to refer to those of the Bishop Berkeley or Hume school, but to all self-seekers, all whose motto may be set down in the words of a knowing old mynheer, 'Eash man for myshelf.' And to these, paradoxical though it seem, may we not add all of the wide-awake school? Is it not to them also a dream? Ah! they think themselves far-seeing, though we doubt if their range of vision ever extends much past their pockets; they think they can out-distance most of their neighbours, but—and it is worth remembering—there are cases where 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.'

If you just glance for a moment over the whole range of literature, sacred and profane, from the Bible down to the little penny 'Book of Fate, or Dreamer's Oracle,' you will be able to form some idea of the important part dreams play in our little world. And at the very keystone of this mighty arch, spanning from the past to the present, you find the wonderful book by the wondrous dreamer of Bedford.

Not only do dreams penetrate into our literature, but they invade also the domains of science and the arts. One of the most effective pictures we ever saw was 'A Dream,' by that most *spirituel* of French painters, Leon Cogniet. A noble steed, with a sleeping maiden gently pillowed on its back, was madly careering down through the clouds, while the lightnings flashed their fiery bolts athwart its course. Even the cold substantial marble has been made to embody the 'airy nothing' of a dream, as witness Monti's well-known most exquisite piece of sculpture, 'The Sleep of Sorrow and the Dream of Joy.'

But let us leave the subject of dreams and dreamers in general, and come to one dream and one dreamer in particular. I was far away—in a strange land, amongst strangers. After about two years' exile, without seeing a 'kent face,' and not having even the most distant expectation of such an event, I accidentally met an old fellow-student, who had come to stay for a short time within a few miles of where I was located. Talk of Freemasonry and its bond of brotherhood! What is that to the tie which knit us together in that far-off land—a tie made doubly strong, too, by that spirit of clanship so railed against in north-country folks? Ah! cosmopolitan may be a fine-sounding word to some ears, but to us there always seems to be something both homeless and heartless in it. We hold that the man who loves kith and kin best, is the man who will have the warmest heart to the world at large.

It might have been lowness of spirits, home-sickness, or—shall I say it?—well, something more

substantial, if not more *real*, that sent my fancy away on such a strange flight that night; but, 'in the spirit or the flesh, I dreamed' that I and my newly-found comrade were both disembodied. Whether this was lucky or unlucky, according to the funny little 'oracle' aforementioned, matters not. As if by mutual consent, we met on the top of a huge rock, commanding a view of a beautiful and extensive vale. I say *we*; for, though our ponderous corporeal impersonations were not there, still, I felt instinctively that *we* were, and had no perception that aught of the *ego* or the *sum* was wanting in either case. It was the gloamin'; all was calm and serene—still as the Sabbath on a slumbering sea. Sadly and silently we met. No uttered greeting passed between us—only our 'eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,' and our hands met with that firm and hearty pressure so dumbly eloquent of sympathy. Language was unneeded; for, strange to say, each seemed to know the other's thoughts and feelings as well as his own. We had met to take flight together to our native land—to visit the 'near and dear' ones there. Side by side, and hand in hand, we stood on the summit of the rock; together we rose lightly upwards into the dim blue air. No motion, nor even an expressed wish, was necessary on our parts. Simply the thought arose in the mind, and forthwith the thing was done. Serenely and calmly, higher and still higher we were borne; and then away over field and forest, mountain and moor—over great noisy cities, lit up with the glare of ten thousand lamps, and peaceful little hamlets, wrapped in sleep and the silence of night.

Thus we sped on, o'er land and sea, till we were far away out on the trackless deep. And oh! what a soothing and holy influence seemed to pass over us, when, looking down, we beheld the infinite ethereal vault, with its myriad gems, mirrored in the calm and glassy waters! Before—behind—on either side, there was no trace of earth. The sky above met the mimic sky below. All around us the stars were twinkling merrily. It seemed as if we had left the world behind, and set out on 'a journey through space.' Far down, on the waveless, mirror sea, a stately ship, her sails all set, lay cradled as by enchantment. She appeared as if suspended in the ether:—

'A glorious phantom of the deep,
Risen up to meet the moon.
Oh! ne'er did sky and water blend
In such a holy sleep,
Or bathe in brighter quietude
A roamer of the deep.
So far the peaceful soul of heaven
Hath settled on the sea;
It seems as if this weight of calm
Were from eternity.
Is she a vision wild and bright,
That sails amid the still moonlight
At the dreaming soul's command?
A vessel borne by magic gales—
All rigged with gossamery sails,
And bound for fairyland!'

'Twas changed. Dark mountain masses of cloud came hurling up over the sky. The sea no longer lay like a mirror. Sudden and awful as the lightning's flash, with its attendant thunder-peal, came the sweep of the hurricane and the wild boom of the tempest. Above—below—all was fury and confusion; but as for us, the storm affected us not. Rain, hail, the lightning's fiery tongue passed harmless by. The fiercest blast did not so much as sway the curling lovelock on my comrade's brow. The goodly ship, that erewhile seemed to lie 'as idly as a painted ship upon a painted ocean,' was now tossed about on the great heaving seething billows, the mere sport of wind and water. In vain the seamen strove—in vain the voice of command was heard ever and anon pealing above the hoarse roar of the storm. Wave after wave broke over the doomed ship—one wild crash, and it was engulfed. Some struggling forms might be seen for a moment wrestling with the waves—shriek followed shriek as one by one disappeared—and then all was still!

Reader! have you ever allowed your thoughts to wander at will in some fair pharisaical Utopia, or indulged in some sweet sentimental day-dream till you fancied yourself far removed above the low and grovelling ways of earth, into an atmosphere of calm serenity and holiness? Have you? And in the very midst of this self-satisfied soul-take-thine-ease state, has not some rude blast of passion, trouble, or temptation, sweeping over the sea of life—ruffling its placid surface—dispelled the illusion, and recalled to your mind the unwelcome fact that you were still 'of the earth, earthy'?

Soon the sea was left behind, and we drew near to a large city—a modern Babel. Louder and louder grew the drowsy hum of the toiling millions in this human hive. What a sight to look down on, with its thousands of wide and brilliant streets and dark and narrow lanes, with the great living flood seething in and out, backwards and forwards, through them! See its busy markets; its deserted fane; its flaring hell-mouths, dealing out delirium and death; its benevolent societies dispensing medicine, food, and clothes! See its cosy bright firesides—around which all the heart's fairest flowers both bud and bloom; and its gaudy theatres, where, instead of these sweet blossoms of nature, you have presented to you the stiff and starchy mockeries of the *fleuriste*; where, alike in tragedy and comedy, poor humanity is burlesqued! See, in this gorgeous apartment, Sir Rubicund Dives and his friends seated around the table, while the jest and the bottle pass round together, the one growing light with the other; and then, if your eye is not dazzled, cast a passing glance into that dark chilly corner, where crouches poor Lazarus—homeless and friendless, faint with hunger, and shivering with cold! The tears come welling up into his eyes, and trickle down his thin pale cheeks, and he has not strength to wipe them away. A little more cold, a little more hunger, and he shall be beyond the reach of both.

Here, in the centre of a beautiful garden, lit up with gay coloured lamps, is a large circular space, from out the dazzling glare of which come the sounds of music and revelry. There the flying feet of giddy crowds are whirling through the mazes of the dance. Barely beyond reach of the noise from this scene of gaiety, in a dimly-lighted room, in a retired street, might be heard the half-stifled sobs of a group of sorrowing ones gathered round a bedside. Ah! a familiar voice is about to be hushed for ever; eyes, that erst beamed responsive and lovingly to theirs, are to be closed to-night, and ne'er shall look upon the morrow; then

'Oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!'

Death is busy, especially in the dark lanes and foul alleys, but—alas for human pomp and power!—he stays not always there. Belgravia! beware and prepare! To-morrow the grim unbidden guest may step into thy gayest circle, and lay his icy hand upon the truest, warmest heart.

But there, treading lightly and briskly along that street, go two young men. The merry ring of their voices bespeaks an exuberance of pleasure in their breasts. Whither away, ye happy ones! Ah! there they go. What a lot of white kids that shopman puts up for them, passing meanwhile many a lively joke! Out they come and away again, merry and light. Where next? Here it is—Coach-office. In they go. Six carriages—wedding party—Tuesday, 8 o'clock. Pleasant business—soon over—then out and away again, merry and light as before. Joy, much joy, go with them! But who are these who have just entered as the others left, and why are they so sad? Hush! they order carriages too, and one of them large and magnificent, with great clusters of raven plumes nodding over it. No wonder they are sad. It is not easy soon to forget a father or a mother, a sister or a brother.

Thus it is with life. Gloom and gloom, roses and thorns, sunshine and shower! While some go to a wedding, others wend their way to a funeral. Others! Nay, all,

'Hopeful or hopeless, loving, loved,
Old, young, or grave or gay;
We all go to a funeral,
And none may bide away.
The brightest eye must lose its light,
The warmest heart grow cold,
The fairest form must feed the worm
And wither in the mould.'

Leaving far behind the city, with its sins and sorrows, we sped away o'er the fragrant meadows. Oh! how fair and peaceful did they seem, calmly slumbering in the silver moonlight—the evening breeze gently crooning a lullaby as it glided through the trees! Suddenly, from among the myriad twinkling gems o'erhead, shot one; and with a gentle hush, like the faint echo of a sigh, seemed to vanish in the darkness just beneath us. Its momentary pale blue gleam sufficed to reveal that sin and sorrow were even here—here, in such a sweet spot, on such a lovely night. Even here came feebly pulsing up into the holy moon.

light the low murmurings of anguish—such, too, as the heart can feel but once, that painless woe that for a time seems to change this warm sentient frame into a frozen mass, drying up even the fount of tears, and fixing the icy eyeballs staring into vacancy. Looking down in the direction whence the sounds came, we could distinguish, cowering on a sweet little grassy plot, a female form. Her bonnet lay beside her, her hands on her lap were clutched convulsively—the taper fingers intertwining in rigid agony. Her shoulders were drawn up, her chin rested on her breast, and her face—oh that face with its cold tearless eyes, fathomless in their depth of woe!—at sight of it even the very angel of consolation would have been struck dumb. By her side stood—but why say more? ‘’tis but the old, old story;’ and the stream as it rippled past seemed to sob in sympathy with the poor sorrowing one. The very willows that grew near drooped their heads and wept, whilst the wind soughed through them with a low, mournful wail. Even the little church, beneath whose roof, perhaps, she had in infancy been dedicated to the Lord, seemed to bring its drop of balm, as with its long stony finger it pointed to the sky. All nature seemed to breathe tender accents of sympathy—ay, even of hope—although the day was now so far spent.

With a tear for humanity, and praying that a better time might soon come, we left the spot. The hills and dales of our native land appeared. Soon we were gliding over them and gazing down fondly on each hallowed spot. Here we saw the ruins of some lordly mansion of long ago, there the lowly cot in which was born one of earth's truly great ones; on this side the wide battle-field now waving with grain, on that the moss-grown martyr's stone in the dreary moorland. Behind, the ivy-mantled walls of some grand old abbey; before, the little village kirk, with its auld kirk-yard—

‘Where the weary, weary rest,
Wi’ the green turf on their breast;
And the ashes o’ the blest
Flower the auld kirk-yard.
The light of many a hearth,
Its music and its mirth,
Sleep in the deep, dark earth
Of the auld kirk-yard.

Oh! many a tale it hath,
The auld kirk-yard,
Of life's crooked, thorny path
To the auld kirk-yard;—
Strifes to the world unknown,
Reveal'd to God alone—
Hid by the tribute stone
In the auld kirk-yard.’

Touched with a ‘most sweet sadness,’ we sped on our airy way. Brighter scenes were coming into view. Beneath us lay the benty hills, on which we had roamed from morn till eve of many a long long summer's day. Happy, happy time; for then the burden on our shoulders was light—then we knew little of the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches. Then how merrily we could carol back to the whaups, as they poured forth their rich,

maellifluous trill—a very shower of music—on our heads. Buoyant and free we felt, as the lapwings that came swooping over our heads, or the moorfowl that flew whirling and chattering away when we disturbed their solitude. There are the little mountain burns in which we have fished and ‘guddled’ so oft. There, where the great whinstone dyke crops out of the hillside, is the spot where, years ago, in our happy student days, three of us laid aside our rods and sat down to lunch. The noontide sun was bright and scorching, and both fish and fishers felt not quite up to the exertion—at least, I can answer for the latter. Out came the sandwiches, the cakes and cheese, &c., all nicely done up for us by a fair hand before we started in the morning. Our caps were reverently doffed for a moment, whilst a blessing was asked. Call it formality; sneer, if you will, at three frolicsome young fellows, on a hillside, baring their heads to ask a blessing on their mid-day ‘piece.’ No matter; *that* is not one of the things that will leave a sting behind. The remembrance of *that* and the like, done ‘decently and in order,’ will never cause a sigh, unless for the reason that they belong to the bright, bright days gone by. Happy is he in whose memory there is treasured up good store of the innocent joys of youth. Our simple meal finished, and washed down with a draught from the burn, one—perhaps the most philosophically inclined—of our party was soon busy blowing little curling clouds of smoke up into the air. Whether from sympathy with his meditative turn, or from the narcotic influence of his ‘weed,’ or because the weather was too hot and we were too happy for the ‘crack’ to be very brisk, I cannot say, but it soon became desultory and of a decidedly dreamy cast. Just entering as we were into manhood, we naturally began to speculate on the great future that lay before us, and wondered how we would feel if sixty years thence we should all meet again on that spot. Sixty years—pahaw! it was a boyish dream. Could old men of eighty ever manage to climb over so many miles of hills to reach that spot, were it ever so dear? Sixty years! we will all most likely have gone on our last journey long ere then. As to the *great* future we thought of, years of it have passed; one of its precious *augenblick* gems—all that mortal may possess at once—is now in our grasp; but, whither has fled its greatness? Alas! we have ceased even to dream of it. Our cheeks are too hollow, and Time has driven his ploughshare too often across our brow, even till at length he has overturned the little star of hope that once beamed brightly there; and it now lies buried in the furrows.

But, sorrow aside, *tevenons à nos moutons!* As we approached the low grounds, the eery chirp of the partridge broke the stillness of the night. There, away to the left, lay my comrade's native vale, with its beautiful river, like a broad band of liquid silver winding through the fragrant meadows. There we could see the village and the humble cot that to him was—home. He must away to it, and I still to the north. One long firm pressure of the hand, while our eyes met

‘As the stars mingle their light
In silence and in love,’

and we parted. Nearer and nearer I drew to the well-known haunts of youth; and, as I swept over

them, I felt my heart glow within me at the sight. Oh! surely there is something in kin and country after all! I felt as if I had a possession in every field and forest, mountain and valley, and as if I could clasp them all as a bride to my bosom. Thoughts of home came thronging upon me, and I wondered if they missed me there. Soon I was among them, albeit my presence was unseen and unfelt. It was the hour of family worship. The reading was just finished. The good old 'gray-haired sire,' unable to kneel with the rest, stood beside the table, supporting himself by it, while he poured forth his earnest petition to the Great All-Father on high. In tremulous, heart-stirring tones did the voice of supplication come from his lips. Nor were I and the others who had wandered to far-off shores forgot. Forgot!—oh, why will the words seem so cold and meaningless? Did the thrilling frame, the uplifted head, the quivering lip, and the tear trickling down a father's cheek—did a mother's half-suppressed sob, and the quickened breathing of my sisters—speak of forgetfulness, whilst the prayer was breathed for all the loved ones near or far distant—that God would be a God and a Guide to us; and that, when earth's weary wayfaring was o'er, he would bring us all together at last—'a family in heaven'? Oh! how my heart yearned towards them; how I longed to embrace them, and to cry out, in the fulness of my soul, 'God bless you all with his own richest and most effectual blessing, now and for ever!'

'Twas changed. Silently, as the breath of a new-born zephyr, I had entered a small chamber. The presiding genius, 'a rare and radiant maiden,' soon appeared. Taking a book and a small morocco case from a drawer, she placed her little lamp on the table, and sat down quietly beside it. Ah! well did I know that book—it was the Bible I gave her, some eighteen months before, as a parting gift; and well did I know that little case, for it contained—but no matter. Methought her lip seemed more ruddy and full, and her eye sparkled with a clearer light, as she unclasped it, and gazed long and lovingly on the face portrayed within. Her bosom began to heave, and a faint flush suffused her cheeks, as, with upturned face, she gently raised her hand. I knew she was praying, and—for me! Reader! do you know what it is to be prayed for? Do you know one who thus, in the very depth and purity of her love, prays for you? If you do, you know one of the most touching joys of earth. If you do—take her, oh! take her. You may never find another heart that will beat so truly in unison with your own. Take her, oh! take her; and may the best blessings be showered on you both, richly! May your path through life be pleasant, and your burdens light; and, as you near the end, going down into the Valley of the Shadow, may your hopes for eternity grow brighter and brighter!

Oh! how long and how lovingly I gazed on that fair face; and when those lips, half unconsciously, breathed out the 'Amen,' how fondly did I yearn to stoop and print a kiss upon her brow, and bless her!

I awoke. I was still in a strange land, among strangers. The bright visions of home and love had faded. My dream had passed away; but the remembrance of it, and the soul-strengthening thoughts which it brought, remain even yet—ay, and ever will. I look back upon it as upon an actual experience; and feel that, whatever other lessons learned in Life's great school may have helped to make me wiser or better, it, too, has contributed in some measure towards that end.

J. T.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

There's a drowsy haze of twilight
Hanging o'er the mellow west,
And the sun is slowly sinking
O'er the city's spire crest;
And the tawny waves of labour
Are subsiding on her breast.

Hush'd is the crash of engines
And the busy whirl of wheels;
There's a sweetness in the moment
Which the mellow twilight seals;
And through the pent-up streetways
A rich breath of freedom steals.

High above the hazy pathway—
All unheeded and alone,
Shaping strange and wayward fancies
'Neath these cheerless walls of stone—
I sit wrapp'd, and fondly dreaming,
In a kingdom of my own.

There are footsteps down beneath me—
There are voices in the air—
And pale cheeks are ever passing,
Rim'd with gladness or with care;
But my soul, with calm unheeding,
Is a-roaming elsewhere.

I am thinking, sadly thinking,
Of the dear ones pass'd away—
Of the broken chords of music
Which fill'd youth's glad roundelay—
Of the strings of earthly friendships
That are breaking every day.

They are fitting, ever fitting—
Passing from us one by one,
Even like swift and radiant sun-blinds
O'er a heaven bleak and dun;
And our hearts are ever mourning
Past affection's fallen sun.

There's a sadness in our bosoms—
There's a darkness all the year,
That the hope and sunny impulse
Of bright summer cannot clear,
In that cold and vacant corner,
Which their presence-used to cheer.

They have gone! But oh! they're with us
Every footstep of our way—
In the vigils of the midnight—
In the raptures of the day;
Checking all our wand'ring footsteps
Ere they turn to go astray.

And I ponder in the twilight,
'Mid the sadness of my room;
While a host of radiant phantoms
O'er my senses seem to loom;
Speaking words of holy cheering
Through the cold and dark'ning gloom.

Thus bright beams of hope and gladness
Through my doubts and fears are driven;
Like the winged sunbeams bursting
Through the morning sadness risen;
For the broken harp of friendship
Shall be strung again in heaven!

HENRY JOHNSTON.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.

GABRIEL GRAY—A GLASGOW STORY.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR.

'True courage is not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason.'—*Whitehead.*

CHAPTER VI.

A SENSATION was created yesterday in the office of Messrs. M'Corkindale & Co. by a visit from two of my daughters—Barbara and Sophia. John Dallas glanced at the former, and reddened to the temples; while Joe, the young hopeful of the firm, with easy nonchalance, asked if the ladies would not step round and be seated? They had merely come, however, on some slight errand to me, and politely declined the invitation.

The moment they were gone, Dallas declared that Miss Barbara, in particular, was 'a stunner,' whereupon Joe bantered him into a pearly display of teeth, and a look of sheepishness not usual with a youth so accustomed to female society. Some farther chaffing ensued, in the midst of which Peter Macnab woke up from the study of his latest chess problem, and chuckled in compliment to the supposed humour of the dialogue.

For myself, I was in no jesting mood. Barbara had struck me as looking too infinitely beautiful for health. It would appear that Joe had been similarly impressed, for he gave vent to a hope that she was 'quite strong.' Startled by this remark, it may be that a film of moisture floated over my eyes. At all events, Joe saw fit to change the subject by a reference to what he called 'the great fight for the championship.'

I uttered an exclamation of disgust; but Joe asserted that it was the national event of the day. On this and most other matters, however, I can trace his perverse sentiments entirely to his indifferent training. Old Mr. M'Corkindale himself is a Liberal in politics, but only by reason of his natural imperiousness. Owing to the inborn hauteur of his disposition, he is unable to endure anybody above him—or below him. Therefore is he a Liberal—the old hunk! But Joe has gone clean over to Conservatism. Strange as it may appear, the more popular creed, as exemplified by his governor in many a bygone kick, cuff, and refusal of pocket-money for cigars, has not impressed his memory favourably.

Joe considers it constitutional to stand up for everything that is old—provided it is not grey-haired, or wrinkled, or magotty. The good old custom of prize-fighting has accordingly filled the large mouth of him with panegyric. He thinks Tom Sayers the greatest man the country has produced since the Duke of Wellington. His private opinion is that Tom could even have smashed the Duke. As a member of the West-end Rifles—not particularly ambitious of con-

quest, except in the ball-room—Joe feels personally safer since the display of Anglo-Saxon prowess in the bit of beaten and bloody meadow near Farnborough station. His impression is—and he's a knowing sort of fellow—that Louis Napoleon will pause, and meditate himself into a flannel gown and slippers, before he sets hostile foot upon a shore which has Tom Sayers and men of his brawn and bravery to defend it. His reading of history, and observation of current facts, have filled him with the belief that if an occasional Frenchman could be induced to 'pull shirt off' in the ring—observe the beautiful technicality of the Fancy!—the effect would be to save this kingdom an enormous annual outlay in standing armies. Heenan, the long-armed Yankee Hercules, whose father and mother were from Donnybrook, or some other part of Ireland where shillellahs are grown, was enabled to make a good and protracted resistance. But Joe would like to calculate, by a stop-watch, the number of seconds that Tom would take to shut up the 'goggles' of a Zouave!

Nothing would have delighted Joe more than to be present at the great fight for the belt. He is 'blow'd' if he would have grudged twenty pounds for that privilege, had he only known. But Joe is not exactly the thing of iron he supposes. If I might form conclusions from so much as I know exists of the blubber and fatty part in his disposition, I should say that the first 'round' would have knocked the stomach out of him like a cross-sea off the Mull of Galloway. However, he has quite pluck enough to subscribe to the Sayers testimonial. By all that's manly, he will be one of the testifiers. He thinks the said testimonial should be national, like that awarded a number of years ago to Hudson the Railway King. 'Let a war ensue—above all, let an invasion come, and then,' he exclaims, 'we shall know how to value our heroes!' It is Joe's notion that our very Cobdens and Brights would a deuced deal prefer to cower behind Tom, in the hour of national extremity, than to seek shelter for themselves and their cotton-mills behind a Palmerston, a Russell, or a Gladstone, with all their fine talk, mob-rule Reform Bills, and cowardly communitistic budgets. 'With what consistency,' he asks, 'can we give dukedoms and field-marshal's batons to our foremost fighting men, and yet pass over the unparalleled merits of the English holder of the belt?' All this he can only account for by remembering that we are fallen upon an age 'of Radicalism, shopkeeping, and dyspepsia.' These and other similar noble sentiments he has since addressed, with five shillings in postage-stamps, to the referee of *Bell's Life*, besides giving them forth, in a lisping apathetic style, across the double-desk at which we sit facing each other like the two kings of Brentford, until I have felt so combative, so moved by his appeals, so full of the old

Adam, in spite of my mature looks, as to have difficulty in keeping down an impulse to brain him with the ruler, or offer him a taste of the ink-stand, after the pious manner of Martin Luther when confronting the arch-fiend.

Oh, my masters!—under which title I include all worthy men, not M'Corkindales—you might rake among the ashes of all controversies since the flood, without finding a position so mischievously false as that taken up by a number of philosophic blockheads in reference to the late and shockingly deliberate mutual assault, dire struggle for homicide, or, as it is designated, 'grand fight for the championship.' As for poor Joe—Heaven help him!—he is to be excused on the ground of the little that nature has done for him in the higher intellectual regions. What could be expected from a youth who believes *Punch* to be the greatest thing emanating from the British press, and sets the late Douglas Jerrold on a loftier pedestal than John Milton? Strange, that with all his appreciation of a joke, he does not perceive *that one*—to me so exquisite! After such incomparable fooling, I can fancy Joe taking up cudgels for any absurdity. But that men with ordinary heads on their shoulders should approve of prize-fighting as encouraging fair play; as a manly mode of settling disputes; and as a useful means of keeping up the national stamina, is an astonishment, an enigma, and a scandal. In states of sheer barbarity the strongest holds his own and wins. The weak have then no alternative but to endure the wrongs which the powerful are wicked enough to inflict. It is, however, of the very essence of civilization to disarm individual passion, and clothe in invincible armour the principles of eternal justice. A strong nation has a thousand guarantees that it will not abuse its strength. But if pugilism is to be sanctioned and applauded, what safety is there from continual coarse outrage on the part of any bully of the slums? Courage is about the very lowest quality which humanity can exhibit when without lofty motive. To defend the helpless, to rescue the suffering, or to bear aloft the standard of the national honour in the very jaws of death, is to exhibit the sublime spectacle of noble and generous impulse triumphant over slavish fear. But standing up semi-nude, before an excited and savage mass of betting and mercenary blackguardism, to pummel and be pummeled—without a quarrel, and without a cause—for mere vulgar gain—oh, infamous! Had such been a legitimate occupation for men, they would have had claws and fangs, and been otherwise wholly bestial. Courage, forsooth! Who ever heard of a prize-fighter performing any sublime act of heroism? National stamina, quotha! When did ever any noted bruiser live to a great age? Cease your insufferable nonsense, O ye egregious Joe M'Corkindales of the model metropolitan press! I know what kind of ring the P. R. is. It is a human, or inhuman, Maelstrom that sucks down many a goodly craft into unspeakable depths and regions of utter hopelessness. (Hear, hear, from my neighbour over the way.) 'I

tell you, Mathew,' I exclaimed, making the table ring, 'in such testing crises as make even women brave, your great prize-fighter would indubitably prove your arrant coward.' (Cheers from the one voice.)

Further, every true hero is an object physically beautiful to contemplate. A Greenwich pensioner, with one eye and a timber pin, is beautifuller, through the power and splendour of patriotic association, than a Buchanan-street exquisite under heavy obligations to his tailor. The empty sleeve of a Nelson or a Raglan was a sight for an artist or a poet. It was eloquent of noble achievement, and of the sacrifices which have built up and consecrated our supreme national grandeurs. Sabre cuts and gunshot wounds are the honourable insignia of Right manfully enforced, and Freedom triumphantly defended. A soldier's scars are more to be prized than his medals, for the reason that they tell prouder tales of valor and victory. The smiles and the applause of beauty have ever been the guerdon of the warrior, even when freshest and sickliest from the blood and dust of conflict. Innocence feels confiding and safe where bravery is unmistakable. But fancy the countenance of Heenan, after its two hours' battering—gashed, swollen, bloody, discoloured, shapeless—shooting inebriate glances of conscious ugliness through clotted and pulpy undulations of pounded flesh—in every respect, indeed, hyperbolically unbecomingly! Ah, ye discriminating fair ones!—deserved by none but the brave—believe a venerable book-keeper when he tells you that a prize-fighter's face—bridge of the nose usually much dilapidated—is not in the least prettily adapted for lockets, or for other dreams matrimonial than those of brutality and murder! (A psan of approval, with toddy-spoon accompaniment obligatory.)

The fights of the gladiators in the Roman circus were defended not merely by the Joe M'Corkindales of the capital, but by grave and eminent citizens—nay, by Cicero himself—as engendering and maintaining among the people a fearless martial spirit and a valorous contempt of death. Heavens! as if Greece had not led the way in warlike achievement without any such education in butchery! As for the poor gladiators themselves—slaves, malefactors, or hirelings fighting for bare life to amuse the populace—what lesson could they give in courage to a great nation, except when headed by a Spartacus, and preferring destruction on their masters to mutual and aimless carnage? What deaths could be more ignoble than those of the ordinary gladiators, unless when, as at the rejoicings for the victories of the Emperor Probus, they killed their keepers, broke from their confinement, and perished, not servilely in the applauding amphitheatre, but amid blood and vengeance in the terrified streets of Rome? For true courage, commend me, not to the unfortunate wretches condemned to a public game of murder for the common sport, but to the Asiatic monk, Telemachus, who dashed into the arena to separate the combatants, and suffered martyrdom at the hands of the mad rabble through that brave and

immortal protest. For my own part, I confess to some enjoyment of the late great fight, when Heenan, blind as an Andabata, and enraged like a tortured bull, struck out right and left in the closing *mêlée*—knocking down and blackening the eyes of all who came within range of his monstrous fists. Could he only have put his mark on the 'goggles' of the whole huge crowd—crowd worthy of a Roman circus or a Spanish *plaza de toros*—and sent every man and miscreant of them back to London, per special train, with that visible infamy upon them, I might then have fancied that something of the spirit of Spartacus lurked in the bosom of 'the Benicia Boy'; that the Samson—if I may borrow, and degrade with a vulgar pun, a couple of lines from the 'Samson Agonistes' of Milton—that the Samson, with his eyes out,

'And over-labour'd at their public will,
To make them sport with blind activity.'

knew how to avenge himself upon the Philistines.

'Let the name of Gabriel Gray,' says good Mathew Waddel, 'be renowned in the Fancy. Bellow it, ye hoarse speech-criers! as ye pursue your roaring vocation in pairs! Gabriel, my noble old soul! I appoint myself referee. Let the London and Liverpool Stock Exchanges send in their money, and Joe M'Corkindale his postage-stamps. Unhesitatingly I award you the belt. You have beaten both "the Benicia Boy" and Sayers.'

'Clean and for ever out of the field, let all good men pray,' I modestly and earnestly added.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

WILLIAM LENNIE, THE GRAMMARIAN.

THE history of the past may be read in the progress of the present. From the earliest development of mind over matter, the innate and original principle in man gradually surmounted opposing difficulties, and proved the possessor to be the master—the ruling spirit. He began his researches at the dawn of time, and he continues his inquiries to the present hour. Nothing daunts him. Onward, onward he proceeds. Metals, minerals, air, earth, water, mountains to their summit, and mines to their lowest depth, with all their innumerable products, are reduced under his potent agency, and made subservient to his practical will. Art rides forth in her chariot of peace, and spreads yellow sheaves of plenty to the inhabitants of every clime; while science opens up new fields of enterprise in every department of industry; and man—enlightened, educated man—subdues the whole, guides the whole, and by his power of intellect converts the whole into streams of ever flowing good.

In the process of multiplied investigations necessary to explore the vast resources which the Almighty Creator had laid up in the storehouse of the world, records were indispensable. These records required to be written, and writing required to be invented, learned, and taught. The impress of thought was conveyed to the legible page, and the lesson was communicated from father to son, from man to man, and

from age to age. In every step thus made—the teacher, the tutor—the help was demanded, for knowledge is far from being intuitive. Originally, the parent was the teacher. No other instructor was allowed. Generally, the limit of knowledge was bounded by the father's attainments. Some soaring minds, however, would not always be so restrained. They would break through the prescribed bounds, and study and teach with such acceptance and success as to leave their predecessors far behind. Such richly gifted persons, however, were rare. All progress depended chiefly on parental instruction, until at last, in almost seeming despair, both parent and child gave up the task; and for centuries learning was confined within the walls of monasteries, and the teacher subjected to the servile control of a usurping and despotic ecclesiastical power. Stinted growth of mind, lack of understanding, deficiency of application, and total misconception of almost everything around them, were the ruinous consequences. At this blighted and languishing period, learning was despised; teachers were few; ignorance and indifference reigned supreme; no one cared for his fellow; all were sunk in the slough of despond, and were descending deeper and deeper into the mire. But, in the prevailing gloom, a merciful Providence, through the instrumentality of one man, created an engine—the type-printing press—which ultimately was to unite man to man and earth to heaven. The press, like a ladder reaching to ethereal heights, was first planted in Germany in 1438, in England in 1474, in Scotland in 1507, and in Glasgow in 1630; and by its aid thousands, who must otherwise have grovelled in barbarism, are enabled to ascend into the clear sunshine of truth, and discover their duty to God and their obligations to their fellow-men. The whole face of nature is changed. The standard height of man is reached, and fresh recruits are daily enrolled. The enemy is met. The battle is not doubtful. Victory will be achieved, and ignorance rolled away as a dark cloud. Truly and justly has the poet exclaimed,—

'To thee, O Press! let despots quail,
Oppressors crouch, and tyrants rail,
And own thy righteous sway;
On thy predestinated course,
Religion's handmaid! virtue's nurse!
Hold thy appointed way.

Till every soul the "light within"
Chase every form of grief and sin
From every heart's recess;
Thy goal is reach'd, thy race is run—
The cause of God, the rights of man,
Shall crown the Press! the Press!

In proportion as the Press spreads abroad her invigorating and soothing influences, so does her handmaid, Learning, in all her branches, humanise mankind. Teachers were in demand; schools were originated; arts and sciences were developed; and each was appreciated. In 1534 the celebrated Scotchman, John Erskine of Dun, induced a learned Frenchman to come to Scotland from Paris to teach Greek. No native teacher could be found qualified to meet the prevail-

ing want, and a foreign importation became therefore indispensable. At the town of Montrose the first classical school in Scotland was opened, and the cravings for intellectual food which had begun to be felt were to a certain extent satisfied. Students arrived from various quarters, and joined the classes. A new era was commenced. The press lived. Sheet after sheet was cast off, and the aspiration was everywhere verified:—

'Hail, noble Art! by which the world,
Though long in barbarisms hurld,
Sees blooming learning swift arise,
And science wait'd to the skies!'

Scotland was blessed. A seed was sown. The seedlings soon appeared; and by the year 1560 teachers were planted in each parish as part of the Protestant establishment of the country. Education became general, and schools have so multiplied since, that they are almost innumerable. New methods of teaching and additional branches of study have increased in an equal proportion; and the schools may now be divided into two great classes—those aided by Government grants or private bequests, and those sustained by their own self-reliant resources. Of the latter class was the seminary presided over by the subject of these reminiscences—the late William Lennie.

This gentleman was a native of Perthshire; and, at the lonely village of Craigend, near the fair city of Perth, he began his career as a teacher. His previous training had depended entirely on himself. His possession of an English dictionary was an eventful epoch in his life, as he made this book his ceaseless study, till he had entirely mastered its contents. Resolute, bold, enthusiastic, he entered the field of public teaching, at the beginning of the present century, when he was comparatively a young man. He not only cultivated the resources within his reach, but he aspired to a still more important sphere of action. After a few years' teaching in the country, he removed to Edinburgh, where a wider range of studies and of prospects dawned upon him. He opened a school at the south side of the city; and, although he was nearly friendless and penniless, he showed himself endowed with qualities fitted to achieve victory in the arduous battle of life. In short, he held tenaciously to his purpose. His grand study continued to be the English language, and how to convey a knowledge of it to others. No difficulty deterred and no reproach disheartened him. In his school he was firm, prompt, and decisive, yet always conciliatory; and the various friendships which he contrived to form in the Scottish capital assisted still farther in extending his connection, so that, within a few years, the number of his pupils became very considerable.

Mr. Lennie's second class-room was at Nicolson-square, but his model rooms were at 10 Nicolson-street. At the latter he was known as one of the first English teachers in the city, and his class-rooms became crowded with active, lively pupils. Method

and order were vigorously enforced, and absolute control insensibly maintained. No relaxation of rule, no trifling with an offence, no rewards for good conduct—such was Mr. Lennie's system. He never gave examination school prizes. Boys and girls were taught in the same class—the teacher maintaining that the roughness of the one was smoothed down by the gentle sweetness of the other. A feeling akin to affection grew up between Mr. Lennie and most of his pupils, and remained with both a bond of intimacy through life. He kept a yearly record of every one of them, and he noted his or her history. His house was open to them at all seasons, and he sympathised with their joys and their sorrows. He was partial to them, and seldom saw their failings but with a parent's eye. His own books were the texts on which he dwelt; and his system, as exhibited in them, he studied to engraft on the mind of every one of his pupils. 'Slow and steady' was his motto with each; and special reference was constantly made to the lessons already taught. On the first day of October during every year which Mr. Lennie taught, he formed a new or junior class; and only those who appeared on muster-day were enrolled. No others could enter during the session.

Within the precincts of Mr. Lennie's class-rooms no stranger was permitted to enter. He admitted no judge to approve or disapprove of his method of teaching or of its school effects. He felt he was under no committee, no directory, no supervision. He was master, and he would allow no one to dictate to him. No one fully knew his particular method of instruction—no, not even his assistants. In fact, it was peculiarly his own. The person who desired to adopt it would require to have had similar sympathies and similar tact. Mr. Lennie taught English by the powers or sounds of the letters—not by their names; and he insisted that even his highest class should adhere to this rule. Any newly enrolled pupil had to begin at the beginning. No step could be made in advance without the first being known, and hence parents studiously avoided the consequences of not sending their youthful charge to begin at the beginning with the class on quarter-day.

The internal arrangements of the class-rooms at 10 Nicolson-street were in strict harmony with the course of moral training adopted by the teacher. The forms were fastened to the floor, and the second or inner row was circular. They were low and neatly fitted up, all rounded at the corners; while every kind of ingenuity was exercised with a view to add to the health, comfort, and improvement of the pupils. No noise, no confusion, no murmuring. The children left the school-room in regular order, and, forming one unbroken line during the descent of three stairs, they retained their places as if under military discipline.

Thus lived and thus taught, in the capital of Scotland, for upwards of thirty years, the far-famed and estimable William Lennie. As a man, his honour and honesty were never questioned; and as a teacher of

youth his example and his success have exercised a wide influence. He was a pioneer—he opened a way for others to follow. He formed a link of that great chain of education which is destined to encircle the world, and to direct its scattered and growing powers; and one desire should pervade the mind of his professional successors—to take up the course he left unfinished. Mr. Lennie was not perfection. No human model is so. Perfection belongs only to One, and that One is Divine. Yet the imperfect can teach, and the unlearned can learn; and the facts, and rules, and hints given in the school-books of Mr. Lennie are worthy of patient examination and of extensive practice.

Mr. Lennie did not continue to teach to the end of his life, though he superintended his own publications to the last. His Grammar and Key develops his system of teaching more than any other of his works; and the instructions in them are invaluable, especially to teachers. Subsequently to the year 1816, country schoolmasters attended Mr. Lennie's morning class at six o'clock, and received his practical hints, which were prized and well treasured. Many of these teachers came from great distances, and passed their vacations under his training; and by them, as a class, more than by his junior pupils, his system was appreciated and extended. When Mr. Lennie retired from his old field of labour, he committed his charge to an assistant; and, ultimately, his pupils were disposed hither and thither, and the school at No. 10 Nicolson-street was finally closed. That day was one of the saddest in Mr. Lennie's life, when he saw his school-rooms dismantled, the school flag exposed (this flag was to invite the pupils to return from play), and the rooms left unfurnished. The happiest associations of his life were there. He remembered them in connection with his more buoyant years; and, from the separated mass of materials, he carefully selected certain mementoes for preservation.

This excellent preceptor of youth died on the morning of the 20th July 1852, at his house, St. Andrew-square, Edinburgh, after a painful and lingering illness, in the 70th year of his age. His body was interred in ground paid for by himself two months before his decease, within the Grange Cemetery; and on the mural front of sandstone, overlooking his grave, may be observed a slab of granite, with a brief inscription, in which he is described as 'WILLIAM LENNIE, THE GRAMMARIAN.' The memorial is plain, simple, and touching, and speaks with peculiar pathos to his surviving acquaintances and friends.

Of the numerous and efficient body of teachers in this island, few secure from their calling independent means. The majority scarcely attain even a bare competency. As authors of school-books, however, they are sometimes more successful, and in this department few have ever achieved such triumphs as the subject of this brief memoir. Mr. Lennie had scarcely commenced teaching in Edinburgh when he began to publish his celebrated school series—he supplying the trade, and the trade supplying the public. Year after year produced new editions of his 'A B C,'

parts I. and II., of his 'Child's Ladder,' of his 'Sequel,' and of his 'Grammar;' and such was the demand that, of his 'Grammar' alone, at his death, no fewer than 50,000 copies were sold yearly—an amount of success unparalleled in the history of school-books. The Grammar, though now in other hands, is at present in its *fifty-third edition*, and retains all its originality of plan and simplicity of arrangement, with its sufficiently copious list of examples on each given rule. Of our author's other school-books, one quotation from one of his introductions may suffice to show the spirit and tendency of them:—'These books lead the child step by step, from the simplest element to the next above it—with progressive exercises on each—through all the stages or principles of pronunciation, so that the child finds himself taught before he feels the difficulty of learning.' Hence their general acceptance throughout the country; and so great was the estimate put upon the copyright of Mr. Lennie's Grammar and other school-books, that the purchasers readily paid the high sum of £4,500 for it. No sooner was the death of Mr. Lennie known, than competitors for the honour of publishing his works flowed in from various quarters in England; and if a trial of strength had been submitted to, the price might have risen to a still higher figure. But preference was given to the enterprising firm of Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh, who became the publishers—a preference, we may add, most creditable to all concerned.

To most of the public charities of the day Mr. Lennie was a generous contributor; and shortly before his death he gave a donation of £200 to the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. The most noted proof, however, of his benevolence was the noble provision which he made in behalf of aged widows and others, by means of a grant in perpetuity of £200 annuities, to be paid in sums of ten pounds to each. Many a heart has cause to rejoice in the gift, and to bless the memory of the donor; while his trustees are made the happy medium of verifying the words of inspiration, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Next perhaps in interest and importance among his acts of benevolence was the founding of bursaries to assist the classical education of young men attending the Edinburgh University. An equal amount (£200 a-year) is to be disbursed to them as to the widows, only in £12 divisions—the Magistrates and Town Council of Edinburgh being the custodiers of the funds. In October 1859, was issued the first invitation for parties to come forward, and in the following month four young men were selected to enjoy the boon. The selection is for four years, and the conditions are most liberal. In addition to this assistance rendered to education, the teacher of Craigend School—where Mr. Lennie first taught—is to receive a continual annuity of ten pounds. Mr. Lennie left at his death two estates, one named Auchenvesh, in Dumfriesshire, and the other Ballochnech, of six hundred acres, in Stirlingshire, and both are of increasing value; so that the 'Lennie Bursaries' and the 'Lennie Widow Fund' are amply secured.

Although never married, Mr. Lennie was eminently social in his habits, and his conversational powers were considerable. He was full of anecdote, and he applied his resources with admirable adroitness. His wise sayings, and his strong common-sense advices, were always valuable. Indeed, no one could be long in his presence without reaping benefit. He was uniformly punctual to time and faithful to promise. His word could be relied on. He was particularly attached to his profession, and proud of his method of instruction. The rules of pronunciation, systematically arranged and copiously exemplified, he considered unique and invaluable. The 'Child's Ladder' was one of his most prized performances; and at one time, when his system as therein unfolded appeared to be plagiarised, he appealed to the Court of Session for redress. He pled his own cause. Strong in the conviction of the justice of his case, he erred in not employing counsel. The Court did not sustain his appeal, the evidence being held inconclusive; and he retired from the scene, bearing well his disappointment and having the sympathy of his friends.

Mr. Lennie's particular views on education, and his discriminating knowledge of youthful character, would require many pages to explain and illustrate. Their merits cannot be sufficiently brought out in a single paper. This brief sketch, however, may possibly induce some one more competent to undertake the task. The example which he set of honourable perseverance in a good cause, cannot be made known too widely. It shows how much may be achieved during the short span of a single life, and how great may be the reward reserved for those who apply themselves, heart and soul, to the duties allotted to them by Providence. J. B.

THE PHANTOM PUNT;

OR, THE HOWL OF GUILT.*

A TALE OF VIRTUE AND VILLANY, TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,
DESPAIR AND DEATH.

BOOK FIRST.—PART FIRST.

CHAPTER VI.

BLOOD!

THE sun rose gloriously on the morning after the great storm, and the sun smiled fully on the devastated village of Dubdub, as if in good-humoured enjoyment of the freaks which its friends, the elements, had been indulging in the night previous. About the first thing which the sun did on that morning was to dart down upon Chipps' buildings, and stream into Chipps' rooms, where it discovered old Chipps in his bed-room, kicking and writhing about on the floor in demoniac delight. The fact is, old Chipps had discovered that the parchment which had been blown away by the wind was not the original paper, which gave him the power of turning the rich and haughty Marquis of Pennywhistle out of the estates, and restoring the stately Kornopeon Castle and demesnes to the true heir. He had returned to his room in the gray of the morning, after a fruitless chase, and was about to blow out his brains, when his eye lighted on a yellow paper protruding from the box. Great therefore was his joy when he discovered

that the document which he had been hunting after during the night, and which had nearly cost him his life, was only an old receipt for some mason-work which had been done in his father's time, and that the original document was still in his possession. 'And now,' soliloquised old Chipps, 'now this plebeian Adonis shall be brought to my terms. This very day shall I have my answer; this very day shall he decide between the hand of my daughter Evangeline and penury and a prison. Fool that he is, to think that I am to be trifled with—I that raised him from the base position of a pot-boy to take a place among the aristocracy of the land! Does he think, because I am old and frail, and tottering on my legs—does he think, mein Gott, that he is to play the modern Frankenstein with me! No, by the remembrance of my departed wife, Imogene, he shall not do it. I fashioned him—I shaped him; and, by the beard of my father, he shall obey me, or I'll kick him off the pedestal, and shatter him to pieces. I am the sculptor, and he is my work—my work for years, for I plotted this for years. I have sworn by the fires of Gehenna that Evangeline shall be indulged in the slightest whim. When a child, she fell in love with this fair-haired fool, and years have only strengthened her passion; years, also, have served to increase his antipathy to the thought of a union with her. And is there no selfish motive at the bottom of this? Nothing for myself? Nothing, Grandes Dieux! everything. Revenge! On what? On him—on that once pampered aristocrat, now rotting in his grave—I have sworn an oath that the great wrong which he did to my sister shall be avenged on his own child, and she is within my power; she is drudging—great fates! drudging—as a low scullery-maid in a low London tavern; kicked about and ill-treated by a brute! I wish he could rise out of his grave to see her. It would do my heart good. It would make this blood of mine, now so weak and thin, dance through my body like quicksilver. And what was this great wrong, forsooth? may yet be asked by many if my purpose should fail. What, indeed! I must leave a record behind that the world may judge between us.'

This terrible old man, with a frenzied eagerness, drew his box into the shady corner of the room, seized upon a ream of paper, and, with nervous energy, began to write.

Previous to commencing, however, he ransacked his box, and produced two mouldy sea biscuits, a bottle, and a small piece of cocoa-nut shell. The bottle contained brandy.

He ate, and drank, and wrote.

Little recked the hoary old sinner that his end was at hand—that he was eating his last morsel—that the same sun which was streaming in upon him, and lighting up the paper, and drying up the ink on the words as they were penned—little recked he, we say, that the same sun was warming two half-naked figures in the garret above him; and that, in soliloquising in the manner he had done, and aloud, he had pronounced his own doom.

* The right of dramatising, translating, and reproducing this serial fiction is reserved by the authors.

Slowly the shadows began to creep into the room, and monotonously sounded the pen as it glided over the paper. The bed which stood in the corner seemed to stretch out its posts, like huge arms, to clutch the old man. The darkness plunged into the bed, and made it look like a huge well, waiting eagerly till the figure in the corner had finished, to drag him down to perdition. The rickety old press creaked and threw open its doors by some invisible power, as if yawning in heart-weariness at the time he had cumbered the earth, and protesting that it should not last longer than to-night. A close, damp odour crawled down the chimney, and a black vapour swept into the room and hovered over his head. The odour forced itself into his mouth, and up his nostrils, and into his ears, and into the pores of his skin, and impregnated all his body. The vapour struggled madly with the small remaining patchwork of sun, and chased it out of the room, as if to say, 'Out, spy! Begone! My master, Death, commands you. Out, I say. I am the spirit which waits upon murder. Let my master's work be done to-night; and look back on the morrow, to show his handiwork to the babbling gossips of the village. Away! Linger awhile, if you like, on the village green, where idiotic rustics trip on the sward; lend a brighter tinge to the golden locks of the village beauty, in order that she may twine herself closer round the heart of the mad swain, Roger, whom she loves not, and who is slowly consuming inwardly with the pangs of unrequited love; linger, in golden flashes, among the rich luxuriance of her hair, till the proud lord of the manor—there, under the shade of the elm trees, looking at her with hungering eyes—finally makes up his mind to pluck this fair flower, and wear it till its purity is faded, and till it is time to cast it forth a weed among kindred weeds on the heart of the great city, the modern Babylon! Away from this—for there is murder to be done—away down to the village church; let your last rays rest upon the square panes of the great window; embrace them till they throw a glory on the altar and on the slight girlish figure at the organ, sending up strains of celestial music to enter heaven with the fragrance from a thousand fields of rye, and corn, and wheat; flash on them, till travellers in distant counties, in canal-boats, in coaches, in gigs, in farm-carts, on horseback—till lovers in shady English lanes, breathing out vows of devotion, which will be broken within the year—till decrepit old men and women, taking their last look of earth from the open window of their sick room; all are struck for the moment into a state of maudlin sentimentality, and think, poor fools! that God's glory is beaming on them from the distance, and that this earth is not so much Gehenna as they fancied. Away! I say. Thou art a shadow—a mock reality—which vain fools worship. Darkness is only practical. Then the real business of the world commences. Sneak! babbler! coward! traitor! spy! dost thou think, because thou makest a show of virtue, that there shall be no more villany in the world? Dost thou think that thou shalt scorch up all the

subjects of my master, the Devil? Out upon thee for an ass! I, Darkness, am as much a power as thou. Thou must succumb to my sway; and I tell thee, when thy worshippers are sunk in slumber, hating thee secretly for the base work which thou shalt wake them to on the morrow, I have my true devotees, who love me always, and whom I never betray. Under my cloak, murders, robberies, burglaries, seditions, schisms are plotted; under my cloak they are committed; and it is I who screen them. To my protection they must return, and do so disinterestedly. They love me because their deeds are evil, and I love them for the sake of my master, the Devil. Out again, I say, for he has work to do, and his agents are waiting thy departure. Death! I tell thee, death! murder! begone!

And the old man wrote on till the shadows had gathered so thickly that the room was all shadow, the writing on the paper no longer visible, and darkness triumphant—covering up and embracing him in its clutches, like a horrid foreboding of the everlasting darkness in which he would soon be plunged.

The sword was swaying above his head, and the thread was distending and growing feebler every moment. His task was not finished, however. His destiny was not quite worked out. He groped again in the old cupboard, and found a candle and a rusty old tin watering-can.

He lighted the candle, stuck it in the spout of the watering-can, and recommenced his task. The light cast weird shadows over the furniture. The tattered curtains of the bed took the form of demons, and grinned and mouthed fearfully at the slight bony figure in the corner. He chuckled several times, as his pen glided rapidly over the paper. It was a fearful chuckle, and came from his throat like a death-rattle. The old man was recording a murder which he had committed.

He wrote on.

Meantime, two glazed-eyed, hollow-cheeked, starved-lipped figures crouched in the garret above him; and, glueing their lack-lustre eyes to the floor—his roof—watched him—watched him, with death in their faces—death! They spoke in hollow, husky tones, and plotted murder—Duferny and Vavazour, the escaped convicts. Starving, bleeding, parched with thirst, covered with horrible sores which they had received in the burning ship—the sores aggravated by the salt water—and their rags flapping their skinny sides with the slightest motion of the breeze which came in at the skylight window.

Le Kock At Vert had been put to sea improperly victualled—the crew had mutinied, and, maddened with brandy, set fire to the ship. In the ship there were some good men who might have been spared; but only these two escaped. A common purpose united them for the present; but the strongest passion in each of their hearts was hate of the other. They were starving, and there was gold within their reach.

They would have it.

'When he has finished, we will descend,' said Va-

vavazour. 'There is a trap door at this end, which allows one to alight on the bed.'

'We have no weapon,' said Duferny; 'and we are both weak from hunger and thirst.'

'And whose fault is that, imbecile!' said Vavazour. 'What a devil's prank it was to rush through the window of the hotel after that friend of yours! Your affection could surely have kept a little. Had you been patient, we might have obtained food and disguises, and been able to leave this place without the job which can't be avoided now.'

'Cease your patter, then, in the fiend's name, and let us to business. There is gold in that box—we must kill that hoary old sinner. How is it to be done? I would slit his throat in a moment, but we have no knife.'

'Dash his brains out on the hearth!'

'Guillotine him!' said Vavazour.

'How!'

'You hold his body, with his head in the box. The box is iron—his neck will be between the lid and the side. I shall squeeze it down, and his head will fall, lopped off into the box.'

'Ha! ingenious but difficult.'

'Mort de ma vie! it's quite simple. I could do it alone.'

Duferny grinned fiendishly at Vavazour; and the expression in his fierce grey eyes was that he should like to experiment on him, and might, possibly, before long.

The old man still continued to grimace horribly, as he went on with the narrative.

The ground was strewn with the sheets which he had just written.

He laid down his pen, heaved a long sigh, squatted down on the floor, and proceeded to pick up the papers which he had written, to page them, and string them together.

The sand-glass was nearly run out. His destiny was accomplished, and his executioners were slowly descending through the trap-door.

Murder in their famished eyes, they look like two starved wolves preparing to tear to pieces some unfortunate traveller asleep in the snow.

The last page has been put in its place, the manuscript is rolled up neatly, tied with a string, and labelled 'The Narrative of Abinadab Ephraim Chipps.'

Duferny and Vavazour are in the bed.

Stay! the old man has opened his box, and is fingering gold. There is a secret spring at the bottom of the box which opens into the floor. He raises another lid—more gold! He is up to the elbow in gold. He takes a handful out, and gazes at the pieces with hungering eyes—gazes at them, till his face looks as if gilded by a brass candlestick, and his jaundiced eyes start in their sockets, and threaten to leap out and burrow among the shining metal which they love so well.

Poor fool! the last grains in the sands of thy existence can now be numbered; the flame of thy life

burns feebly on the wick, and waits only for the final flicker to fade into vacancy, and leave thy body soulless, inanimate, dead—a charred wick which will soon crumble into dust—a poor feast for the worms, who will nibble for fleshy succulence, and wriggle in apoplectic fury when they find their mistake. As useless will thy soulless trunk be to them for nourishment, as a squeezed orange, which has lain in the sun for a year, is to the fevered invalid who pants for some cooling beverage to assuage the fiery crispness of his throat.

A horrible cry escapes from the wretched old miser. It is stifled for a moment by a hand which clutches his throat. It is the hand of Vavazour, and he feels as if he were grasping figs—the flesh is bloodless and yielding.

'Silence, old man!'

Chipps makes an effort, and gurgles out 'Mercy, mercy! I killed him, I confess; but the provocation was strong. Mercy, mercy! Do not look upon me with that wild expression. There is death in thy eyes. Oh! let me live. I cannot die yet. I have a great purpose to fulfil. Let me live, and you shall have all my wealth. There is gold for you in the box. Take it all, but spare my life.'

'Silence, old man! for thy hour is come; thy grave is ready; it yawns for thee, and is weary of waiting. It would close its jaw, for the night wind howls over it, and the village cats burrow in its bosom, and feast upon the worms who wait for thy arrival. The hour is come for thee to die. On thy own confession thou hast shed the blood of a man. I am his avenger, and I swear that thou shalt not escape.'

Another figure stepped out of the gloom and caught the old man by the arms, pinioned them, and laid him like a bundle upon the top of his box. It was Duferny, and he looked—with his grinning white teeth, hook nose, swarthy face, and black mustache—like Satan trussing a victim to carry him down to hell.

He made hideous grimaces at the prostrate figure on the box, as if to crush out his life with the sheer force of terror.

The box bore a fearful analogy to a coffin, and the old man writhed about in terror, his teeth chattering, his limbs quivering, and his eyes rolling wildly about.

Duferny and Vavazour looked in each other's eyes.

'Who is to do it?' said Vavazour.

'Cast lots.'

'No, by heaven; we shall both have a hand in it. If I swing for it, you swing; if you swing, I swing.'

'Agreed!' said Duferny. 'Our hands are dyed too deep in blood to quake at the idea of snuffing out the small remaining spark which lingers in that old husk.'

'The means?' said Vavazour. 'How is it to be done?'

Old Chipps made a feeble effort to shriek.

'Ha!' said Vavazour, 'the cork-screw!'

'The cork-screw!' echoed Duferny, with fearful meaning.

To be continued fortnightly.)

CULTURE AND GENIUS.

WHATEVER commands ingress or exit anywhere in the world of matter or of mind is a key. There is a key to everything, and everything opens to him that has the key. We account our souls as chambers—deep, wide, and inaccessible, save to whomsoever we choose to suffer to come in.

The whole range of human thought and experience is a kingdom; and, from the bunch of keys hanging at the girdle of the soul, culture and genius are the most potent in opening the doorway leading into the temple of science and knowledge. Culture is the most refined key to success—social honour—to the fashion, the parliament, and the club; and genius is culture's powerful ally, when she acts as the friend of goodness, purity, nobleness, and immortal truth. The first is hierarch, and the latter is the chief butler of the vessels that minister to more than mortal hunger and thirst. Culture has a kingdom, and genius has a royal rule therein. Like the scribe Jesus talked with in Jerusalem, genius is not far from the kingdom. To occupy ourselves in unfolding the latent elements and abilities of our nature, or even in cherishing higher conceptions of our being, is no mean or unprofitable exertion of our powers; for, as human creatures, culture is to us the all-inclusive, sufficient, and saving thing. It is the primary motive that answers to the dignity of the human part of our nature, though it may not answer to 'the chief end of our life.' In regard to this chief end of life, culture plays only a secondary part, and genius serves merely to give more brilliant and effective expression to it. We propose to say not a word on what we let God do for us, which involves a religious process; but mainly to stir reflection upon what we do for ourselves alone—which, as will be seen, implies a process of culture. The action of genius and the process of culture do not hinder, but open the way to higher wisdom, and to a truer development of our worthier and spiritual nature. Man is not a being of isolated faculties; but his nature is composite, and demands specific culture and care to each specific class of powers. The *human* part of man's being must be accosted by a higher power than his animal and sensual nature inherits into, before he can command the seat which he is made to dignify and fill. In regard to our faculties, and their variety and education, we must render unto each its legitimate measure of training and development. It goes hard with us to describe either the scope or nature of the culture which a *human* being needs, and of the origin and constitution of that strange thing called genius. Nor can we say where these two, culture and genius, confine themselves. We will, however, attempt an analysis of their nature and end, leaving for another occasion the wider and more wondrous subject, viz.—the relations that exist between culture, genius, and inspiration.

Culture is the generic term for the opening of the perceptions of the intellect for a right understanding

of the relation of facts and principles in science, philosophy, art, and life, and the awakening in the merely sensual mind a love of the beautiful and useful, with an educated capacity to give fit form and colour, in words, art, and acts, to the perceptions of its intellect and imagination. Man is first born into the sensual plane of life, with little love for order, beauty, and knowledge; but, by education and the refinement of culture, he may be elevated successively to the rational and spiritual planes of humanity.

Culture acts as the opener of the blind eyes and the unstopper of the deaf ears, and as the John the Baptist in the highways of the intellect, preparing the way of a higher advent of truth by making crooked things straight, and the rough places plain. The broadest culture should be sought, therefore, as affording the basis for the reception and adequate outworking of the inspirations of thought that visit us in the heat and passion of genius. In every man there slumbers a spirit of genius, and a time arrives when Providence would give the imprisoned faculties liberty; but the lack of culture is the barrier to liberation and emancipation, and a dead check to reputation or glory. There arrives an hour in the experience of a man's life when a proffered liberation is made to his faculties; when a guardian stands near to throw open the gates of the dungeon, and to lead him from the narrow cell of uncultivated and barbaric nature to the unchartered landscape of nature and God. It is sad to behold the numbers, the internal faculties of whose minds are such as to fit them to receive the most select and beautiful inspirations, drilled and chafed, goaded to madness, or rendered almost torpid by the sordid exactions, the wretched associations, which are always connected with poverty. Often youthful spirits fit to associate as pupils with Schiller or Shakspeare, to comprehend the abstract thought of Plato and Seneca, to penetrate the occult wisdom of Bacon, or wander in the celestial spaces with Newton, are condemned to the companionship of servile men, and to the service of a low and sensualised occupation.

Intellect, by the sordid associations and base examples of ordinary society, whether at home or abroad, is both carnalised and brutalised, till, buried in the sensual and corporeal nature, it forgets that there are other knowledges and adornments than those which pertain to the flesh. None but those who have passed through in some measure this ordeal know how bitter it is, or can fathom the agony which comes with the knowledge that there is a beauty and a poetry—a world of art and loveliness, where manhood lives in its noblest powers, and womanhood blooms in her most ideal charmfulness, and that from this world we are shut out by a barrier seemingly but of thin air, yet really almost impalpable as that which separated Dives and Lazarus.

Now, the first healthy struggle which the soul makes, as it begins to realise in youth that man is more than a mere semblance, is to grasp at the means by which it will attain conditions of true culture, and be redeemed from the pollutions and despotisms of

the senses into the wide domains of intellect and imagination. It is natural for the soul thus awakened to crave an existence insphered amid the imperishable treasures of arts and belles-lettres—the breathing human miracles of culture and civilization. The desire for refinement does not originate in self-conceit, and is not born of a base pride; it is not to be confounded with the passion which goads on the youth, who seeks to get along in the world, with a craving to be found in the companionship of those who rank higher in the regard of wealth and station.

When, however, the soul receives visitations of high and sacred truths, or bright and beautiful thoughts, and becomes the life of the understanding; when the intellect masters the lore of the world's gifted sages—the heart's analysts—the man is in a condition, if receptive of culture, to carry out the thoughts of art, poetry, science, and philosophy, into the stately glories of art and into the statelier majesty of epic song and tragic history. Without the capacity to comprehend profound truths in their harmonious relations, the culture put upon a man is unripe; devoid of love for the principles of nature, the culture attained to express them is inverted.

There can be no intellectual liberty, or genuine and spacious culture, in the large and lofty sense in which we use the terms liberty and culture, till the truths which serve as the basis of the culture and refinement of our nature have become to us oracles and friends. That which prevents us from having the noblest literatures is the moral weakness of the educated class. Did those who detect in themselves the germ of the wondrous flower of authorship seek first the spiritual ends of use, and hold their varied faculties, quickened and perfected through culture, as pure and sacred vessels to the highest illumination, literature itself would become an exponent of the grandeur and immensity of the splendidly renovated intellect, and of the ever-varying youthfulness and beauty of the poetic muse.

Grand and stately is the imperial tread of Charles Dickens in his 'Bleak House' and 'David Copperfield;' but he is like a river that, burying itself among the sands, marks its sinuous pathway only by a scanty water-course. Had Charles Dickens attained a higher and more quickened subjective culture, he would have been ere now the Titian novelist; and, greater than the fabled sculptor, have transfused the lifeless marble of his art with the glow and warmth of infinite beauty. 'Don Juan' exhibits another instance of a subversive culture, yet resplendent as the morning with the radiance of the poetic faculty. But Byron, if he had been the angel in heart through the sublime use of the same lyrical faculty, would worthily have vindicated his poet's mission as the hierophant of the Infinite Mystery.

The primal necessity for successful authorship in novels, dramatic art, poetry, and literature, is moral perception and ripened heart goodness. The art to picture out a lovely face, or to shape in marble the image of love, great and strong; or beautifully to

trace that magic scroll from whence the flood of song, with crested waves of melody, flows out from heaven—for all these there is requisite a quality and condition of spirit akin to greatness, nobleness, and harmony. Would a man be painter, sculptor, harmonist, poet? would he be a Shakspeare, with lips by every angel kissed? or Dante, with his calm golden brow? or Spenser, by his Una led in glory? or grand Beethoven, with his sun-crowned head resting on his floating barge of song? Raphael or De Vinci, in their unearthly robes of light and sapphire crowns?—then he must be sweet and virginal, and have states of manliness of heart and mind combined. Armed with genius and noble feelings internally, and externally with culture, the author seizes upon the souls of his readers or observers, and draws them from the grasp of dead blind animalism to a higher being. The poet, the dramatist, the writer of prose fiction, and the literary man, are all dependent for real success upon the exercise of the qualities of nobleness and purity. The association of moral depravity with beauty and culture is much to be deplored; and more to be dreaded in its effects on the world, infinitely more than the alliance of impurity with visible squalor and degradation. The veiled vice, that perfumes its locks with odours, and wreaths its brows with garlands, and sings its lay of passion with mellifluous voice, to the soft breathing of the lute, ensnares a thousand victims where undisguised it gains but one. How sad becomes the heart when it perceives and encounters the subtle depravity that exhales from the sphere of polite literature, which breathes its virus through the saloons of cultivated society! What horror comes upon us, for instance, when we penetrate to the inner life of the brilliant writers of fiction and poetry, when we learn that the magnificent intellectualism of Goethe and Poe conceal hearts ever torpid to the worthiest and best!

We have written largely of the necessity of having the inward life noble and erect, as affording the direction and intensity to all the powers of imagination and reason. The subject demands at least a brief statement of the correlative, viz. that the highest and broadest culture should be earnestly acquired as the platform upon which the ideal and inspirational forces may be dramatised; and this is most effectually done in the right choice and use of words—in the use of the stores and treasures of language. Philology amply provides for all movements of imagination and heart. Words are both weapons and warriors. Without a knowledge of the tongue, the fire that quickens and calls out the latent ideas of the spirit burns to a ruinous waste. So far from the mere rush of ideas supplying words, as a rule it rouses up the intellect to search in the recesses of the memory for every phrase of the vocabulary. All the verbal resources of language are therefore requisite to the man who hopes in a large measure to profit by an influx of thought. All truth, of whatever quality and degree, inflows into the receptive faculties of the mind, and there embodies itself in the draperies of that diction

which has become the habit or which results from the education of the man. Words are more than sheaths of ideas; they are the steel blade itself which the trenchant will draws and wields for the battle. It is true that a spirited flow of thought refines and elevates our diction; but it does this by imparting fine taste—the nice discrimination to select from the materials which culture has supplied. In order to give a thought practical efficacy and forcefulness, not only a knowledge of the words which men use, but of the peculiar and best method of constructing those words into literature is requisite. Many mighty authors are already dead to the race through a hard, or involved, or obscure method of expression. Others, by means of the charm inwrought into the glowing and fervent letter-press, are current a thousand years hence as well as to-day. Style is worthy of cultivation, for the self-evident reason that, without it the grandest thoughts might as well be entombed in a forgotten language. Without culture in style, words, and the use of language, inspiration itself is narrowed, obscured, and shorn of its power. Although thoughts grow up in the mind we know not how, yet it is our business to determine how and in what manner we shall embody them, and express them to others.

We must now briefly give a word on genius, or that power which gives intensity to culture, and dignifies it with genuine lustre and heavenly fire. Our first effort must be to explain what we mean by genius. It is a fine, noble arrangement, and quickening of the faculties—a certain power of *creativity* and *receptiveness*—by means of which the spirit is peculiarly adapted to receive the highest truths, whether of a mundane or ultra-mundane source; to couch those truths in their happiest language; to convey them to others by most fitting symbols; and to apply them to artistic, dramatic, and industrial uses. Let us confess at once that many a witching way genius can turn her wondrously plastic hand. She shows delicacy like that of the little barrel that winds up our watches; and wit and humour to draw forth the keen, gay response—like the tiny teeth of steel that ring out a sharp and merry tune; or grandeur of composition, to represent, as with Day of Judgment music from some wondrous well-set orchestra, the tragic course of the stormy passions of the human mind. She can, on a sudden, transfigure around us what is of earth earthy, and fetch down to us her bright, overshadowing cloud, so that we shall wish for tabernacles to abide in under it, though neither Moses, nor Elias, nor Christ is there. Shakspeare—another name for an imagination so peerless and under his control, that he could make it by turns light or lightning, just as he pleased—has been, by one modern admirer, called a genius lacking divinity, because he chooses to turn the world to mere sport, as of fire-works. Burns—the child of human misery—the tuneful child of sorrow—the prophet of honesty—the high priest of Caledonian nobleness—who learned in suffering what he taught in song—was a true type of genius. Goethe, that magician who spun the many-coloured web of 'Faust,' was eminently a man of genius. And the untempered eulogy which is oftentimes bestowed on them, is only

an indication how royally men may carry their talents, with their sins and follies in the rear. There is more than one clef in the great scale of genius. As one star differeth from another star in glory in the heavens above us, so there is a great variety into which men inherit who are gifted with genius. But in height and depth, if not in breadth also, the man of genius excels the ordinary literary and cultured man, for the genius ascends the Olympus, whereas the man of mere culture is of the earth earthy. In Homer, in Dante, in Milton, in Tennyson, genius exists, for

'Up to the hills they lift their eyes.'

It is not specifically our purpose to show how far genius is still divorced from devotion, how far the chambers of the imagery, spacious and handsome as they may be, are filled with forms undivine, or to what extent any of our finest word-artists in their splendid pages disallow religion. Certainly, if we rely on any merely literary superiority, or boast of the peerless first of men for our imitation, the most brilliant thinkers are without the sanction of what is called the 'divine.'

To all the genius of the age let us cling. It is the hope of deliverance from bondage. It is the romance of real life in a money-loving age and land. Imperfect as are its tempers and instruments, it is the vision of better times, without which the people would perish. Genius is the first sweetest fruit on the tree of life, and from the root of divinity it receives the life which shall preserve it against the shock of tyranny or the despotism of bigotry. . . . GEORGE B. PORTEOUS.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS OF SCOTLAND.

THE condition of the Scottish agricultural labourer has of late engaged a considerable share of the public attention. The bothy system, especially, has been much commented on, and has been as strongly supported as it has been unsparingly condemned. As is usual in cases of importance, schemers without number have come forward, each with his own favourite plan; and co-operation being thus prevented, the question is still allowed to remain *in statu quo*. The general feeling of the public upon the subject is, we apprehend, that as nothing better can be obtained, it must of necessity be allowed to retain its place. But while the bothy is still maintained as a necessary evil, many laudable efforts have been made to render it less objectionable and better suited to the progressive spirit of the age. In the districts where the system obtains, old bothies have been demolished, and others erected upon an improved plan; and in these new bothies the system reaches its perfection. A bothy, on the new plan, contains, in addition to the kitchen, or cooking apartment, a small bed-room for each of the men. In some instances a woman is kept to do the cooking and cleaning, but in general the young men prefer to cook for themselves. Under the new arrangements, those who feel inclined to devote any of their spare time to mental improvement, can obtain an opportunity of doing so; and the literary ploughman, although at present a *rara avis*, may soon become as common as the literary mechanic. Hitherto, if a ploughman, that is, a bothy man, wished to write a letter to his father or his sweet-

heart, he could do so only by the light of the common fire, and amid the scoffing and jeering of his companions. If he attempted to read, he was treated in the same manner. In short, he was beset with as many difficulties in his road to learning as Cobbett himself. Now, however, the case is entirely different. Seated in his own room, with naught to disturb him, he may revel in the beauties of Burns, and indite love-letters *ad libitum*. Instances, although not numerous, are not wanting of bothy men who have already taken advantage of the improved state of matters to apply themselves to the cultivation of their minds. Books are purchased which no ploughman had before ever dreamed of buying; the 'penny press' is extensively patronised; and, occasionally, a stray number of the *Miscellany* finds its way to the bothy man's library. This is a healthy state of matters; but 'pity 'tis 'his not a very common one.'

Few indeed of the Scotch agricultural labourers are entirely destitute of education, if the term can be applied to their 'small smattering' of school lore. All, or nearly all, are able to read pretty correctly; the great majority can write 'after a sort;' and most of them have obtained a slight knowledge of arithmetic. In spelling they are generally very deficient. In this the *phonetic* principle is their only rule. Every word is spelt as it sounds; and had they been accustomed to speak English instead of Scotch, the ploughmen's letters might have supplied a very great desideratum — 'The Frenchman's Guide to English Pronunciation.' Rude and unsatisfactory as the educational condition of the Scotch ploughboy may appear to some, it is perhaps more satisfactory than might be expected from his limited opportunities. In his boyhood, he attends school during the winter months; and whatever he does learn is learned only to be forgotten in summer. This system continues till he reaches his eleventh or twelfth year; he is then 'fee'd' or engaged for a year with some farmer. When about sixteen, he takes another winter's schooling as a 'finish aff,' and then turns his back on schools and schoolmasters for ever. This being the case, the marvel is, not that he has retained so little, but that he has retained so much. His educational acquirements may be summed up in the following manner. He has sufficient skill in penmanship and composition to be able to write a letter intelligible to a fellow-ploughman; in reading, to be able to decipher a friend's letter, or spell over a passage in the weekly newspaper; and in arithmetic, to be able to see that his tailor does not cheat him.

But, after all, we are sorry to think education is at a discount among the ploughmen. They are perfectly satisfied with their meagre attainments; and, having no apparent use, they have no desire for intellectual improvement. 'We're brawly as we are,' is, in fact, the ploughman's version of the well-known lines—

'Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.'

'Dead air' said an intelligent ploughman with whom

we have conversed upon this subject, 'we ha'e as mukle learnin' as sair's oor purpose. We'll no get a bigger fee although we're gude counters, so mair learnin' wad do's nae gude. Na, na, we're brawly as we are for learnin'.'

It is in a great measure to the listlessness of the ploughmen themselves that the failure of so many benevolent attempts to educate them is to be attributed. On coming home after fourteen hours of hard labour, hungry and wet perhaps, the ploughman has no heart to set to work again. His benumbed fingers are unable to hold the pen; he is tired and dispirited; and, if married man, he hastens to refresh his jaded body, and bury his cares, in sleep. In these circumstances, a ploughman, perhaps not without reason, considers it little short of an insult to advise him to prosecute his education.

A few years ago, a benevolent nobleman set on foot a number of evening classes, for the education of the ploughmen upon the estate. A teacher went once a-week to every bothy, and instructed the men in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The plan was much liked by the ploughmen at first, but gradually they began to consider that one evening a-week was one too much, and that by attending the classes they were reducing themselves to the level of 'schule-laddies.' Their impatience at last got the better of their respect for the teacher and the landlord, and after much grumbling and debating they hit upon a plan, which they conceived would put an end to the weary lessons. One evening, as the unsuspecting teacher was entering the bothy as usual, a pitcher of water communicating by a string with the latch of the door, was dashed on his devoted head! Having determined to take no notice of the trick, he commenced teaching, but the bothymen that evening were intractable. Supper was ready, and they would have their stomachs filled before turning their attention to mental provender. That evening a *fat hare*—obtained, we hope, without contravention of the game-laws—was to be served. The potatoes were cooked; but what was to be done with the hare for they had only one pot, and that was filled with potatoes. In this dilemma one of the men produced a blanket, into which the potatoes were tossed, and the pot being now cleared, the hare was done up in first-rate style. The supper concluded with an obstinate but bloodless battle between one set of the bothymen and another, in which boiled potatoes were the missiles used. They were unsuccessful after all; for the teacher persevered, and there was nothing for the bothymen but to submit.

But evening classes for ploughmen, although good enough in themselves, do not command our unreserved approval. It is as true of ploughmen, as of any other class of men, that youth is the time for education. We do not mean education in the higher sense, which can only be obtained with the 'years of discretion,' and after much intercourse with the world. Indeed, it would be scarcely less absurd to hope for this kind

of education in youth than to hope for elementary edu-

tion to manhood. If education is neglected in the boy, we may depend upon it it will not be cared for by the man.

So long as things continue to go on as they do, it is absurd to hope that ploughmen will ever obtain sought but the merest sprinkling of education in youth. Ignorant and illiterate in boyhood, they will be ignorant and illiterate in manhood; and so they will remain to the end of the chapter. Evening classes can do but little. Young men of twenty cannot be managed in the same way as boys of ten. The desire of excelling, the disgrace of being defeated, and the fear of punishment—all of which act so powerfully on the latter—are lost to the former. Poor fellows! the majority of them have no desire to learn—no heart for it, as they say themselves; and where there is no will it is impossible to force a way. It is well known that in Scotland the school fees are almost nominal, yet the ploughmen are unable to bear the cost of a decent education for their children. So long as this is the case, education can never be said to be within the reach of all; and although education were to be given free, we are not sure that the ploughmen would allow their children to get the benefit. The high price which their children's labour obtains is a great temptation to the ploughmen to sacrifice their education for a few pounds or shillings. Compulsory education has never found great favour in our country. We must confess to sharing, in some degree, the general feelings of the country upon the subject. At the same time, we are decidedly of opinion that farmers ought to be prevented from engaging as agricultural labourers children below a certain age—say twelve or thirteen. Parents would then be obliged to send their children to school or keep them at home idle; and it is not difficult to see which alternative would be generally adopted.

So much—not too much, we hope—for education among the ploughmen. A few words regarding the ploughmen themselves may not be unacceptable. In the first place, to use a clerical phrase, we would observe that the married ploughman is a being essentially different from the bachelor ploughman. The former, with few exceptions, is a dull fellow, without spirit, and but little superior, intellectually, to his favourite pair of horses. The cares of his family harass his soul; the tailor's unpaid bill is continually before his eyes; the shoemaker's threat haunts him day and night; and, continually baffled in his vain endeavours to make both ends meet, he resolves in despair to throw up the attempt; for ploughmen are proverbially an improvident class. They act largely upon credit, and when one tradesman refuses it they go to another. The young unmarried ploughman, on the other hand, is a merry, cheerful fellow; but careless, it must be admitted, and improvident. Having no person dependent on him, like the married ploughman, he has none of the cares and perplexities to which the latter is a prey. His 'sair-won penny fee' amply suffices to keep up his credit with the tradesman; and the overplus, if any, goes to purchase rib-

bons for his sweetheart, or is deposited with his mother; for Jocky wants neither gallantry nor filial gratitude. He has a place in his affections both for his 'lass' and for his 'auld mither.' But although a devoted lover, he is by no means a constant one. It must be recollected that 'bonnie Jocky, blithe and gay,' who 'kissed young Jenny, making hay,' was a true representative of this class, inasmuch as he was 'a wag that never would wed,' although he had long 'followed his lass.' This means, we apprehend, that Jocky was rather a fickle lover, and one who was not easily secured; and not that he was one of those who delay marriage till they have arrived at a pretty ripe age. Jenny's being described as young, is a sufficient guarantee for her 'sweetheart's' youth.

Our great national poet, himself a ploughman, has given a true picture of the young ploughboy in the verse—

'Our auld guidman dalights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blithe that hauds his plough,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O'

and in the preceding verse—

'My riches a' 's my penny fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are o' my Nannie, O.

Jocky's filial gratitude has been recorded in a song entitled 'The Ploughman,' which affirms that

'His mother's blessing 's on his head,
That tents her weel—the ploughman.'

We have alluded to the difference between the married and the unmarried ploughman. The difference is so marked and essential that we are reminded of the great *salmon* question, and are led to ask, 'Is the young bothyman really a ploughman?' Can 'bonnie Jocky, blithe and gay,' young and handsome, free from care, and devoting all his thoughts to his 'Nannie,' be the same kind of a being as the old 'mairit man,' sullen and desponding, tired by the labours of the field, and wearied with family cares? And will our favourite Jocky become through time the old wearied 'mairit man,' upon whom he now passes his jokes? Will he leave his blitheness and his gaiety, his youth and sprightliness, for the cares and perplexities of a ploughman's married life? He will, and that too early. The effects of the change will not at first be very easily perceived. For a considerable time after his marriage, he may maintain the appearance of a 'bonnie Jocky, blithe and gay,' but the transition is going on, slowly it may be, but surely; and, ten to one, a few short years will find our young Jocky a care-harassed married man.

Our young unmarried ploughboy, as we have already remarked, is of an amorous, but, at the same time, of a fickle disposition; and it requires no small skill in angling on the part of Nannie or Jeanie to secure the lover. The country lass must take care not to offend the jealousy of her fastidious lover by 'taking up' with any other than himself. She must be off with the old love, if she intends to take up with a new. The fickle swain, perhaps, may have a dozen of sweethearts in the course of a year; he may forsake them one after another, for any cause or for no cause whatever. There are, of course, exceptions; but, as we are

writing of a class, we cannot take these exceptions into account.

We are inclined to think that the period of his courtship is the happiest part of the ploughman's life. He is still a 'bonnie Jocky, blithe and gay.' In addition to the sweets of single blessedness, he enjoys, in anticipation, the bliss of married life. His hopes rise higher, his happiness increases, as the distance of the 'appointed day' grows less and less. His happiness and his hopes reach the highest summit on the wedding-day. Then, doubtless, the bride and bridegroom imagine they have attained the highest point of human felicity. We are not altogether sure that they are mistaken; for at no future period of their lives can they have many opportunities of forgetting the business and cares of prosaic life. But 'prosaic life,' with all its problems to be solved, with the ends of that interminable string to be brought together, soon steps in upon the young people, and scattering their brightest hopes, commits sad havoc upon their happiness. The transition from 'Jockeyhood' to the old 'mairit man,' with his troubles and cares, commences. Sometimes it takes years and years to complete the change; sometimes a few months suffice. In all cases, or nearly all, for there are exceptions, the transition takes place—slowly proceeding in some cases, rapidly in others.

The young ploughboys themselves seem to have some idea of the troubles of married life. In one of their favourite ballads, the domestic contentions and petty annoyances considered to be incidental to the married state are described. Every circumstance of the most trifling nature begets a battle—

'Will liked brose, and Kate loved tea,
Which first began the disaster, O'—

and in consequence of the disagreement between their 'loves and likings,' Kate has recourse to

'Pats an' pans, an' stools an' chairs,
Which roun' Will's lugs did thunder, O'

The mention of the ploughboy's ballads leads us to recollect that ballad-making is an essential part of the ploughboy's character. His songs, with the exception of a select few by Burns and other authors, are all his own. Not that we would say that every ploughboy is his own ballad-maker, but that the songs most in favour with the ploughmen, are generally composed by ploughmen. There are, in fact, a few good rhymers among the ploughmen, whose productions are not unknown to rustic fame. The *ars poetica* is to them a thing unknown, yet are their 'rustic rhymes' guided by some of its rules. Their productions, which for the most part may be classified with the effusions of Anacreon, or his Irish successor, Moore, are never committed to paper, and consequently have neither to 'meet the eye' nor stand the criticisms of literary men. The applause of his fellow-labourers is the highest honour to which the rustic poet seeks to aspire.

One of the component parts of the ploughboy's character, indeed of every Scotchman's character, is an extreme love of ballads and music. Seldom, indeed, can a young, sprightly ploughboy—our ideal Jocky—ever be found without being engaged at the shrine of St. Cecilia. He walks forth to his labour in the morning, whistling a cheerful tune, or humming to himself the love story of Jocky and Jenny; he enlivens the most disagreeable parts of his daily routine with a merry song. His music is simple and unaffected in style, uncorrupted by the *appoggiaturas*, or any other *turas* of genteel music, and is performed without the aid of bones and burned cork. The simple in music is always the most beautiful; and

there are not wanting those who prefer the ploughman's simple and unaffected lays, his 'joyous burst of song,' to the grander and more magnificent strains of Mozart or Handel. A lover of poetry, the ploughboy is a reverer of poets, and especially of Burns. In the eyes of the simple and untutored rustic, the great ploughman-poet becomes a kind of demi-god, whose equal never existed among men, and whose like shall ne'er be looked upon again.

An ingenious writer compares the ploughman to the sailor, and instances many points of resemblance in the daily labour of each. The one *dimoves glebam aratro unco*; the other ploughs with his good ship the roaring main. Jocky is no less fondly attached to a particular pair of horses than Jack is to a disabled cannon or a spliced mast. Instances of sailors who have spent the greater part of their lives on board the same ship are 'placed in apposition' with cases of farm-servants who have wrought from boyhood to old age on the same farm; and the affection of the sailor towards the lieutenant or captain is considered identical with the attachment of the ploughman to his master. The ideal of a sailor is a manly, blunt, kind-hearted fellow, who knows not care, and defies death—gallant, yet rough in his gallantry—concealing a benevolent disposition under the false colours of a swaggering and apparently semi-brutal carriage. The ploughman Jocky, as described above, is a being of a similar disposition, whose swaggering 'comes out' only on the occasion of a fair or holiday—as Jack's does when he finds himself the object of a landman's gaze. Jack and Jocky are both animated by a spirit of devoted gallantry to the female sex—the former having no other care but 'the girl he adores'; the latter devoting his whole mind to 'Nannie, O!'

We do not intend to enlarge further upon the subject;—probably the reader's patience is by this time exhausted. The subject is important, and deserves the attention of abler pens than ours, for the Scotch agricultural labourers, are, in general, well worthy of their 'country's pride.' E. R.

NOT ALONE.

['At this moment, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification caught my eye. . . . Can that Being who planted, watered, and brought to perfection a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image? Surely not! I started up; and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed.'—*Mungo Park's Travels.*]

PARK, in a lonely region—not alone—

Not'all abandon'd, nor allow'd to die
Before the time—might lead your homely,
Ye good men preaching hope, to them who groan!
Park had appeal'd to Him upon the Throne;
And lo! created by the Power on high
To deck the ground and charm the wandering eye,
Bloom'd on the traveller a flower new-blown,
Reviving hope and joy! In hope abound,
Ye faithful! ye who read an equal care
To feed the raven and array the flower;
To fill gaunt hunger on the barren ground;
To ripen time, and the full hour prepare
For Him who will not fail to pluck the hour!

E. PEAR.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

May 17, 1836.

A LETTER came to-night from Aunt Aubrey, which I am wearying to show to George. He has gone to dine with Mr. Locke, and cannot be home for an hour or two yet. So I must just wait. What a curious half-pleasant, half-painful state that waiting often is! I mean when we are anxious to communicate any important news to another, and that other is not at hand to hear it. At first we feel vexed and disappointed; then we get vaguely excited. We cannot settle down to our ordinary occupations. We find ourselves by turns sitting with our eyes fixed on vacancy, pondering the one theme of interest, and by turns pacing the apartment in a confused, irregular way, as if the restlessness of the body (induced by that of the mind) might have power to hasten the march of time. Whether the tidings be grave or gay, the longing is equally intense to reveal them to our chosen friend. It is nature's pleading for that reciprocity of thought and feeling which is a necessity of our humanity. But let me read the letter once more. After speaking of other matters of purely home interest, my aunt goes on to say:—

'You will be sorry, yet scarcely surprised, to know that poor Mrs. Falconer, about whom I formerly told you, is dead. I saw her many times after that first interview, and got really attached to her, as well from her sweet gentle ways as from her sinking health and desolate position. I regretted much being unable to elicit little more of her history than the meagre outline you have heard already. The only new incidents I gleaned were these:—That the young lady's maiden name was Marion Brown; that, by a sudden reverse of fortune in her father's family, she had been early compelled to seek a livelihood as a governess; and that while engaged in this capacity she had been addressed by Mr. Falconer, a gentleman of birth and estate fully equal to her own. I am inclined to the opinion that her marriage was not sanctioned by his relatives; and considering the view taken of these matters by the generality of persons, this is not improbable. The girl was maintaining herself honourably by her industry; and this no doubt was an unpardonable offence, for which her many good qualities of head and heart would by no means make amends. Truly, my dear Katherine, the world is as much out of joint now as it was in the days of Hamlet. Witness how sterling worth with frugal means has no chance of its just measure, when weighed against the shallow pretence of adventitious prosperity. Nevertheless the wedding took place; and for a brief season the young pair

appear to have been happy in each other's love. But here comes the knot, the gap in the narrative, which I can neither unravel nor supply. A change supervened upon the bright early days. The small cloud on the horizon grew and brought others in its train, till at length fell the deep black shadow that hurried on the crisis. What this might be I cannot even surmise. At all events, it was the shattering of their hopes, the lightning stroke that desolated the little garden, the resistless simoom that hastened to complete the withering work which the previous storm had begun. Thus was the threatened disease of the young wife and mother first confirmed, and then gradually borne along to a fatal consummation.

'I had been in the habit of seeing Mrs. Falconer every day for the last two months, sometimes in the presence of Madame Dufresne. On these occasions the talk was invariably on ordinary domestic topics, and never on personal matters. Madame being of rather a taciturn disposition at any rate, I did not wonder at this; and though I several times took the opportunity, when alone with her, of recurring to the condition of the poor invalid, the information I received was meagre in the extreme. I hoped that in the end, however, her tongue would be loosened. All this while the dying woman was gaining upon my regard. The inclination to murmur at her lot, which had casually betrayed itself, softened down by degrees, and then seemed altogether to give way. Her sense and discretion, her sweetness and gentleness, became hallowed, as it were, by her near and yet nearer approach to the border land; and, while the outward frame was slowly and surely losing every vestige of the full bloom and rounded outline befitting her years, the inner spirit was being expanded and glorified so as to meet—even on this side the grave—the required proportions of angelic natures. She told me that in her girlhood her temper had inclined to pride and violence; but of these I saw not a trace. One thing I discovered—that poetry was with her not a mere sentiment but a passion; and I found that she was in the habit of repeating aloud many favourite passages, to beguile the tedium of her confinement. Not a few of these loose fragments I half suspected were her own composition, since, upon my inquiring one day as to their authorship (for, at my request, she would often pursue the elocutionary practice in my presence), a deep blush suffused her cheek, as she answered, falteringly:—

“Oh! the writer of these is totally unknown. They are just private things—manuscripts; but somehow I love to speak them aloud—it relieves my heart.”

'About a fortnight ago, I was ascending the long staircase, to visit my feeble charge, when my ear was arrested by a voice, rich and clear as a music spell, rehearsing some verses with even more energy and

abandon than I had ever heard from her before. (Katherine! this is another instance out of many in which I have noted that when that disease we call consumption has reached a certain stage, the speech may be strong and fine of tone, while the clay tenement is fast breaking up to ruin.) The words died on her lips as I entered. She was sitting up in bed, her hands crossed on the snowy bosom of her night-dress, an exquisite lustre in her eyes, and a general elevation around her whole countenance and bearing. The morning light streamed into the chamber, like a presage of happier days. She welcomed me with a smile, in its sincerity ineffably sweet; and when I approached, and said "Marion, how has the night gone with you?" her reply took me quite at unawares.

"O madame! I am far, far better in health, in hope, in all life-like feelings, than I have been for many a weary day. I have not slept much during the past night, but I have done more—I seem to have made an advance in strength and vitality within a few hours as marked as it is unaccountable. Do you think it possible, dear Mrs. Aubrey, that I am still going to recover—to get well again—to return to my country—to see my husband?" She stopped. "I have dreamed that such things might yet be. O! dear, kind, good friend! say that the dream is not false—not impracticable. You do not know what a weight I seem to have thrown off—how bright and alert I feel! I am going to rise from bed. I am going out into the garden. I have work to do yet in this world, and I must prepare for it. Is it not so? Do you not see that I am entirely a different creature to-day from what you have ever known me?"

'As she appealed to me thus, an unearthly glow overspread her face, and she gazed with such tender longing of expectancy in those large blue eyes, as I pray I may behold never again in a human countenance in circumstances so sad. Believe me, Katherine, mine was at that moment such bitterness of heart that utterance was fairly denied me; and, while I took the semi-transparent hand in mine, I was forced to turn away my head to hide the gathering tears. How could I bid God speed earthward, lifeward, to the attenuated mortal form, when I knew by palpable sign and seal that the body must quickly descend to the dust, whence it was taken, while the spirit was manifestly on the heavenward wing?

"You do not speak to me," she said at length, anxiously. "You do not hail the bow of promise, as I do. Yet I see it clearly, clearly—in open vision. I am not as I was. I have thrown off the burden that has oppressed me many sorrowful months. Speak to me; reassure me. Oh! say that I shall soon be well!"

'I was completely melted; and, as I threw my arms round the emaciated girl, I could only murmur faintly in her ear some very soothing words, that came only too readily from my heart—fervid words, strung by pity unfeigned for her great and most mournful delusion. As I held her in my embrace, a sudden reaction came upon her. The temporary

excitement, with its train of fictitious impressions, vanished; and the mind, starting, fell down in an instant from the empyrean of fancy to the cold level of fact. She broke into sobbing, potent and irrepressible. She was wild now in her grief, and refused to be comforted. "She was too young to die. Oh, that she had never been born!" Wishful to divert the current of her ideas, I spoke of the poetry I had heard her repeating as I came in, and asked her the subject of it. She gave no heed to my question, but continued weeping—only more quietly, like a child; till, at last, composure fell once more upon her soul; when, turning to me, she said, sweetly—

"Forgive me, madame, if I have pained you. I am weak and foolish. Sleep forsook me, and I fell a prey this night to my wandering fancies. Then memory came to my aid, and I beguiled my watch with the rehearsal of a favourite piece, whose lesson my heated imagination made me apply to my own case. Alas! I see now it is not for such as I, whose day is nearly done."

'Thinking that the trifling task might interest without fatiguing her, I suggested that she should make me a pencil copy of the lines in question;—adding, by way of encouragement, that I shared her taste for the Muse more warmly than an old woman like myself might be supposed to do. She seemed pleased with the proposal, and smiled faintly.

"All my little papers are *there*," she said, pointing to a square box that stood in a corner. "But this poem is not among them. I will do what you wish."

'Just then I caught the flash of two bright black eyes peeping in at the door. "Entrez, mignon," cried the mother, whose quick ear had discerned the small step on the stair. The boy flew to the bed; and, holding up his rosy mouth for a kiss—"Ah, ma chère maman! pourquoi pleurez-vous encore?" This was tenderly spoken; then more briskly—"Qu'il fait beau ce matin! Le soleil est brillant. The garden is lovely! You will soon be well now, ma pauvre maman? Dites moi que oui." She stooped to him silently, while he clung about her neck. He looked lovingly into her face with his pure child soul, whilst a world of earnest sadness lay mirrored in her sapphire orbs. O Katherine! was it not a piteous sight—the more as she who was so soon to depart was so amiable in her desolate grief; and he who was to remain behind was so young and helpless, and so fervent in his filial affection?

'On the afternoon of the same day, Louis brought me a folded paper. When he came forward, he looked as bright and happy as if no cloud hung over his fortunes. All his original spirit glittered from his jetty eyes. Whenever I see him thus, I give him his military honours.

"Well, mon capitaine, how goes the troop?"

"Ah, fort bien, madame. We are to have une grande bataille demain à midi, les Français contre les Espagnols. Qu'en pensez-vous? Voulez-vous venir au champ?" (I have now seen a great deal of this

boy, and have got quite attached to him. His capacity is quick, his disposition generous and high, his whole nature noble and true. I am well pleased to believe that he, too, is attached to me in turn.)

"Vous aimez voir la guerre, n'est ce pas?" he went on. "Chere madame, venez je vous prie."

I nodded and smiled. "Je viendrai." He thanked me with a flashing glance. And then, reverting to his errand—"My mamma sent you this," laying the MS. in my lap; "and now I must run away to her again, for she is all alone, ma pauvre maman!" The eyelids drooped suddenly. I rose, and taking him by the hand, led him into my chambre à coucher. Then opening my bureau, I took therefrom a very large and fine eagle's feather.

"Prenez la! this is the true badge of a soldier. Fix it in your cap, mon capitaine, and victory is sure." Another flash of grateful intelligence, and so out of the room with a bound! When he was gone, I examined the paper he had left with me. It contained a poem, doubtless the one of which I had requested a copy, written out with a pencil in a delicate Italian hand. I sat down in the window recess, and read as follows. It bore the title

WHAT THE MORNING SAID TO ME.

But three hours since the bell of midnight toll'd,
And 'neath her mantle darkness hid the world;
Now the sweet day-dawn, like a tender maid,
From her far casement, 'mid the fading stars,
Peeps bashful down upon the quiet earth,
As she would say, 'I'll, musing, pause awhile
Ere from my face I raise the downy veil,
And shake my golden tresses to the breeze.'

O pale, pure spirit! on this grassy bank,
Where nameless flowers weep gently all night long,
I'll lay my head, and list in meekest mood
What words thou'lt speak unto my waiting soul.

How solemn our brief life! which less we hold
Than life holds us by thousand mystic chains
So exquisitely wrought, the longest term
Of men most studious is too short and dim
To sift the threads and track their subtle work.

Life's morn is solemn!—though he knows it not
The fair bright boy, so bashful yet so bold,
Who fires and dares, or droops and melts by turns;
For on that misty and far-stretching road
Whereon his small foot stands, he hath begun
A journey, peril-fraught, shall never end.

And noon is solemn! when stern duty's tramp
Her banner'd legions summons to the field,
And each, with its own fitting weapon met,
Demands to be confronted and o'ercome.

Evening is solemn! when the growing shades,
Slow stealing on the mind's horizon, throw
The lingering light far back upon the past—
The weary present darkening to decay.

More solemn still is night! when work is done,
And with closed eyes man lays him in the earth,
And the stars shine on his forgotten grave.

Yet comes a day when other morn than Time's—
Eternity's—shall rise upon the world!
Here thoughts tremendous overflowed the sense,
Till all else flies in swift and scared eclipse.

O flowers! whose innocent tears give meek reproo
To these dry lids, should now be gushing fast,
O'er years whose harvest shows so scant and weak.

O moon! that wanest from the flushing sky,
As thou to higher spheres would'st bear thy glory,
I would the lesson of this summer morn
Might sink like dew into my thirsting heart,
That, when the night of death falls on my dust,
My loosen'd soul might taste th' ethereal dawn.

The sun is up! Behold the mountain tops!
'Come forth to labour,' cries the gathering light;
'Still may good seed be scatter'd by thy hand—
Still ere day's close, some mallow sheaves be bound'

God speaks in morning's voice—"Go forth, go forth!"

'Alas, alas! poor Marion Falconer! She will never more go forth—as she seemed to hope at that bright interval—to any work of this life. Even while I write, her fair form lies in the marble embrace, waiting its consignment to the grave on the morrow. She died last night, and made no further sign—I mean in respect to her own history. Once or twice I fancied that something hung about her heart which her lips would fain reveal, and I gave her all the encouragement to confidence I could; for, sooth to say, Katherine, considering the peculiar circumstances of the case—the forlorn condition of the dying wife and mother, the studied avoidance, or else the real ignorance of the subject shown by my landlady (a hard sort of woman, yet her only available relative); and, though last not least, the extreme attachment I had formed for the orphan Louis, I felt it almost a duty to seek to possess myself of some more certain data than I had yet found. None such, however, were vouchsafed. She never told me the cause of her husband's absence, nor where he was. Reserved all along, she continued so to the last. "She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her." And when I begged Madame Dufresne, this very day, to state to me, as a friend, whatever she knew of Mr. Falconer, she answered rather drily,

"Indeed, Madame Aubrey, I know little more than yourself. Marion was one who always kept her own counsel. She had a great deal of pride—false pride I called it—and I forbore to question her. I have heard that her husband was foolish, easy-tempered, and given to gambling. I believe he sailed for Australia or some distant colony shortly before his wife came to Nice. He knew her relations had emigrated thither some time before. At any rate, he left her well nigh penniless; and in their extremity I invited her and the boy to my house."

"Did she never get letters from Mr. Falconer?"

"At rare times she did get a letter. About three months since she received one with an English postmark, which I had good cause to believe was from her husband; and over that letter she hung weeping for days, as if her heart would break."

"But if he had gone abroad, how did he write from England?"

"There is the difficulty. She would tell me nothing about it. False, false pride! and see the end of it!"

"Do you think that she preserved that letter?"

"I fear me no; she regularly destroyed her correspondence, small as it was. But whatever manu-

scripts she possessed you are welcome to take. I have too much to do to find leisure soon to examine them, and don't expect to be wiser if I did. So there is the whole truth of it; and I only wish we knew what to do with the child, now Marion is gone." Thus calmly and selfishly this woman wound up her argument.

"Now, my dear Katherine, I have to add a little bit of brighter colour to this sad picture. I have proposed to my landlord and landlady that my favourite, Louis, should accompany me home to Woodburn when I leave this place, which I mean very shortly to do, promising that he shall be suitably educated and retained by me till claimed by his nearest connexions; and to this the couple have agreed; so that when you and dear George see me once more beside you, I shall have this engaging young stranger to introduce to your better acquaintance.

"Meantime, you will be glad to learn that my health is decidedly improved.—Your affectionate

"M. AUBREY."

"P. S.—Nothing can be more touching than the grief of Louis. Intense and uncontrollable, in correspondence with his character, it bursts forth ever and anon with a violence that refuses to be pacified. By-and-by comes a gleam of the old spirit; when, by a strong effort, the tears are manfully brushed aside, and he essays to erect the soldier's front. I have been talking to him a long while this morning, and find that the cream of his consolation lies in the prospect of going with me to Scotland—his *mother's* country.

"And will your home be mine too?" he inquired, nestling closer to my side, with the sweet earnestness which only childhood knows. "And shall we cross the sea, the big blue sea, together? Ah, c'est charmant! c'est magnifique!" A pause—then an instantaneous revulsion. "But I shall be far far away then from ma pauvre maman! O dear, dear, kind lady, take me where she is gone!" So feeling alternates—now a whirlwind—now a calm—now a thunder-shower—now a glitter of sunlight. One thing I know, Katherine, you will be sure to love this boy.

Love the boy! Of course I shall. Do I not love him already? How I weary for George to tell him the news! I cannot work, or read, or do anything till he come. Oh, here is another P. S. to the letter I had not noticed before.

"Within an hour of her departure, Mrs. F. beckoned me to approach her bed.

"I meant," she whispered faintly, "to have told you—all my story—it is not much. When my husband's difficulties began, he hoped to retrieve himself. When they increased, he thought to satisfy his creditors with promises of payment—on his probable accession—to valuable property. But this prospect—was blighted—he grew desperate—he sent me and the child away—he sailed to Australia." Here she paused utterly exhausted.

"And where is your husband now? Did he come back?" I returned in an earnest whisper. She caught my voice—she understood my question; albeit her soul was verging closer—closer to the silent land.

"Yes! He is —." She fell back totally prostrate, and never opened her lips more. Mr. Falconer, then, is in Britain. This is one point gained. Let us hope that other facts may in turn transpire to help us to weave the chain to completeness."

(To be continued fortnightly.)

UP THE MISSISSIPPI TO NEW-ORLEANS.

PART IV.

THE visitor to New-Orleans will have a most ample opportunity of studying, in its various phases, that institution which darkens the fair name of freedom, which stains American honour, and makes Britain blush for her Transatlantic cousins.

My rambling sketches would be sadly incomplete did I not touch, however lightly, on such a subject—a subject fraught with the deepest interest to the moral welfare of our race, and the wellbeing of millions of those whom we call 'men and brethren.'

To those who know of slavery only by name—who know of plantations only by engraving—who think of every slave as a Cassy, and every master as a Legree—who in their youth gloated over the 'White Slave' till their eyelids closed, and in their dreams heard the clank of Uncle Tom's chains—my remarks will seem vapid and prosaic in the extreme. But let me ask my readers how many of them have ever thought of slavery apart from that romantic form in which it is presented to their view, and how many of them could realise to themselves what slavery really is, when stripped of all the disguised attire in which it is shown them? Do I then mean to say that they have a better or a worse view of that institution? That is difficult to answer, but I would venture to affirm that they are popularly presented with a *false* view.

The 'slave question' is a most alluring one, and to the writer on the Southern States of America supplies a most fertile field on which to exercise the *cacothers scribendi*. I shall not go far to gratify this passion, which of late years has assumed the form of a periodic mania; but shall content myself with a glance at the slave as he is in his adopted home, under the reign of 'King Cotton' and his satellites.

On a lovely day towards the close of last year—when readers of the *Miscellany* were doubtless shivering under the keen blasts of November, and creeping near their winter's fire—I left behind me the city of New-Orleans, with its swarming troops, its eternal roll of kettle-drums, and its martial law; and, duly provided with a 'pass' from the Provost-Marshal, joined a riding party, to visit a sugar plantation some miles up the river. A ride of an hour and a-half along the banks of the Mississippi, and through the village of Carrollton, brought us to the estate, to visit which we had previously had a most pressing invitation. Unfortunately, we found on our arrival that our host was suffering from an attack of measles—an affection which at that time was rather prevalent among the adult and even aged portion of the community. He was carefully attended and nursed by a bright mulatto woman, of prepossessing appearance and most affable manner, who welcomed us to the house of her master with all the polish of an accomplished and most polite hostess. By her attentive demeanour and obvious anxiety on behalf of her patient, it was easy to perceive that, although a slave, she held a high position

in the household. She was, in fact, mistress of the house, and a more hospitable one I have rarely met with.

The illness of our host did not preclude us from having every freedom of his house and grounds; so, after taking 'drinks' all round, according to the custom of the country, and seeing our horses tied up and cared for, we set off on an exploring expedition through the plantation.

It was the 'grinding' season—the season when the whole operation of sugar-making is in 'full blast,' as it is commonly expressed;—and if we want to have a full view of the whole process, and see the negro at work in its various stages, we must begin in the field and trace the sugar from the cane on to the 'hogshead.'

And firstly, the slightest notice of sugar-cane, the *saccharum officinarum* of the botanist, which contains in its juice the 'cane sugar' of the chemists. It consists of a long-jointed bamboo-looking stem, varying in height from six to twenty feet, with a diameter at the base of from two to six inches. Its upper half or three-fourths are coated by the sheathing portions of long, narrow leaves, which, after encircling the stem, become 'reclinate' in graceful curves. That variety which more peculiarly suits the soil of Louisiana, called the 'striped cane'—although not yielding so much sugar as several West Indian varieties—excels all others in majestic and graceful appearance. To those at home, who have no opportunity of seeing the larger plants of the indigenous class (except the stunted and dwarf specimens of our hot-houses), a field of tall, well-foliated sugar-cane lends a peculiar charm to a botanical eye. Few, indeed, with a love of nature, can view this class of vegetation, for the first time, without a feeling of pity that nature has denied to her otherwise favoured land those graceful arborescent forms which demand for their existence more genial zephyrs than Albion can give. I speak from a lingering remembrance of the delight I felt when, for the first time, I rode along avenues of palm-trees in Madeira.

In the field we found gangs of slaves of both sexes, and of every shade of colour—for the word 'slave' by no means implies a black man—employed cutting down the cane close to the earth, with a small hatchet, and stripping it of the long leaves in which it is encircled. The cane is left upon the ground until picked up by other gangs. These were mostly the younger portion of the little colony, who, under the directions of a white overseer, picked the cane up and placed it in long square waggons, drawn by mules, in which it was carted to the sugarhouse. This constitutes the field-work in the 'grinding season,' and is by no means a particularly laborious operation—although I should distinctly wish it to be understood that I use the term 'laborious' in a relative rather than absolute sense. It did not appear heavier work than the gathering in of the majority of 'crops,' and, indeed, seemed to me less so than the harvest-work in our own country, nor does it continue longer. Before sugar is ready to be

cut, the weather has generally become comparatively cool; and a late crop may even remain in the ground until the appearance of frost demands its removal. The temperature of the day on which I speak did not average higher than an English summer. The rays of the sun were by no means powerful, and even from them the tall 'brake' affords shelter for the greater part of the day.

Having rambled about the fields for some hours, we visited the sugarhouse—a two-story brick building—where the operations of crushing the cane, evaporating the juice, crystallization, bleaching, and packing goes on. All these operations are performed by negroes, under the supervision of white overseers. I conversed with several of the men and women at work, and found them by no means void of intelligence. Some of them, indeed, could give a graphic and almost scientific account of the particular operations in which they were engaged. Each one seemed thoroughly to understand his own department; and everything seemed to go along as smoothly as in any such establishment where white labourers are employed. I had a long and amusing gossip with an old negro woman—one of those old 'mammies' found nearly on every plantation, who, by a sort of right, do nothing but talk to strangers and take care of the babies. She had evidently gone *hors de lui même* on the subject of the war as leading to emancipation; and spoke highly of the 'Yankees,' as being angels who were to lead her 'out of the land of bondage into paradise.'

At one o'clock all hands came in from the fields to dinner, which was being cooked by one of their number in a cabin or outhouse used as the kitchen. Here, from a large copper, the cook served out to some representative of each family the allowance of pork for the whole, along with some baked hominy. This allowance is carried to the individual cabins, and served out as the family dinner, to which is generally added private additions of potatoes and other vegetables, and occasionally fish or poultry. During the meal, I visited several cabins, and conversed freely with the inmates, who seemed in no way backward or wanting in courtesy to strangers. I must confess, however, that the interior of their cabins was not such as individuals with the slightest energy in contributing to their own personal comfort would desire; and I speak of improvements entirely within their own reach. The families were for the most part squatted on the floor, and ate the meal out of a common dish, in a manner at once the most primitive and disgusting compared with the refinements of modern 'dining.' The interior of the walls were either of rough wood or coated with dingy whitewash. In one or two corners of the rooms were partitions of wood screening a low trundle bed; in others, however, no such partitions existed. Some cabins of this kind seemed to contain a dozen or more adult slaves of both sexes, where life among them must be of the most promiscuous kind. The female population appeared to want all knowledge of domestic comfort,

even that of cleanliness. Cleanliness and some love of order, with the smallest encouragement on the part of their master, were alone required to make their cabins all that could be desired as comfortable homes by a labouring class. But with the slave there is, alas! that sad want of energy—that total apathy and indifference to anything higher than a mere animal existence—that, however kind a master he may possess, or however willing the latter may be to improve his condition, he finds he is too poorly repaid for his smallest exertions, either in gratitude or in the consolation of beholding a real amelioration of his serf's condition. Around each cabin there was a separate patch of ground allotted to the use of its occupants, in which they might raise poultry, keep a pig, or grow vegetables. Some of those plots were well cultivated, and repaid their owners well; but the majority of them, I fear, lay waste or were converted into slop pools, on the margins of which the young Ethiops built their mud-castles and launched their boats.

It was late in the afternoon when we returned to our host's, where, with true Southern hospitality, an excellent dinner was provided us. After doing ample justice to our meal, and having drunk the speedy return of our host's health, we remounted horse, and as the shades of night were closing over 'the Crescent city,' we were fast clattering through its well-paved streets, pleased with our day's excursion, and well satisfied with our practical insight of negro life. Such a visit as this—and many opportunities I have had of witnessing slavery in many forms—leads me to moralise.

I have been upbraided for having ever placed my feet under the 'prandial mahogany' of a 'slave-driver,' and have received many a scolding from a radical abolitionist friend in Britain for having thus added to the 'groans and tears' of my poor black brother. I must candidly say that nowhere do I ever expect to meet kinder, warmer-hearted, or more chivalric gentlemen than those who in Britain are branded by the name of slave-drivers; and I trust that every cook in Britain groans and weeps as little as those smiling ebony faces I have seen dish up crab-salad in New-Orleans.

But let me at once say, in distinct tones, that I am an abolitionist—that I would gladly see all men free. I hold that no man has a right to trample on another man—no right to hold another man a slave; but I cannot be blind to the fact that the social institution of slavery, from the false light in which it has been popularly presented, has produced false impressions of its nature and false ideas of its cure. I was reared with a wholesome dread of a slave-driver, and a morbid pity for his servant; and of all the rhymes I learned in the Sunday-school, none clings to my remembrance like that which taught me to thank God that

'I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun;
And wish I was but in my grave,
And all my labour done.'

Emancipate the slaves by all means; but will the

'labour in the sun' decrease? Give freedom to the slave, I pray; but will there be one soul less on earth who wishes that he was 'but in his grave'?

No. Slavery cannot alone be dealt with in the light of labour and reward, master and servant, or white and black. I fear it will do but little towards increasing reward, will certainly not do away with servants, nor change the colour of the negro race.

I wonder if our *Times*' correspondent, who prates in 'My Diary—North and South' about 'involuntary servitude'—which he seems to consider, *par excellence*, a true definition of slavery—ever visited any of our collieries or large iron-works in Scotland or in the north of England, and, in the latter, has seen that operation termed 'puddling'; or if, while tearing across the Atlantic in the Arabia, he thought of visiting that vessel's stoke-hole, where, in a temperature far exceeding that on any plantation, sturdy sons of the Saxon race are plying their vocation, to minister to his and his fellow-travellers' wants. It is true that these men have their freedom. If they do not like the firm of Smith & Brown, they may perhaps be allowed to 'puddle' at the still hotter blasts of Jones & Co.; or, if the stokers do not like the Arabia, they can enter Her Majesty's navy, where a munificent Government provides additional pay for work in the tropics. But do these actually better their condition? Is it not too true that nine-tenths of our labouring classes are not only born to 'involuntary servitude,' but remain so for life? Nor are they the worse on that account.

It is the moral condition of the negro race which we must seek to elevate, rather than by hoping that with his emancipation and reduction of labour he himself will take a higher stand in the social scale; and that the *morale* of the negro is capable of elevation, no one will dispute who has at all mixed with the race.* This great work of regeneration is, I believe, to be commenced and carried out in his native African home, and among the free negroes in North America—who, I regret to say, have yet to learn the advantages which freedom gives.

The total abolishment of American slavery can only be accomplished slowly, and certainly not in less than one generation; and, superadded to its abolishment, there must necessarily be a binding obligation on the States to support and educate their adopted children, until enabled to fight their battles in the great struggle of life.

R. N.

* Michelet, in his classical work upon 'Woman,' which every student of the sex should read, beautifully expresses that part which woman will take in the elevation and improvement of the negro race, if only acted upon by the great softening passion which rules her heart. At the risk of being thought pedantic, I transcribe the original, rather than lose an atom of its sentiment by translation:—

'Qu'on l'aime et elle fera tout, elle apprendra tout. C'est la femme d'abord qu'il faut élever dans cette race, et par la force de l'amour elle élèvera l'homme et l'enfant. Bien entendu, une éducation tout opposée à la nôtre. Cultives d'abord en elle ce qu'elle a tellement, le sens du rythme (danse, musique, &c.), et par les arts du dessin, menez-la à la lecture, aux sciences et aux arts agricoles. Elle raffolera de la nature dès qu'on la leur enseignera.

'Quand elles connaîtront vraiment la terre (si belle, si bonne, si femme) elles en tomberont amoureuses, et bien plus énergiquement qu'on ne l'attend du climat, elles s'entremettront du mariage entre la terre et l'homme.'

A LONG VACATION RAMBLE.

It was a summer of surpassing beauty. One of those old-fashioned sultry summers, such as our grandmothers love to describe that joyous season to have been in the glad times of their youth, but which have become so rare in the days of their degenerate descendants, whose reminiscences will be, alas! of summers when a bright coal fire was a necessity in the dog days, and a glimpse of sunshine an event to be chronicled. It was, I say, one of those glorious seasons when the inhabitants of our humid island had rejoiced under the influence of a sunshine as prolonged as it was unusual, that I found myself, towards the end of August, still seated in my gloomy chambers in the Temple, and, with all the stoicism I could muster, attempting to feel indifferent to the magnificent weather, which, with its subdued temperature and clear autumnal feeling, was making intending tourists' hearts beat high, and all mortals acknowledge that 'life is indeed a boon, and the enjoyment of nature an intensifying of it.'

Yet to me the brilliant summer and breezy autumn had alike brought nothing but toil and confinement; for, engrossed in the all-absorbing study of the law (which promises success to the hard-working only), I had continued to read far into the long vacation, and had seen with a sorrowing heart the occupants of the adjoining chambers take their departure for their annual holiday—some to wander over the Continent, others to join yachting parties at Cowes, and the greater number to rejoin their family circle in the country. But the ambition of in time winning a silk gown, or perchance the ermine (for of what impossibilities will not sanguine youth dream) were prizes too great for a man destitute of fortune to neglect the chance of securing. So I worked on till my head became such a chaos of indigested matter that I could scarcely tell whether it was the 'Liberty of the subject' or the 'Occupancy of land,' the intricacies of which I was vainly striving to impress on my mind. How long I would have persevered in this attempt to make the physical yield to the mental I know not, had not my Oxford career, with its disastrous termination, come to my recollection—when, from overtaking my powers of study, I had narrowly escaped one of those terrible illnesses which have brought many a man to an early grave, and in my case had extinguished all hope of academic distinction. Sensations similar to those I then experienced now warned me not only to pause in time, but also to apply the remedy which on that occasion had been attended with such beneficial results, viz. pedestrian exercise. This resolution was not a little strengthened by the brilliant sunshine which, penetrating the denseness of a London atmosphere, lighted up the apartment where, a prey to despondency, I sat poring over my dusty volumes, and by its brightness causing such an indescribable longing after the breezy down and the luxurious freedom of mind and limb, as to be irresistible. Yes! I would cast 'Coke on Littleton' and 'Blackstone' to the winds—give my poor muddled brains a reprieve, through the medium of a tour in the High-

lands of Scotland,—while, at the same time, I gratified my love of the picturesque by visiting some of those scenes to which the pencils of Turner and Landseer have given a world-wide reputation. The preparations for my journey were soon completed—a knapsack, well filled with such garments as the roughness of the route rendered necessary, the best map I could procure, with sketch-book and diary, were speedily put together, and with these I started for the Euston Station, determined to fly through England as rapidly as an express train could carry me.

Seventeen years have elapsed since this my first visit to Scotland—years that have told more for the advancement of the country than all those which preceded them since the Union. It was indeed to it a memorable period—one of those epochs from which the advance or decay of a nation is to be dated. Free trade had just been made law, and as is usual in a transition state, had from its first working overwhelmed the inhabitants of so poor a country with the fear that, with their sterile soil and ungenial climate, they would be totally unable to compete with the rich grain districts of the Continent. But with a strength of purpose that did honour to their strong northern natures, no sooner had free trade become part of the constitution of their land, than they roused themselves from the dream of inactivity, which for generations had bound them to a system become unworthy of the age in which they lived, and adopting all the means which science and improved machinery gave them, entered the lists with the great corn marts of the Black and Baltic Seas. In all directions along the course of my journey, I was struck with the active endeavours being made for the reclamation of land, under difficulties of tillage that would have appalled an English labourer; and even morasses which, a few years before, only afforded shelter to the snipe, the lapwing, and the plover, to be now, owing to the system of tile-draining, beginning to yield superior crops. Were Dr. Johnson, thought I, now to revisit the scenes of his wanderings, he would, indeed, find his presage fully verified,—'That things were so fast changing in Scotland, that a Scotchman of the following century could hardly realise the times of his grandfather.' Desirous of seeing the impulsive, fitful, dreamy, and inactive Celt in his native adornment, I carefully avoided the busy haunts of man, striking out at once into remote districts, where, from the absence of that intercourse with the world which destroys all individuality, I expected to see the national character more fully developed. In this way, I penetrated into nooks and corners where the feet of the tourist has rarely trodden. I have sat by the peat fire and partaken of the proffered potato and draught of water (their sole food) in sheilings so wretched that the humblest mechanic would recoil from the thought of such a shelter for his head. I have listened to tales of suffering consequent on the inclemency of a climate which made their labour profitless, and their old age one of beggary; and having sounded the depths of their romantic natures, I found, even among the most commonplace and homely, such a well-spring of home affections, passion-

ate devotion to their country, and hatred of tyranny, as must ever secure for them a high place in civilised life. Must I sully this fair character and say that there is a sad obverse side to the picture? Alas! truth compels me to admit that the habit of intemperance into which a large majority of the peasantry have fallen, is painful to witness—extreme intelligence and superiority of intellect being no guard against this debasing vice, which time and a better acquaintance with the higher enjoyments of life can alone cure. I little imagined, then, that a dark cloud hovered over the heads of those much enduring people, and that in a few short weeks, through the entire failure of their chief support—the potato—they would be rendered so utterly destitute and famine-stricken, that their cry of suffering would resound throughout the length and breadth of the land, and inaugurate such a system of charity as had never before been known in any Christian land. This year of 1846, which commenced with such apparent brightness and prosperity, was destined to close amidst harrowing scenes of sickness and scarcity; but was, in God's good providence, to usher in a new and bright era to the whole Celtic race.

It was on the beautiful evening of a particularly sultry day, about the middle of September, that I found myself seated on the banks of a magnificent salt-water lake which adorns the western coast of Ross-shire; the heat of the sun, as it poured down its rays between the lofty mountains of that romantic district, had, during my day's walk, brought on acute headache; but, regardless of all suffering, I pressed on, cheered by the hope that ere night closed, my fatigue would be recompensed by a nearer view of the dark and mysterious isle of Skye, to which I was hastening—the pointed tops of whose misty mountains I could just see dimly looming in the far distance. I found, however, that I had over-estimated my strength in pursuing my journey so long, and that illness was gaining so rapidly upon me, that to proceed any further that night would be impossible; and while an anxiety, which I in vain strove to silence, as to how I would pass the night (the district being apparently destitute of even the humblest dwelling), large drops of rain began to descend, in that measured regularity which portends a heavy fall—the distant peals of thunder and rapidly darkening horizon giving undeniable evidence of a coming storm. Thoughts not the most enlivening passed in close succession through my mind, in which the probability of being noticed in the next local newspaper as 'a stranger found dead among the mountains by some shepherds,' seemed at that moment the most likely death to be anticipated. Overcome with pain and fatigue, I sat still and watched, panic-struck, the course of the storm, as in all its fury it burst around me. Nearer and nearer rolled the thunder, till in one terrific peal it seemed to rend the heavens over my devoted head; the rain, as it descended in perfect sheets, flattening the small trees to the ground and beating the tiny foliage of the graceful birch into the muddy soil beneath; while the swollen mountain streams thundered down their rocky beds with the crashing noise of cataracts. A storm among the mountains must

be seen to be imagined, and is even to the strongest nerved very appalling. The awful solitude and gloomy grandeur of the scene—the thunder, which, like constant discharges of the loudest artillery reverberating through the depths and hollows of the mountains, and dying away in long muttering moans, while the forked lightning making visible the desolation reigning around, conveys to the mind a fearful picture of the Divine wrath. In the midst of this war of the elements, I was roused from the apathy into which the misery of my situation had thrown me, by the sharp, querulous bark of a dog, which, judging from the sound, came from no great distance. Where there are dogs there are men, thought I; and I started to my feet, determined to make a bold effort for the preservation of that life which we do not value till we are about to lose it. Groping my way in the dark towards the direction whence the sound proceeded, I discovered, with great difficulty, a sheep track, which, following for several hundred yards along the course of a stream, and scrambling over masses of rock and heather (the latter of such a height that walking through it was well nigh impossible), I found that the barking proceeded from a comfortable farm-house, which, with its homestead, lay hid from view by an amphitheatre of hills. A bright light gleamed cheerfully from the ground floor; and, taking it as a beacon of safety in the awful darkness prevailing, I took courage, and, pushing forwards, gained the door of the house; and, in the supplicating voice which the emergency of my situation invested me with, entreated shelter for the night. While the servant was debating with herself the propriety of admitting, at such an hour, so questionable looking a person as my travel-worn dress, now dripping wet, bespoke me to be, the unusual sound of an English accent brought the master of the house to the door. I do not know if, in the darkness, he penetrated the disguise of 'a shocking bad hat' and dusty coat; but I think if my countenance were visible, he must have observed my look of surprise at finding a person of so imposing an appearance in such a locality, and occupying so humble a dwelling. In height he must nearly have approached six feet—possessing a singularly intelligent and animated face, which was improved by a head of patriarchal whiteness. I could be at no loss to discover his profession. The courtesy of his manners, and the cordial welcome which he accorded to a stranger, at once proclaimed him a soldier of the old school. In a shorter time than I take to relate it, I found myself seated by a huge peat fire, which, in primitive simplicity, burned on the hearthstone—my soaking coat cast off, and its place supplied by a garment of my host's, the cut and form of which would not have added celebrity to the name of a London tailor. After administering a tumbler of that most superlative of compounds, 'toddy,' my kind entertainer recommended my speedy adjournment to bed, which the old woman who acted as housekeeper had had warmed and made comfortable for me; and if the refreshing sleep he had enjoyed during his Scottish tour, at Fort-Augustus, could never be effaced from Dr. Johnson's memory,

how much greater reason had *I* to remember, with feelings of thankfulness and gratitude, this my first night's sojourn among the wild mountains of the Western Highlands of Scotland! The mid-day sun was shining brightly into my bed-room the following morning, when I awoke to a consciousness of where I was, and what had been the events of the previous day. My host had proved a more skilful physician than if he had belonged to that learned body. All headache and pain were completely gone; and nothing but a feeling of extreme fatigue and languor (for which a few days' rest was prescribed) remained to tell of my pedestrian feat—which, my host informed me, was greater than I could have imagined possible—the extraordinary elasticity of the mountain air making me at the time unconscious of the fatigue I was undergoing. In visiting some of the beautiful scenery of the neighbourhood—cascades, small lakes hidden among the mountains, and spots which had become famous as scenes of legendary story,—a week had slipped away ere I thought of proceeding on my travels—my kind host continually projecting some new excursion which would detain me still longer. And, in truth, I had little desire to leave so pleasant and congenial a companion. He had seen much service during our most memorable military period. Had followed 'the Duke' through his Peninsular campaign, from victory to victory, till his crowning laurel was won at Waterloo; and the opportunities which those stirring times afforded him, of becoming intimately acquainted with individuals whom history will hand down to posterity, as the deliverers of their country, were made ample use of by him—his conversation abounding with anecdotes illustrative of their characters, and the brilliant actions in which they had borne so conspicuous a part. The secluded life of a sheep farmer, in which he had chosen to pass his declining years, had not rendered him indifferent to all the objects in the far-off world which he left behind him when he retired from his profession. In the literary as well as the political world, he was thoroughly conversant with the subjects of the day; and there were few men rising to eminence, either at the bar or in the senate, whose name and career he was not perfectly familiar with. A large and constant supply of newspapers, periodicals, and works of general information, making this hermit of the mountains more a man of the age than many whose lives are passed within the magic circle of London society. Seated one evening over our tumblers of toddy (the invariable winding up of our social supper), while the fir logs and peats burning on the hearth sent such a blaze of light into the room as would have cheered the heart of the most sullen misanthrope, the conversation turned on mesmerism, clairvoyance, and the various phases of spiritualism which at that time was occupying so much of the attention of even the gravest thinkers. 'There is no country in the world,' said I, 'where I should so readily expect to have opinions favourable to supernatural agency so strongly confirmed as in the Highlands of Scotland—where we Saxons are led to believe that, amongst our Celtic brothers, belief in second-

sight holds an influence over the mind which the boasted schoolmaster cannot even displace.' 'Twenty years ago, I should have said that such an opinion was not without foundation,' was his reply. 'But what changes have twenty years not effected in Scotland! Those with whom superstition was then almost a religion, are now scattered over the globe. The back woods of America, and the trackless wilds of Australia, have opened their arms to those who, in the hopeless despair of poverty, clung to a belief which promised them something better than they were then enduring. In those left behind, constant intercourse with England has obliterated much of the national character. Old customs, deep-rooted prejudices, and popular superstitions have faded away. As the catechist of Islay said, "When tea came into use, ghosts went out;" and education has done much to eradicate ideas which the natural features of the country tended to foster in the breasts of an imaginative people. The race of Taischers, or second-sight seers, are, I believe, extinct. None of them at least have come across my path, although I have heard of wonderful revelations made by them of coming events. Dreams, however, seem fully to occupy the place left void in the minds of the Highlanders, who consider them the certain means by which the depths of futurity are to be sounded. No work is entered on which has been preceded by an unfavourable dream; and the fishermen would, indeed, think he was tempting Providence if, in defiance of such a warning, he launched his boat on the mighty waters. But who is there,' said the old man, his eye brightening with his subject, 'who is there amongst us who has not felt the influence of a dream? We may strive to disregard its power, and dismiss it with the hope and belief that it owed its creation to an over-excited state of the mind, a disordered condition of body, or any other cause by which we may satisfy ourselves for the unaccountable impression it has made; but, even in the most sceptical, a feeling of hope or fear (whichever it may tend to excite) will force itself on the mind, investing the future with events, which, stripped of those alleviating circumstances so mercifully sent to prepare us for any great change in our condition, we involuntarily shrink from contemplating. I have lived too long amid camps, and seen too much of the realities of life, to be either an enthusiastic or imaginative person; but a dream which I had at an early period of my life, and which materially affected my future prospects, certainly had the effect of shaking my incredulity in such revelations. I shall relate it for your amusement, and leave you to draw what conclusions you choose.

'My father belonged to a class of men that was very numerous during the eighteenth century, but which, for many years back, has entirely disappeared from the Highlands. From his father he inherited what, from its extent, would be considered a good estate; but as sheep-farming and grouse-shooting (those mines of wealth to Highland lairds) were then unknown, and it consisted entirely of hill ground, it would have yielded a poor livelihood had it not been for the number of black cattle which it enabled him to raise; and to these

he added, by purchasing the small stocks of the neighbouring tenantry, who, unable to dispose of them in any other way, were satisfied with whatever he gave for them, taking on himself the risk and expense of driving them to the Southern markets. No man could have been better fitted by nature for the life of a drover than my father. Of an iron constitution, active, fearless, daring, with the hearty, jovial disposition which makes light of difficulties, to him the long march over bleak mountain paths, nights passed on the wide heath, with no shelter from the pitiless storm save that afforded by his plaid, was, from the excitement it induced, one of happiness. Amply did he think himself compensated for his fatigue when his journey was completed, by his meeting with companions whom similarity of occupation had made friends; and it was when surrounded by these, and seated in the deep ingle of an old English hostelry, while a bright fire burned on the hearth, and a mug of home-brewed foamed on the board, that he loved to make his Saxon friends stare by relating either some feat of daring performed by his hardy countrymen in the chase, or some marvellous tale of second sight, which left his listeners in wonder and dread of that dark mysterious land lying beyond the Tweed.

'Till considerably advanced in years, my father continued this life of adventure with unabated eagerness, and, generally speaking, with profit. His name became so well known for the superiority of his cattle that, in the southern markets, they commanded the highest prices; and with money earned with so much toil and fatigue, he was not only able to supply his family with articles of luxury, at that time scarcely known in the Highlands, but to lay up a small patrimony for his two sons, who had both in early life entered the military service of their country, and gone abroad with their regiments. But a life of such constant exposure to a damp, variable climate had not been without its effect on the athletic form of the drover. He was attacked by violent rheumatism, which completely crippled him, and kept him almost entirely a prisoner to the house. Often had my mother's gentle voice been raised in entreaty that he would depute to others those journeys, the result of which had told so severely on his constitution; but strong-willed and determined, he resisted her persuasions, insisting that, deprived of the pleasure of meeting old friends, life would be stripped of its chief happiness. Necessity, however, has no choice; and under the disappointment of being obliged to remain at home and lead a sedentary life, his temper, always warm, became irritable in the extreme; and it was evident to all around him that he would not long survive the loss of the stimulant on which he so much depended for happiness. It was, fortunately, at this period that my regiment was ordered to England, and I returned to the paternal roof—a visit which in some measure filled up the blank which want of employment created in the mind of my father; but it was not seated at the fireside that I could find pleasure or enjoyment. Ardently attached to the sports of my country, I was ever to be found either stalking the deer among the wild fastnesses which surrounded our mountain home; or, accompanied by a

solitary attendant guiding a small skiff, in which, in pursuit of wild fowl, I explored the rocky shores of the mainland. Occupied with such amusements, weeks and months slipped away unheeded, leaving me totally ignorant of the manner in which the old man managed his affairs, which he still continued to do without assistance, purchasing as in his early years the cattle of the tenantry around him, who were thankful to receive any sum in hand which would enable them to meet the rent-day with confidence. My father's youth having been entirely given to active life, he had completely neglected the necessary duty of keeping his books, or in any way accounting for money paid or received. And now that the burden of suffering and years had begun to weigh heavily upon him, it was not to be expected he would devote himself to an occupation which had at all times been distasteful to his restless, roving disposition. Engrossed with other matters, he quite overlooked the state of his health, which his family observed began to fail rapidly, as is commonly the case with those who have enjoyed a long exemption from illness; but they were not prepared for the shock that awaited them. While sitting at dinner, surrounded by a circle of friends, he was seized with paralysis, which deprived him at once of speech; and during the two days he survived, he was unconscious of what was passing around him. Immediately after his funeral, I commenced a strict investigation of his affairs, and was distressed to find the irregularity with which his money matters had been managed—scarcely any receipts for money paid were extant, and the very few I found were buried amidst a heap of old letters and consigned to the keeping of a lumber garret. His indolent, unbusiness-like habits were well known to his neighbours, and they now seemed determined to profit by them. For days, the house was besieged by claimants for sums of money, which they said had been owing to them for years back; and as I had nothing to show to the contrary, I was obliged, justly or unjustly, to satisfy their demands. Fortunately, these were generally of small amount; and having settled them, and placed my mother in a position which would afford her every comfort in my absence, I was preparing to rejoin my regiment, when a claim was made which I was ill-prepared to meet. A person of much apparent respectability in the district had for many years sold large numbers of cattle to my father, and although maintaining an appearance of cordiality towards him, it was well known that beneath it there lurked a strong feeling of jealousy. His prosperity and success in life had made Macrae not only his enemy while he lived, but, with a persistence worthy of a better cause, he now transferred his dislike to his family—the inheritors of his name and property. Scarcely had the grave closed over my father, than he sent to demand the instant payment of a thousand pounds (a claim against which I had unfortunately no written proof), intimating at the same time that, in the event of the demand not being immediately complied with, legal proceedings would, without loss of time, be commenced.

'The only excuse he could offer for such unfeeling conduct was that he had frequently sued my father for

the money, but that he had always deferred its payment on the plea that his money was so invested that, without incurring great loss, he could not raise it; and there seemed to be so much plausibility and apparent truthfulness in this statement, that any feeling of doubt which might have arisen in my mind as to the justice of the demand was fast breaking away, when it occurred to my mother that on more than one occasion, when my father had indulged more freely than usual in after-dinner convivialities, she had heard him say "Thank God! I am done with Angus Macrae now; but if I had not got his bond for the money, I could not have rested in my grave!" Convinced from this that the old man would not have made an assertion which he could not substantiate, I recommenced a still stricter search after the missing document. From the roof of the house to its foundation, every corner was ransacked. Part of the flooring in his room was even raised, under the impression that, for greater security, he might have placed it there, but still without result; and none of his servants or intimate acquaintances could remember ever having heard him say *positively* that he had paid the money. With your English ideas of money, I can imagine your being amused at my feeling so acutely the loss of a thousand pounds; but you must remember that at that time a thousand pounds was equal to three or even four times its present value; besides which, Highland property was then of so little value that to lay a debt of that amount upon it was almost equivalent to losing it altogether—a hard struggle to a man devoted to his home. At length the evening arrived previous to the day on which payment was to be made. I retired to rest, greatly worried and distressed in mind at what I felt to be the inevitable fate awaiting me on the morrow. After a few hours spent in wakeful anxiety, I fell into an uneasy sleep, during which the figure of my father, holding back in his hand the curtains of my bed (which he had just pulled aside), appeared before me. "Alistair!" said he, "you have been much in my thoughts of late. I have seen what trouble you have been in from my carelessness when with you. Did not I always tell you what a rogue Angus Macrae is, and how anxious he has been to bring about our downfall? But this time the Powers above have conspired to defeat his wicked purposes. The money he is pursuing you for was paid to him, by me, many years ago; but, as he knew me to be a careless fellow, he thought I would not keep the discharge. Providence is, however, always just, and has frustrated his projects against the fatherless and widow. In the pocket of an Edinburgh almanack of the year 1746—which is lying, with some other old books, on the floor in the lumber-garret—you will find the black-hearted villain's discharge for the whole amount." When he had ceased speaking, he dropped the curtain and disappeared—leaving me in doubt as to the reality of the vision, or whether I had not been holding converse with the living instead of the dead—so vivid was the scene that had just passed as to the manner and appearance of my departed parent. Roused to a state of acute sensibility, I sprung to my feet, determined to test, by ocular demonstration, the com-

munication just made to me; and, lighting a candle, I hurried up-stairs to the garret, where, hid'en beneath a heap of rubbish, I discovered the identical volume so minutely described in my vision. I instantly seized it, tore asunder the cord which held the boards together; when, to my unutterable surprise and delight, the missing document, the loss of which had caused me so much anxiety and distress, lay before me!

'You now know, my friend,' said I, 'why I am not sceptical as to such revelations. That God does not now employ the agency of dreams, as in the Jewish and early Christian ages, is, I think, no reason for supposing that in our own time they may not occasionally be sent as warning and guiding voices; and are not always, as Shakspeare says, "The children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain phantasy."' "

THE PUNSTERS OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

PUNNING is said to have been one of the literary vices of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Doubtless the *itch* for punning continued to manifest itself in the productions of the authors of a later generation; but we do not find it was carried out to such an extent as it used to be among the writers of the earlier ages of English literature. Literary punsters there are at the present day—plenty of them; but their facetiousness is exhibited only in ludicrous pieces, seldom or never in 'high-wrought' passionate effusions. With the literary celebrities of the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, the case was widely different. With them it was considered no fault—perhaps rather the contrary—for a hero to vent his praises or spit out his maledictions in a series of 'biting' puns. Taste has, in this respect, greatly changed since the days of Shakspeare and Donne; and many of the pieces, of the former author particularly, are now condemned, solely on account of phrases for which, probably, they were in former ages highly esteemed. In justice to these authors, we ought not to condemn *vices* of this description so severely as we should were they to be found under similar circumstances in the writings of modern authors.

If punning is to be lashed, Shakspeare will certainly prove the greatest offender under the rod. The immortal dramatist has been rather too severely handled by his critic, Dr. Johnson, for his facetious faults. 'A quibble,' says Johnson, 'is to Shakspeare what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. . . . Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisitions, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents or enchaining it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight that he was content to pur-

chase it by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.' This is criticism in all its severity; but, like many of Johnson's sayings, it has 'overhot the mark.' Why, who, after reading such a criticism, would go to Shakspeare with the expectation of finding any pure, unadulterated exhibition of passion or character? Who, that knows not the exaggerated nature of the criticism, could, after reading it, regard Shakspeare as aught else than a poor pitiful quibbler? Johnson's exhibition of Shakspeare as a quibbler reminds us of the character given by some one of his dog—it was so enamoured with trifles that it would turn aside, even when at the fox's tail, to look for a rat!

To deny that the charge brought against Shakspeare by his great biographer is but too well founded, would be equally useless and vain. The evil is not one of Johnson's own creation, but is certainly exaggerated by him in his criticism. There are instances in which Shakspeare's 'quibbling,' as Johnson calls it, is not only excusable but even admirable, showing how deep was his knowledge of human nature. A passage from the tragedy of 'Macbeth' has been given as an instance of that love for quibbling which induced Shakspeare to mar some of his noblest passages by the introduction of a pun. The passage we refer to is that in which Lady Macbeth, after rebuking her lord as 'infirm of purpose,' endeavours, by an ill-timed joke, to stifle the remains of that which once was conscience, as well as to remove the fears or scruples of her less bloody-minded husband:—

Lady.—Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures—'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

This passage, like most others of Shakspeare's writings, is true to nature; for, how often do we find a guilty mind, like that of Lady Macbeth, diverting the current of its most dangerous thoughts by a joke, more or less felicitous, on the subject to which its attention is directed!

There is another ground on which some of the Shakspearian puns may be defended. The 'chief end' of a pun is to quibble with the signification of a word; but this it can only do by the help of pronunciation. To render a pun felicitous, there must be a wide distinction in meaning, coupled with a very great similarity—amounting almost to an absolute identity—of pronunciation in the words brought forward. We can thus perceive at a glance the pronunciation of many doubtful words, by comparing them with others of which the pronunciation is regarded as fixed, and with which they are brought into contrast by a pun. An example from Sir John Falstaff will illustrate what we have been saying on this point. Prince Henry and his companion, Poins, having demanded Falstaff's reason for saying he observed that 'these men' were dressed 'in Kendal

green,' when 'it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand,' Sir John replies—

Give you a reason on compulsion! If *raisins* were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason—upon compulsion.

It is here apparent that the word *raisin* was, in Shakspeare's time, pronounced like *reason*; and this pronunciation is still adopted by many eminent authorities, including Kenrick and Walker. Again, the word *Rome*, respecting the proper pronunciation of which considerable diversity of opinion exists, is 'paltered with' by Shakspeare in a similar manner. In the tragedy of 'Julius Caesar,' act i. scene 2, Cassius says—

Now is it *Rome* indeed, and room enough
When there is in it but one only man.

Those who maintain that *Room* is the true pronunciation, have Shakspeare on their side in this instance; but, unfortunately, their opponents can boast a similar advantage, in the following extract from the first part of 'Henry VI.' act iii. scene 1:—

Gloster.—Thou art reverent

Toughing thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Winchester.—This *Rome* shall remedy.

Glo.—Room thither, then.

Perhaps Johnson might take this as an instance of Shakspeare's sacrificing reason—or, at least, consistency—for a quibble.

This view of the subject, although it confers additional value on some of Shakspeare's puns, cannot, if punning be considered a vice, extenuate Shakspeare's fault in indulging in them—unless, indeed, we can suppose that his quibbles were written to give future ages a key to the pronunciation of the sixteenth century.

Of all Shakspeare's characters, the fat knight, Sir John Falstaff, is by far the most brilliant punster. His wit can be rightly appreciated only in a perusal of the plays in which he sustains a part.* In the meantime, a few examples may be given of the worthy knight's facetiousness. With regard to the two justices, Silence and Shallow, Sir John observes—

Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. . . . I saw it, and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have trussed him (*Shallow*) and all his apparel into an eel-skin.

'Ancient Pistol' comes in for a share of Sir John's witticisms, as in the following example:—

No more, *Pistol*! I would not have you go off here. *Discharge* yourself of our company, *Pistol*!

Again, on Pistol bringing him the news of the death of Henry IV., and the accession of his 'tender lambkin,' Sir John assures him—

Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

At the battle of Shrewsbury, Falstaff's tender recollection of the taverns of Eastcheap finds expression thus:—

Though I could scape *shot-free* at London, I fear *shot* here. Here's no *scoring* but upon the pate.

* First and second parts of 'Henry IV.' and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.'

Falstaff's wit was of that kind which no dangers could subdue. In the heat of the conflict, he uttered his puns and jests with as much spirit as ever he did when taking his ease in his inn. Speaking of his *rade necum*—a bottle of sack—he observes—

Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.
P. Hen.—What, is't a time to jest and dally now?

He threatens Hotspur very facetiously:—

Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.

The Prince, after his conflict with Hotspur, seeing Falstaff on the ground, and concluding him to be dead, thus laments his loss:—

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray.

Falstaff, rising slowly, justifies his stratagem:—

'Blood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot, too.

As another specimen of Sir John Falstaff's humour, we extract the following from the 'Merry Wives of Windsor':—

Mrs. Quickly.—Marry, sir! I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal.—Mistress Ford! I have had *ford* enough; I was thrown into the *ford*; I have my belly-full of *ford*.

The three parts of 'Henry VI.' are remarkably prolific in this kind of wit; and this circumstance possibly contributed to induce Johnson to declare in favour of their authenticity. In the first scene of the second part, the assembled lords criticise the conduct of the Duke of Suffolk, in causing the Duchies of Anjou and Maine to be delivered over to Queen Margaret's father. The Duke of York expresses his dissatisfaction by a pun upon Suffolk's name:—

York.—For Suffolk's duke, may he be *suffocate*
That dims the honour of this warlike isle.

The Earl of Warwick is equally felicitous on the name of one of the provinces:—

Salisbury.—Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.
War.—Unto the main! O, father, *Maine* is lost;

That *Maine*, why by *main* force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant *Maine*;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

On the same word Jack Cade makes a pun, which is naturally not nearly so happy as Warwick:—

Dick.—And, furthermore, we'll have the Lord Gay's head for selling the dukedom of *Maine*.

Cade.—And good reason, for thereby is England *maimed*, and *main* to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up.

Richard III. with all his faults sometimes attempted a pun. His mother, the Duchess of York, cursing him for his crimes, asks bitterly—

What comfortable *hour* canst thou name
That ever *graced* me in thy company?

Richard undutifully replies—

Faith, none but Humphrey *Hour*, that call'd your *Grace*
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on and not offend you, madam.
Strike up the drum.

We must conclude our extracts from Shakspeare with the following from the 'Tempest':—

Ferdinand.—I do beseech you
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name?

Miranda.—Miranda: O my father,
I have broke your heart to say so.

Ferdinand.—Admired *Miranda*!
Indeed, the top of *admiration*; worth
What's dearest to the world.

The 'immortal bard of Avon' has appropriated so much of our space, that we will be compelled to treat the other 'witty wags' of his age in a more summary but less satisfactory manner. The love of quibbling is a fault censurable in all the writers of this age as well as in Shakspeare; but their witticisms, as a rule, are as inferior to Shakspeare's

'As moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine.'

The celebrated author of 'Paradise Lost' has not left us without a specimen of his powers in this department of literature. Milton's poetry, being of a higher and more dignified cast than that of Shakspeare, admits still less of anything like a quibble being introduced. Milton has avoided this fault so much that even in his lighter pieces he is seldom guilty of a pun. But what he *has* left is sufficient proof that, if he abstained from punning, it was from any cause but want of ability. The admirably witty epitaphs which have made old Hobson* 'an immortal carrier,' are his only pieces that can lay claim to be called facetious. A few extracts from one of them will contrast not unfavourably with the Shaksperian quibbles we have already given:—

Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much *breathing* put him out of *breath*;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long *vacation* hasten'd on his *term*.

Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
If I may *nt carry*, sure I'll ne'er be *fetch'd*.

Ease was his chief *disease*; and to judge right,
He died for *heaviness* that his cart went *tight*.

He had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas;
Yet, strange to think, his *reain* was his *increase*.

The metaphysical Dr. Donne, whom Johnson calls 'the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation,' has many sly puns. A few of these, taken from his 'Fourth Satire,' may be reproduced here:—

'At Westminster,'

Said I, 'the man that keeps the Abbey tombs,
And for his price doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk—
From *king* to *king*; and all their *kin* can walk.
Your ears shall hear nought but *kings*—your eyes meet
Kings only;—the way to it is *King-street*.'

But the hour
Of mercy now was come. He tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,
And says, 'Sir, can you *spare* me?' I said, 'Willingly.'

* The University carrier.

'Nay, sir, can you spare* me a crown?'

But now he's gone, thanks to his needy want
And the prerogative of my crown.

John Marston, a writer contemporary with Shakspeare, makes the following attempt in one of his comedies:—

To conclude, 'tis
Most certain they must needs both live well and
Die well, since most commonly they live in
Clerkenwell and dye in *Driderell*.

One of the most brilliant punsters of the sixteenth century was Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor during the reign of Henry VIII., and celebrated as the author of the fanciful work 'Utopia.' More found a strange pleasure in exercising his wit upon the many unfortunate victims whom the bigoted zeal of Henry so often brought before him. His conduct in many of these judicial cases is certainly liable to reprehension, both in regard to the unseemly levity he sometimes displayed, and the relentless severity with which he treated the unhappy prisoners, but which is more excusable considering the nature of his sovereign. The following instance is related of More's allowing his appreciation of wit to get the better of his persecuting spirit:—A heretic, named Silver, was brought before Sir Thomas on one occasion to stand his trial. On hearing his name, More exclaimed, 'Silver, you must be tried by fire.' 'Ah, my lord,' said the culprit, who observed his opportunity, 'so please you, *quick-silver* cannot abide the *fire*.' The Lord Chancellor rewarded his wit by at once setting him at liberty!

As one instance more of sixteenth century wit, exercised in the usual bigoted spirit of religious persecution, the execution of Friar Forrest, in the reign of Henry VIII., may be related. Forrest was the confessor of Henry's queen, Catherine, and was accused of the usual crime of 'heresy,' and about the time of his execution a Welsh idol, known by the not very euphonious name of Darvel Gatherén, was brought to London. The Welsh had a legend regarding it that it would one day rise and *fire a whole forest*. It was regarded as an 'excellent good joke,' that this image should be hewn down and used as fuel when the Friar was, according to sentence, burned; thus fulfilling the prophesy by *firing a whole forest*! A few doggerel lines, by some London author, explained to the mob the production and its fulfilment.

Shakspeare—if we may be allowed to introduce him again—affords an instance of this same paltering with prophesy. The Duke of Suffolk, whom we have already had cause to mention, on being banished from the Court, falls into the hands of pirates. Suffolk, pleading for safety, says—

Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

What.—And so am I. My name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? Why start'st thou? What, doth death affright?
Suf.—Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,

* Falstaff says—'Oh give me the *spare* men, and *spare* me the great ones.'

And told me that by *Water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded:
Thy name is *Guallier* being rightly sounded.

With this, for the present, we must conclude our subject—ending with Shakspeare as with Shakspeare we began. Having thus, as the old song says, left 'aff' where we began, all that remains for us is to take about us the 'auld cloak' of silence, which we do with the hope that our readers have experienced some slight amusement from the 'Punsters of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.' E. R.

KILLED.

BY THE EDITOR.

FANCY a bosom to death's violence bared,
Through no proud vision of a world's acclaim:
Ye brave! who burn to win a popular name!
Lo! death, in shape a maniac, suddenly dared,
For neither martyr's crown nor hero's fame!

Kill'd! kill'd! Ah me! it is a little word;
But little motes are blinding to the eyes—
A little poison, and a giant dies—
A little puncture with a slender sword,
And dead the life that reaches to the skies.

Word, framed for utterance in a frenzied shriek,
Or for low breathing in a tremulous wall,
Telling, alas! enough—when more might fall
With equal force to blanch the listener's cheek,
At thought of other cheeks supremely pale.

Oh! murderous breath, that startles like a blow!
How has it stamp'd a horror on my brain
Of a black night—a crash of train on train—
A whirling agony of helpless woe—
And a long, sickly pang of utter pain!

Kill'd! I have heard the word like one who keeps
Hope at his heart 'gainst overmastering fears,
Till, when the smothering smoke of battle clears,
He sees his brother 'mid the mounded heaps,
But sees him dimly through a mist of tears.

O'er brow, and eye, and lip in thought I bend;—
Yet when I try the homely lines to trace,
Confusions harrow me of time and place,
And luminous living features brightly bleed
With the pale beauty of the death-struck face.

He was my playmate in long summers past—
Summers that came more grandly from the east—
That spread o'er all the fields a richer feast—
That on the hills a brighter glory cast—
And all their wealth of sunshine he increased.

Oh for the heart to feel, the head to plan,
The wit that made him everybody's guest!
I only wear the image in my breast—
Now of a living, breathing, genial man—
Now of a mangled form for burial dress'd.

Why lived he not to list the healing songs
Of those whose stay he was in clouded days—
Who, when affliction came in viler ways,
Years'd for his eloquent voice to speak the wrongs
That would have edged with fire his fiercest phrase!

No answer breaks 'mid sorrow of eclipse!
Mute is the generous tongue, and dark the eye!
There lives no record of his dying cry;—
But penitent Death preserved upon his lip;
A smile for such as love his memory!

* * The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.]

GABRIEL GRAY—A GLASGOW STORY.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR.

'—'Tis bitter cold;
And I am sick at heart.'—*Shakspeare.*

CHAPTER VII.

FOR several months past, I have been at feud with the east wind. I am naturally as little susceptible of chill as a Laplander in his furs; yet, during all this backward season, I have felt that particular wind (what can it mean?) stab me like an enemy. Every time I have heard Barbara cough, I have trembled lest fearfully, on the dry ragged wings of it, should be borne some desolating message of Fate. It may be that such nipping air is felt, like the toothache, to be of endless duration while it lasts. The warm breeze from the west may, while enjoyed, be as little valued as health. How apt are we to forget our blessings at all times! Perhaps on that very account we need occasional chastening, by way, as it were, of moral alternative—to break, so to speak, the sensuous apathy of our life-dream. However this may be, I have measured the east wind all this withering winter and spring, by silent, fitful agonies. There is an aim, as I fancy, in every wind under the skies, even when puzzling the vanes and smiting the smoke with panic; and the aim of that perfidious one from the orient has been—if I dare make bold to interpret the purposes of the wicked—to blow influenza and death into every house.

Funerals begin to fascinate me. I pry into the mourning-coaches, and crowd my memory with a phantasmagoria of anguished faces. Every breadth of crape I encounter in the streets startles and saddens me like an elegy. Oh, if a sweeter wind—a friendly wind—such a wind as lovers' sighs are made of, would but come soothingly and healingly from the bland Atlantic, laden with soft accordant mixture of precious balms, like harmony too fine to be audible, from the lovely summer isles! Hush, hush my fears! My plumper half has no fears. For her own part, she resists the east wind, and its myriad imperceptible arrows, like a magnificent railway buffer.

'Ah Jean!' said I, 'I do not like Barbara's cough.'

But my giantess—squat and firm like a shut telescope—laughed and replied that our child's sickness was caused only by a little love-affair, and that it would soon pass away, 'for,' as she argued, 'girls don't die of love now-a-days.'

'If I thought she suffered from any such cause,' I exclaimed, 'I would hunt that fellow Edward Imrie to the ends of the earth.'

'Him!' cried Jean. 'What is he but a poor clerk, like some other folk—begging your pardon? He is

no more worth hunting than a cat. I warned her to have nothing to say to him.'

I'm a caitiff and deserve cudgelling, if she did not become tall as she said this, and, indeed, as she always did when the blood of the Chisholms was touched to its Celtic altitudes.

'If you would only,' Jean added, 'cultivate a little ambition—make money like other men—and get the girls into good society, there would soon be no more of their dwinings.'

'Very good,' I said, simply naming, at the same time, a party whose ambition and extravagance had outrun his honesty; but she did not see the satire, or at least the terrible compression of it. So I brushed my hat—a bare but well-preserved article—adjusted it on my white head—drew on my gloves, which my eldest daughter, Jessie, whom I call 'the worker,' had neatly darned on the previous night—and sallied down stairs and out to the pavement. Mr. Waddel's servant, Susan—a red-armed, good-natured, rather slatternly lump of femininity with a double chin—was polishing the bell-handle opposite, and as I looked across the street inquiringly, she motioned—though not with particular elegance of pantomime—that her master was off to town. Accordingly, I paced leisurely down Portland-street alone, muttering to myself—'Very good!' and resolving to be greatly honest, if I must needs be unfortunately poor.

The Suspension Bridge is always groggy in a stiff wind. At all events, both for steadiness and economy, I prefer the solid arches and the broad flags. It was a morning to take one by the nose. The raw pincers of it were on that facial promontory I could feel. Yet the sunshine was bright, and I took the west side of Glasgow Bridge—a uniform custom with me during the travelling season—in order that I might look down upon the steam-boats. They were lying three abreast, with their decks as clean as a Glasgow eating-house counter of the olden time, with its gelatinous cow-heel and green parsley; while in one or two of them a couple of men were busy burnishing the brasses. New-rigged and smartened up for the May-day, there they were, huddled together like a fresh bevy of bridesmaids. Leaning my tall, spare person on the balustrade, I saw one vessel next the quay, with gangway placed, steam impatient, and hour of starting obviously at hand. The throng was hurried into it. Children were carried and old people assisted down the paddle-box. Carpet-bags, beds, bundles, boxes, chairs, a perambulator, a fascis of fire-irons, a sprawling complication of tubs and broom-handles, and, in the classic language of the auctioneers, 'a variety of miscellaneous articles,' became heaped about the funnel. Numerous interesting groups were clustered on the quarter-deck, chatting, finding seats, clutching at unruly children, squaring ac-

counts with polemical porters, waving adieus to loiterers on the quay, or bending moodily over one or other of the morning newspapers. Two or three of the fussy, puffy, inconsiderate, miscalculating, ill-regulated, always-too-late class of individuals were got on board with difficulty. The ropes were loosened, the captain was at his post, the man at the wheel was alert, the babbling steam was suddenly silenced for grave duty, and away the steamer extricated itself with a slow, fine glide, beautiful to witness. I followed it with my eye as I saw it thread the harbour miraculously, neither crashing into any tall ship lying cross-wise, nor running down the ferry-boats plying leisurely before its bows. Gradually it diminished in size, and rounded away out of sight. Not with the eye, but with the fancy I followed it still. The river widened to the exhilarated passengers. Their eyes drank the sunshine in its natural freshness. Its splendour was on the widening waters, and on the hills. Dumbarton rock stood up as rugged and picturesque as when the eyes of the imprisoned Wallace stared from its cleft summit. The salt smell of the sea dilated every nostril, and expanded every chest. Behold it at length crossing a broad expanse, with white sails here and there, in exact artistic position for effect! Now, it creeps into a quiet siding—a calm loch sheltered from the arrows of the east wind—with the mountains very near. Then, oh! the ecstatic landing—the glossy pebbles, the slippery sea-weed, the soft fine grass, the level winding shore-road, the white cottages ornées, and the kisses of welcome at the little painted gates! Ah me! my poor Barbara! looking dully, this bright morning, to the other side of Portland-street (how dingy beside these visions!) at fat, slatternly, double-chinned Susan languidly polishing the bell-handle!

As I entered the countinghouse, Mr. M'Corkindale exhibited his face—extravagantly painted with colours at from 60s. to 80s. a dozen—and looked his watch like a man who had been robbed. I—not a young man now, nor yet an unfaithful servant—had stolen some fifteen minutes of sorry salt-watering on the Bridge, and my high-minded millionaire felt apparently a menace of commercial wreck from that larceny. His sense of loss immeasurably exceeded my consciousness of guilt, and I hugged the thought of a possibly divine compensation for our so different conditions, in the fret which I knew he endured. Oh, I know what I would do if I had gold! It should go to buy health for Barbara, even if health lay at the bottom of all the spas of Europe. For her sake I would evade and baffle the east wind with it in chariots of fire. It should conquer an earl's love for her, if such medicament should alone chance to suffice. Neither would I begrudge my aspiring Jean her gorgeous upholsteries—her mansion overlooking the Park—her things of calf and plush—and her other material magnificences. But from that secret depth of my soul, reserved for the purest thoughts and the grandest resolves, I devoutly pray my Maker to keep riches far from me, if they should make me false to a

single natural taste, a single old friendship, a single generous instinct, a single tender sentiment, a single independent feeling. Rather any struggle of poverty, than any luxury of fortune, if the latter should serve to transmute my honest self, not into a beautifully benignant and sublimely simple Mathew Waddel, but into a huge, bloated, ludicrously pompous, essentially mean, and profoundly despised David M'Corkindale, Esq. of the Drums!

Still that erie, weary east wind assailing me on my way homeward. I could have snuffed it like a war-horse but for the chill with which it went to my heart like a Toledo blade. Barbara greeted me with her familiar smile—needed to round out her poor cheeks now a little—and declared herself quite able to take tea at Mr. Waddel's. We had all been invited thither; but Jean and I judged three of the girls enough—leaving Jessie the industrious, and Isabella the quiet, in charge of the mansion—which word I use because some one I know, and with whom I have shared my riches, rather likes it. Thanks to our dear friend, Barbara was muffled up like a Duchess en route for the opera! Her mamma, with a flaming head-dress in a napkin, supported her on one side; and Sophia, always tender-hearted, on the other. Kate took my own arm gleefully, and thus martialled, we crossed the street in a rapid manner, leaving the cheated east wind to go plaining to the house-tops. The countenance of Mathew radiated with welcome. Where to place Barbara for warmth he did not know, and exhibited such anxiety on that point that a noisy young minister—Mr. Gills—suggested it should be under our worthy host's waistcoat. But the fire, the gas, the tea-urn—Mrs. Gabriel Gray presiding with immense effect—and the carefully-closed crimson curtains, rendered every corner alike safe. With the enemy so completely excluded, or scattering his arrows for other victims, Barbara brightened into superb and glorious loveliness. Her eye gathered an amazing lustre from her cheek, and I could see that she struck in all hearts an admiration intensified into a worship. I never so felt the power of fine features to exert power. Mr. Gills 'ha-ha'd' his best and loudest, and by his obstreperous activity in handing about the cookies and the tea-cups, appeared to be ambitious of inspiring a kindred regard. Out of an old spinnet, wanting the additional key, I doubt whether an angel from heaven could have extracted much music; but Barbara made the most of it, and sung, at a later hour, with sparkling *scintille*, and looks like lance-thrusts over her shoulder at dear old Mathew himself—who presented one delighted chuckle from his boots upward—though scarcely, after all, knowing whether to laugh or cry—the following quizzical stave:—

Oh why am I so young, good sir?
Or why art thou so old?
I like thy honest tongue, good sir!
I like—I like thy gold.
Oh why should there between us be
Full forty years or more!

I never can make up to thee—
Thou art so far before.
Thy house is very neat, good sir!
No fault with it I find;
Thy books are quite a treat, good sir!
And all thy ways are kind.
But marry thee I never may—
No, no, I never can;
For all the girls would laugh, and say,
'How does your dear old man!'
In spring we never tire, good sir!
To climb the breezy hills;
In winter, by the fire, good sir!
We sit and nurse our ills.
Then seek not thou with youth to match,
Forgetting thou art old;
For, seeking a young maid to catch,
Thou may'st but catch a cold.
Yet coldness in this heart, good sir!
I hope thou'lt never trace;
I would not bid thee part, good sir!
I like—I like thy face.
What pity there should 'tween us be
Full forty years or more!
Oh fain would I make up to thee—
Thou'rt not so far before!

Mr. Gills led the chorus of approval; but an ear quick for flattery could catch Mathew's voice in the question—'Who will say, after this, that genius is not hereditary?'

It was only, however, after Susan—wonderfully polished up for the occasion—had brought in a tray with some trips and potted-head, that the tongues of the party got fairly loose. With the toddy which followed, the conversation waxed uproarious—Mr. Gills generously attempting to save anybody else from talking, and little lively Kate giggling immoderately at everything he said. It was an evening of such mirth as would perhaps greatly have shocked the punctilious and pedantic circles of the west-end; but Barbara began to look exhausted, and Sophia alarmed. The colour of our poor invalid went and came, and her striving to be cheerful was, to my secret fears, a very climax of pathos. Mathew declared he had never seen me so flat; but even from amidst that scene of amiable hilarity my mind was taking strange lonely flights up through the starry silences; and, at every lull, I was thinking wistfully of the east wind, and of the flowers which were blighted by its breath on many a late-made grave.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

THE LARBERT IMBECILE INSTITUTION.

WHEN Ralph Waldo Emerson made a summer tour, some few years ago, over Britain, he expressed a special wonderment at the vast number of our charitable institutions supported by private benevolence. And such was a Christian trait well calculated to interest and impress the American philosopher. Our national philanthropy, so broad and boundless, is spontaneous. It savours nothing of compulsion. The 'bountith,' wherever met, stands forth as a free-will offering of public sympathy. True, it may be, that

'We live to view

Crimes which no former ages ever knew;

but, in a multitude of heaven-born matters, we have

a thoroughly practical manifestation of the reign of Christ—decided evidences that the world is in the sure way of progression. And not least of the divine gratulatives are the munificent doles of the thriving classes to the aid of the destitute and imbecile. In ordinary times the supply is, we believe, fully adequate to the demand. Hospitals for the sick; houses of refuge for the outcast; asylums for the insane; and homes of comfort for the poor, are thickly set over the whole length and breadth of the land. It would puzzle us to say which of these noble institutions is most creditable to the heart and purse of the nation. Here we feel just as Paris must have felt when it was required of him to present the most beauteous of the goddesses with the apple. All, in fact, are best. And if British philanthropy is at all in fault, it is in its haste—its tendency to ride rough-shod over prudence to the rescue of the multitude ready to perish. The fact need not be minced, that charity is oftentimes dispensed where it would be better withheld. There are thousands who live but to outrage the laws of God and man. Work they hate with sluggard-repugnance; and will be slothful and, as a matter of course, vicious, as long as the hand of a mistaken benevolence ministers to their necessities and lusts. Who are not familiar with the bloated-face mendicants that infest our highways and markets—stumping out some arm or leg misfortune, expecting that the 'case' exhibited will have the effect of making the tender-hearted and charitable 'stump down'? Several writers, including Tom Hood and Henry Mayhew, have drawn to the life the vagabond fraternity. Vigorous, graphic, and characteristic are their portraiture. They have carefully studied the existence, active and passive, of the community they seek to portray—hence the great success of their sketches: just as Peter Hesse and Horace Vernet excelled the more as battle-painters from having in early life served as soldiers.

But in a very different position from either the destitute or criminal class stand those poor unfortunates, the imbecile. To borrow a simile from Catullus, neither can the feeble-minded be allowed to waste on the heedless atmosphere their passing life, like the poor flower which has been cast upon the arid furrow by the cold ploughshare. Not in the whole human drama is there a story so overwhelmingly pathetic. True, all have their crosses to bear—their thorns in the flesh—

'Greater fleas have little fleas
Upon their legs to bite 'em;
And little fleas have lesser fleas;
And so ad infinitum.'

But what plan, touch of consolation, or mortal hope, in that pitifullest of privations—the want of reason? The affliction is one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence that cannot well be understood. We care not to pry into the secrets of His omniscience. And what explanation, under the circumstances, could be more to the point than the reply made by the deaf and dumb lad to the reverend

examinator's question—'How it was that God had denied him the common blessings of hearing and speech?' 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.' We are well aware that certain physical causes have been frequently advanced as lying at the root of imbecility. These we hold not to discuss here. Enough for us at present that the feeble-minded are numerous in our midst; and the thing that remains to be done is the formation of some national receptacle in which these helpless ones may be educated into strength, and properly cared for. There are, however, several such training-schools already in existence throughout Europe and the United States of America. To begin at home—the proverbial birth-place of true charity—Dundee wears the crown of the Baldovan Institution, which was erected in 1855 by Sir John and Lady Jane Ogilvy. In Colchester there is an asylum for idiots, under the able management of Mr. Millard. In Hamburg, one Herr Goethe has wrought since 1823 with great success among the so-called 'objects' of that locality. Goggenbühl's labours, too, in improving the cretins of Switzerland, are well known; together with the encouraging results effected at the institution for idiots near Paris; and also by Dr. Howe in America. Facts thus go to prove that it verges itself upon imbecility to say that such children, as a general rule, are wholly destitute of mind. Paralytic, physically and mentally, their case may be helpless enough; but not always hopeless. The divine spark is there—densely clouded, no doubt; yet, under the asylum culture of a zealous and efficient superintendent, it may be developed into a more vigorous and utilitarian state. Surely this possible, and indeed probable, prize is worth an effort, no matter how prolonged and severe.

But what of the subject of our paper—the Larbert Imbecile Institution? As yet, only one wing of the building has been completed. A second portion, however—planned as superior accommodation for pupils belonging to the upper classes, together with a house for the superintendent—is in a somewhat forward state. These two divisions, according to estimate, will cost close upon £4,000. With respect to the architecture of the asylum, we need be brief. Shut your ears just for one moment, Mr. Pilkington. Really the building, so far as it has gone, is slightly grotesque, displaying no uniform style, or rather exhibiting an immense combination of styles. It is, however, even now an imposing institution—massive, yet wearing nothing of the prison's frown. The site is splendid. No happier locality could have been chosen. The ground feued, which extends to five acres, is situated at Muirhall, about a quarter of a mile north from the Larbert station of the Scottish Central Railway. Interesting and picturesque is the surrounding scenery. Look from whatever window you may, and the eye is feasted with a magnificent expanse of landscape; and that filled, too, not only with agricultural but mechanical industry. As respects the portion of the asylum already finished, and

now partially occupied, nothing that could possibly add to the health and comfort of the children has been omitted. In this, the north wing, capable of accommodating thirty pupils, there is an excellent school-room, and other apartments, to be hereafter arranged into workshops, gymnasia, &c. The dormitories are fine spacious halls, well lighted, and perfect, we should say, in ventilation. Then, connected with the house there are also various bath-rooms, and a capital stretch of floor for play when the weather prevents romping out of doors. But only eight pupils have, as yet, been received into the asylum, and the general opening cannot take place for at least two months. We must therefore wait patiently for the results of the training operations. The institution and its inmates are, however, in the best of hands. Few perhaps in this country are so eminently qualified for the superintendence of such an establishment as Dr. and Mrs. Brodie. Both parties, apart altogether from professional skill, have had considerable experience in the mental and moral training of the imbecile; and their sympathies, above all, seem thoroughly absorbed in the improvement and elevation of that hapless class of beings. The beneficent work, demanding so much patience and self-denial, is far from new to them. Previous to removing to Larbert, they had, for upwards of nine years, devoted their lives in a similar sphere, near Edinburgh, and with results that offered the strongest hope and encouragement for the future. One young woman, presently under their charge, has proved so trainable that she now acts in the house as a domestic servant, and receives the ordinary 'fee' for her labour. Other two are on the fair road of taking the position of good sempstresses. But these, be it noted, are not regular idiots whom it is impossible to educate, but imbeciles simply, who are rather in a state of fatuity than insanity—their intellects not being out of balance so much as sadly deficient in grasp and power. Their position, in one sense, is not unlike that of the poor emaciated and insane victim of some sore epidemic. Hence the great importance of having such little unfortunates placed early under proper medical skill, before the constitutional weakness, wherever it may lie, has got anything like firmly grounded. In the Larbert Institution, the following objects will be aimed at:—1st, The improvement of the general health, by physical training, exercise, bathing, and all other suitable appliances. 2d, The awakening, regulation, and development of the mental powers by those means, peculiarly adapted to this class, which have already been found so effective in similar institutions. 3d, The employment of those educational resources which have been systematically developed in connection with infant training, with so much modification and extension as may be necessary to meet the peculiarities of the pupils. 4th, In the cases of the more advanced pupils, the providing of some suitable occupation, giving healthy employment—at once agreeable and profitable—to all their powers; especially keeping in view such occupations as may

fit the pupils for future usefulness and intercourse with society.'

Still, some time must elapse before it is possible for Dr. Brodie to make any definite arrangement as regards the trade-departments of the house. The invigoration of the physical constitution is undoubtedly the first and principal thing claiming attention—the foundation upon which the mental faculties, in their development, are to be built. This primal work, the accomplished superintendent, we know, is fully alive to; and healthful recreation and exercise will be none the worse, for the interests of all concerned, of existing at the outset without any positive workshops either for tailoring, shoemaking, or glazing. Music, happily, is one of the great enjoyments of the feeble-minded, and a branch of education for which they almost universally display considerable aptitude. Let us refer here to an entertainment which we recently saw enjoyed by the insane inmates of the Barnhill Poorhouse, near Glasgow. Now the lunatics are no longer chained, and scourged, and chilled to death in cold, damp cells. The programme of the evening consisted of readings by Miss Aitken; songs by Misses Kirk, Osborne, &c.; and several dances in which those *friends* destitute of the light of reason heartily engaged. And perhaps it may interest many to know how the patients deported themselves under the influence of the music and the terpsichorean excitement. Let the reader then imagine an audience of 300 lunatics assembled together for festal mirth—some seated as onlookers—while others, with the utmost glee, tripped it airily through the winding mazes of the dance. The women especially entered into the pleasures of the strathspeys and reels with great spirit; nor was there a single case over the whole night which called for official attendance. During the concert the greatest of order prevailed. Indeed, many of the men listened, as we thought, with a melancholy interest to such songs as 'Sweet Afton' and 'My Hielan' hills.'

But now, setting aside the *subject* of our article, let us say a word with respect to its *object*. Heaven, we are told, helps those who help themselves. The imbecile, however, are powerless so to act; and what adds to the earnestness of our present importunities, is just the fact of their total incapacity of self-help. To the benevolent and Christian public, we make the appeal; and the claims of the poor idiot upon the philanthropic commonwealth need not be further urged:—

'Spurn him not, the blamish'd part
Had better be the head than heart.'

According to a statement made recently by that reformer-king, the Rev. Dr. Arnott, there are in Scotland about 2,240 imbeciles, and of these some 600 are of an age suitable for being admitted into educational institutions. Hence the loud call for having the public mind aroused to make some ample provision for the training and improvement of invalid youth. The money wanted to carry out to completion the Larbert Asylum will surely be forthcoming.

Such a deserving and laudable project will not, cannot die for lack of support. Already close upon £23,000 have been contributed, by way of donations to the building fund; but the estimated cost of the entire Institution is £10,000. Here, then, is work for those 'blessed evangelists,' the ladies. What they have done hitherto, they can do again. On last Christmas week, no further gone, the Edinburgh Ladies' Auxiliary Committee held a bazaar in aid of the scheme, from which they realised the handsome sum of £860. By-and-by, may we not gratefully anticipate a repetition of such a splendid gift? When the Romans were at one time hard pressed by a foreign enemy, the ladies of the empire, we are told, voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewellery, to assist Government under the public exigence. That was a heroic display of patriotism and self-denial. But battle-fields are not in any way necessary for the production of heroes and heroines. Social life, with its thousand vicissitudes, breaches, and duties, can boast of the highest of all chivalry.

Just a parting word more. The Larbert Imbecile Institution will doubtless do its work admirably; and fresh subscriptions are only wanting that the asylum may be increased both in size and importance.

ROBERT GILLESPIE.

A NEW-YEAR'S TALE.

THE town of Trimmington is, as everybody knows well, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Trimming, in Midlandshire; and is not quite so busy a place now as it was fifteen years ago. At that time it was in something after the dawn—say the forenoon—of greatness. The great Land's End & Cape Wrath Junction Railway had got so far and no farther, when the railway crash brought all these unfinished undertakings to a stand-still; and Trimmington was changed, all at once, from a large village to at least a town, which might one day, and that not a very distant one, be a city. Trains came flying into it from the south, with a whistle and an unpleasant odour of the smoking brakes; and poured hundreds of passengers and tons of luggage on the long platforms of one side of the station; while other trains absorbed the hundreds of passengers and tons of luggage on the equally long platforms on the other side; and with a whistle, and the heavy stentorian puffing of the engine, bore them off towards Land's-End, quickening into a rattling pace as they disappeared in the distance, flying along the left bank of the placid Trimming. 'Royal Mails,' and 'Expresses,' and 'Locomotives,' and 'Engineers,' for long distances and short—with two, three, or four horses—with coachmen and guards to go with them, and troops of hostlers and stable-boys to attend to them on their arrival and departure, were continually coming and going, bringing the hundreds of passengers and tons of luggage from Cape Wrath and thereaway; and bearing away to the same northern regions the corresponding hundreds and tons that had come

from Land's End. Besides this, all through the night, the whistles came frequent from huge goods trains, rolling ponderously in and out of the ten acres or so that were under iron, and called the goods station, round which great barn-looking sheds had painted on them, in mammoth characters, 'Picklin & Co.' or 'Chapford & Bone,' as they belonged to one or other of these great agents of transportation. In connection with these, hundreds of laden wains, with groaning axles, streamed along the roads that led out of Trimmington—chiefly, of course, on those that went in the direction of Cape Wrath—bearing the products of Cornwall, and, at certain seasons, new potatoes from the Scilly Isles, to the inhabitants of the Hyperborean regions; and bringing oil, and whalebone, and sealakins, and oatmeal, and salt herrings to the southern people. All this great tide of commerce, at the light of which the learned political economists and philanthropists of the day smiled and shed tears—*de Kpoo yelacurru*, as the Premier said, in his classical oration on the glories of Trimmington, pronounced at the laying the foundation-stone of 'The Land's End and Cape Wrath Railway Company's Mechanics' Institute'—did not pass through that charming town without leaving other symptoms of its transit than the whistles, and dust, and 'ta-ra-ra' of the guard's horn. The Blue Lion had put up a new wing and a new front; and three of the largest houses in the town knocked into one, with newly painted window frames, and new muslin curtains inside the windows, bore in gold letters, on a brilliantly blue signboard, that went the whole length of the nine first-floor windows, and just above them, 'Scratchpole's Railway Hotel,' with elegant flourishes in sweetly flowing curves at either end, in which were snugly ensconced some short sentences, such as 'Wines, Spirits, and Ales,' 'Posting in all its departments,' while a green coach-ladder standing by the door had 'Scratchpole's Ry. H.' in black letters with outline shadows, on each side of it. Besides these establishments, there were numerous minor houses of entertainment—from 'Railway Refreshment-rooms, well-aired beds, Foreign and British spirits and ales, iced lemonade, and ginger beer,' to 'The Magpie, licensed to sell beer, and to be drunk on the premises—good beds.' These, however, from the aristocratic 'Lion' to the humble 'Magpie,' were all doomed to descend yet one step in the scale of hostelric rank, for, along one side of the station rose a forest of tall poles—erst the slender denizens of some overcrowded corner of a Norwegian pinewood—and up among them was hourly growing a vast structure, with numerous cells and long branching passages, and broad stone staircases, the 'Grand Royal Land's End and Cape Wrath Hotel,' building by the directors, to be furnished by the London house of Snailsley & Grigg, and opened at Lady-day by M. Blanderini. All around the town there were similar, but comparatively tiny scaffold forests, where the bankers, merchants, manufacturers, railway officials, &c. &c. of Trimmington were having for their habitation numerous suburban

edifices, fitted with all the luxuries that were called for by the usages of modern society, the spirit of the age, and the civilization produced by the transit of oil, whalebone, sealakins, oatmeal, salt herrings; the products of Cornwall; and new potatoes from the Scilly Isles. The market-place, however, was where the greatest change was to be found. Save in one house, no common brick showed its red and vulgar face—all was Portland and paint. The Midlandshire County Bank, the Trimmington & Midlandshire Town and County Bank, and the offices of the Land's End & Cape Wrath Union Banking Co. were as gay and as grand as best medium stone-colour—pilasters, columns, cornices, abaci, ogives, crockets, mullions, tracery, and anything and everything else in the dictionary of architecture could make them. The Weighhouse, which was built by the Lord of Trimmington (*temp.* Richard I.), had been restored by Pewgynne; a design, by the same Gothic architect, for a Town Hall to match was in the possession of the mayor, having been ordered and paid for by the mayor, aldermen, and councillors of the burgh—the lords of Trimmington (*temp.* Victoria). The Parish Church remained to all external appearance the same, but internally you beheld the new painted windows of the chancel, where very brown-skinned saints and martyrs and all the apostles, in two rows, were represented as sitting in niches of debased Gothic architecture, clad in gorgeous green or crimson table-covers with gold brocade borders, or in rich printed druggets; while all the window round the niches was filled in with elegant and varied patterns in the floor-cloth style; the whole executed by an artist (?) in the neighbourhood of Cape Wrath. There were chapels of ease and dissenting meeting-houses, in all styles of architecture, from a Roman temple to a miniature Strasbourg Cathedral; and there were parsons, more numerous and more various than the 'sheepfolds,' to be met with at all times and everywhere, but notably in the station refreshment-rooms. Such and so flourishing was Trimmington in 1848. Happy are we to say that we have not to chronicle its decline; but in course of time, when railway matters got better—that is, when the original shareholders who paid for the lines were ruined and got rid of, and they became the property of another lot, who got them on easier terms—the Great Land's End & Cape Wrath Junction Railway went on to its destination, and Trimmington no longer flourished. Even now house rent is cheaper there than in most places in England. Nobody in it remains unchanged but the rector in his surplices, and the saints, martyrs, and apostles in their classical attire. The station hotel has long been closed to the wayfarer, and after standing for a year or two empty, with broken windows, was sold cheap for a jute mill; the 'Blue Lion,' after looking very blue for a time, cut off his wing, and is now going on favourably; 'Scratchpole's' has retired into the former triple privacy of private life; the Portland of the market-place lacks paint; the weighhouse looks as sad as no doubt it looked when John usurped the throne; and

the very plan of the new town-hall has gone no one knows whither.

It was getting on to Christmas in '48, when Thomas Augustus Tracy, Esq. one of the employes in the railway office, with one pound a-week and four holidays a-year, found himself very much in love. Though he had red hair, he had not a susceptible heart, and yet he did not feel himself astonished at being in such a predicament—one pound a-week was not much to marry on, especially as Mr. Tracy was a gentleman, and Miss Angela Jemima Bottram was a lady; and the four holidays, though they took nothing off his salary, put nothing on to it—yet Mr. Tracy did not seem to feel that it would be imprudent to marry under the circumstances. Accordingly, Mr. Tracy, when he found himself in love, went regularly in for love, and loved and was loving to the utmost of his lavish or lovable capacity. He met Miss Bottram whenever he could get a chance, walked with her on a Sunday, if she could get the opportunity of walking out—nominally with her chosen friend, Miss Scrimpton—and, in short, to use the language of lovers, 'kept company with her reg'lar.' Besides all this, he poured the tale of his passions and his hopes and his fears into the confidential ear of Miss Scrimpton, till her very ear-rings must have tired of it, though she didn't; for what girl—I beg her pardon, what young lady—would not listen to such music even longer than she would if it were addressed to herself; for she has not to blush, nor answer protestation with protestation, but can amuse herself at her ease, and torment both parties or comfort them as maybe—a recreation that gratifies the finest feline propensities of the female heart.

'La! now Angy,' she would say to Miss Bottram, 'he does love you so, and talk such nonsense about you, you can't think. You should be kinder to him than you are, for, even although he has red hair, I think he's good-hearted.'

Poor Miss Angy, who fancied herself deeply smitten with her adorer, and would have done anything to please him, would cry at this, and say to her friend, 'I'm—sure—Eliza—r—Anne—I never—did—anything—to vex him—that I—know of.' 'Well, dear,' the confidante would reply, 'I know you mean to be kind; but you have naturally a very disagreeable manner, especially at times, and I know he often feels what you say to him. I only warn you, dearest, for your own good, for you know he might be off some day in a pet like Miss Pack's young man.'

She touched up Mr. Tracy, on the other hand, about his personal appearance and his dress, to both of which she said Miss Bottram decidedly objected, though she admired his character and his devotion. Mr. Tracy appeared greatly affected by these announcements, though he afterwards, in his retirement, used to swear at poor Miss B. as 'devilish hard to please.' Still, he spent more money than he should have spent on hair-pommade, waistcoats, and a new set of studs.

The people of Trimmington, in the height of their prosperity, were not, sad to say, exempt from the

ordinary lot of mankind. They ate better than most people—taking an average over the whole world; they drank better than most people, and perhaps more, for the corporation gave dinners; but they died just the same as everybody else. The increase of the population, then, produced one great result—an increase in the funerals. The plumes of feathers went more about the streets, with all their accompaniments; the rector's wife was better off for rich black silk dresses than ever; the sexton kept a couple of subs, and devoted himself to getting fat, 'so,' as he facetiously remarked, 'to give them plenty to do when they had his grave to dig;' but nobody profited so much by it as Messrs. Bottram & Stead, auctioneers and undertakers. We have said that one house in the market-place still showed a red brick front, blushing at its own appearance. This was the house of Mr. Bottram, upstairs, and the premises of Messrs. Bottram & Stead on the ground-floor. A few years before they had been carpenters and undertakers, or, more correctly speaking, coffin-makers, as there was little more undertaking in Trimmington in those days than that branch of the profession. As business increased, and civilization required more expensive interment, and allowed better profits on it, they gradually advanced from the workshop in a back street to the house in the market-place—from 'undertakers and carpenters' to 'auctioneers and undertakers.' Mr. Bottram was a tall, bony, gaunt, solemn man, who had made the funeral department, and who looked grief and spoke sorrow in the premises—though it was said that in his own house upstairs he looked and spoke quite differently, and made over the grief and sorrow to his wife and daughter, who were alike in every respect but age—dark, hollow-cheeked, slightly deformed, and generally timid and weak-minded. Mr. Stead was a cheerful man, full of humour, short and stout and fair-haired. In early times, he used to whistle over the coffins, as he put 'the furniture' on; but he now joked at auctions, and looked after the carriage department. He lived with a cheerful wife and a lot of rosy romping children, in the same street where the workshop used to be.

It would not, upon the whole, then, have been so imprudent as it seemed at first sight, were Mr. Tracy to manage to make Miss Bottram Mrs. Thomas Augustus. She was an only child. Her father was rich. Although her mother was an heiress, she had only had £200—that he knew; and although it set up Bottram, who was the son of a beer-shop-keeper, and began his fortunes, yet his father was only a baker. Now, wealthy people and great people—for in such places as Trimmington to be wealthy is to be great—as the Bottrams were, Mr. Tracy, with his pound a-week and four holidays per annum, thought himself quite a match for them; for his father had been what he called a physician—*alias*, a general practitioner, or surgeon-of-all-work—and his mother, who was still alive, was a clergyman's daughter, an uncommon distinction, to judge by his pride in it. As he used to say to himself, 'If old B. has tin, I

have blood; and, damme, if I don't think that a fair bargain.' So he anointed his head to subdue its fire, and became more than ever genteel, and prepossessing in his manners.

It was within a day or so of Christmas, when the course of true love met with a hitch. In Cornwall, near Land's End, the captain of Wheale Misfortune Trehearne would have said that there was a fault in the lode; what they would have said at Cape Wrath we cannot repeat, for they would have said it in Gaelic. An official letter came to 'Mr. T. A. Tracy,' bearing the seal of the G. L. E. & C. W. J. R. Co., and informed him, on his reading it, that after Christmas-day his services were to be transferred to the head-quarters of the said railway company, at an advance of salary of two shillings per week, and with one week's holiday per annum. Gratifying as this intelligence was to Mr. Tracy, it removed him far from the abode of his Angela Jamima—far from his hopes of a snug house and a good allowance from old B., and an easy berth in Messrs. B. & S.'s establishment—for the head-quarters of the company were at Wolverbury, in Southlandshire, about half-way down the existing line, the whole of a hundred miles and more from Trimmington. It was a serious matter; so he wrote a note to his friend, Bob Brown, and despatched it forthwith. It was but a line or two:—'Dear Bob,—Come to my den as soon as you get away from your office, for I want to see you special. Here's a precious go. Yours, Tat.' Mr. Tracy provided a pint of old Tom, and two ounces of shag, and two clean pipes for 'the big talk,' as he called it; and with these adjuncts the momentous question, 'What was to be done?' was duly considered. Mr. Brown was a man of action, and had a strong legislative turn, so he decreed for his friend as follows:—'Now, Tat, look here. This is it, and no mistake. To-morrow's about the last day you have; so to-morrow you ask leave for two hours in the afternoon—seeing that you have such short notice of removal they can't refuse you,—and then you must array yourself in your most gorgeous apparel, and in armour of proof, and having rubbed your face, till it shines yellow, with the largest brass candlestick you can borrow, go off at once to old Bottram, and propose. State your noble—at least, your as-good-as-noble—birth, your professional advancement, the certainty of your being—if you remain with the company—very shortly chairman of the G. L. E. & C. W. R. Co.; and if you do not, the use you could be of to him in a business so congenial to your feelings as his; and that, while you consider yourself as upon the whole getting the worst side of the bargain, still you don't mind marrying his daughter, if he will come down handsome. That's what's to be done, and you must do it. Remember, Tat, "faint heart never won fair lady."'

In compliance with this authoritative advice, Tat next afternoon was taking his way to Mrs. Bottram's, pomatumed to a rich auburn, and arrayed in the utmost magnificence of his wardrobe, bearing not the sceptre of a Homeric monarch, but a short cane,

about 18 inches long, with a silver top. His hat was broad in the brim, his satin cravat fell in ample folds, and was secured by a monstrous breast-pin, representing an eagle's claw, holding an orb of fire crystallised into a huge carbuncle;—nobody could tell that the pin was not gold, and the glowing crystal only paste.

We have said that Bottram & Stead's was the only house in the market-place that still remained undecorated in its native brick. Mr. Stead had often tried to get the firm to put on a face more in accordance with the taste of the period, but Mr. Bottram was inexorable. It would not suit the business; it was all very well for Mr. Stead to talk, but he did not understand the susceptibilities of the bereaved; nothing would be more harassing to the feelings of their customers than gay and cheerful-looking premises. His ideas on the subject had lately been somewhat shaken, it is true, by the advent of an opposition firm—that of Diggins & Naylor, from London—who, unable to get premises in the market-place, had set up in Market-street, the next best locality, in a house as gay with varied ornament as plaster could make it, and had yet contrived to get on the right side of a good many—too many, indeed—of the afflicted and forlorn. Bottram & Stead's windows were as smoky as the walls that encased them. In one, two miniature coffin-lids, studded with braes nails and gilt scutcheons were suspended on each side of a *sable* shield bearing in or the legend 'Funeral Undertaking in all its branches;' while in the other, a similar shield bore 'Bottram & Stead, Auctioneers and sworn Valuers.' Beneath there were dirty brown wire-gauze blinds, and above glimpses of the dingy interior of the premises.

When Mr. Tracy approached, Mr. Bottram, with his hands in his breeches-pocket, was looking out at the door. Tat looked up at the first-floor windows for a glance of his Angela; but that inspiration was denied him. There was no one to be seen. He felt undismayed, but yet not altogether comfortable. He had that undefinable feeling that accompanies the bravest men on marching into action—that fluttering and sinking of the heart without which courage is headstrong rashness, and confidence insolent presumption. He was not an utter stranger to Mr. Bottram, having sometimes met him in society, at the tea-parties of the higher officials of the railways; so he accosted him boldly, bearing in mind Bob's final caution of the night before.

'Good morning, sir,' he said.

'Good morning, Mr. Tracy,' said Mr. B., making way for him when he saw his intention of entering. 'I hope, sir, that no unfortunate event has occasioned the honour of this visit. Should it, alas! be so, permit me to say, Mr. Tracy, that I sympathise with you very deeply. In such distressing changes in our relations with the world, it is our duty, Mr. Tracy, to submit ourselves to the dispensation with hope and resignation.'

This speech was not dictated by the idea that Mr.

snatched the card from Bottram, and read it. 'It's Diggins & Naylor, and not a bad joke neither.' "Wish you were dead"—to bury you of course. 'New-year's morning! Ha! ha! ha!'

Bottram pushed Mr. Stead into the back shop, out of the way of the outraged captain, and shut the door.

'Excuse me, Captain Mordaunt, but I am sincerely grieved to wait—to be waited on by you on such an unpleasant errand. I assure you that my feelings are harrowed, as they have never before been on a similar, on any, occasion. In such trials as these, which surround our lives, we must always trust—I beg your pardon—we must—I really don't know what we must do. I can only say, sir, that I am as sorry for what has happened as you can be; and if there's anything I can do in the way of my business to oblige you, you may rely, Captain Mordaunt, on my best attention, and more than usual moderation in our charges.'

The Captain, whose temper was nearly as soon down as up, was pacified when he began to comprehend that the affair was a practical joke, not at his, but at Bottram & Stead's expense, and was rather tickled than otherwise at Bottram's idea of satisfaction.

'No; damn it all, Bottram! I hope you'll have nothing to offer me in that line for many a long day; but if I were you, I would thrash Diggins & Naylor, or whoever else did it, to within an inch of their lives.' So saying he departed.

Soon other visitors, though none of them so furious as the Captain, entered, and had to be pacified and sent away. Then notes dropped in, countermmanding orders; and the thing got wind in the town, and a crowd began to gather round the door, shouting 'Bottram & Stead wish you were dead!' The police dispersed the crowd; and an advertisement in the Trimmington paper, and a handbill offering a reward for such information as would lead to the conviction of the offender, put Bottram & Stead to rights with the world, or would have done so had it not been repeated that Stead said that it was Diggins & Naylor. This was too good a chance to be lost, so the newcomers prosecuted the old-established house for defamation, and got heavy damages.

Even yet, occasionally, in the comparatively quiet streets of Trimmington, some mischievous urchin will cry out, at the sight of Bottram—now retired from business—or of Stead—who carries on the firm with his eldest son—'Bottram & Stead wish you were dead!' at which Bottram scowls gloomily, and Stead turns round laughing, and says 'I wish you were;' but to this day nobody has ever found out who perpetrated the practical joke. TSADDL

THE PHANTOM PUNT; OR, THE HOWL OF GUILT.*

A TALE OF VIRTUE AND VILLANY, TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,
DESPAIR AND DEATH.

BOOK FIRST.—PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VII. THE SUN KISSES CARRION.

THERE was no mistake about it. When the sun returned on the morrow, it found old Chipps lying stark and dead on the floor, impaled to the boarding by the corkscrew. It did not find the murderers, Duferny and Vavazour, however. It followed them elsewhere. We shall refrain from doing so in the

* The right of dramatising, translating, and reproducing this serial fiction is reserved by the authors.

meantime, in order to introduce another character to our readers, who is of infinite importance in this story of virtue and villany, trial and triumph, despair and death.

Up to this point we have allowed the reader to remain in ignorance of the peculiar relationship between Chipps and Pennywhistle. It shall be explained fully at that stage of the story where we introduce the narrative of Abinidab Ephram Chipps.

The house of this eccentric and villanous old miser was divided into two parts. We have seen his own squalid room, and we have witnessed the horrible tragedy enacted therein. We shall now enter the apartments of Evangeline, on the east wing of the second floor. This Evangeline is the daughter of the murdered man lying up-stairs; and aha, poor lady! is sitting at breakfast—or, rather, nibbling gingerly at the toasted cheese and devilled kidneys, broiled bones and fried pigs' ears, which grace the table, occasionally washing it all down with half-pint draughts of an invalid concoction, consisting of Jamaica rum, Irish whisky, London porter, and Scotch ale, boiled together, and sweetened with molasses. Evangeline is delicate, and tea and coffee excite her nerves.

'Here, Wowfer!' said Evangeline to the footman in attendance, 'put that pot on the fire. I like my mixture red 'ot. Oh dear!'

Wowfer, the footman, put the kettle of liquor on the fire; and when it had got to a boiling pitch, poured out a tumblerful. Evangeline drank it eagerly, with great appearance of relish, and laying it down, cut a slice off one of the pig's ears, and said 'Wowfer, I wonder how dad is?'

'Couldn't take it upon myself to say,' said Wowfer, turning over the leaves of the book.

'What a queer old dad it is, to be sure, Wowfer!'

'It isn't for the likes of me, miss, to hanimadvert on the hactions of my missis' par, though hi am in a manner drorn hout to it; no, miss, I've mixed too much in 'igh society to know better nor that. I should think so, really.'

'Well, but Wowfer,' said Evangeline—flirting with a 'devil,' and at last eating it—'you can't deny that it was a rum start of him to make such a row because I proposed to ride over to Crosswich races, just to see who came in first for the Pennywhistle Cup. I've a good mind to go yet. I could get Bobster, the groom, to saddle Maid Marian, and follow me on Black Diamond. We would be there in a twinkling, and the first race does not commence till two o'clock.'

'It's my opinion, miss,' answered Wowfer, 'that your principal reason for wishing to get to Crosswich races is to see the Marquis; and I may make bold to say that sich also is your par's opinion, and that be objects to a hintervise in the meantime. You're both young and innoerent, and 'ot tempered. You know 'ow the Marquis swears, and 'ow you quarrelled with 'im on that account; and you know, also, there's some rumpus between him and your par, and that things in general aint in sich a state to warrant an immediate halliance.'

'Oh, Wowfer!' said Evangeline, 'if I was only certain that it would take place sooner or later, how happy I should be! Isn't he a handsome fellow? And think of the glory of being a marchioness!'

Evangeline shut her eyes, and revelled in imagination on a picture of love and ambition.

'Yes, he's rather a 'ansome feller,' said Wowfer; 'and it's rather a henviable position to belong to the haristocracy of the land; but you must know, miss, that your par's immensely wealthy, and that the young feller 'as a great deal to be thankful to 'im, for you know that he was a lost hair; and you know that it was your par 'as got 'im his titles and estates. You know the condition was that he should hally 'imself to you in a connoobial connection; and you know that now wen he is in the position in his 'ome—is 'eart's first 'ome—he has put off the fulfilment of the promise, and that both yourself and your par is naterally cut up about it.'

'I do, Wowfer; I do,' said Evangeline, with the tears in her eyes. 'It's cruel of him—very cruel. I am afraid he seeks a more brilliant alliance—that although his heart may be mine (as he has sworn a hundred times), his hand will be another's. He seeks an alliance among the nobility.'

'Do you know, miss,' said Wowfer, with a strong appearance of mystery, looking round the room as if he had a dim suspicion of somebody lurking under the furniture, and sinking his voice to a whisper, 'do you know, miss, that I have my suspicions?'

'No,' said Evangeline. 'You don't mean to say so?'

'I have said so,' said Wowfer, compressing his lips.

'Indeed!' continued his mistress. 'Suspensions of what?'

'Of your lover, Pennywistle.'

'What about him?'

'Ha!'

'What, Wowfer? Tell me—your indulgent and ill-used mistress.'

'I've a suspicion, then, that he is not the real heir at all.'

'Goodness gracious!'

'My father warn't a Bloomsbury beadle for nothink,' continued Wowfer. 'He couldn't hoccupy that position thirty year without 'aving a nateral sagacity for prying hout mystery, could he?'

'Certainly not,' answered Evangeline.

'Well, young lady, he couldn't possess a nateral sagacity without leaving some of it to his children.'

'Not a doubt of it. But go on, Wowfer.'

'I flatter myself that of all our family, I was his favourite; and I flatter myself that I inherited more of that nateral sagacity than hall my brothers and sisters together, put in a pot and biled hup.'

'I should think so too.'

'I've mixed a good deal in first-class society. I've served in noble families, where there were secrets worth knowing—sich families as it's 'ard to say whether the young master, with the coarse hands and hugly face, who is in the abit of coming 'ome drunk

hevery night, smelling of cigars, and chucking the servant gals hunder the chin, is the young master at all; whether he 'asn't been exchanged at birth; and whether the poetical boy, in buttons—who cleans the knives and answers the door—with the large black heyees (dreadfully like the young lady up stairs) and the delicate blue-veined fingers, is the true heir. Where it's 'ard to say whether the master (maybe a Member of Parliament, or a Lord or a Dook) hasn't been married privately to his washawooman's niece; privately caused her to be pizen; and all the time the young man—a bricklayer—as he heggered on to pizen her, didn't do it at all, she being a relation of his, but quietly took her out of the way for a time, having a grudge against the Dook, or the Lord, or the Member of Parliament's father for a ruinin' of his aunt; and when the young man—the bricklayer—as the Dook, or the Lord, or the Member of Parliament had got transported for summut as he had also heggered 'im on to—returns, w'y the 'ole affair is blowed, and it is diskivered that the drunken hold charwoman as 'ad been in the 'abit of meeting my Lord, or the Dook, or the Member of Parliament privately in the wash-house, and flarin' hup like forked lightning', is nothing more or less than 'is wife, and that my lady hupstairs, wot kerried so 'igh a 'ead, and belonged to the nobility, is no more 'is wife than the cat's meat man is huncle to the Princess Mary of Cambridge! These are the sort of mysteries wot we Lunding suvnts halways keeps a heyee on, and they are as plenty as blackberries, I can tell you; not that I 'ave hever come across a thing of the kind myself, but I 'as my suspicion habout certing people of quality. I know wot's wot. I 'avent read the *Lunding Journal* for nothing, nor the *Farthing Flambeau of Fiction*, nor *Four Times a Fortnight*, nor those periodicals wot blow the gaff on those things; but all this ere is hirreverent to the present question. I 'ave, as I stated (and hi am not speaking permiskusly, I can asshaw you), I 'ave a suspicion that Pennywistle haint a marquis at all. Fact is, I 'ad a younger brother—not a full brother, mark you!—my mother foolishly 'aving married again, on my fawther's demising, a certing John Krunkle ('orrid name and orrid man—died at last by kick of a 'oss), and with this Krunkle was brought into hour family circle his son, halso John by name. This John, junior, was hoccupied hin a bone-biler's as a scraper, that is soraping the small rags or flutterings of meat that hadere to the bones. As this youth, then, was in some way connected with hour family, it beoved me as the heldest to look hafter 'im, and try to get 'im out of 'is degraded position, and establish 'im in a genteel family w're 'is morals would be hall right, and w're his calves would 'ave a chance of developin themselves by proper nourishment (in which case, I need not mention, a brilliant footcoore wos before 'im through my family conneekahun). At a great sacrifice of my dignity, I went and saw this bone-biler, represented the case, and told him I wanted the boy. He informed me, 'owever, that he

'ad a year's engagement, and that he would not part with 'im till the time was hup. It seems that my 'arf brother having been himproperly fed, before 'is father was lucky enough to attract the attention of my mother, 'ad a 'appy sack of cleaning the bones quickly, and filling 'is stomach beside—a great advantage hover well-fed boys, I asshaw you. I could not quarrel with 'im on that account; and so Krunkle, junior, remained, and hi wisited 'is guv'nor occasionally, jest to make sure that he was behavin' hall right—for I wasn't going to put 'im into society hunless certain that he was thoroughly respectable in hevery sense of the word. Well, as hi was a sayin', in my perihodical visits to this bone-biler's, I was rayther took by another young scraper, rather holder than Krunkle, junior—white-'aired, Vellington-nosed, and with a slight squint. I have traced this resemblance; and blessed if I don't think——

'What, Wowfer? What, in Heaven's name?'

Wowfer, however, like Hamlet when about to explain the ghost affair to his friends, Horatio and Marcellus, suddenly thought he had gone far enough, and, taking all things into consideration, that he had better keep his own counsel in the meantime; so he answered,

'Blessed if I don't think that it was that there young feller with the squint, the light 'air, and the Vellington nose as hegged on Krunkle, junior, to steal the spoons in his first sitivation, and bring 'imself and me, wot recommended 'im, into discredit.'

'There is something more in this than natural,' thought Evangeline, prudently refraining, however, from questioning Wowfer any more on the subject.

Evangeline was well aware that Pennywhistle had been discovered by her father in some low occupation, unbefitting his aristocratic parentage; but suspicions of the genuineness of his claim to the title had never entered her head till now.

Alas! the suspicions were soon to be confirmed.

'And how has your brother been getting on since, Wowfer?' said Evangeline, evasively.

'Went hall to the bad. Loafed about town after he was liberated from prison. I gave 'im a fit out and money to proceed to Ameriky with. Spent the money, pawned the clothes, and hultimately got transported.'

'Heigh-ho!' sighed Evangeline. 'I wonder if dad is coming to see me this morning. I am determined to hold out. I wont go up to his dirty room; and if he thinks so, he is mistaken.'

'Give me that book, Wowfer. I will read. Clear away the things; and tell my maid, Wiketts, to come hither.'

Evangeline lay down on the sofa, and opening the book read the following interesting story.

'THE STORY OF FLAPP FUNGUS FLIPPERTY AND FLIPPERTY FUNGUS FLAPP.'

'A TRADITION OF THE SPORTING WORLD.'

'On a sultry evening in the month of December,

two commercial travellers might have been seen by the waiter (or any person entering their bed-room in the Horned Wolf) engaged industriously shaving their heads by the strong light of the sun, which entered at the second-floor window; and, bestowing a passing glance at the somnolent figures of our heroes, cried by the door. The eldest of the travellers, who was considerably younger than his companion, was the first to break the silence into six parts, and immediately throwing the fragments over the window, burst into tears. His remains were carefully picked up by his companion, who deposited them in a leather carpet-bag, and retiring himself into the inside of the bag, locked it on the outside, and hung the key on a jet of water which leaped up through the floor. After they had occupied themselves in this manner for about a month or six weeks, a stern scowl was seen to pass over the face of the youngest by a large crowd of Japanese ambassadors, who were sitting on the railings outside, swallowing oysters, and aiming the shells at a haggard figure standing on a school-boy's slate. The figure was a five, and there is every reason to believe (considering the circumstances of the case) that if any passing wayfarer had been at the trouble of walking up and adding a six, the combined figures would have represented fifty-six. As no one was disinterested enough to do so, an athletic agricultural labourer in the twinkling of an eye seized the scowl from the youngest of the travellers, and reciting the first six books of Euclid, walked quietly off—making the deserted streets ring with the sound of his breathing, and the immense crowds, who rendered the way almost impassable, to vanish in affright; and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a rap behind them to pay the expenses which is usual in such cases.

'Any schoolboy, with the slightest pretensions to intellect, as the intelligent reader is aware, would have divined at once that the two travellers could be no others than the eminent personages—Flipperty Fungus Flapp, and his cherished companion in legs, Flapp Fungus Flipperty. It is not necessary, however, for the development of our story, that we should explain to the intelligent reader the phenomenon of the activity of the will amid motive influence; and we need hardly mention that such an intention never for a moment entered into our head. We shall accordingly take up the thread of our narrative, in

'CHAPTER II.

'With the intention of bringing up their son for the bar, the parents of Flapp Fungus Flipperty apprenticed him, early in life, to a tavern-keeper in the Euston-road—where his genius for collecting old coins from the till, and consuming large quantities of ardent spirits, developed themselves so quickly, that it was not long till the attention of Government was directed to his commendable efforts, and he was accordingly induced to appear at the position which his parents coveted so strongly for him, viz. the bar of his country. His *debut* there was of so promising

a nature, that he immediately received an official appointment at Millbank Palace, where he spent five years of his life acquiring the art of oakum manufacturing, and receiving the best muscular training which the Government of this or any other country could afford. His daily exercise on the mill had the effect of bracing the muscles of his legs to such a degree, that he embraced an opportunity, at the expiry of three years, and knowing the value at which his services were held by the Government, and the affectionate efforts which would be made to induce him to remain, he quietly gave them leg-bail for his re-appearance, and was seen no more.

"Flapp Fungus Flipperty has sloped," said the warder of the Tower.

"You don't say so," said the junior warder; and both, with the tears swimming in their eyes, divested themselves of part of their habiliments, and putting themselves into a pugilistic attitude, commenced a tour of the provinces in a round of their favourite characters.

CHAPTER III.

"The great race was to come off at the Green Man, Hackney Wick.

"We have mentioned that Flapp Fungus Flipperty, after his escape, had entered himself as a racing man; but we did not mention that he had prudently changed his name to Flipp Flapp Flop. Such was the case; and his opponent was no other than the celebrated Flipperty Fungus Flapp.

"We did not mention that the latter gentleman was the eldest son of the warder of the Tower. Such was the case, however. He did not expect that his rival was no other than the escaped prisoner, Flapp Fungus Flipperty.

"All the sporting world were there; and all the sporting world pinned their faith on Flipperty Fungus Flapp, and treated the attempt of Flipp Flapp Flop to race against him as the extreme height of absurdity.

"The two men are at the scratch.

"They are off!

"All the sporting world who had pinned their faith on Flapperty Fungus Flapp soon discover their mistake, and tremble for the cash which they have laid on him.

"Flipp Flapp Flop is soon discovered to be the best man.

"The race is hotly contested, however.

"They are at the second last lap.

"Flipperty Fungus Flapp is in despair, and lost in amazement.

"There is only one man that can beat me in Europe, and that man has been exercised three years on the mill. That man is Flapp Fungus Flipperty. Great heavens! Flipp Flapp Flop is no other than Flapp Fungus Flipperty. There is a hundred pounds offered for his capture. I must catch him and gain the money. Those are his legs which I see before me. I'll swear it."

As soon as Flipperty Fungus Flapp makes this discovery he cannot help shouting out, as he hears his

opponent, "Ah ha! I know you now. You are not Flipp Flapp Flop, but Flapp Fungus Flipperty. I'll catch you yet." He puts on a spurt.

"Flipp Flapp Flop hears the dreaded accents of the son of the warder of the Tower. The tread-mill and oakum-picking rise up before his eyes. He feels his legs giving way. By the time he makes another round of the lap he will be caught. He makes up his mind on the instant, and, to the astonishment of all the sporting world, vaults over the wicket, through the bar of the Green Man (to the astonishment of the landlord, landlady, and the customers at the bar), and out into the fields in the direction of Bow.

"With a yell of baffled rage, and to the further astonishment of all the sporting world, Flipperty Fungus Flapp follows him.

"They can be seen vanishing in the distance. The sporting world look curiously at each other, and put the query, "Wot's hup, in the name of all that's rummy?"

"That question was never answered, and never will be answered till the crack of doom.

"Neither Flapp Fungus Flipperty nor Flipperty Fungus Flapp were ever again seen in the flesh.

"Once a year, however, about midnight, the inhabitants of Hackney Wick are startled by loud yells and shrieks, and the dull pattering of feet on the high road. When the windows are opened, and the inhabitants look out, they see two transparent figures dashing past in a halo of blue fire—the pursuer and the pursued.

"The figures are the ghosts of Flapp Fungus Flipperty and Flipperty Fungus Flapp *alias* Flipp Flapp Flop."

Evangeline was moved to tears at this pathetic story. Her heart was softened to her father through its influence. She shut the book, rose, and proceeded up stairs. "I shall go up and see dad," she said.

Alas! poor lady.

She traversed a corridor which led to her father's part of the building, and reached the stair which conducted to his room. The door was shut. With a strange presentiment of evil she opened it and passed in. She ran against a figure, which was evidently trying to pass out. She knew by the shock that it could not be her father. It might be a thief. Evangeline was a woman of strong nerves. She slammed the door, and stood face to face with the intruder.

"Alfred! you here!"

"Evangeline! Great heavens!"

It was the Marquis of Pennywhistle who confronted her. There was a gash of blood on his face. There was blood on his hands. He had neither coat nor vest on. His shirt collar was unbuttoned; his face was pale and haggard; his eyes stood in their sockets; the clammy sweat was on his brow; his lips were blue, and his teeth chattered like a person in extreme cold. His left hand clutched a parchment, which he tried to conceal in his breast on Evangeline's appearance. He was unsuccessful.

"Let me pass, Evangeline," said the Marquis.

Evangeline saw that she was more than a match for the scared owl-looking figure. She drew herself up to her full height, and with a flash of contempt and scorn on her face said, ironically,

"No, most noble the Marquis of Pennywhistle, you

shall not pass. Give me that paper which you hold in your left hand.'

The Marquis obeyed mechanically.

'What do you here? There is blood upon you! Where is my father? Great God!' (a horrible fear crept into Evangeline's blood, and nearly froze her with terror) 'you have not murdered him? Say you have not murdered him, and I will forgive all you have done to me.'

The Marquis spoke not, and seemed rooted to the ground. Pale as death he stood before her, but spoke not. By a horrid impulse, which he could not account for himself, he turned round and pointed to the corner of the room. Evangeline threw open the shutter, and the sun kissed the carrion flesh of old Chippe, who lay in a clotted pool of blood on the floor.

Still the Marquis spoke not.

Evangeline was petrified for a moment; only for a moment, however. She loved her father, and she had her father's temperament.

Vengeance!

The Marquis, now fully awakened to the sickening danger of his situation, was about to fly.

Fool! She was a maniac in her rage.

'No,' she shrieked out hoarsely. 'No, Marquis of Pennywhistle, you don't go. Ha, ha! I see your handywork, and it behoves me to avenge it.'

She flew upon him like a tigress, tearing and biting at him like a mad wolf, and shrieking at the top of her husky voice, 'Murder! murder! help! help! help! My father lies dead on the floor, and his murderer is here.'

She still struggled, and bit and tore him. She was an avenging fury; and her shrieks startled the echoes of the streets of Dubdub. In a few minutes, a crowd dashed into the room, headed by Wowfer the footman and Wicketts the maid.

'Murder! I tell you, fools! idiots! dolts! Murder! but I will revenge it. Don't take him from me. I'll revenge his death. Who has a better right than his daughter? Murder! murder!'

Pennywhistle was like a rat in the clutches of a ferret; but in a minute he was forcibly released by the crowd.

'I give him in charge, for the murder of my father,' said Evangeline; 'and I will follow to see that he is properly secured. Look! that's his work. Oh my head and my heart! they will break.'

The crowd looked, and saw Chippe impaled to the boarding by the corkscrew, and a red, gaping wound all round his neck. They tried to lift him, and his head rolled on the floor!

Evangeline, with a sound like lead, fell beside the trunk. She had fainted away.

Pennywhistle spoke not a word; and he was dragged off to prison, on a charge of murder.

(END OF BOOK THE FIRST.)

THE SURPRISE.

I sought my lady in a pleasant garden
Where I had left her but an hour before;
I sought her that she might grant me sweet pardon
For words of mine that wounded her full sore:

For words that my heart with a wild love laden
Had prompted me to whisper in her ears—
That plunged in cruel blushes the coy maiden,
And drew from those bright eyes a flood of tears.

I hop'd and fear'd, I wish'd, believed, and doubted:
Oh how I loved her!—could she love me so?
Now I was woeful, now my glad heart flouted
At all forebodings of the sad word No.

An hour ago I had from her been driven
By the mute eloquence of streaming eyes:

I came again that I might be forgiven,
To hear my doom, or bear away my prize!

And thus I found her: in an arbour hid
And serenaded by the amorous trees;
Her raven hair hung loosely ringleted,
And play'd on her white throat with every breeze.

Her eyes were cast down as in serious thought,
While on her lips a faint smile seem'd to play;
Her cheeks, tinged with a blush those musings brought,
Upheld two tear-drops that like twin-pears lay!

She held a volume in her lily hands;
And while I gazed, she read in gentle tone,
As one who reads and fully understands,
Because the thoughts are echoes of his own.

She saw nor heard me, and I listen'd long
To this sweet tale—the tale of her own heart,
Whose plaintive cadences—such power hath song—
Caused sympathetic tears again to start.

Once did I hear her murmuring my name,
And then another page she softly read;
My heart was burning with a stifled flame,
As thus her thoughts unconsciously she said.

It was a story of a love-sick girl
Sighing in absence of her heart's own chosen:
Her father was a rough, unfeeling churl,
Whose heart unto her lover's suit was frozen.

And she bewail'd this lover all the day
In those sweet numbers that my love was reading:
Oh how my fears and doubtings fled away,
As for me thus I heard her own voice pleading!

The lady of the tale oft draped her woe
In all the flowery figures of the East;
And sure my lady's tones, so soft and low,
Of this hid meaning told me not the least.

'Oh,' thus she sang, and thus my lady spake,
'He whom I love is as the sun to me:
He is not here, and now my heart will break,
And when he comes I shall no longer be!

'When he is by, all things are fair and bright
With all the love that issues from his eyes;
When he is gone, I dwell in darkest night—
I do not live—I breathe, and breathe but sighs!'

And then my lady sigh'd in sympathy.
Oh sweet, sweet sigh that told so sweet a tale!
And then she turn'd her lustrous looks—on me,
The while her conscious cheeks grew guilty pale.

But I was happy; and my arms I flung
Around her, scorning all my former fears;
And while to me half-fearfully she clung,
I kiss'd away the yet remaining tears.

And thus excused myself—'Dear love of mine!
As but this morn the sun from off this rose
Kiss'd the soft dew so soon as he did shine,
So suffer me—and your tale fitly close!'

Then tremblingly she raised her gracious eyes,
And perfect pardon I saw beaming there.
Oh, I shall ever bless the sweet surprise
That shov'd and gave to me a heart so fair!

JOHN BELL.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

May 18, 1836.

WHEN George read Aunt Aubrey's letter last night, he was not nearly so excited about it as I had expected. He only said—'Poor Mrs. Falconer! It is well she found so kind a friend in her need. And I daresay the boy is a nice little fellow enough, and will be a great amusement to her.'

With this he passed on to another matter, in which his mind was far more concerned. It seems that Mr. Locke was considerably surprised when he heard that my money (I mean Mr. Grey's money) had been lying all this while at mere bank interest, and has suggested an excellent investment for it. So George has been laying the whole case before me, 'to get my consent,' as he says, 'to the measure.' I told him I should like to act as he thought best; though I could not help adding, (feeling, as I do—shall I call it?—*prejudiced* against his partner,) 'Only be very sure, George, that Mr. Locke's advice is good and true. For somehow, though I daresay he is very superior, I should not like to trust him overmuch.' He smiled in a way I never saw him do before, and the language of that smile was as plain to me as if he had spoken the words,—You do not in the least understand Mr. Locke. He has an intellect and a knowledge, of whose extraordinary metal your woman's wit can form no conception. That man could govern a nation, and do his work nobly, and carry himself erect and strong, as though he bore but a feather's weight. Oh a most rare capacity! And yet here is a weak girl that doubts his ability to execute a small commission! After the smile, came the following, in good audible tones:—

'My own dear little Kate! there are far cleverer men in the world than are dreamed of in your philosophy, and my partner is one of them. So, with your approval, my love, we shall take his advice about this money.'

'Stay, George!' I cried, roused by some secret impulse for which I could in nowise account. 'Is there no chance we may require the money quickly, in an unforeseen emergency? And then—if it were not available? You know it came to me in rather a singular manner; and I can't help looking upon it even yet more in the light of *trust funds* than as really and indisputably my own. Circumstances may transpire that would cause me much misery if I could not lay my hand upon that money at a short notice. I might want it in a moment, if anything happened. You can guess what I mean. Now, George, do not laugh at me. But say you will wait just a little while before you make this proposed in-

vestment. For, since the idea has struck me, I scarce think I should sleep at night, George, if I knew that the funds were beyond my reach.'

Here I paused. I had been speaking very earnestly, and I felt that my husband had been closely following the track of my hypothesis. He did not laugh. His kind nature forbade him to ignore my feelings. He took my hand:—

'I see, darling, the old fancy is strong upon your heart just at present. But it will pass away. Till then, I shall do nothing in this matter. You are a sweet soul, Kate—though you are a shade too imaginative for this working world. After all, it is a failing that leans to virtue's side. I detest your altogether practical women. They are no better than cabbages. But you are a rose, Kate—a delightful fragrant rose, half-blown, and minus the thorns.'

'But what of Mr. Halliday's *noose*, George, into which I am yet to bring your head?'

'Oh! that is his pleasant bit of fiction,' quoth he. 'If you will have your notions, others may have theirs too.'

'And pray, George, what may be your particular private fancy about anything in the future time?'

'Very ancient and fish-like fancies are mine; very old fashioned and commonplace,' he answered. 'One romancer in the house is quite enough. So, go on dreaming, Kate; but do not ask me to dream along with you, for my talent does not lie that way.'

And so ended our little parley.

Mem.—Most persons overrate their own qualities. George decidedly errs the other way. How can he call his ideas commonplace, when he has such an entire appreciation of poetry, for instance? And as to romance, I am sure his overweening admiration of that dry discordant Mr. Locke is the most romantic thing possible. Now, none but imaginative minds ever set up these idols of perfection; therefore, George's notions cannot be 'fish-like,' but quick and sparkling; and so he under-estimates himself entirely. But as for this hero-worship of his partner, I do feel inclined to cry out, 'Take any shape but *that!*' while I pray earnestly he may never be led into any mischief thereby. I must say Mr. Locke puzzles me. And though, at times, my suspicions of him appear hardly fair, yet I cannot quite throw them off. Again I fall a-thinking.

I can never understand the right which some people assume to be disagreeable, and how readily the right seems conceded to them in certain quarters. We have all met with persons so blunt in manner and repulsive of aspect, that our first impulse was to turn away from them in distaste. Their looks were hard and cold, their words few and stern, and their only talent appeared to lie in saying offensive things. Instinctively we shrank from their contact; the world

was wide, and the influence of companionship was much. Why should we pluck the sour unripe fruit, when the sweet and mellow was within our reach? So we have argued, and do argue truly, as often as our path is crossed by any of these bears of society,—when lo! some ingenious friend, to whom we confide our opinion, arrests us by the startling intelligence that the persons in question are of remarkable sincerity and real worth—that there are sterling qualities hid beneath that rough exterior, that their shrewdness is marvellous, that their integrity is unimpeachable, that they never utter a syllable except what may be firmly trusted—that a smooth bearing may be all very pleasant, but surely gold is preferable to tinsel; with a great deal more to the same purpose. Now, while it may be all quite correct (and we are glad to hear it) that these unmannerly people are immensely better than they seem, is it therefore defensible that, pluming themselves on their secret excellence, they should be therefore licensed to expose a harsh and forbidding surface to the outer world? Because there are well-bred rogues and sleek-tongued hypocrites abroad, must honesty take refuge in unblushing rudeness? Nay, further, must we be expected to regard virtue as tenfold more estimable when exhibited under a shaggy rather than a silken coat? I confess myself at a loss to perceive the justice of the argument. And yet, what is George doing by his partner but this very thing? I can only hope that as the external offensiveness is so apparent, the supposed good qualities may for certain lie hidden underneath.

July 4, 1836.

George set off this morning on a second summons to the Grove. The letter was from the butler, who stated that his master was very low, and moaning incessantly; that he 'must die now, and no will made out!' Taking warning by his last visit, and fearful lest the starvation system might be still in vogue at Mr. Halliday's, I took the precaution to pop a cold roast fowl, cut into nice handy bits, along with some-boiled bacon, into George's bag, not saying a word to him about it, however, till he was just going to start, when I whispered him gaily, 'You shall not want for supper this time, George.' I expected, of course, that my words would be quite enigmatical, and that I should have enjoyed his surprise thereat. But he only smiled, and glanced at his valise, as if he knew the whole matter already!

How is it that I never can play off any innocent little ruse upon my husband, but that everything I do or intend is patent to him ere I have given him even a hint of it? He was not in the room when I stored away that provender for his behoof, neither did he open his bag afterwards. And yet he answered me, quite slyly, 'Thank you, Kate. A rare good angel, indeed—considerate for the body as well as the soul.' No wonder people say that women cannot keep secrets. For no woman can get hold of a secret to keep, with these lords of creation perpetually watching over us with their lynx eyes. For my part, though I should like exceedingly to have

un petit mystere, just to lead my husband into a delightful astonishment, I do not see how I could possibly manage it. He would divine the whole plot from the commencement, and be quite *au fait* to the *dénouement* before I knew it myself. So my poor secret would turn out only a wretched bungle.

Every day I am looking for Aunt Aubrey home, and most impatient I feel to see her child-companion. I know she will not be long at Woodburn ere she finds her way hither. Hark! the door-bell rings—the post-boy is always peremptory. How slow and cool these servants are!

Enter Grace with a letter, which she hands to me primly on a tiny salver. I take it up quietly and decorously, though I perceive at a glance that it comes from my aunt, and my heart is palpitating at double-quick time. I open it hastily. Yes; she—*they* are arrived, slightly fatigued with the journey, but that is all; and she begs of George and me to come over to Woodburn as soon as possible. She has got 'something very pretty to show us.' No doubt she means the boy. Shall I go at once, or wait for George? Who knows how long that may be? Mr. Halliday is so whimsical—time and place have no consideration in aught relating to him. George may return immediately, or not for a week. I cannot delay. I will start off to-morrow morning, and take Charlotte with me. If my husband comes in my absence, he can follow us. Dear, sweet Charlotte! she is looking so beautiful, my aunt will be enchanted with her.

Mem.—I have heard say, that as a picture without shadows, so were a life without crosses. As with a character, so with a landscape—contrasts are needful to bring out the salient points. The sunshine flooding the valley is rendered tenfold more brilliant for the deep shade of the mountain falling on the lake; and the smile that sparkles in the eye to-day, shows a thousand times lovelier for the tear that dimmed it yesterday. Why do I write in this strain just at present? Because my whole heart is steeped in thankfulness that the evil I so much dreaded is now, to all appearance, being warded off. One cloud that was dark on my soul is gone, and the light breaks forth with redoubled splendour. Our excellent Dr. Armstrong has told me this very evening, he believes most decidedly that no permanent mark will remain on Charlotte's eyebrow from that distressing accident in April last. Indeed, it is hardly perceptible even now, except on close observation; and this assurance, coupled with the glad news of our aunt's safe arrival (and with that delightful boy!), has made all my pulses tingle in a way they never could have done but for the previous discipline.

July 6, 1836.

I have just returned from Woodburn. What an interesting visit! Mrs. Aubrey having caught the sound of wheels, and guessing who might be her visitor, was standing in the porch when the carriage drove up, and by her side the stranger youth. On my

alighting, with all convenient speed, to meet her, she held out her arms with an unaffected cordiality that had no affinity with the world's stereotyped proprieties; and when she did release me from her embrace in her own benign and graceful fashion, I lost no time in giving the same kind welcome to the bright child who stood there, the silent witness of our greeting. Without uttering a syllable, I made haste to strain him at once to my mother's heart. What an eye the boy has! and what a mine of quick intelligence and earnest feeling scintillates forth in his whole bearing!

Meanwhile, Martha had lifted her charge very daintily out of the vehicle; and while my aunt was making Charlotte's acquaintance with kisses, and was carrying her off in triumph from the maid into the house, I followed them, taking Louis by the hand. He looked radiantly happy, though slightly surprised. I said to him, gaily—

'You do not know me, but I know you, and I am right glad to see you here, *mon cher*.' His glance flashed up to mine; he had been looking on the ground before, with a touch of modest confusion that immensely became him.

'Oh! but I think I know you too,' he answered, with a sort of subdued exhilaration. 'You are Madame Weston, are you not?' I nodded. 'Oh! then, I know you.'

'We are old friends,' I rejoined; 'for I have loved you a long while, *mon capitaine*.'

Thus talking, we entered the dining-room, where the most beautiful scene of all remained to be performed. I saw that the boy's attention had been greatly arrested by the appearance of my baby. Now, though she is not particularly shy of strangers—thanks to Martha's judicious treatment—(by-the-by, her excessive devotion both to me and the child ever since that dreadful day are beyond all praise, and has fairly won my heart, whence I conclude that kindness is the great attraction of a servant to a mistress)—yet, she did begin to rebel just a little at my aunt's caresses, and to look beseechingly at me and at her nurse, and also with open gaze, yet by no means frightened, at Louis. Seeing this, he made bold to approach her, and by that silent freemasonry best understood by those who practise it most—the fresh guileless flowers of our humanity—his hand playfully extended, and the sweet smile that accompanied it were not long of eliciting an impulsive response. Charlotte actually held out her hands to him, and laughed and chattered in his face! Indeed, it was as fairly a case of love at first sight as could be put on record. And when the climax came, I never wished so much for the painter's art, that so I might have fixed the picture on the ready canvas. Within a quarter of an hour of their self-introduction (as I must call it), behold *mon capitaine* in his new rôle of *la bonne exemplaire*, seated on a low ottoman, holding my pet on his knees as firmly and safely, and yet as gently and fondly, as any old *gouvernante* in the three kingdoms! It was just about as pretty a sight as we

could see in this prosy world. There was my own darling, with her superb blue orbs and silken hair of the angel gold, twisting and twining her waxen fingers among the raven curls of her boy keeper, while he seemed literally to feast his ardent nature in the proud consciousness of her preference. The sounds which testified to Charlotte's gladness could never find a local habitation upon paper, any more than I could set down the notes of the wild bird in the wood, or the music murmurs of the summer sea. Louis drew the small golden head devoutly to his breast, and kissed the downy wavelets with a tender meaning in every lineament of his russet countenance, while he apostrophised his charge in some such quaint words as these:—

'Ah! mais c'est une belle tête, bien aimée. There is nothing so pretty in Nice as you, *mon enfant*—no, not in all France! Dites moi vraiment, will you be my sister, *ma tourterelle*, and let me love you à jamais'

Charlotte's reply to this appeal was characteristic of young ladies of her age and idiosyncrasy—she gave a joyous bounce on her guardian's knee (the possibly injurious effects of which action he adroitly parried), and then with a ringing laugh tweaked his nose, and screamed hilarious defiance. My aunt looked alternately at me and at the children. Her soft gray eyes spoke volumes of calm satisfaction. She beckoned me apart, and whispered me significantly:—

'Katherine, your baby girl is a very jewel, but I think I have matched her with my soldier boy.'

I did not speak—my heart was busy. How different was the condition of Louis from that of Charlotte!—*he*, motherless, perhaps fatherless too, or worse; *she*, with parents devoted to her well-being, a lovely bud of promise in a well-watered garden.

Oh, beautiful childhood! as the stars are to the firmament, as the flowers are to the earth, so are your light and fragrance to the hearts that rear and tend you. The wisdom of ages has no grander boast than to return to your untutored simplicity. A childlike spirit is the highest type of man; it is the key of entrance into the better land.

A thought has just struck me;—can it possibly account for my Charlotte's taking so readily to this boy? I have discovered in him a striking resemblance to the portrait of young Stephen Grey, which I took from the oak chest. Now, my darling has been long familiar with this portrait. Might she not fancy Louis to be the original? For my part, I deem the likeness unmistakable. My aunt comes to-morrow. I shall hear her impression of it.

July 8, 1836.

George is come home, and still no settlement made. Mr. Halliday found himself better; and he and my husband continue good friends, notwithstanding his many cross ways. It seems the old gentleman grows more chatty on acquaintance, and takes amazing interest in the story of little Louis, whom George chanced to mention. Mr. Halliday wishes him to

be brought to the Grove, that he may see him. Will anything come of this, and what?

Our aunt and her protégé are here; and I have shown her the water-colour drawing of Stephen Grey 'at the age of seven years.'

The moment she set eyes upon it, she exclaimed, 'Katherine! how did you come by this portrait of my boy?'

Then it is no mere fancy of mine—and there is really a close similarity between the two. This sets me a-thinking.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

LITERARY CRITICISM.

BY HERBERT GRAHAM.

'Give me your severest remarks. . . . Every coof (block-head) may say a thing is *capital*, *beautiful*, &c.; but I'd rather have the candid criticism of a man of taste than the incense of ten thousand fools.'—*TANNABILL*.

THERE can be little or no doubt that criticism, when fair and unbiassed, has a genial and purifying influence upon literature. Doubtless every author has a high opinion of his own productions, but it is not the author's opinion which decides their fate. The literary taste of the public is to a very great extent ruled by the praise or dispraise of the press. The power of which the press is thus possessed is very high. That it is wielded on the whole with a pretty even-handed justice is undeniable, but it is by no means so perfect as it might and ought to be. Various reasons could perhaps be stated for the misdirection of this power on the part of the public journals, but there is no reason which can serve as an excuse, however weighty or plausible it may seem. The profession of literature, in all its branches, has a sacred office to fulfil, and by no means the least important or the least influential branch of the profession is that of the critic. He is possessed of the power, if he has the inclination, to praise or condemn, irrespective of the real merits of the work upon which he sits in judgment. But harshness upon his part is a wanton exercise of his power, for though it may be his duty at times to pronounce an unfavourable criticism, it is not, and never can be, his duty to do this in a harsh and unfeeling spirit. I am well aware that the critic's task is one very trying to the temper; but the man who has not a perfect control over himself is not the proper person to direct or influence the public taste. The display of temper on the part of a critic is a sure sign that, however competent he may be to form an authoritative opinion, he is not a person competent to express that opinion, in the pages of a journal which is looked up to as a guide and director in matters of public importance. It is perfectly possible to condemn a work without a display of harshness. An opinion the reverse of favourable may be expressed in such a manner that even the most fastidious in this respect must fail to take offence; but when the critic pours out the full venom of his sting,

regardless of everything but condemnation, and the desire to show up every little fault of the author whose work he reviews, he is guilty of an abuse of the great trust which is committed to him—an abuse which, in its turn, cannot be too severely censured. Although a volume may be very weak and trashy, this should not be permitted to call forth the ire of the reviewer. If bad, it is unnecessary that the critic should be venomous, for 'bad books die rapidly enough without the executioner.' By all means let him condemn; but let his condemnation be so expressed that it will bear on its surface the marks of 'candid criticism,' uninfluenced by any mean desire, and not the marks of bitter malevolence.

But it is not alone of unnecessary harshness that literary criticism stands accused. There is another, although perhaps not so condemnable a fault of which it is sometimes guilty. The office of the critic is often abused in the holding up as worthy of all praise books which in themselves are weak and frivolous, but which, through friendship with the author, connection with the firm by which it is published, or some other cause, the critic considers himself in a manner bound to praise. True criticism should be uninfluenced by any motive other than a desire to express an unbiassed opinion of the merits or demerits of the works reviewed; and when the critic steps aside from this, in how ever so small a degree, he is abusing the power of which he is possessed. It matters not whether the critic praise or condemn, if his review be not the expression of a fair and unbiassed opinion, formed from a careful perusal of the work under notice, it is a misdirection of truth and candour, and is deserving of severe reprobation. There can be no excuse that the failure to favour a book published by a firm with which the critic is connected, or with the author of which he is on terms of friendship, would be productive of serious consequences to the reviewer, for these considerations must sink into insignificance before the calls of duty; and the man who is under this influence is not the person upon whom should be conferred the critic's power. But even were it otherwise, if no other alternative is open to him, it is easy to abstain from reviewing a work, an unfavourable criticism of which would entail upon the critic consequences of a serious nature. It is truly a pitiful and contemptible spirit which prompts a man, harshly and unfeelingly to condemn a work because it is published by a firm which is a rival of his employers; and it is equally pitiful and contemptible when the critic lauds a work because it is published by his employers. And yet instances of this kind are by no means uncommon. Many of the leading journals and magazines are connected with publishing firms, and it is remarkable that almost the whole of the publications of these firms, brought under review in the pages of their respective journals and magazines, are praised in scarcely measured terms.

By the proprietors of many public journals the criticism of current literature is deemed rather an unimportant department; and, holding such an opinion,

they do not pay very particular attention to the persons by whom and the manner in which their reviews are written. I am aware that this statement has little or no application to the leading and most influential journals and magazines. But, then, all journals and magazines are not leading ones, although they each, to some extent, direct the taste of their respective readers. Everybody does not read the *Times*, or the *Daily News*, or the *Saturday Review*, or *Blackwood*; but almost everybody reads a paper or periodical of some kind or other, and newspapers and periodicals now-a-days, even of very slightly elevated pretensions, do not altogether neglect criticising the current literature. New books are reviewed in nearly all of them, with more or less ability. But even among many of the higher class newspapers and periodicals, that attention is not always given to literary criticism which the subject demands. In many newspapers and periodicals, the reviewer's task is performed by a single individual, or at most two or three, who unhesitatingly undertake the criticism of books on all subjects—science, art, history, poetry, fiction, &c. It is really amusing to read some of these criticisms. To-day Jones, the solitary hack—whose education was of the most meagre description, and confined solely to the three elementary branches—is drawing over the coals Flibbertygibbet Howlaway, the eminent sensation novelist, for his latest production, entitled 'The Midnight Prowler; or the Resuscitated Regicide.' Next week he will pick holes in 'The History of Man during the pre-Adamite Ages,' if such a work should be issued from the press. He it was who criticised, *inter alia*, 'Darwin's Hypothesis,' 'Essays and Reviews,' and the Bishop of Natal's 'Pentateuch,' for the especial delectation of the worthy people of Muttonhole, who read the *Weekly Thunderbolt*. And, after all, why not? Is there not many a Jones among the superfine reviewers and Saturday slashers, who hesitate not to criticise volumes which they have never read, or which, if they have read, they have failed to understand? There is a mystery in these things; but it is not the first time that slashing criticisms have appeared in leading journals, the writer of which has read only as much of the books he reviewed as would suffice for a quotation or two. Such doings as these it is which bring criticism into contempt. Much better would it be if the book were never reviewed at all, than that it should be reviewed by a person possessed of no knowledge whatever of the subject with which it deals. The criticism may appear to display a considerable amount of learning upon the part of its author; but this only to people who themselves know nothing of the subject treated of in the work reviewed. To others the reviewer's ignorance will be apparent; consequently, the character of the paper in which the criticism appears will suffer. As to the practice—which is said to be rather common than otherwise—of reviewing books which the critic has never read, the man who can so lower himself in his own estimation as to be guilty of its commission, and the newspaper proprietors and

editors who are aware of this, and continue to employ such men, are alike unworthy even of contempt.

There is still another cause for the misdirection of criticism which is perhaps more influential than any other—political bias. But the other day I read two criticisms of a number of the 'Quarterly Review,' which, as almost everybody knows, is a Tory organ. One of these criticisms appeared in a leading Tory, and the other in a leading Whig journal. In the former, almost every article was highly praised; while in the latter, with, if I remember aright, only two exceptions, every article was cut up in a style worthy even of the *Saturday Slasher*. I had not read the articles myself; but it was quite apparent that political bias had dictated one or other or both of the criticisms. What in the Tory journal was highly praised was in the Whig journal condemned as worthless trash. Each of these journals pretends to excellence in all departments, that of literary criticism included; and each of them, when political bias is not at work, has really, on the whole, very able criticisms. But as it was a Tory organ which was under review, doubtless the Tory reviewer considered it his duty to proclaim its excellence; while the Whig reviewer, actuated likewise by a sense of duty, considered himself bound to 'cut up' in really beautiful style. Both criticisms displayed first-rate ability; but it was apparent that the author of one or other or both of them was blinded to the real merits of the work by political prejudice. This is but one instance out of many which could be cited. Take the literary production of any man of eminence in the political world, and you will find that in almost every instance the criticisms upon it are favourable or the reverse, according to the shade of political opinion held by the respective reviewers, or rather by the journals in the pages of which the criticisms appear. Doubtless it may be said that each must stick to his party, but I do not think that this is a valid reason. Literary criticism should be above all party influences whatever; and if it is to hold that place in letters to which it is fully entitled, it must be fair and candid—resting its judgment solely upon the books themselves, and not upon the party connections of the author. It is not the author but the book which it is the reviewer's duty to criticise. The book, and the book alone, is what he has to deal with.

Literary criticism is often spoken of sneeringly; and, when a book is condemned, it is said that the critic should himself try his hand at the authorship of a work similar to that which he reviews, and he would then be better able to form an opinion on its real merits. This I consider to be only so much gammon; for authors are not, and never have been, by any means the most able critics. True, cases might be cited in which authors have made good critics; but these cases, I fear, are vastly in the minority, and are only exceptions to the general rule. I do not think that Mr. Wilkie Collins would write a very fair criticism of Miss M. E. Braddon's 'Lady Audley's Secret,' or that Miss Braddon would

be the proper person from whom to ask a review of Mr. Collins' 'Woman in White.' Nor would any man in his senses ever dream of delegating to Mr. Falconer the task of criticising Mr. Boucicault's sensation dramas, or *vice versa*. It would only be 'setting hawks to pike out hawks' een.' Jeffrey was an admirable critic of poetry, &c. but I doubt very much if he could have written 'Childe Harold,' or any of the other great works which he so ably reviewed.

True literary criticism ought to be above toadyism, and every influence whatever—political or otherwise. Unless the critic can and does set himself down to his task with an unprejudiced mind, and can perform his work without permitting his temper to be ruffled to even the slightest extent, he is unworthy to discharge the duty which he undertakes. He may write a very brilliant and attractive essay, abounding with flashes of wit and sarcasm; he may be capable of causing an author to dance with delight, or to shiver in his shoes; he may be a man whose slightest word of applause will raise, or whose condemnation will freeze, the author's fame; but unless his task be executed in every case with candour and truthfulness, and in a spirit of the utmost fairness—allowing no prejudice or passion to cloud his judgment, but executing his task with calmness and firmness, whether it be to praise or to censure,—unless he can do this, he undoubtedly cannot be considered as a man fitted to discharge the duties of a critic, as these duties should be discharged.

MILITARY ARCHITECTURE IN BRITAIN.

ON observing an article of manufacture, we are naturally led to investigate its origin, from what rude materials it has been formed, and the steps by which it has reached the excellence in which we now find it.

This feeling, with regard to Military Architecture, is fraught with something more than mere curiosity. By our attention to the history of this art, we shall discover how we have been able to surpass other nations both in the arts of peace and war. It will enable us to comprehend the real social and political state of our forefathers—wherein the greater security of the Norman invaders rested above that of the Roman, Saxon, or Dane.

When near some one of the many remains of the great military buildings of olden time, we cannot help recalling before our imagination the appearance of the Castle, when in its original glory—conjuring up, from the very dust beneath our feet, the godless baron and his armed retainers, the spiked portcullis hanging midway in the air—and feeling that fighting was far more noble when foe met foe, hand to hand, with short swords—when strength of arm and bravery were more accounted than mathematical correctness, attended, as it now is, with exterminating slaughter.

Early British cities are described by Cæsar as simply thick woods, fortified by a ditch and rampart surrounding them, or by merely enclosing the city by a wooden wall formed of the trunks of trees. These latter were

merely temporary, and not calculated for a prolonged residence.

The earliest castles were formed of earth or unhewn stones, upon the sides of hills, and were but small, and of little comparative strength. The Romans built a few castles upon the coast most liable to the attacks of the Saxon barbarians. They built their castles, or rather fortified cities or towns, with a wall formed of earth or stones, and occasionally brick cemented with mortar, enclosing a square area of several acres. They placed towers upon the walls at certain distances, to protect them. The space enclosed by the walls was occupied by the houses and other buildings of the inhabitants.

There appear to have been two forms of British castles; one on a hill with terraces—upon the summit a hollow surrounded by loose stones, surmounted with a round or square fort; the other consisting of a mound of earth on a hill, surrounded by a stone wall, with the stones composing it grouted together, i. e. with the cement run in, in a fluid state.

Among British castles or forts, those which have created the most controversy—which must have been of some importance from their superior strength and durability—are those called 'vitrified.' They exist in Scotland, and were formerly supposed to be extinct volcanoes. They are situated upon small hills. The materials used were stones reduced by heat into a species of coarse glass, which ran together in a mass, forming a wall strong and lasting in a high degree. Thus was Castle Hill of Finhaven, in Angus, and many others in Scotland.

Asser, the biographer of Alfred, states that the king caused a castle to be built at Athelnay, near Boroughbridge, in Somersetshire, which served as a retreat for himself and his nobles from the power of the Danish invaders. This is a hill with terraces, at the base of which flows the river Tone. Edgar's Tower at Corfe, the keeps at Sturminster and Coningsburgh, afford some good examples of Saxon fortification. The last belonged to Harold. It had a high and circular tower, strengthened with six large square buttresses. The portal is placed a great height from the ground, and is approached by stone steps rising in a steep ascent from the front.

The Danish forts, like the British, were placed on steep conical hills, and were circular. The earth from the first ditch was thrown into the centre, and formed a mound; below this were placed a succession of terraces, with ditch and bank, to the base of the hill. Some of their castles were built with stone and lime—the ascent to these was by a spiral path up the side of the hill, protected on the exterior by a bank of earth. The centre of the fort being most secure, was used for hiding their women, children, money, and other valuables.

At the conquest, William finding what an easy prey the kingdom had become for want of castles, determined it should no longer lack in that respect for the future. A style of fortification was now introduced, hitherto unknown in England, which, during the Norman occupation, at least secured her from apprehension on that score. The system now introduced caused these strong-

holds to be so multiplied in number that, by Stephen's time, there were upwards of eleven hundred baronial castles in England.

The Normans showed a more manifest superiority over their Saxon predecessors, in the design and execution of their military, than they did in their ecclesiastical, architecture. They chose, like the Saxons, as the best site for their keeps, a hill, or artificial mound, near a river, or with an artificial moat formed round it—imagining that no place could be secure unless surrounded with water. Along the sea-coast, also, the highest and steepest rocks and the abruptest headlands, were selected for their castles. They converted promontories into islands where practicable, by digging a wide canal, as at the famous castle of Loch-Leven. One great improvement in the new over the old method was in increasing the size and thickness of the towers; the next in making the staircase run sideways up the wall of the castle, thus considerably adding to its strength. The walls were of a uniform thickness from the base to the top. The earliest Norman arrangement was called the 'Gundulf' keep, after the founder of the castle at Rochester. It was surrounded by a moat, crossed by a drawbridge. The entrance was defended by two portcullises and three strong gates, one half-way up the staircase. The Norman tower was three stories in height. The ground floor was the dungeon, the first storey for the reception of stores, &c., the second a common room, and in the highest the family lived during war.

A little previous to the ascent of the royal line of Plantagenet to the throne, a further improvement was made in the defensive powers of the walls, to counteract the method of attack. The efforts of early military architects, as well as of modern military engineers, have been devoted to increase and perfect the means of defence. The usual method in which the siege was carried on was by mining. This was commenced immediately upon crossing the ditch or moat, after filling it with wood, straw, and rubbish, and reaching to the foot of the wall. The sappers and miners were protected from the efforts of the besieged by their comrades holding large shields over them while the engines and battering-rams were at the same time doing their work. The engines, which were called battering-catapults, shot large stones, bars of iron, &c. against the walls. The battering-rams consisted of large beams of wood, strongly bound with iron, having an iron head at the end, sometimes moulded in the shape of a ram's head, and suspended upon a framework of wood, with chains. This framework was roofed, to protect the assailants beneath; who, by drawing the beam away from the wall of the castle, by ropes attached to the ram, let it swing with tremendous force back against it, shattering the stonework, and, by constant repetition, soon causing a breach. This was filled by the besiegers with bags of earth. It was therefore found necessary greatly to increase the thickness and strength of the lower part of the castle wall. It was composed of two solid walls of stone, with grouting poured between. Hitherto, castles were not used for constant residence, but only resorted to during war. About the reign of Cœur de

Lion, however, they began to be used as dwellings by the barons; and, for this purpose, it was necessary to add the requisite appendages of a mansion—such as halls, kitchens, stables, &c. Barbicans were also added. They were forts or watch-towers, placed outside the ditch—on a high stone wall, at the entrance of the drawbridge—to give notice of the approach of danger, and to render the drawbridge more difficult to be crossed. A little later, Edward I., in building the castles of Conway and Carnarvon, added towers and turrets, not only to the angles, but also along the walls surrounding the keep. They had been added to the corners of castles previous to this, as early as the reign of Stephen. A tower obscure and secure was erected for the accommodation of ladies in time of danger.

This was the general arrangement of castles of this period; variations were frequently made, but the following was the usual character:—On the inside of the moat was the castle wall, within this wall was another moat and wall similar to the exterior; the space between the exterior and interior walls was called a 'ballium.' Within the inner ballium was the keep, or palace. It was a square building with small windows and 'machicolated,' that is, embattled walls; beneath it were the dungeons used as prisons, on the inside of the walls of the ballia were flat-roofed houses for the garrison. The embrasures of the embattlements served as passages of communication to a gallery of wood overhanging the wall, called 'hoards.' The hoards were erected during war; from them the besieged hurled javelins or stones upon the assailants beneath. At the angles of the ballia walls square towers were built, about three stories high. Square towers being found to leave one side exposed to the enemy, which was not commanded from any part of the castle, round towers were suggested; but still these were found imperfect for the same reason, though in a less degree; the square tower was again built, but placed diagonally with the angle facing the enemy—the form repeated in the modern Redan; this was perfect, it being commanded by both flanks in a cross fire. The example of Edward III., who changed Windsor Castle from a fortress into a royal palace, was soon followed by his barons. The rude castle became henceforth the luxurious castellated mansion. Keeps began to give place to palaces. The towers were not built so strong; the turrets were increased in number, and the embattlements retained merely for the sake of ornament. A fine specimen of this style exists at Hurst-Monceaux, in Sussex; it was built by Lord Darce, treasurer to Henry of Windsor. It was in some part destroyed, when unroofed in 1777; but what remains amply shows what it was in its pristine state. It is a good specimen of the character of these mansions. The gatehouse has two turrets, and was furnished with a portcullis, which was drawn up by a windlass above the gateway. There were, within the walls, a chapel or church, a hall, stables, staircase, &c. The whole building is square, and built entirely of brick. During the Tudor dynasty, the castle was entirely lost, and naught but the house remained.

Immediately on the invention of cannon, in Edward

III.'s reign, we observe the decline of castle building, it being found, by experience, that banks of earth are better calculated to resist cannon than stone walls. After some time, the walls were made low, and banks of earth thrown against them. In former days, the architect of the church was architect of the castle also; but in modern times military architecture is no longer known—the art of Fortification having become Military Engineering.

It is impossible, at the present time, to fix the date of the early castles with any degree of certainty. Many have been so repeatedly demolished, rebuilt, or altered, that the original character is quite effaced.

JOHN BURHAM SAFFORD.

A LITTLE CHAFF ON PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

'Il volto sciolto, gli pensieri stretti.'

INTRODUCTION.

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'

It is as well to confess at once that I hate proverbs, partly because—sitting at the feet of Miss Edgeworth, fed on the 'Purple Jar' and 'Waste Not, Want Not'—every lesson ended in one of these sententious inflections, driving the moral into our poor little brains with a shock little inferior to that now exploded trial of our childhood, the matutinal shower-bath—partly because, pushing through life with this potted wisdom rankling in my mind, I have found it selfish to the last degree, and as deceptive as those concentrated lozenges which are presumed to contain an unlimited amount of nourishment.

Moreover, proverbs being such cheap wisdom, are not allowed to rest still in their graves, content with whatever success they may have had in their day, but are continually parading their plum-coloured coats and short-waisted dresses in the midst of our modest Tweeds and more decorous crinolines, where they are readily accepted by many who seek to escape the trouble of thinking for themselves. Those who are willing to accept these formulæ, should not forget that their applicability is limited, as we may see, if we apply them to well-known cases. If, for example, when the Princess whom the Cid was unfortunate enough to marry, complained of his constant absence, he, instead of stopping at home till she was fairly tired of him, had remembered that 'A spaniel, a wife, and a walnut tree—the more you beat them the better they'll be,' it may be doubted if his character would stand so high as it does; nor can we picture to ourselves Bayard, when he released the widow's daughter, muttering 'Cattiva donna guardate a buona non Fidar niente.'

However much men may be fascinated by the diction and seeming aptness of proverbs, I feel some hope that the fairer portion of my readers will be on my side, since it may be noticed that where proverbs are most popular women are least trusted and re-

spected; while not a few of them refer to the supposed inferiority or treachery of the female mind. Thus, in the East, where mental education is at so low a point, every boy in the street is full of proverbs; but his sententious gravity will be speedily upset if you affect to detect any remains of the harem in his manner; and, if you doubt his word, he will exclaim 'What! am I a woman that I should lie?' Spanish and Italian proverbs also teem with sarcasms on women.

But setting aside a certain respect for weakness and beauty which one has somehow imbibed, it may also be objected that the wisdom of proverbs is, for the most part, essentially worldly and short-sighted; none more so than that 'vanitas vanitatis' with which we are so constantly rebuked. From the use to which these words are put, one would suppose the creation a mistake; or rather that man in his fall had dragged down the universe—a conclusion from which we must all dissent. We are told that the philosopher's thirst for knowledge, the statesman's aspirations for his country, the artist's appreciation of the beauties of nature, the anxiety of parents for the welfare of their children, are all vanity. To such minds a splendid sunset is only a mockery of succeeding darkness—the dawn but a prelude to a day of sin; yet it is surely more consonant with our Christian profession to suppose that these hopes and fears, these gorgeous spectacles, were given us not to be despised, but, by disclosing our own impotence, to bring us to the footstool of the Almighty.

I suspect, too, that many of these sayings were produced with an amount of labour and self-conceit which gives one but a poor opinion of the authors—much as Diogenes went about with a lantern, not really to find an honest man, but that some one might ask the reason of his strange proceeding; and would have met a just rebuke had he been suffered to pass without remark. Many, on the other hand, have been the sayings of keen, uneducated people, which have survived from generation to generation, till they have lost their original significance, and acquired a wider and different meaning, just as 'Feed a cold and starve a fever' is often quoted as an injunction instead of a warning; while, happily, the idea of starvation in either case is exploded.

I hope, by these remarks, to excuse myself, in some degree, in the eyes of proverb worshippers for using their idols so lightly; and can only hope that their pity for my incapacity for appreciating such precious things may mitigate their wrath at my impertinence.

OLD BIRDS ARE NOT TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.

It is difficult to determine whether we should most bewail or rejoice at the absurdity propounded in these words. If they were true, human nature would be a degree more perfect, I suppose; but then life would be full of seriousness, like that of Dr. Brown's dog. One is tempted to wonder if the author of this proverb was ever asked the name of his hatter; if his poor feet and little temper were ever the object of

tender solicitude; how far he was impervious to the man who slept in the next room, for fear of waking himself by snoring so loud; and to the absent lady who did not discover that she had posted herself instead of her letter, till asked by the astonished postmaster whether she was single or not. Who on earth can have propounded such an idea? Is it meant for truth, or only to pretend, as children say? If we suppose it to be a serious proposition, unless the author was pre-historic, it can only have emanated from the greatest self-conceit; for nothing is more certain than that, from time out of mind, 'old birds' have been caught with chaff; and the only individual recorded to have escaped, stuffed his ears with wax—a proceeding more prudent than dignified.

Did not Omphale set chaff for Hercules? Judith braid her hair for Holophernes? Is Delilah the only one who has bound her Samson? and do you think the Queen of Shebah did not make Solomon pay for that little joke of the glass floor (which made her lift her dress and show her ankles, thinking it was water) before she went home?

In our day, too, we have Napoleon III. half Solomon, half charlatan—supposed to be like Irving, an angel on one side, a devil on the other—a man of iron will and silent determination. Yet, they say his soul is vexed by the little lady who worked the telegraph on the 4th December, and wont give up her Pope. Was there not a great lady—a lady, though she boxed people's ears and swore in imitation of her papa—who spread chaff in all directions; and, taking old and young in her traps, cut their heads off if they got too near the bait? I think young Raleigh showed considerable self-control in not acting up to those pretty lines—

'He fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
And win or lose it all.'

A very pretty bit of chaff, was it not, from a queen to a young soldier? Quite enough to have cost him his head, and us potatoes and tobacco. In those days, however, kings and queens had all this sort of thing to themselves; for we find James's council deliberating on the royal problem, 'Why a fish introduced into a basin filled with water to the brim will not cause it to overflow?' The council found it rather a tough question, till a gentleman from the North, whose wits had not yet been dulled by coarse English beef, suddenly exclaimed—'Eh! my lairds, I'm no that sure of the premises.' In this case, however, it is not at all clear that His Majesty's joke was intentional.

It would seem that this peculiar bait, to be most effectual, requires as a rule to be offered to one of the opposite sex, and is generally most successful in female hands; for we may be sure the lion, had he had the choice, would sooner have been doctored and tamed by Una than Androcles, whatever may have been the merits of that distinguished slave. There really seems no limit to the credulity of mankind.

One has grown accustomed to see merchants cheated by bubble houses, hotel-keepers plundered by gentlemanly young men, but it was rather startling to find our leading pawnbroker a victim of misplaced confidence. One would have thought, if any one was free from the failing of over-much faith, it was the pawnbroker; yet this distinguished individual bought a large quantity of wine, which turned out to be water. The plan was ingenious. A bladder of wine was placed against the spigot-hole of the cask, and the rest filled with water—the pressure of which on the bladder caused the wine to flow when required, in the most natural way in the world. *Sic transit gloria mundi*; thus fell the prince of pawnbrokers. Now, supposing for a moment we old birds were to stuff our ears with wax, and, putting on our best spectacles, became proof against this rose-coloured deception, it may be questioned whether we should be any the happier for the change. I am very much afraid we should become as inconvenient to each other as those 'Enfants terribles,' whom Mr. Leech's pencil brings so forcibly before us. Indeed, this is so truly felt, that a wise man will never see an insult if he can help it, any more than a counsel will admit the possibility of the jury giving a verdict against his client. 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise,' so, if we cannot always profess ignorance, let us at least accept what little compliments and attentions come in our way without too close inquiry into their sincerity.

It is curious to look back and see how men have, time out of mind, fallen into exactly the same traps, led, as a rule, by four leading passions—love, vanity, the desire of power and wealth, and a craving for superhuman intercourse. The results of the two latter are probably the most varied and the least known. The two sciences to which we owe so much of our boasted knowledge and so many of our great achievements—mathematics and chemistry—were at their birth surrounded by a mass of error and superstition which we pride ourselves much on having cleared away, although without these adjuncts they would soon have languished or have remained entirely in the hands of rich men; but though few were willing to patronise science in the abstract, many were fascinated with the idea of astrology and the transmutation of metals. Thus the alchymist and astrologer were provided with the means of making those researches which have led to the discovery of such important facts. It was not unusual for the alchymist to combine demonology with chemistry; but while the search for the absolute—the root or seed of nature—led them deeply into natural philosophy, and has conferred on us the greatest benefits, demonology has not only been of no service to us—though it has caused infinite bloodshed and cruelty—but remains precisely in *statu quo*—rather retrograding than otherwise; since, with superior knowledge at his command, Mr. Home can do no more than a moderate Asiatic conjuror.

The history of the alchymists is a strange mixture

of self-denial, self-deception, and imposture—much exaggerated by the superstitions of those among whom they lived; for it is probable that they themselves did not seriously lay claim to half the powers with which they found themselves invested. Let us take, for example, Albertus Magnus, an industrious, thick-headed Dominican student; with whose perseverance the blessed Virgin was so pleased that she appeared to him one day, and gave him the choice of excelling in philosophy or divinity. Now, this was very foolish on her part, for he chose the former; which she granted, after many tears. Albertus and Thomas Aquinas, his pupil, spent their lives in study, refusing many offers of promotion, for fear their labours should be interfered with. Among other things, they made an iron man to wait on them; and, with greater imprudence than might have been expected from such wise men, endowed him with the power of speech, which, uncontrolled by reason, soon made him so intolerable, that Aquinas, in a fit of anger, knocked him down and broke him—for which he received a severe lecture on self-control from his colleague. It must be confessed, however, that this story looks very like the invention of some studious monk, as a hint to a talkative neighbour.

These wise men do not seem to have been exceptions to the rule we have laid down of the power of chaff in the hands of women; and in this they may well be excused, since the great Merlin himself fell a victim to the wicked Vivien. But it is only fair to mention that to a lady we owe the services of Raymond Luli, grand seneschal to James the First of Aragon, both as alchemist and missionary. Raymond, though a married man, of highly religious ideas, had an unfortunate knack of falling in love with other men's wives; and, amongst others, made love to Ambrosia di Castella. Watching beneath her window one night when the wind blew aside her scarf, he was so struck with the charms disclosed that he sent her some verses on the subject. She, however, sent for him, and quelled his passion by showing him that the bosom he so eulogised was the seat of a fearful disorder. Thereupon Raymond, having divided his property among his wife and children, set out to convert the Mussulmans; but, as his plan was to commence by cursing their Prophet, he was speedily turned out of Tunis, and took to alchemy and controversial divinity. Unable to settle down, however, after getting into hot water with the Pope, he returned to Africa; and was stoned to death by the Mussulmans—freely cursing Mahomet during the operation.

Whatever may have been the idiosyncracies of the alchemists, we may rest assured that their contributions to science have been most important, even though some, like the Marechal de Rays, took to murdering little children by way of relaxation. Many sacrificed family, position, and fortune to their infatuation, little knowing that what they considered the refuse of their information was to be the foundation

of future science. In the same way, very probably, the goldmakers of our day are in a sense self-deluded, and gain but little by their labours in comparison with the benefits their wealth confers on others.

But while the love of gain has showered many blessings upon posterity, where are we to find the results of the desire for superhuman intercourse? We read with surprise of Queen Elizabeth, herself such an adept at deception, visiting Dr. Dee, and accepting from him a bit of silver made from a brass warming-pan. With a certain amount of respect we sift the doctrines of the Rosicrucians; we picture to ourselves the impostures of St. Germain, and admire the calm brain which could accurately describe conversations with Richard I. or Henry VIII.; we see Cagliostro—a thief at Palermo, a swindler in Westminster Hall—spreading joy among the sick of Straabourg, or bewildering the French Court, 'where there was hardly a fine lady in Paris who would not sup with the shade of Lucretius in the apartments of Cagliostro—a military officer who would not dispute on the art of war with Cæsar, Hannibal, or Alexander—nor an advocate or councillor who would not argue points of law with the ghost of Cicero' ('Biog. Con.')—finally ending his days under the Roman Inquisition; and we cannot but feel how their glory has faded. The mantle has fallen upon Mr. Home and a wigmaker in a lane off Holborn. O Lucifer! star of the morning, how art thou fallen? Still truth will assert itself—'old birds' will be caught with chaff. Only a few years since, a gentleman advertised a powder for producing perch in any pond, and received many hundred applications for it! Though the spirits will no longer face the light, they will still touch us in the dark; and we, who laugh at, or more generally are ignorant of, past deceptions—we who measure our Bibles, inch by inch, by our own little standard—who, rather than seem feeling, pretend to be so much more hard-hearted than we are—who all write in the *Saturday*, or some equally clever publication—take spirit-rapping to our hearts and converse on Planchette with our friends in Hades; our Secretaries of State are the victims of their nerves; and Members of Parliament have their private ghosts.

(To be continued.)

THE LEGEND OF THE MILL. A SCOTCH STORY.

THERE are few of our readers who have not at least *heard tell* of the fertile and beautiful Carse of Gowrie, and many of them are doubtless acquainted with its beauties. Renowned in ancient times for productive soil and attractive scenery, its chief glory at the present day rests on its agricultural system—the most advanced, perhaps, that prevails in any portion of the United Kingdom. The agriculturists of the Carse of Gowrie, while always the first to adopt the new inventions applicable to their art, are also among the last to throw aside the instruments of a former generation. Thus the agriculture of the

Carse embraces at once the best parts of the old systems, and the cheapest parts of the new. Thus we can enjoy the spectacle, nowhere else to be seen, of the ponderous steam-plough puffing and straining on one field; while on the next a pair of stout and sturdy 'owsen,' such as our forefathers used to possess, drag lazily along a handsome bran-new 'brake' of harrows. But while the Gowrie agriculture of to-day, although wonderfully improved, is not changed beyond recognition, the rural classes of the same district have all but entirely shaken off their former character. Some persons there are whom the cares and troubles of seventy summers 'have made old men of;' and in them the remembrance of the past exists as a smouldering fire, all but extinguished in the march of modern improvement, but breaking out occasionally into something like a flame. The tales and legends which these venerables used to hear with reverence in the days of their youth, are now disregarded by the young hopefuls of a later generation. The fate of 'Wallace wight' no longer draws tears from the simple rustics—the career of 'Bruce the brave' no longer excites their admiration. No; much as it is to be regretted, the story of Scotland's independence is now unhonoured, and all but unknown, in the family circles where, fifty or a hundred years ago, it was the unfailing subject of conversation. The superstitious tales, which the aged loved to tell and the young trembled to hear, have likewise been forgotten. A few there are which are still remembered, and occasionally told; but they are no longer told with the same effect, or heard with the same attention. One of these is 'The Legend of the Mill'—a superstitious story, supposed to have some foundation on fact; but its incidents are probably too much exaggerated by tradition to allow us to repose anything but a very limited credence in the tale.

The traveller who pursues his journey through a certain locality in the Carse of Gowrie, which need not be more particularly described, may pause awhile to look upon the ruins of an old meal mill, heaped in quiet confusion by the side of the turnpike road. Visions of the olden time may glance through the mind of the imaginative pilgrim who contemplates these ruins—the miserable remains of what was once a busy and important institution.

'A merry place it was in days of yore;
But something ails it now;—the place is cursed.'

The good-humoured miller—for all millers are good-humoured—is no longer to be heard chiding his knaves or haggling with his customers. The busy mill-wheel rests; and the honest miller sleeps well in the old church-yard, where his 'headstane,' carved with rude but reverend hands, is still to be seen. The schoolboys no longer clamour for groats, as they used to do in days of yore; and the heavy-heeled ploughman no longer tumbles out the sacks plethoric with the golden grain. The silvery stream still tumbles over the wretched remains of the once stout water-wheel—now reduced to a miserable skeleton of

rusty iron; and a portion of the water finds its way into the mill through an opening of the wall, and crawls along the damp, rotten floor, in a way that would have broken Habbie Simpson's heart.

But it was not always thus. The mill of Braehead was once famous for the strength of its meal—there was no adulteration in those days; and Habbie Simpson, the open-hearted miller, was as fine a specimen of his kind as one would wish to meet on a spring holiday. Rustic tradition is not generally very careful in the mechanical matter of dates; and therefore we cannot, with any degree of certainty, tell the exact portion of the eighteenth century during which Habbie Simpson tenanted the mill. It must have been somewhere in the first quarter of the century; for the venerable patriarch of four-score informs us that it just 'ta'en his grandfather to mind o' Habbie Simpson.' The miller of Braehead had no 'dainty flame and dangerous.' As the French dauphin said of his horse—his mill was his mistress. Habbie had, at the time of which we write, two assistants, or, as they were commonly called, mill-knives—young men whom Hab loved as his own sons. Daw or David Miller and Harry Headrigg—such were the names of Habbie's mill-knives—performed the greatest part of the business, and Habbie himself had little else to do than look on. And when the day's work was over, and the noisy wheel permitted the gushing burn to pursue its course without interruption—when the village youth led up their sports on the smooth village green, none were then so active as the two young millers. It gladdened the honest miller's heart to take a step or two across the way on a summer evening, and see how his two knaves conquered the whole rustic band in all the simple and unpretending but manly sports that ruled the hour. And when a riot arose, as riots often do even in the country, Daw Miller and Harry Headrigg were always to be found arrayed on the same side, and each seemed to care for the other's safety far more than for his own. The young men, in fact, lived in the bonds of the most sincere friendship; and, without seeming to know it, were to each other all in all. Habbie Simpson said 'they were like twa brithers, they 'greed sae weel.' Old dames compared them to David and Jonathan; the minister spoke of Damon and Pythias; and the schoolmaster, of Orestes and Pylades. In the meantime, Habbie and his knaves lived at peace with themselves and with all the world, 'happy as the day was lang.'

But an event occurred which ruffled the serenity of the life at Braehead. This was the death of poor Habbie, who, as the tombstone erected to his memory by his 'devoted servants' testifies, departed this life in the '60th year of his age.' The tombstone is unfortunately without date—the figures having probably been obliterated. Habbie left all his wealth, amounting to three hundred pounds, to his knaves, to be divided equally between them; to them also he bequeathed the good-will, as it would be called, of his trade; and, conjuring them with his last breath to

preserve their friendship through life, the good man died. After their beloved master had been conveyed to his last earthly resting-place, the life of the two millers settled down into its usual serene but laborious character. Men said that the mutual attachment of the millers of Braehead would now be greater than ever, strengthened as it was by chains of gold. And such, to all outward appearance, seemed to be the case. Daw Miller, the elder of the two young men, took the management of the business so far as it related to buying and selling; and to this he devoted himself with a money-making energy that augured well, as the neighbours thought, for his future prosperity. But as his ambition, or perhaps his avarice, increased, his friendship diminished. Harry, whose province it was to superintend the working of the mill, was of a less avaricious disposition than his friend, and would have been perfectly contented with his mill and his little money, without straining his energies to get more. He was surprised and vexed to find that mere money had supplanted him in his friend's estimation; while Miller, on the other hand, regarded him as a fool for being contented with little when he might have more. He began to consider that his partnership with Harry was to be as profitable to his companion as to himself; while he—so he thought—was the great money-maker of the firm. He even went so far as to regret that Harry had received any share of his master's legacy; and—*facilis descensus Avernus*—he determined somehow or other to wrest his friend's portion to himself.

It was a few weeks after this wicked resolution had taken possession of Daw Miller's mind, that he concluded that infamous compact with the great enemy which was the cause of all his future glory and prosperity. Tradition points out, as the spot where the treaty was confirmed, a long strip of desolate moor through which Miller passed, on his return home from a market-town, one dark night in winter. The advantages on the miller's side of the fence were said to be riches and honour, and success in all his undertakings. Not long after the bargain was concluded, Miller had some occasion to go to an old attic belonging to the mill, but which was scarcely ever used. In one corner of the room stood a large oaken chest, the lid of which was so constructed that, on being allowed to fall, it locked of itself. Daw paid no attention to this chest, for with it the business on which he had come had probably nothing to do. He was startled, however, to hear a heavy groan proceeding apparently from the interior of the chest, and a faint voice, which he distinguished as that of his friend and partner, calling for help. Daw Miller's better nature would have led him at once to open the chest, and deliver the unfortunate occupant from the horrible death that awaited him. He had actually his hand on the lid for this purpose, when an unearthly visage, the owner of which he had, alas! too much cause to remember, appeared opposite to his own; a huge cloven foot stamped upon the floor, and a fiendish voice whispered in his ear—'Begone, fool!

begone!' Fear and self-interest immediately induced the misguided man to withdraw and leave his friend to his dreadful fate. Foreseeing the suspicions which a discovery of Harry's body might entail upon him, he locked the door of the cock-loft, and carried off the key, or, as the 'rustic rhyme' expresses it,

'The door was lockit,
The key in his pocket.'

Burying the key in a corner of his garden, to prevent its discovery, Miller waited in great anxiety till the news of Harry's disappearance should be made known. The alarm was less likely to rise suddenly, as no one had seen the unfortunate man in the neighbourhood of the room that was now his prison. The last person with whom he had been seen in company was a stranger of respectable appearance, and in whom he appeared to be greatly interested. As the story is sometimes told, this stranger induced the young miller to go with him to the garret; and there, appearing in his proper form, which was that of the redoubtable 'Auld Cloodie,' he pushed him into the chest, and kept him there. On the news of Harry's disappearance being made known, inquiries were made concerning the stranger, but he was nowhere to be seen or heard of. A diligent search was made through all parts of the mill; every hole and corner was investigated; the mill-pond was emptied, the laide was searched, but all in vain. One part of the building alone was undisturbed, and that was the attic. The influence of Satan over the minds of the men was said afterwards to have been the cause of this strange overlook. Daw Miller, on receiving the news of the death of his partner, was frantic with grief, and wept and lamented like a person distracted. But during the whole week, while the search after the missing body was being carried on, he endured the most terrible agony of mind. He was unable to 'sleep o' nights,' and when he did fall into a troubled slumber, it was only to start up again in terror and fear. Those who witnessed this strange conduct, charitably imputed it to overstrained grief for his friend's loss; and it was only in the light of future events that they read in these demonstrations the troubles of a guilty soul.

But the blast blew over, and Daw Miller had the satisfaction of escaping with his character unscathed. He was overwhelmed with consternation, when, on turning up the ground where the key had been deposited, no such key was to be seen. What had become of it? was a question which, after all his attempts, he was still unable to answer; and he was compelled to rest satisfied with the hope that it had not fallen into mortal hands. And now commenced the prosperous career of the miller of Braehead—a career which the 'kintra side' could not by any stretch of charity reconcile with the idea of fair and natural dealing. Pretending that Habbie Simpson's legacy was only a few pounds, Miller commenced his career by defrauding the relatives of his deceased friend of their just share. Not many years after Headrigg's disappearance, his surviving partner joined

to the occupation of a miller that of a farmer; and in the course of half-a-dozen years he could boast the best and largest farm in the Carse of Gowrie. So far his neighbours and friends rejoiced in Miller's success, and so far their surprise was confined within legitimate bounds. Even when farm after farm was 'let' to David Miller, until he became the tenant of an entire lairdship, no ugly doubts were raised as to the manner in which the money was obtained. But when from a farmer he became a proprietor, and reached to that highest of Scotch distinctions—the position of a laird; when he built a mansion, the like of which was not to be seen in the whole country; when he associated with lords, and shook hands on equal terms with knights and esquires, public opinion could brook it no longer. The old women who had known him in former times as the young, happy, and handsome mill-knave of Braehead, and who feared him now as the wealthy and powerful laird of that ilk, hesitated not to affirm that such unbounded prosperity was supernatural in its origin, and would be so in its end. The mark of the beast was stamped on Laird Miller's forehead, now ploughed with deep wrinkles—on his unhappy-looking countenance, which in early youth beamed with intelligence and joy. His former companions, who had witnessed with surprise the development of his strange career, contrasted the laird, wretched and miserable as he appeared, amid all his wealth and grandeur, with themselves, strong and healthy, and for the most part contented with their honest poverty. They marked the settled gloom that rested on his brow, when his hat was lifted in acknowledgment of their salutations; and they agreed that there was certainly some cause for the surmises of the grandams of an unholy league with some wicked power.

The life which the laird led did not tend to relieve these suspicions. The mill of Braehead, which, with the exception of the memorable garret, had been thoroughly repaired, was now entirely shut up; the miller, to whom it had been let, having been obliged to depart at a day's notice. It was remarked that those who quarrelled with Laird Miller were sure to be overtaken by some cruel disaster. The laird of Longacres, who, at a meeting of gentlemen, taunted Miller with his lowly origin, fell over a precipice, on his way home, and was killed. A country baronet who threatened to horse-whip him was found dead in his bed next morning. Other instances of the same nature abound in the story, but need not be reproduced here. A constant succession of balls and entertainments was kept up at the mansion-house, superior in wealth and refinement to anything of the same kind that had ever been seen between Perth and Dundee. The rural gentry, always ready to despise things plebeian, forgot, in the wealth and splendour of Braehead House, the mean birth of him who was the owner. Dowagers laid traps to ensnare the laird into marriage; but, for some unaccountable reason, he could never be prevailed upon to engage. In the midst of all this splendour and

gaiety, Laird Miller was not a happy man. The phantom of the injured friend of his youth was said to haunt him continually, sleeping or waking; and he rushed into his splendid career of wealth and pleasure, in the vain hope of drowning the remembrance of his guilt. And, as the tale goes, terrified at the prospect of settling accounts with his infernal master—whose day of reckoning was believed to be at hand—he was often heard to argue with himself as to the reality of the bargain and the certainty of its being completed. Often, it is said, he would start up,

'At the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet,'

and draw the sword which he had always at his side, and fight for hours with some invisible foe. At other times he would alarm the domestics by fearful cries; which, it is alleged, were often accompanied by still more terrific exclamations in a supernatural voice.

Such, according to the popular account, was the life of Laird Miller; and such it continued to be for a considerable number of years. But his eventful career was now drawing to a close. About eleven o'clock one stormy winter's night, the minister of the parish was awakened out of bed, by a message from the 'big house' of Braehead, requiring his presence there immediately. Such a message would, at any time, have been received by the worthy man with extreme suspicion; and coming at such an unseasonable hour, it was far from being welcome. Besides, the stories which were set afloat concerning the laird had reached the good man's ears; and, to tell the truth, he cared not to trust his person in the presence of the laird at such a solemn hour. But his wife—with all a woman's curiosity to know the secret of Laird Miller's life, which she expected he would divulge—compelled her lord to take the road, telling him to trust in his own priestly character for safety. Sore against his will, the minister accompanied the servant to the 'big house,' where the laird's butler, or confidential servant, was anxiously expecting his coming. This individual immediately conducted the clergyman into a large apartment, splendidly furnished, and lighted up with numerous lamps. Chairs of the most costly manufacture were set round a table of the same quality, as if in expectation of a large body of guests. The bewildered clergyman, dazzled with the splendid display, stood for some minutes in mute amazement, and was only recalled to his senses by the voice of the laird, cursing him for his 'black-coat stupidity,' and calling upon the butler to give Mr. Thingumbob a chair.

'Not there!' shouted the laird, as the minister proceeded to take possession of a vacant chair near the bottom of the table—'not there!' Don't ye see that chair's occupied? Or do you want to sit on a ghost's knees?'

The astonished preacher turned round and round on hearing this strange announcement, and the consternation depicted on every feature of his face seemed to afford the laird the utmost diversion.

His loud cachinnation was re-echoed by a terrible, hollow burst of laughter, which seemed to shake the very walls of the room—and which certainly shook the minister, as report says, 'like a shock o' apoplexy.' The unfortunate divine was obliged to stand at the bottom of the hall, without the power of motion or of speech; while the invisible revelers made merry over his consternation in bursts of fiendish laughter. In vain the reverend man essayed to move his limbs—his knees knocking together seemed to be the only motion of which he was capable. In vain he attempted to stop his ears or to withdraw his eyes from the supernatural banquet. Wine, or, as the clergyman suspected, blood, was poured out of rich vessels by bloodless hands; glasses were raised as if of their own accord, and horrible toasts were proposed and fiendish speeches were spoken, in a tone that made his very flesh creep, by some invisible spokesmen. Glancing to the chair which the laird occupied at the head of the table, the minister observed that the face of the wretched man was twisted into a conformation at once fascinating and dreadful. His eyes were fixed upon a cock, which had hitherto been perched motionless upon a large beam extending across the roof of the house, but which now began to bestir itself. This was observed by one of the invisibles, who exclaimed in a sepulchral tone,—'The cock is about to crow; our banquet is at an end. One carouse more to the safe passage of the laird to our infernal domains. And here comes our master to claim his prey!'

At this moment the lamps began to grow dimmer and dimmer, until they reached that supernatural blue which, according to report, universally accompanies some extraordinary or supernatural event. The sounds of revelry ceased, and a still more horrible silence took their place. After a few seconds, which to the perplexed divine seemed as many hours, a slight murmur of applause or welcome was raised, and the veritable arch-enemy himself made his appearance. The clergyman had just raised his eyes to the terrible apparition, when he observed something falling from the roof to the table, and breaking some of the costly dishes in its fall.

'The key of the attic,' said a supernatural voice. 'The hour is come! The cock will crow in an instant, and we must be off. Laird! are you ready?'

The last words were scarcely uttered, when the cock, flapping its wings, sung out its shrill clarion. The dim, blue, uncertain light which had hitherto prevailed now sunk into total darkness. The laird, uttering a shrill, heart-rending cry, which seemed to pierce the hard vaulted roof, fell, as the clergyman supposed, prostrate on the ground. The cock, after fluttering for a second or two on its perch, flew to the other end of the room, and was never again seen. Another burst of fiendish laughter then arose, which grew gradually fainter and fainter, and at last died out in a fiendish unnatural giggle. Overcome by the extraordinary circumstances of which he had been a witness, the minister sunk stupefied on the floor. On

recovering, he found himself in the laird's dining hall; the servants were fluttering hither and thither with lights, shrieking hysterically; and the butler was bathing the minister's forehead, which had been cut by his fall. Laird Miller was found lying on the floor quite dead, wearing even in death the horrible aspect that had struck the clergyman with so much consternation.

A few days after these events, the pastor of the parish, accompanied by a few of the principal inhabitants, paid a visit to the old 'attic,' the door of which readily opened to the mysterious key. The remains of the unfortunate Harry Headrigg were found in the corn-chest, and were afterwards decently interred. The clergyman could never during his life be prevailed upon to relate the incidents of his mysterious visit to the 'big house,' but it is said that he gave a full account of the whole affair when on his death-bed to his son. The circuitous route by which the story reached the public must have contributed much of the exaggerated matter that is to be found in the 'Legend of the Mill.'

E. R.

THE KELPIE'S SONG.

WHEN dies the sun in the golden west,
And heaven conceals its azure breast,
And nature sinks into dreamy rest,
I awake.

I spring in delight from my watery bed,
And shake the pearly drops from my head
Which the mountain's hoary summit bred
Yesterday.

My tresses float on the silvery waves
Of the stream that my brawny bosom laves,
As it chants to the echoing rocks and caves
That it leaves.

I dive in the depths of the crystal pool,
And gather the pebbles so smooth and cool,
While the sparkling trout submit to my rule,
And obey.

I bask in the moon's pale silvery ray,
And list to the night-jar's monotonous lay,
And I mock the owl as she seeks her prey
By the night.

I pluck the ivy that clings to the bank,
And sip the dew from the spear-grass rank,
And twine in my hair the bulrush, dank
With the dew.

I dance on the torrent's spray and foam,
And shriek at the midnight's starry dome,
And scare the lone wand'rer to his home
By my voice.

(Chorus of Kelpies.)

Ha! ha! ha! Who so merry as we—
The kelpies who float on the streamlet free,
And dance in the moonlight's silvery sea?
Ha! ha! ha!

DUNCAN MACALISTER.

. The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.

GABRIEL GRAY—A GLASGOW STORY.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR.

'Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure—
Sweet is pleasure after pain.'—*Dryden.*

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY in the present week, I found myself in a state of unusual despondency. There was a depression at my heart which I did not seek to laugh or chat away, knowing how real were the causes of it. Several household accounts were daily pressed, like insults and humiliations, on my attention—good Lord! as if they could ever be absent from my mind!—while my salary was actually overdrawn. Simultaneously with this, my attached spouse—once upon a time extensively known as the lovely little Jean Chisholm—quite a fairy thing, but now, as regards shortness and rotundity, very oval or egg-shaped in her fine contour—had been taunting me, above her work, in reference to my stagnant position in life. The ambitious bundle that she was!—how often had I promised to roll her up-hill some day! Ever, too, as the sun rose over the chimney-tops—the same sun that was shedding health and blessing on many a sweet country-place, and on shores where white-limbed children were making themselves cool and pretty anklets of the silver brine—he peeped into our windows, with mottled beams, like a diurnal summons to paper up our windows and be away—away from Portland-street; down which street, with all its attractions, the summer had come despairingly, scarcely finding a spot where she might plant a green footprint, or distribute the sorry largess of a few sickly blooms—away from the arid heart of the city—the city, with all her energies languid, and thirsty groups, like pilgrims of the desert, about her wells—away, away anywhere—wherever streams were pure, and breezes fresh, and verdure bright, and flowers beautiful, and skies cerulean, and God's glorious mornings jubilant with the minstrelsy of birds! Not for my entire self I cared, nor for any portion of me that was selfish; but only for that part of myself—limited as a passing pulse, immeasurable as eternity—included in the father's heart of me. Barbara looked so like an earthly maiden growing daily, before my eyes, into a heavenly angel, that I would fain have made her follow the summer into her greenest and serenest haunts, in order that she might thereby be wiled into a more abiding love of earth; in order, too, that the summer might, through fascination of so fair a votary, restrain the invisible wings of her with playful, entrapping garlands, and adorn her statuesque face with some of the blushing insignia arrayed upon her gorgeous palette for the cheeks of the roses of June! Yet how could I so

far bribe the gracious year, while the grocer, as I passed, was looking unsweet amidst his saccharine hogheads; and the butcher glaring at me as if he would incontinently kill? Oh the powerlessness of poverty! Why should hands as feeble as infancy exist in connection with any giant heart audibly throbbing? Situated as I was, all the mighty sunshine came to me through inexorable iron bars; and I groaned inwardly, and struggled vainly, like some sinewy conqueror in chains.

Jean—bless her affectionateness!—had a poor stomach for privation. I have heard of many a wife whose countenance was a cheering lamp and a bright home-fire to her husband in the night and winter of adversity; but, were I to be guided by my own experience, I should say that every such story must be a myth. Yet let me do my aspiring affinity justice. Prosperity, say the philosophers, is difficult to be borne; but that Jean could have borne any amount of that article was demonstrated in various unmistakable ways. Her genius for high life admitted, in fact, of no concealment; yet was she never a lady's maid, or any vulgar thing of that sort, O most suspicious reader! The fullest cup that ever commended itself to mortal lips she could have uplifted with at least the self-possession—if not now, nor these many years, with the slim grace—of a Ganymede. How, then, should she be denied all chance of exhibiting her quality? Wronged comforter of my bosom! how was it that she could get no higher up in the world than Portland-street? I dare frankly confess her not of the aptest configuration for getting through a stile; yet how, of all streets in Glasgow, came she to stick fast in that thoroughfare of the social mediocrities? Ah! she knows me for a 'poor snool,' that has been doing base drudgeries for old M'Corkindale these forty years good, unmindful or incompetent to storm the serene Crescents for her sake! Besides, if she had married Mr. So-and-so—or if Mr. So-and-so had married her, which is *my* way of putting it—might she not have been up among the topmost blossoms? Softly, Mrs. Slyboots! have you no corner in your memory for the more than half-dozen of your old sweethearts—for Jean, prior to my generous rescue of her, was as notorious a flirt as ever wagged hoops—who have long since gone down to pitiful abyasses, crashing with ominous thunder through the rotten commercial branches? Yet for all her gibling, I should be oddly oblivious of many a hot mustard blister, and reeking basin of gruel, if I was not free to own that Jean must, in some corner or other of her heart, have all along cherished a secret regard even for her gray-headed tormentor.

No matter; I was still moodily despondent, like one who has met some sad misfortune, or supped, with inordinate Cambrian voracity, upon toasted

cheese of the quality of gutta-percha. I felt like some poor devil of an Exchequer Chancellor, in the face of a staggering deficit, and at his wit's end for some new article to tax. Two courses were before me—either to retrench my expenditure or to increase my income. No sooner, however, did I hint at the former than Jean became hysterical—dared me to point out wherein she had been extravagant, and boldly charged me with a design to starve, impair the health, and ultimately murder the girls, who, as regarded clothing, were already such frights as to be unfit to appear in society.

'Shame on you, Gabriel! I know you would like to see your poor wi-wi in rags!'

'My dear Jean!'

'Don't "my dear Jean" me!'

'Not, then, until your paroxysm is over; but I fear we are living slightly beyond our means.'

'Then you must just increase your means; for I'm sure I can't save a halfpenny, with Po-ope's eye at fourteen pence a-pound.'

This last touch was like the pathetic opening of a sluice. I accordingly insinuated, 'Sylph of my juvenile fancy!'

'Bosh!'

'You are entirely right. There is nothing like increasing one's means. Late as it is in life, I shall begin business on my own account. You have several rich friends—the M'Grubbers, for instance—who will no doubt furnish me with ample capital.'

'What!' exclaimed my impulsive one, with a flash which dried her eyes, 'would you demean yourself before my friends? You shall do nothing of the kind.'

Alas for my two courses!—both, it is true, before me, but neither in the least open. Oh, to soar upwards, and look down upon the ground-plan of my life's labyrinth! Oh, the horror of closed vistas, double-locked gates, and, on all sides, gorgon faces of discouragement and denial! Oh, poor doomed household gods! Oh, weary and bungled life!

Therefore was I very despondent. What to me was the Reform Bill, or Paper-duty Repeal, or claret at two shillings per bottle, or Joe M'Corkindale—though I confess to something generous about the wretch preparing to make himself a gray unit in the huge military sum total in honour of the Queen's birthday? Great powers! I was in debt—surely the miserablest condition under heaven, next nearest to crime! As for the amount, suffice it that it was too large for me to pay, and too small for me to compromise. True, I was perfectly solvent—that is, I had household effects more than sufficient to stand against any sum I owed; but, ay me! my masters! that any chair I might choose to sit on, in my own house, should be virtually the property of the man who supplied the bread! Some foolish reader—for that I have some three or four readers with web-feet I know from their diverse quacking—may think that my simplest way would be to demand a rise of salary on the score of long service. Heaven! be with him! he knows no more of David M'Corkindale, Esq. of

the Drums, than an owl! The latter is liberal only in politics; and, on the politico-economical principle of supply and demand, could demonstrate to me or any one, in a gruff, apoplectic hurricane of three minutes, that £200 per annum was my full worth in the clerical market. This, to say truth, he has done more than once; for, under the instigation of strong need, I have been far from backward of appeal. Well-a-day! I fear that at my time of life—and in no position to encounter fresh chances—there is, there can be, nothing for it but to pinch, and scheme, and keep my shoulder to the wheel, and struggle on and on, and smooth down the fiery pinions of my consoler, and hope for fortunate marriages for my daughters, and dream of rich anonymous uncles turning up, ghost-like, in far-away Californias, to send shocks of joy into their next of kin; and perhaps get deeper and deeper into the mire, and bear my own unfathomable mortification and the world's liberal scorn as I best may, at the last, should all unhappily not end well.

But Barbara—my tall! my beautiful! How could I feel the invisible messengers to be about her, paling and spiritualising her for her celestial bridal, and not hold her in my arms, and entice her with the fairest glories of the world, and adjure her by all the depths, and by all the agonies of our love, to stay? Was our lot no longer fallen upon hard mechanic days, that the angels should be coming down as of old, through the skies, parting the soft clouds of it with the breezes from their bright wings, to make silent and awful selection of the loveliest daughters of men? Ay me! my poor, my patient, my splendid one! so pitiful—so above pity! Should I have wished her less fair—nearer to the base earth—and with more of its dust and stains, in order that she might be spared, if only for a little while? For all my five darlings I had perhaps an equal affection. How, then, did I discover in Barbara's grace a sweetness and an inspiration so far beyond any of the rest? How was it, but from a secret fear that the love, measured out for a life, was under dutiful obligation to crowd itself into a very little space! Yet even while the glow and palor of her saintly features took all cheerfulness from my heart, like the tender fascination of a flower marked out by its very loveliness for decay, I wooed the nursing summer for ally, heard sweet whispers of confidence in every zephyr, and dreamed and trusted that the freshness of all verdure, and the exhalations of all herbs, and the whole ineffable munificence of the leafy season, were divinely medicinal to such as prematurely drooped. Again, however, arose the question—could such influences operate in Portland-street? Yet Bothwell, Bridge-of-Allan, Bute were all beyond the reach of the poor bookkeeper, even for his dying child. I will not swear that there was not, at that moment, a tear in these old eyes. Ay me! to think of it! not without some play of Heaven's finer lightning about my brain—yet helpless, waxing old, tortured with regrets of a life misshapen and wasted, and this cool sweet night of May with a most heavy and grieved heart!

Such was my mood, attributable to causes which I have explained, but of which Jean had a theory of her own. For several nights past, except when my cronie was with me, I had foregone my usual rummer. My domestic moiety, observing me something dull, asserted that this would never do. She, accordingly, by dint of great energy, and as she would take a babe by the nose to compel it to swallow its medicine, had the table jingling and steaming in a moment. My little device for keeping down the grocer's bill was rendered in this way a failure. But while I looked about me irresolute, an overwhelming excuse for compliance presented itself, in the person of Mr. Waddel. His ruddy, well-preserved countenance was overspread with irrepressible glee to the roots of his white hair.

'Where's Barbara?' he exclaimed. 'I bring good news. Aha! my friends!'

'Do tell me what it is?' cried Kate, who had just entered.

'No, I wont, you spunky! What have you done with the sugar tongs? You have surely been all thinking of your sweethearts? Why, I want a toddy lalle!'

'What has occurred?' I asked. 'Has Garibaldi smashed the Neapolitans?'

'Now, just let me be comfortable before I utter a word—I declare the kettle has not been quarter full. Never mind. 'Twill do—I shall prefer it stiff to-night. Good news, my friends!—good news! But I must have Barbara present before I begin to unfold.'

'I think it will turn out a hoax,' said Kate.

'Then you think a thumper,' responded Mr. Waddel.

But the door opened, and Barbara entered, smiling a kind of watery smile, and spreading a little silence. She coughed a severe cough; but said her cold was better, 'now that the east winds were gone.'

Sophia placed a couple of pillows for her in our old easy-chair.

'No, no—I do not need them,' she said; but she nevertheless reclined her slim figure upon them, with a kind of languid ease and obvious feeling of comfort.

'And so, Sophia tells me you have brought good news, Mr. Waddel. But when did you ever bring any other?'

'Ah! but,' said Mathew, opening a small pocket-book, 'when did I ever bring any like that?'

With this he stretched out, and displayed like a flag of victory, a note for one hundred pounds! 'There,' he added, placing it in my hands, 'accept of it, my friend, as a trifling instalment of what I owe you.'

'Owe me! How?'

'Gabriel Gray!' he proceeded, 'Sir! I have feasted any time these forty years on the riches of that indifferant intellect of yours, of which you have unfortunately made so little.'

'But—'

'Be quiet for a moment, will you? you old intolerable! I have this day had a considerable windfall from abroad,—and who should share it if not you? Besides, I have just been presented with a handsome partnership by Simpkins Brothers. Why, man, it will yield me five or six hundreds a-year at the least!'

'My dear sir—'

'There you are off again, you ridiculous Demosthenes! can't I have one brief harangue to myself? Now, Barbara, my dear! we must all be off somewhere to enjoy ourselves—to the country—to the coast—where you will, ladies!'

'I hope to some fashionable place,' interjected Jean.

'I hope to some place where we may grow vegetables and keep hens,' said Jessie.

'I hope to some place where one may wear what one likes,' said Isabella.

'I hope to some place where the air is mild,' said Sophia.

'I hope to some place where we shall have donkeys to ride upon,' cried Kate, clapping her hands.

'Oh, I should so like to climb a mountain on a donkey!' exclaimed Barbara, laughing; and Sophia laughed too; and, as if to see poor Barbara pleased and jocular, we all laughed in turn and together, until our very eyes ran over.

'Mathew Waddel!' I said, 'I accept, in the meantime, this gift, knowing it to be kindly meant. I likewise congratulate you on your sudden prosperity. At the same time I am not without some misgivings. In a few months you will have your mansion in the west-end, your new circle of friends, your little recollection of Portland-street!'

'Never!' cried Mathew, in a rage.

'Don't tell me,' I exclaimed, sceptically. 'I know human nature. The modern upholsteries will have you in their trap, like the biggest rat extant.'

But Mathew, shivering his glass for emphasis, vociferated that I *erred* in my throat, by Jupiter! And Barbara, though knowing me to be the soul of truth, believed that, in that instance, I *erred*.

Good news!—memorable night!—Kate dancing to all the chairs for partners! At length sleep fell softly upon our eyelids—Sophia only starting at times wakefully and watchfully, as I knew—while all our pillows were happy, and haunted by delicious dreams.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

WHEREVER we find that the literary products of a nation have been preserved at all, there is certain to be found among these specimens of their epitaphs. Instances of this could be cited from Egyptian sarcophagi; ancient Greece, besides others, gives one prominent example in the column erected to the memory of the heroes who fell at Thermopylæ; and Rome has, from the Catacombs, given up many which are now treasured in various antiquarian and

archæological collections. In none of these, however, nor in those of any nation save our own, do we find the peculiar elements of point and humour which so remarkably characterise those of our country. Humour, of a kind, seems to go hand in hand with grief; and it is a fact that men in all ages have indulged their humour in this way. It is not less true, however, that attempts to shew a real feeling of sadness for the Departed frequently produce, through their extreme simplicity and quaintness of composition, a similar effect to those in which a sarcastic humour has been employed. There are monuments of expressive beauty and design, well worthy the interest they excite, where pathos is not always the result attained; for, although many are certainly imposing—and perhaps the best artistic services have been employed—yet their inscriptions are frequently devoid of this effect altogether, evoking not the slightest throb of sympathy from the ordinary visitor, and provoke only a smile of contempt at the ostentatious parade of almost unattainable virtue and goodness. While speaking thus, and giving the following selections, we would not by any means wish to throw even a shade of ridicule upon the solemn feelings of regret which the severance of the dearest ties of relationship and friendship call forth in the hearts of those left behind to mourn their loss. It is too true, that

'Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast off seasons for thine own, O Death!

Many bear the evidence that breaking hearts truly regret the bereavement the epitaphs record, but conceits of thought and eccentricities of expression, as well as a desire to hit off some harmless peculiarity in the deceased, are the basis of a number of curious inscriptions; and, from the many which are to be found, we have selected a few for the entertainment of our readers.

The following quaint verse appears on the tombstone erected by Ebenezer Erakine over the grave of his wife, Alison Turpie, 'who departed to glory after having born ten children, which lye interred with her':—

'The law brought forth her precepts ten,
And then dissolved in grace;
This saint ten children bore, and then
In glory took her place.'

The next is one upon a man who was too poor to be buried with his relations in the church:—

'Here lies I at the chancel door;
Here I lie because I'm poor.
The further in the more to pay;
Here I lie as warm as they.'

A churchyard in Hertfordshire contains the next, which, in its quaintness, shews some depth of meaning:—

'That which a being was, what is itt show;
That being which it was, it is not now;
To be what 'tis—is not to be, you see;
That which now is not, shall a being be.'

The monument over the grave of the architect of the Exchange of Newcastle, has this:—

'Here lies Robert Trollop,
Who made yon stones to roll up.
When Death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up.'

The next is on some toper, who had an unquenchable spark in his throat:—

'Dead drunk, here Ellerton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry;
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.'

The effects of drinking, but of a different nature, gives another instance:—

'Here lies I and my three daughters,
Killed by a drinking of Cheltenham waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We'd not be lying in these here vaults.'

In Plumstead churchyard, the following is inscribed over the grave of one John Harris, dated 1829:—

'My anvil's worn, my forge decayed,
My body in the dust is laid,
My coal is burn'd, my iron's run,
My last nail's drove, my work is done.'

The next is inscribed over a linen-draper:—

'Cottons and cambrics all adieu!
And muslins, too, farewell!
Plain, striped, and figured, old and new,
Three-quarters, yard, or ell.
By nail and yard I've measured ye,
As customers inclined;
The churchyard now has measured me,
And nails my coffin bind.'

In Seven Oaks' churchyard is the following:—

'Grim Death took me without any warning,
I was well at night, and dead at nine in the morning.'

Here is another, equally brief:—

'Tis my request,
My bones may rest,
Without molest,
Within this chest.'

In the old churchyard of Durness, there is a quaint inscription, which runs thus:—

'Donald M'Murrough here lies low,
Ill to his friend, waur to his foe,
True to his chief in wiew and woe.'

We don't vouch for the authenticity of the next one as having ever been really used as an epitaph, though it might have been originally written as such:—

'David Macpherson
Was a very remarkable person;
He stood six feet two
Without his shoe,
And he was slew
At Waterloo.'

There are many which bear a sarcastic feeling of apparent regret, which can be easily interpreted; these occur more especially in the case of the marital relationship, as in the following instance:—

'My wife lies here beneath,
Alas! from me she's flown;
She was so good that Death
Would have her for his own.'

One widow, who did not honour her deceased lord more than ordinarily, added a postscript of her own to the epitaph which had been prepared for her husband:—

'To follow you I'm not content,
Until I know which way you went.'

Mrs. W——, the widow of a celebrated musician, had inscribed on his monument:—'He is gone where only his music can be excelled.' The widow of a pyrotechnist saw this, and had inscribed on her husband's monument:—'He is gone where only his fireworks can be excelled.'

In connection with this confusion of ideas, we give the two following. The first runs thus:—'Hier lys Alexander Peter, present town-treasurer of Arbroath, who died the 12th January, 1630.' The other is from the churchyard of Tain:—'Sacred to the memory of Henrietta Grant, spouse of Robert Ross, plasterer, Tain, who departed this life on the 10th Dec. 1839, and also of their daughter. This stone was erected by her affectionate husband.' Whose husband is here meant?

Attempts are made frequently to make the cause of death appear in the epitaph, and occasionally succeeds, with ludicrous effect. This appears in the churchyard of Acton:—

'Here lies the bones of Richard Lawton,
Whose death, alas, was strangely brought on;
Trying one day his corns to mow off,
The razor slipped, and cut his toe off.
His toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to,
Which took, alas, to mortifying,
And was the cause of Richard's dying.'

The next is quite as circumstantial:—

'Here lies interred a man o' micht,
His name was Malcolm Downie,
He lost his life as market night,
By fa'in aff his pownde.'

Another of the same:—

'Here lies the body of poor Charles Lamb,
Killed by a tree that fell slap-bang.'

In Calstock churchyard, Cornwall, is to be found the following:—

'Twas by a fall I caught my death;
No man can tell his time or breath;
I might have died as soon as then,
If I had had physician men.'

The next was written to the memory of a young woman who was accidentally drowned, while drawing water:—

'Nigh to the river Ouse, in York's fair city,
Unto this pretty maid Death showed no pity;
As soon as she'd her pail with water filled,
Came sudden Death, and life, like water, spilled.'

The following is inscribed on the grave of a smuggler, in a country churchyard. He was shot by an exciseman:—

'Here I lie,
Shot by the X I'a.'

A difficulty in the rhyming powers of the composer of one of this nature, was most strangely obviated in

his attempt to make the cause of death rhyme with the name of the deceased:—

'Here lies Richard Dunn,
Who was killed by a gun;
His name was Pryme,
But that wouldn't rhyme.'

There is certainly no means of knowing how much ill-health or how many deaths the fogs of London may have caused, but of one unfortunate Frenchman we have certain knowledge, since his friends have erected in Kensal Green Cemetery a monument with this significant line upon it:—

'Suffocated in a London fog.'

Brevity is said to be the soul of wit, and we may say that something of this appears in the one last given; but briefer epitaphs than the following two could hardly be obtained, considering the meanings attached. Over the grave of the tragedian, Burbage, these two words are inscribed—apt enough for one on whom the curtain has fallen after playing many parts on the mimic stage:—

'Exit Burbage.'

The other is in a churchyard at Amsterdam, and equals in brevity that of Burbage. Upon a white marble monument appears:—

'Effen uyt.'

Two Flemish words meaning *Exactly*. Closely beneath, there is represented a pair of old-fashioned slippers. This tombstone has a curious story attached to it, of an old man who had got the idea into his head that he would live a certain number of years and no longer. Being tolerably well off in the world, and being likewise a little selfish, he was desirous of enjoying what he had of this world's gear himself; and he so portioned off his goods that his fortune and his stated term of life would both expire at once. Strange as it may seem, he actually did die at the time he had computed; and at the end had so exhausted his estate that, after paying all debts, there was nothing left but the old pair of slippers here represented.

In Mr. Booth's recently published work on 'Epigrams,' he gives the following, though he does not state the locality of the churchyard in which it is to be found:—

'Thorpe's
Corpee.'

Another, remarkable in its brevity likewise, conveys the truth that however rich and powerful men may be, perfect happiness is not to be found upon earth, for upon the tombstone of Count Tessin we find the suggestive words inscribed:—

'Happy at last.'

We conclude with the following singularly beautiful epitaph, reminding us of the poems of Ossian. It is a translation from one, in Gaelic, in a parish church of Argyleshire:—

'Lo! she lies here in the dust, and her memory fills me with grief; silent is the tongue of Melody, and the hand of Elegance is now at rest. No more shall the poor give thee his blessing, nor shall the naked be warmed with the fleece of thy flock; the tear shalt thou not wipe away from the eye of the wretched. Where now, O feeble! is thy wonted help? No more, my Fair! shall we meet thee in the social hall; no more shall we sit at thy hospitable board. Gone for ever is the sound of mirth; the kind, the candid, the meek is now no more. Who can express our grief? Flow, ye tears of woe!'

A LITTLE CHAFF ON PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE EARLY BIRD GETS THE WORM.

In the first place, it is not at all certain that he does; and whether he does or not, I must acknowledge a strong prejudice against him. He gives me the idea of one who tries to overreach his neighbours, who would sit up all night rather than not be before you at his breakfast—a sort of feathered Fasco eternally circumventing you in things great and small; so much so, that he seems nearly related to those wakeful birds who take such care of us and our money on race-courses—pert familiar birds who, with a wink and a pat on the back, are always ready to put you up to a good thing; and it is not easy to get rid of a feeling of sharp practice, implied if not inculcated.

But does the early bird get the worm? No doubt he enjoys the sunrise, and has quiet flirtations in the early dawn, thinking all the time how sharp and wide-awake he is; still, I suspect the more mature bird who, ignoring the fascinations of the little wrens, looks out warm and comfortable from his hole in the wall, or the snug fork of a tree, sees a good deal more of what passes round him, and not only gets more fun for his money, but is apt to pick up the worm while others are billing and cooing, and admiring the beauties of nature. On the whole, these very smart men do not last—the pace is too great—the anxiety to be forever first too wearing; like Mr. Toots, they suddenly go out of flower, thus saving us from that dreadfully high pressure which prevails across the Atlantic.

Of course, all must depend upon what the worm is. If it be a strictly personal object, such as the attainment of wealth, position, or the like, without regard to the welfare of our neighbours or our own souls, doubtless the early bird should have it all his own way; but if it has any connection with self-respect, and a volume not so often read as quoted, commend me to the later bird, who is not in such a desperate hurry to take the lead.

It happens, much to the annoyance of my friends, that I have an unfortunate love of low society, and spend much of my time among people whose acquaintance is much sought by members of the police force. Among them, traits of character are more strongly developed. A domestic quarrel generally ends in blows; and the good father, though sparing the rod, kicks his child down stairs. The passions have more swing, and concealment of family griefs is undreamed of; therefore, when we want to see our pet theories carried out to their full extent, we must dive below our own neatly lacquered level, and look at humanity untrammelled by the laws of society. Now, I believe, of all early birds the thief and costermonger may be considered the earliest. They work harder than most men for their living—are more or less at war with the rest of mankind—have abilities far above the average; and both, in spite of and partly

as a consequence of their excessive acuteness, lead a life of misery and vice.

I hope the days when it was supposed that cheating was bred in the blood have passed away for ever. It is true that to reclaim one of these nomads seems to be a task beyond our strength; like the poor costermonger whom a gentleman took into his house in time of great distress, they pine for the freedom of the street life. (She, poor child, decamped as soon as that poor man's blessing—sprats—came in.) Still, no one who has been among these lost tribes can fail to remark their many good points. How they help one another in trouble! how faithful the women are to their *quasi* husbands! with what curious eyes they watch the example we set them, and, it is to be feared, reason from it not unjustly, that they are no worse than their neighbours! Patient and enduring themselves, they see us early and late endeavouring to overreach each other, and we wonder that they think it fair to prey upon us. To each other they are for the most part honest enough. The costermonger often gives a meal on credit to the poor—they do not cheat him, nor he them; but when he comes to the more respectable parts of the town, then comes the tug of war. The thrifty housewife must have everything at half its value; and if some of the plums are stone I am not sure that the game was so very unfair.

Oh, the sin and ruin which this precept has led to! The overstrained brain—the false step just as the object seemed so nearly attained—and then the fall into an abyss of misery, leaving a desolate hearth and the honest heads we loved bowed down with shame!

Even suppose we do get the worm, how often does it come up to our expectations? How often does it repay the cost? A young man starts in business with little or no capital beyond this—love of early rising. By some means he commands credit, and goes on year after year grasping at all that comes in his way. He keeps strictly within the law, using it sometimes hardly, but never going beyond it. At last he makes a fortune. Do you think it repays him for those restless nights, when any hour might bring ruin and disgrace—when all depended on a telegraph being in order, or the speed of a ship? Depend upon it, some accident will always remind him of the small trader on whom he was so hard—of the widow he turned from his door; and many an act which seemed all right at the time will dwell like a ghost in his thoughts.

With women, position is generally the favourite object. What labour they will go through! what insults they will smile at! With some, no sacrifice of domestic comfort or self-respect is too great, provided they can keep up a certain nominal position in society. Nothing will make them believe that the public are not deceived by their efforts, and would respect them much more if they laid aside these flimsy pretences. They must give certain dinners, and be at certain places, at the correct times and seasons, or life is a burden too great to be endured.

I remember a severe lesson being administered to

a lady of this class by her husband. A friend of his who knew them to be very poor, declined an invitation to lunch rather than cause the lady any trouble or annoyance. The more he declined the more she pressed the invitation—tempting him with various dishes, till she came to cold fowl and tongue, when the unfortunate husband, who had not seen such a thing in his house for years, could stand it no longer, and burst out—‘My dear Jane, you know very well we have not a thing but bacon and eggs in the house.’ Let us hope his friend carried him safe out of harm’s way.

To this phase of the female character, in a lower rank of life, we are indebted for the never-failing supply of ‘pretty horsebreakers,’ who have lately, with questionable taste, been brought prominently to public notice. Let us in justice acknowledge that it is nonsense to pretend they have sunk from the higher ranks of life; on the contrary, the source of evil is a heated imagination fostered by those who call themselves the friends of the poor, and are not ashamed to pander to their morbid tastes, combined with a desire for dress and luxury beyond their means. Here, too, lies the difficulty of reformation. We can neither produce a mental revolution in a moment nor afford to bring them from their course of sin; and so we offer a cold, cheerless room, with the simplest fare and honesty for salt, in the place of a round of luxury and dissipation. Unfortunately, both honesty and salt are acquired tastes.

In political life, we have abandoned ‘the early bird.’ Lord Elgin would probably not think himself justified in showing a false copy of a treaty to a native prince, and inducing him to sign the real—as a great ruler of India is said to have done. On the contrary, we are rather accused of being duped in our negotiations with Continental Courts; but if such is the case, better so than to seek to overreach them in turn. Let us be first, if we can; but, above all, let us be honest.

There is a class of early birds on which we have not yet touched, which seems to me to be much on the increase—*blasé* young men and fast young ladies. Among young people there really seems to be an attempt to change the characteristics of the sexes. Young men loll about feebly, and affably allow young ladies to make conversation for them—gently intimating approval of any expression which approaches more nearly than usual the rubicon of propriety. When I was young—though perhaps we were no better than the present generation—we at least concealed our morbid tastes; and entered the society of ladies as a purifying atmosphere to which we were fortunate in obtaining admission—taking it as a compliment when we could overcome the reserve with which we were at first received. We chose our topics of conversation with care. If our world was evil, we at least kept it veiled from their eyes; and any weak points we discovered we seldom betrayed to our dearest friends.

Now all is changed. We no longer respect a lady because she is a woman; but some few women because

they are ladies. Our behaviour in their company is like Jones at the opera abroad, as compared with Jones at Covent Garden—we pretend to think their purity affected; just as we pretend to be free-thinkers, and watch for any accidental expression which may be converted into a scandal for our smoking-room.

So it has gradually come to pass that young ladies, finding at length that men disregard their little wiles, come trembling to the threshold of our lives—stand pale and hesitating for a time—then, from some sudden impulse, draw aside the curtain, and, ‘like fools, rush in where angels fear to tread.’ Then, like the sons of God when they loved the daughters of man, they exchange their divinity for a tainted notoriety—their glory fades for ever; and men reward them with their contempt.

After all, both parties have deceived themselves utterly. The *blasé* youths have no idea of the real character and feelings of the girls of whom they speak so lightly; they have not the penetration to see that all that is most objectionable is only assumed to please them—that ladies, unfortunately, choose to lower themselves to their level; and nine times out of ten they glory in fancied conquests, and gloat over imaginary vice. On the other hand, surely fast young ladies are not aware of the estimation in which they are held even by fast men; they do not dream of the penalty they pay for a little popularity; they forget that they can never use the fearful weapons of those with whom they try to compete; and gradually, as step by step they discover their mistake, they sink into heartless misanthropy or gloomy religion.

I may be old-fashioned and wrong, but I confess I would sooner see more steadiness of purpose, and less pressing forward for the sake of being first. At any rate, I hope none whom I love may ever be tempted to believe that the early bird really gets the worm.

‘VANITAS VANITATIS.’

This is the slave all are called upon to carry in our triumphant cars—the *memento mori* from which we are never to part—the text from which philosophy has preached from the earliest ages. It survived many buffets from Master Luther and his friends; and since then, every now and then, some bold churchman has ventured to lay it aside; but, even now, how few there are who dare boldly to declare that life, with all its stains and blemishes, is beautiful, or remind us that He who made the world saw that it was good! Certainly if this contempt for mundane things be a condition of orthodoxy, I for one am out of the pale; for I am by no means prepared to acknowledge life to be all vanity. That there is an ultimate end and object set before us, as compared with which every worldly pleasure is insignificant, is of course not only true, but the great truth; but surely it is almost as profane to lose sight of the blessings which surround us, when gazing up to heaven, as to allow present cares to impede our exertions to obtain future happiness.

Of all the gifts with which we are endowed, none

come more frequently under the lash of these bitter words than the power of enjoying beauty in its various forms, though its good results are more varied than at first sight appears. Dear reader, if ever you would soften your heart towards your neighbour, go in softly, and see your enemy asleep. Even as David looked upon Saul, and stayed the hand of Abishai, so will you say to your evil spirit, 'Destroy him not, for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless?' In sleep, as in death, there is a beauty and solemnity for which we cannot account. Perhaps it is that the sleeper seems to have entirely abandoned his individuality. His soul seems far away, and we cannot help thinking he is in some way specially under Divine protection. From whatever cause it may arise, it is a fact that only great wickedness dare break through the majesty of sleep. Children have always a certain kind of beauty, but in sleep this becomes intensified to a wonderful degree. When we look on their little faces sleeping so calmly and profoundly, their little limbs thrown about in such careless ease, we cannot but acknowledge the poetic truth of the baby hymn:—

'I have four corners to my bed;
I have four angels round my head—
One to watch, and two to pray,
With one to guard me night and day.'

Is this all vanity? Am I wicked because, watching a sleeping child, I lose sight of the little sinner? Must it be all gall and wormwood—all dust and ashes?

Many years ago, a poor woman was found, by the Monks of St. Bernard, with a little baby frozen to her breast; she herself was nearly naked, and the child had all her clothes wrapped round it. The morgue of the St. Bernard is never empty; but day by day, through these long years, who can say what sermons this little child in its peaceful sleep, has preached to the passers-by? Depend upon it, years after all human beauty had faded from the mother's face, long after the little form had shrunk almost to nothing, many a man, after seeing that dead mother nursing her dead child, has gone home blessing God for the self-devotion of women, and spoken so kindly to his wife, that she thought he must be ill.

Women have the peculiar advantage of a double beauty—the palpable beauty of form which we can analyse, and a singular grace quite independent of the body, in which the soul seems to shine out, surrounding them with a power of attraction which we acknowledge almost against our will. Often, in London, when I see a beautiful woman—an 'early bird' who is kind enough to take me under his patronage when I go to town, makes minced meat of her reputation in a few words. Do you think I turn away my eyes and cry 'Vanitas vanitatis'? Not at all. The temple may be desecrated, but it is still beautiful. I do not indeed care to look too close, to see the broken altar and the idols in the sanctuary; the exterior is pleasing, and I admire and thank the Architect for his work, without dreaming that I shall sink in His estimation for noticing a beautiful ruin.

At the great Exhibition last year, to which my friend was kind enough to escort me, I could not help contrasting the actual beauties who walked up and down the nave, and seemed to challenge criticism, with others whose faces derived their beauty entirely from the interest they took in all around them, and thought the comparison greatly in favour of the latter—though I am bound to say this idea of mine did not at all meet with the approval of my guide; indeed, my bad taste in this and other matters of fashion had already put his friendship to a severe test, when an incident occurred which nearly overcame his fortitude. A part of the Exhibition in which I took great delight was the inconvenient little court in which the mechanical figures were exhibited. There, in deference to my age and childlikeness, we passed a good deal of our time, watching anxious mothers launching their children into the crowd to get a peep at automata, and stately elder brothers in jackets escorting their little sisters.

One day when we were thus employed, there sprang out of the crowd a little radiant face, surrounded by a queer antediluvian bonnet, evidently a wanderer from some remote village. Alas! the bright face soon clouded over—a moment or two of bewilderment, and the little thing burst into tears. In vain we tried to comfort her; all our endeavours were met by a cry for 'Rachie.' 'Who on earth was Rachie? Was it a man—or a woman? Had it a great broad brimmed hat or a prehistoric bonnet? Above all, how were we to find this unknown being? Of course, in our despair we did the most foolish thing possible, and dragged about our little charge in all directions, crying piteously, till the poor thing could walk no longer. Now, for a gentleman who is in the habit of wearing white waistcoats, mauve gloves and ties, and resplendent boots, to walk about the Exhibition with an old fellow dressed in tweed and a blue and white bird's-eye handkerchief, though unpleasant, looked respectable. Doubtless my early friend spoke of me to his acquaintance as an eccentric millionaire, or a leading member of the Peace Society; but when to this was added a child in blue-spotted frock, a bright red shawl, and a bonnet resembling in shape a section of a stone chimney, the position was certainly trying, and I fully expected my guide to drive into the crowd, leaving me alone with my Perdita in clogs. At last, however, the brilliant idea occurred to him that as no one could see the child, no one was likely to claim her, and, as a corollary, that one of us must exhibit it to the public. For a moment he hesitated (human nature is but weak). The next saw our little trouvaille nearly six feet in the air, perched on his broad shoulders.

The effect was magical; the novelty of the position brought a smile to the tearful face, and the little arms clung confidently round his neck. I don't think he had ever seen a child's face so near in his life, and am by no means sure that his lips did not find their way into the antediluvian bonnet. Do you think he thought then of the fine ladies we passed? Did he

remember that those dirty little boots were ruining his white waistcoat? Not a bit of it. All he knew was that somehow his heart was softened towards the child, one touch of nature had blown away all his affectation; and I really think he was almost sorry when a rustic elder sister claimed our charge. Should I have cried 'Vanitas, vanitatis'? At all events I did not do so, and we walked about in silence for some time, while he pretended to be busied in endeavouring to re-arrange his dress—feeling, I think, rather ashamed of his weakness.

We are very apt to misjudge these young swells, I fancy, and to form the same sort of opinion of them as they profess to have formed of all women out of their own family. It is not long since, for example, there was a great cry for reformation in the army. Its officers were supposed to have greatly deteriorated, or at all events to be much behind the age in point of education and professional ability; while the life they led was a mixture of inane idleness and objectionable luxury. The Guards were spoken of as a show corps of dissipated patricians. When a base seducer was required for a novel he was chosen from their ranks; and every bagman quoted Sir Charles Napier's dictum; that an officer's baggage should consist of 'a shirt, a towel, and a piece of soap'—a tooth-brush being apparently considered an effeminate luxury.

No sooner, however, did the prospect of war appear, than the purple couch, the roses, and falerian were laid aside; in a moment the rousé abandoned his intrigues, and beardless youths changed into grave, determined men. Few sights, indeed, could be more impressive to a Londoner than that march of the Guards through town in the grey morning. It was grand to see the firm bearing of those men, at last called upon to show their worth (no one doubted them now), and touching to hear the exclamations of the women as some very young officer passed—his mother's tears hardly dry upon his cheeks, looking as grave and calm as Sir Dugald Dalgetty. Now that our heroes have come home, you seldom hear them talk of the matter; but do you think they enjoyed their campaign? Do you think that night after night, sitting in those cold trenches, with death stalking round them, keeping themselves awake by watching the shells flying through the darkness, they never thought of London, with its purple and fine linen, or regretted that jolly careless life; never longed for the home where mother and sisters, who believed them to be the best men in the world, sat nearly heart-broken, praying almost against hope for their safe return?

I once talked on the subject to a 'brave sabreur,' who is kind enough sometimes to make use of my house as a hunting-box, and whom my housekeeper looks upon as the incarnation of manly beauty, bravery, and iniquity. 'Well,' he said, 'it is all very fine to talk of the excitement. I was not there many months, but I can assure you the trench-work was no joke. There we sat all night, listening to the sound of the bullets and shells flying about in all directions, taking the names of killed and wounded and afraid

to go to sleep for fear of a sortie. I confess I did not see the fun of it. You never felt safe for a minute, and when daylight came, and a fellow was as stiff as a post, there was a long walk, not over safe, with a report to write at the end of it. *I hated it then, and now it's over, I funk it.*' You need not steer at my hero. When that brave aid-de-camp, forgetting everything but his fixed idea that cavalry could go through anything, cried 'There are your orders, sir, and there is the enemy!' and dashed at the Russians, he was by his side. Now he is a C. B., his breast is covered with medals, and he talks as if the exertion were rather too much for him. I should not like to think that this self-denial—all the sufferings of those abroad, and the tears of those at home, were in vain.

Again, we often see great acts of self-devotion and presence of mind, which carry their own reward so obviously that their intrinsic worth must be acknowledged, even at the price of allowing that there is still some good in the world. Thus, when a man goes out in a life-boat, his chance of reward is very small as compared to the improbability of his safe return; yet we never hear of a crew being wanted in such cases. A more remarkable case occurred so lately that it must be in the recollection of all my readers. The driver of a pilot engine went to sleep, and in that condition passed another driver, who was standing cleaning his engine. This man was aware that his comrade was rushing unconsciously to meet an express train. He immediately gave chase, caught up and sprang on to the runaway engine, and brought it on to a siding just as the express rushed past. I suppose most of us have forgotten this man's name, as we have that of the woman who, during the great fire at New-Brunswick, which burned miles and miles of forest, lay down in such a manner over her child that it was taken alive from under her charred remains—no one will give him a Victoria Cross—no one presents him with addresses; but I think if you were to ask him, you would find he would not give up the consciousness of having done that brave action for all the rewards it is in our power to give.

If 'Vanitas vanitatis' is to be our guide, only two courses seem to be open to us—to lead a life of stern asceticism, shutting our eyes to the faded beauty of the world, blindly passing over all the good that is left, and fixing our thoughts in self-righteous contemplation of the evil for which I can find no authority; or throwing away the scabbard, to dash wildly into the strife for enjoyment, each seizing what he covets, regardless of his neighbour. 'Every man for himself, and not God for us all.' 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' I do not think either modes of life are pleasant to think of, or in any degree consonant with the teaching of Him who said that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the lilies of the field.' Though everything is not right and perfect in the world, I cannot help thinking that if we took half the pleasure in seeking out good things that we do in the search for evil, we should find ourselves better men, and discover much hidden treasure which we tread daily under foot. We should live more in charity with our neighbours, and see that it did not lie in the power of man, by his wickedness, utterly to destroy the perfect work of God.

HUGH MACDONALD, 'RAMBLER' AND POET.*

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the west of Scotland there lived and died, not long ago, a homely, genial, bright-souled, nature-loving man, named Hugh Macdonald. Keen and clinging in his sympathies, he was warmly attached to the country, and still more to the locality, of his birth. To Englishmen he was a sturdy Scotchman; to Scotchmen he was a thorough Glasgow man; while to Glasgow men he stood up stoutly for Bridgeton, the suburb where, in April 1817, he was born, and where, in March 1860, he died. Had he emigrated to Canada or Australia, Macdonald would have lilted songs in his native Doric, headed St. Andrew's Societies and Burns' Clubs; and perhaps selected, as his special nightly companions, some little knot of the sons of St. Mungo with whom to discourse of the beauties of the Clyde, the Kelvin, and the Cart, and of the spring and summer blooms of Cathkin, Castlemilk, and Carmyle.

But it is difficult to imagine any turn of fortune strong enough to have transplanted such a man to any other clime. Hugh Macdonald was rooted, in all his deepest affections, to the Scottish soil. The scenes where he had played in boyhood, and the friends among whom he had all his life lived, made up his world. He cared little for anything beyond. In one sense, indeed, he was as diligent a traveller as ever grasped oaken staff. But, as a general rule, his journeys were only to the extent that his own feet could carry him, and that the daylight, with occasional supplement of moon or stars, might suffice to light him home. Yet he saw more than many who travelled farther. His pedestrian excursions included all that was beautiful, curious, or memorable within a radius of ten or twelve miles of his 'ain hearth-stane.' He was like a student who, confining himself to a single branch of study, attains to a rare degree of proficiency. If his range was limited, the ground he explored was mastered in all its details. His 'Rambles round Glasgow' were historical, legendary, antiquarian, topographical, botanical, poetical; and so much did he gather from the past and glean from the present, concerning the localities he visited, that his graphic pen-and-ink sketches possessed a certain air and charm of novelty, even for those to whom the scenes described had long been familiar.

The work we have mentioned formed the basis of a considerable local reputation. Hugh Macdonald had been a working man—he was now a professed *litterateur*, in connection with one or other of the Glasgow newspapers. His merits were generally recognised as peculiar—almost unique. Worshipping Burns, delighting in Tannahill, and admiring Professor Wilson—with whom he had a memorable interview on one occasion—he was yet no man's

follower. He had carved out a field for himself. Pedestrians bought his book, that they might be guided to the most interesting spots—persons of a botanical turn of mind bought it, that they might be directed to the haunts of the loveliest wild flowers—the gentry around Glasgow bought it, that they might learn the traditions of the houses in which they dwelt, or of the ivy-grown ruins of which they were the proud possessors. But what endeared the 'Rambles' to mere fireside readers, was the spirit of kindness, the poetical warmth of heart, and the tone of simple humanity by which they were pervaded. The author was not an abstraction. He was continually present, as it were, in the flesh, grasping the reader by the hand—telling him his old-world stories face to face—endeavouring to communicate to him his own intense love of bird or flower—pointing his attention, triumphantly, to some glorious burst of landscape—or shading with him his 'cakes and ale' in some little wayside hostelry. It was impossible to read the 'Rambles' without loving the Rambler. This love was confirmed and increased on actual personal acquaintance. Hugh Macdonald was felt to be a man worth knowing. No one was disappointed in him. He was precisely what his writings showed him to be—a pleasant, unaffected, outspoken, homely Scotchman, who knew all about natural history—was intimately conversant with Scottish ballad literature and antiquities—sung a good song—maintained his own opinions sturdily, yet without offence—was companionable, almost to a fault—and seldom the first to 'part good company.' No man in his station ever contracted more numerous or stronger friendships.

Macdonald's second work was entitled 'Days at the Coast.' It was an extension of the 'Rambles,' with the occasional partial aid of rail or steamer, to the shores and mountains of the magnificent Frith of Clyde. In early life he had sung—

'Let others love the tangled Forest,
Or mountain-shadow'd Spey;
The Don, the Dee, wake others' glee,
Fair Tweed, or queenly Tay;
From all their charms of wood or wild,
I ever turn with pride
To where the golden apple gleams,
On thy green banks, sweet Clyde!'

This love for his native river had deepened with his years; and the time had now come when he was to unroll its picturesque splendour, and grand historical memories, in a series of sketches, as genuine and delightful as those of a more local kind, which had previously rendered him a celebrity among his neighbours and throughout the west of Scotland generally. The same deep-seated love of nature was everywhere apparent—the same profound sympathy with suffering in every shape—the same delighted relish for interesting tradition, or illustrative snatch of song. Our author's literary fame was increasing, and the circle of his personal friends and admirers was widening, when he was prematurely cut off in the forty-

* Poems and Songs, by Hugh Macdonald, Author of 'Rambles round Glasgow,' 'Days at the Coast,' &c. With Memoir of the Author.—Glasgow: William Love.

third year of his age. Seldom has any man of like position and opportunities been more lamented. Glasgow's much-loved Rambler was dead, and if it be true that, when the poet dies,

'All nature mourns her worshipper.'

the sorrow of the city should have been followed by the diffusion of a visible gloom throughout all the secluded holms and beautiful straths of Clydesdale.

Readers at a distance, who have perhaps never heard of Hugh Macdonald before, may already have guessed that he was not merely a descriptive writer of high excellence, but a poet in the truest sense. Poetry of the loftiest kind he never attempted. But poetry of the truest kind he often tried and achieved. He sang and wrote out of the fullness of his own heart, and therefore he sang and wrote truly and effectively. Unlike many minor minstrels, his imagination never aimed at soaring higher than the strength of its wing would safely warrant. Could anything be finer in their way than the following stanzas of 'Wee Annie o' Auchineden'?

'A gowden dream thou art to me,
From shades of earth and evil free;
An angel form of love and glee,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

I never saw thy winsome face,
Thy bairnly beauty row'd in grace;
Yet thou art with me every place,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Where flick'ring beams beneath the trees
Flit playful in the summer breeze,
The eye of fancy ever sees
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Thy mither's cheek was wet and pale,
And aft in sighs her words wad fail,
When in mine ear she breathed thy tale,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

That low sweet voice through many a year,
If life is mine, shall haunt my ear,
Which pictured thee with smile and tear,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Low was thy hame upon the moor,
'Mang dark brown heaths and mountains hoar;
Thou wert a sunbeam at the door,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

But the auld folk shook their heads to see
Sic wisdom lent to a bairn like thee;
'Lang here,' they sigh'd, 'ye wadna be,'
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

And thou wert ta'en frae this world o' tears,
Unstain'd by the sorrow or sin of years;
Thy voice is now in the angel's ears,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

The primrose glints on the spring's return,
The merle sings blithe to the dancin' burn;
But there's ae sweet flower we aye shall mourn,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Or take the following, in which pawky Scotch humour, homely description, and parental tenderness are exquisitely blended:—

'A wee, wee man, wi' an unco' din,
Cam to our beid yestreen,
And siccan a rippet the body raised
As seldom was heard or seen;

He wanted claes, he wanted shoon,
And something to weest his mou';
And aye he spurr'd wi' his tiny feet,
And blink'd wi' his e'en o' blue.

His face, which nane had seen before,
Thrill'd strangely through ilk min',
Wi' gowden dreams frae men'ry's store,
Of loved anes lost langsyne.
A father's brow, a mither's e'en,
A brither's dimpled chin,
Were mingled a' on that sweet face,
Fresh sent frae a hand aboon.

Oh! soon ilka heart grew grit wi' love,
And draps o' joy were seen
To trinkle fast o'er channell'd cheeks,
Where streams o' wae had been.
A welcome blithe we gie'd the chiel,
To share our lowly ha';
And we row'd him warm in fleecy duds,
And linen like Januar snaw.

Our guidman has a way o' his ain,
His word maun aye be law—
Frae Candlemas to blithe Yule e'en
He rules baith grit and sma';
But the howdie reign'd yestreen, I trow,
And swagger'd baith but and ben—
Even the big arm-chair was push'd agee
Frae the cozie chimley en'.

The guidman snooved about the house,
Aye runnin' in some ane's way,
And aft he glanced at the wee thing's face,
On the auld wife's lap that lay;
His breast grew grit wi' love and pride,
While the bairn was hush'd asleep,
And a gush o' blessings frae his heart
Came welling, warm and deep.

I canna boast o' gowd, quoth he,
My wealth's a willing arm,
Yet health, and strength, and wark be mine,
And wha shall bode thee harm?
To fill thy wee bit caup and cog,
And gie thee claes and lair,
Wi' joy and sweet content I'll strive
Through poortith, toll, and care.

There's joy within the simmer woods,
When wee birds chip the shell,
When firstling roses tint wi' bloom
The lip of sunlit dell;
But sweeter than the nestling bird,
Or rosebud on the lea,
Is yon wee smiling gift of love
Unto a parent's e'e.'

As a sample of Macdonald's songs, we have room only for 'The waeftu' want o' siller':—

'Oh, the waeftu' want o' siller,
Oh, the weary want o' siller,
I've seen baith love and friendship flee
Before the waeftu' want o' siller!

When fortune deign'd to smile on me,
My love was true, my friends were many;
But poortith's frown sune garr'd them flee—
I'm shunn'd as though I werena cannie.
Oh, the waeftu', &c.

My purse was light, my heart was sair,
Thinks I, my lassie's smiles will cheer me;
But, sune's she saw my coat aye bare,
The fickle jaud scorn'd to come near me.
Oh, the waeftu', &c.

Thinks I, though love has scorn'd me so,
Blithe friendship's sure to use me better;

But soon I found that friendship too,
Like love, required a golden fetter.
Oh, the woe! 'tis, &c.

Was worth the friends that Fortune brings,
Was worth the love that poverty frightens;
But dearer far than wealth o' kings,
The flame that dark misfortune brightens,
Oh, the woe! 'tis, &c.

We are glad that the poems and songs of Hugh Macdonald have been collected into a volume and given to the world, accompanied by a memoir of the gifted and amiable author. The memoir, we believe, is from the friendly hand of Mr. W. W. Scott, now of Falkirk; and tells, in a style which Macdonald himself would have appreciated, nearly all that need be known of his uneventful though not uninteresting life. One or two pieces might, perhaps, have been omitted with advantage—such as one landing Mr. Fergus O'Connor, and which Macdonald, in his later years, would hardly have wished to see reprinted; and another, disparaging the Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee—a man who, on the whole, has deserved well of the minor poets of Scotland. The insertion, too, of 'The Bloody Stair' is a mistake. That powerful ballad, although quoted by Macdonald in his 'Days at the Coast,' was written by one Mackay—a teacher, we believe, in Bute, but of whose life and death we regret that we are unable to supply any particulars. The poems of Macdonald, however, were left loosely scattered through newspapers and periodicals, or cunningly imbedded in his prose writings, not always with a distinct clue to the author. Under these circumstances, some errors were possibly unavoidable; and we can only, therefore, congratulate Mr. Scott on the generally satisfactory completion of his difficult labour of love.

ST. HELENA.

THE island of St. Helena is situate in latitude 15° 15' S., and longitude 5° 46' W. It is 10½ miles long by 6½ broad, with an area of 30,300 acres, and a population of upwards of 5000 souls—nearly half of whom are whites. This island is the touching-point for homeward-bound Indiamen—who call here for water—and has an excellent harbour, to which numerous ships put in during stress of weather.

On a clear day, St. Helena may be seen at a distance of fifty miles out to sea, when it is so indistinct as to present the appearance of a cloud on the horizon. On a nearer approach, however, its vast rocky sides, rising perpendicularly from the sea to an immense height, and the apparent sterility of its surface, with here and there a few patches of verdure, give it a very uninviting aspect. Sailing more to the westward, however, 'High Knoll'—the Castle—is perceived (situate on one of the highest peaks of the island); and, still farther on, the land becomes lower towards the coast, and James Town, with its fine harbour and shipping, comes into view. This town is situated between two barren ranges of rocky hills, of some 700 feet in height, which form a small val-

ley; and it is thus so enconcealed, that it cannot be seen from an approaching vessel until the latter is quite abreast of it.

The surf in the harbour, caused by the waves beating against the rocks, makes a deafening noise; and the white spray continually flying about forms a fine spectacle. Great care and promptitude are necessary in landing from the boats, as these latter are continually rising and falling; so that the traveller has to watch his opportunity in leaping on shore at the proper moment, otherwise he is liable to meet with an accident by falling into the water.

The valley in which James Town lies runs from west to east, where it is partially blocked up by a small hill. To the front, and on each side of this valley, are batteries, which command the entrance to the harbour, and at a short distance from the landing-place is a gate leading into the town. The houses in the immediate vicinity of the harbour, with the exception of a few more inland, appear to be the best on the island; and the finest buildings in the town are the Church, the Civil and Military Officers' quarters, and Storror's Hotel. The Customhouse is situated behind the church, as also are several other offices, together with the waggon stand; and to the rear of these again are the meat and fruit markets. The main road is fronted by Stebbin's bazaar, which, together with Gibb's and Robbin's storehouses, form the principal shops, the others being very inferior. The road now branches off into two parts, that on the left hand, after leading to the road to Longwood, terminates abruptly near a few dirty little cottages or huts. The road to the right, which runs through the lower part of the town, has by far the best houses in its vicinity, among which may be classed the quarters and barracks occupied by a detachment of the St. Helena Regiment. These latter habitations are kept very neat and clean, and, though not very grand in appearance, afford a pleasing contrast to the dark and dingy cottages of the Creole population, which are situated behind the Blacksmith's garden—a garden surrounded by a high wall, accessible only by means of steps, and cultivated by the soldiers. Further on towards the end of the valley, where it gradually slopes upwards, are a few small cottages, with fruit and vegetable gardens, &c. attached to them. In this place the Baptist and Catholic Chapels are situated, together with two cemeteries on the southern part or side of the hill.

Behind this again, at a slight elevation above James Town, is Briars, a small rising village, towards the south-east of which is the house inhabited by Napoleon when he first landed on the island; this is called the Pavilion. In rear of this are four hills, averaging from some 800 to 1100 feet or thereabouts in height above the level of the sea. Behind Storror's Hotel, on the south side of the vale, is the wooden ladder, termed Jacob's, leading to the summit of Ladder-Hill. This ladder is said to consist of 700 steps, which, it is truly a labour to ascend; a carriage-road leads to the top of this hill, where

there is a small gate guarded by a few soldiers. No road can be made in a straight line for any length, owing to the hilly country, consequently this as well as the other roads are rather circuitous. The headquarters of the regiment is stationed on the top of Ladder-Hill.

Following a small footpath, which leads from the summit of the hill, the pedestrian passes out into the country, and then by two or three other little valleys on the western side of the island. Keeping here as close as possible to the sea-side, the rifle practice-ground is reached. Cartridge-papers thickly scattered over the ground, at the distance of some 900 yards from the target, plainly attest to the practice, if not to the skill, of the regiment of the island.

Travelling upwards and more inland, the carriage road from Ladder-Hill is reached. This rounds High-Knoll on the south side, at an ascent of between 1100 and 1300 feet. High-Knoll is a round mound or hill of lava (plainly attesting to the original volcanic nature of the island), covered over with a slight layer of earth. Fir trees, forming a small plantation, grow on its sides towards the summit—thus enlivening this the bleakest part of the island. A few cottages are scattered here and there on the road-side; but they are quite rude and uninviting to the spectator, and appear to be about the worst in the island. Several meagre fowls, belonging to the poor cottagers, are also seen hereabouts, picking up their scanty subsistence. On the top of High-Knoll is a small fort or castle, which is garrisoned by a detachment of the Royal Artillery. Inside this fort is a prison, so dark as to require a light to see the interior; and on the top is the signal and watch-tower of the island.

The Governor of St. Helena resides at High-Knoll during the hot season, as it is considered the coolest part of the island. To the west of this is Francis Peak, on which is the cricketing ground. From this, Diana's Peak—towering nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea—is seen; and behind this, again, are the curious pillars known as 'Lot's Wife and Children.' Near the Government House, which is situated towards the south-east of the island, a small town of some importance has sprung up. The houses which compose it are above the ordinary level; and the pleasing effect is heightened by the picturesque little Baptist Chapel and the lonely burial-ground attached to it. The road now, over hill and dale, runs towards the north-west of the island. Farm-houses are met with at intervals, with flocks of sheep, goats, cows, horses, and donkeys; but these are generally few and far between.

The road to Longwood (the house inhabited by Napoleon at the time of his death) ascends the northern side of Diana's Peak, almost immediately after passing Gibb's store, and at the commencement of the northern branch of the main road. It ascends, at a moderate elevation parallel to the valley, almost to its end, but here branches off into three parts. One returns eastward to the valley; another leads to Briars; and the

third is a continuation of the mountain road. Of the four hills mentioned elsewhere, one is almost directly east of High-Knoll, and is the hill chosen for the site of Government House, &c.; the second is almost south-east of James Town; a greater part of the third is to its east; while the fourth is in the direct line of the road to Longwood. As the summit of the hill to the north of the town (which has an elevation of 700 feet) has not yet been gained, the road a little further on takes a westerly direction, then again easterly, and, after a short circuit, ascends the fourth hill. Here is a stone on the roadside, intimating that the place is 1184 feet above the level of the sea.

From this spot, the ascent is more gradual and less wearisome. The barren lands are left behind, and as one ascends the country teems with grass and fir trees; willows are also met with, but they are rather scarce.

On the top of the fourth hill is a pretty white house, which was inhabited by Napoleon after he left the Pavilion; and, close at hand, near a hut inhabited by an English settler, is a large iron gun, which formerly used to be fired whenever the Emperor left his house, in order to warn his guards of his exit; but this piece of ordnance is now old and rusty, and has consequently been condemned.

The trees now cluster rather thickly together, and the eye is charmed by the beautiful landscape to the south. The western side of the road (now running directly south) is lined with firs, thickly crowded with leaves.

Far off to the east, is Longwood, where the great Napoleon breathed his last; and further still, beyond it, as far as the eye can reach, is the mighty ocean, bearing on its surface ships of all nations in full sail, many of them laden with the wealth of the East. Beneath is a long wide vale, without a single tree on its sides, though it lacks not the charm which waving meadows of green grass bestow; and towards its farthest extremity, amid cypress and willow trees, by the gentle running spring, and beneath the wide blue canopy of heaven, is the tomb of the greatest warrior of modern times. Surrounding the grave is a wooden enclosure about 30 yards in width, at a small gate leading into which a sentry is usually on guard. A board is fixed on the gate on which is engraved a request that travellers should respect the tomb of Napoleon. Here is also a sentinel's box; in which a book is kept for visitors to inscribe their names. Within the enclosure are sixteen cypresses and two willow-trees; and beneath these latter, surmounted by a large oblong stone-block, and surrounded by a plain iron railing, is the tomb which once contained the remains of the mighty dead.

A few small geraniums grow around the stone; and to the west of the enclosure, and only some three or four yards from the railing which surrounds the grave, is the small spring above referred to, from which Napoleon used to obtain his water, and which was his favourite place of resort.

To the north are a few heliotropes and blue-bells;

and to the south two small cottages, now in disuse, though formerly the residences of the officers and men who guarded the tomb while the Emperor's body was interred there.

Longwood is situated on a slight elevation, and is entered by a gate on the southern side. A long gravelly path, lined with a single row of evergreens (suggestive of the period through which Napoleon's name will be remembered), leads to and around the last dwelling-place of the hero of Austerlitz.

It is a single-storied wooden house, painted light-drab on the outside, and fancifully papered within, having green Venetian shutters, &c.

The rooms are small and of a moderate height—neat, clean, and boarded. A billiard-table in the billiard-room, a marble bust, and a looking-glass (enclosed by a low iron paling) in the room in which the Emperor died, and another mirror in his drawing-room, are the only articles of furniture left behind by his 'veteran soldiers and adoring subjects.'

A corporal and four private soldiers now guard the place. At a farm-house a short distance off in the vale, breakfast and dinner are provided for the visitor—though at a heavy expense—by a worthy dame, yclept Mother Shirley. Having now described the chief objects of interest throughout the island, we may say a few words about the climate, &c. This is at all times most temperate. The hottest season—embracing the months of January, February, and March—is almost as cool as the Indian winter, and much cooler even in some of the more elevated situations. The rains descend in June, July, and August. When the fall of rain is scant, the supply of water naturally decreases, and the springs on the western hills, which supply the island with water, nearly dry up.

The chief vegetable and fruit productions of St. Helena consist of cabbages, carrots, peaches, pears, and plantains; and the principal, if not the only, trees in the place are firs, cypresses, and willows. Among the flowers, those most frequently met with are heliotropes, blue-bells, and lilies. Parrots and canaries are found wild on the island. The latter are very numerous, and are sold at 12 annas, or 1s.6d. each. Horses and asses are the chief beasts of burden; cows, sheep, and poultry are less numerous. The only animals to be found in a wild state are foxes, hares, and rabbits. White ants, which it is supposed have found their way into the island from the ships, are very numerous, and voraciously attack everything within their reach. Mosquitoes—a small species of fly—swarm everywhere, and are a great pest. The traveller, however, must expect to meet with these little torments in every tropical country. Every possible coin is current in St. Helena, from the Spanish doubloon to the Indian mohur; and the homeward-bound traveller has here an instance of his approach to the mother country in the numerous beggars who frequent the island. The hire of conveyances is very heavy, £3 being the charge for a two-horse carriage—containing four seats—for a day,

and half that sum for a single-horse carriage, capable of holding only two persons. Rocks here and there jut out on the carriage road, threatening destruction to the vehicles and their inmates, but accidents seldom occur.

There are eight clergymen of all denominations and one bishop on the island.

The people are of a mixed character, and appear to be friendly and well-disposed—many being Creoles, who are said to be the descendants of slaves—the island having been, many years ago, a depôt for this revolting trade.

The hire of labourers is two shillings per diem; but they are forced to work very hard, from morning till night; and, in consequence of the high price of provisions, this sum barely suffices for their wants. Milk is sold at 4d. and mutton at 1s. per pound; and bread is very expensive.

Though the island consists rather of a succession of hills and dales than otherwise, yet many spots are very pretty; and, while the traveller might weary of a long stay, yet a short sojourn on this 'spot on the ocean' would not only be beneficial to health, but pleasing and novel, and specially interesting, associated, as it must ever be, with the name of Napoleon the Great.

WILLIE BELL.

Mr heart's as blithesome as a bird
That sings aside its little'st nest,
And ilka thing I meet outby
Wi' loving soul seems richly bless'd;
To think that I should live to be
The happy bride o' Willie Bell!
Oh! love's a serious thing to thole;
It maistly puts me past mysel'
Wi' thochts too sweet for tongue to tell.

I mind when we were at the schule
How Willie held a wark w' me;
His counthie ways and kindlie words
Aye show'd him maik nor mannerlie;
'Mang a' the lads nane took my pairt
Sae like a man as Willie Bell;
But when we chanced to be our lanes
He look'd as blate's I did mysel'—
What for should love be sweet to tell?

When mither died, the neebors a'
Tried how they best might comfort gie;
But nane could wheelst the greetin' heart
Till Willie Bell cam' ben to me.
'Ye'll leave this dowlie house,' he said,
'And come yer ways across the fell,
And ere thae lammies leave the ewes
Ye'll be the wife o' Willie Bell.'
I hadna strength to hand mysel'.

Then frae the fullness o' my heart
I gied consent, and grat for pride;
'Oh wae could think to lightlie love
And sic a laddie by her side?
The greeting Willie gave to me
Soon garr'd my heart come till its sel',
And syne, as we stepp'd out the road,
Ilk thing that kepp'd us on the fell
Seem'd blessing me and Willie Bell.

W. S. FINKE.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.]

LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

July 17, 1836.

MR. HALLIDAY is dead. And by his will (which George arrived just in time to prepare) he has left our little Louis heir to his whole property. He had seen the boy only twice, but knew his story—that is to say, all we knew of it; and so he took his resolution on the instant. This is surely the acme of whimsicality! George says that Mr. Halliday's aversion to womankind generally, and to his own lawful heiresses in particular—taken in conjunction with his unstable temper and unsocial habits—had paved the way for the singular consummation. At any rate, the thing is done. And here is this poor little stranger made suddenly rich, by what seems the merest accident in the world! But, as chance forms no part of my creed, I look deeper for the meaning. My husband says that, by proper management, Mr. Halliday's estate may realise somewhere about £20,000. Weston & Locke are the accredited agents and trustees for the future possessor during his minority; and George, moreover, is named, by the testator, as the special guardian of the boy—that is, even supposing that his father is alive, and should at any time be discovered. Now, all this is strange exceedingly to my mind, and has given me some new views of human nature and life's contingencies, such as I never dreamed of before. Aunt Aubrey, as may well be supposed, is unwilling to part with Louis; and George sees no necessity that she should. So it is settled to allow him to remain at Woodburn in the meantime—only, that he shall come over to us one whole day, at least, in every week, and as much oftener as circumstances make it expedient. Our good aunt is enchanted at the unexpected turn of affairs; and to-day George and she have been discussing the propriety of engaging a tutor for Louis, preparatory to sending him to an academy, in the ensuing autumn. While all this is going on, I am rather fretted by a simple casualty, for which nobody is to blame. It appears that Mrs. Aubrey left the greater part of her luggage behind her at Nice, to be forwarded by a more direct route than she herself took on her return home. Among this luggage is the box containing Marion Falconer's papers, which I am eager to have examined. And as some little time must still elapse ere these packages arrive, my patience is sorely put to it, and the tenter-hooks are stretching tighter and tighter every day. George laughs, and says, 'Here is a romance for you now, Kate, in real earnest. So make the best of it, I beg of you; for you may never have the luck to meet

with another, and I know that this is worth a small fortune to you. Twist it, therefore, and turn it in all possible lights; and feed on it, my love! and luxuriate on its curious ingredients. It is indeed a dainty dish, and not often served up in this prosy world.' I laugh, too; but intend, literally, to follow his advice.

Meanwhile, Master Falconer is fast acquiring familiarity with me and my household—whereat I rejoice—running as naturally to the nursery as soon as he comes; and showing, in a thousand boyish ways, such demonstrative affection for Charlotte as is truly edifying to all beholders.

August 1, 1836.

This morning George set off on a tour to the Continent. He has been much fagged of late with business worries, and looking so pale and thin that I am glad he is gone. He has no companions with him, and rather enjoys the idea of possessing perfect independence of action while studying new peoples and untried scenes. He is going down through the centre of France, by Lyons, to Marseilles; thence to Genoa, Milan, and Venice—thus exploring the greater part of northern Italy. I am to have frequent letters from my husband during his absence, which will extend over several weeks. But I shall have very rare opportunities of writing to him. However, there is little chance of my requiring to do so for any special purpose, so I am content to hold on the even tenor of my way. But oh! I shall miss George terribly. The house does not look the same to me already. There is a dreary vacancy in the rooms that somehow oppresses my spirit. And as I sit gazing out into the little garden, with its store of sweet flowers that seemed yesterday so freshly beautiful, they appear far less bright in colour this evening, and drooping sadly on their stalks. Now fancy begins to work. He is gone; and how many perils by field and flood may he not encounter ere I behold him again! I believe it is awfully rough work that crossing of the Channel. Then I wonder are these French *diligences* perfectly safe? And everybody knows that Italy is infested with banditti. And there is the malaria, too! But that is at Rome, and George does not intend going so far. Well, men can be very bold and foolhardy, as if their lives were of small account in their own eyes. Ah! but do they never think of the other lives that would be darkened, and the other eyes that would be dimmed, and the other hearts that would be broken, if aught of injury or cruel wrong were to cross their path? I do not like to dwell upon these things.

There is the green gate, too, by which I have so often watched George enter. It is just now about his old hour for coming home to dinner, when the well-known key in the latch was ever a cheering

signal. How long may it be before that door opens to receive him once more! How still the air is! Hark! there is a step coming along behind the fence—a slow, creeping, irresolute step. It stops—goes on—stops again—goes on—a pause; then the bell at the gate is rung—not readily and sharply, but with a certain indecision, as of some one weighing the pros and cons of so doing. The servants heed not; the ring is repeated with a trifle more energy, and on the summons being answered, a female figure appears standing in the doorway. After a brief parley, she is admitted, and as she follows Rachel up to the house, I catch a glance of her face, and am enchained thereby. Yes, it is the same! I would know her among a thousand! It is the identical woman—she of the sinister aspect, and wearing the furred mantle of old, but in different attire to-day—whose secret conferences with my husband have so often moved my curiosity! What can she want now—and with me? For no doubt she has been informed that George is from home.

'If you please, ma'am, here is a person wishes to see you. I inquired her name, but she says she will tell you herself. She is in the dining-room.'

Spite of myself, I was conscious of a sudden glow on my cheek at this announcement.

'Did you not say your master was from home?'

'Yes, ma'am; but she said it made no difference—you were quite the same.'

'Very well.' Rachel withdrew, and I rose to go to my guest. I felt vaguely excited as I laid hold of the door-handle. Was I about to receive any very startling revelation? I entered the room, assuming a look of indifference which I did not by any means feel, for my knees trembled and my breathing was quick. The stranger was standing with her back to the light; but there was no mistaking the contour of the figure—tall and angular; and the eyes, with their doubtful expression—half bold, half cunning—that darted at me as I approached. Coming forward to meet me,

'You are Mrs. Weston, I know,' she began, in the dry, disagreeable voice I remembered having heard once before—that winter day, in my husband's chambers. 'And though it is Mr. Weston I came to seek—as I hear he is gone away, and to remain some time—I must just tell my tale to you, who, indeed, are the most fitting of the two to hear it, after all.'

I made no answer, but stood observing her, while a vague notion stole across my mind that somehow I ought not to listen to 'her tale.' It seemed almost like a breach of good faith to George to allow myself to be thus enticed into her confidence. Yet, I must confess, curiosity did tug a little at my heart, too.

'May I request to be informed of your name,' I asked, in a dignified manner, 'ere I stay to know your errand?'

'I will tell you that most readily by-and-by,' she answered, while a slight derisive smile curled her lip; 'but you had better hear my story first, for it very

nearly concerns you.' My feeble barrier of self-imposed rectitude was broken down upon this. I motioned the woman to a chair, and seated myself full in front of her.

'I need scarce tell you, Mrs. Weston,' she commenced, 'that there are a-many things done in this world of which right-minded people cannot approve, and of which aggrieved people must sooner or later take occasion to complain.' Her eyes were cast down, as she spoke, with a constrained humility which sat but awkwardly upon her. 'Another fact,' she proceeded, 'probably known to you also, is that most of those unjust transactions have to do with money; and it is where *that* is concerned that honest dealing is so rare.'

She looked hard at me as she spoke; but quickly perceiving I was at a loss to comprehend her meaning, she resumed—

'Do you think it is fair in a man to ignore his own child—his own only son—and make over all his gold to one who is not a drop's blood to him? Answer me that.'

My cheek must have blanched at the question, for it struck home to my inmost soul.

'Do you think it is right for strangers and aliens to take the bread from the children's mouth—to hold and to hoard, for their selfish ends, when those to whom the inheritance should have descended are miserable and despised, and wanting the barest necessities?'

'Hold, woman—hold!' I cried out. 'What do you mean by coming thus to taunt me in my own house? Who are you? and what do you know of my private matters?'

'O Mrs. Weston! Madam!' she exclaimed, instantly changing her tone from one of hardy defiance to a species of apologetic whine, 'have pity on a dejected creature, pleading for a sorely injured husband, deprived of his lawful heritage by the unreasonable prejudices of a parent—bereaved of the just rights of his home and kindred by calumny and caprice, and acts of designing meddlers. Oh dear, dear me! to think how some people are crushed, and others are raised on their ruins!'

The light that had been gradually breaking upon my mind now flashed forth, making me nervously excited and perturbed. I rose, and going close to my visitor, 'Tell me your name,' I demanded, decisively, 'ere another word is exchanged between us. I will not hear you speak on any other terms. Leave my house if you refuse to satisfy me on this point.' She fumbled in her pocket for a few minutes, and finally drew therefrom a little piece of crumpled and dirty cardboard; and, handing it to me, looked up into my face with a strange mixture of cunning, servility, and low-bred assumption in her eye—very pitiful and very painful to behold. She watched me keenly while I read the words on that card. They were few; but oh, how significant! I started. The blood rushed to my cheeks, my temples, my neck. 'MRS. GRAY, 6 Holme-street,' written in a large loose

hand, stood legibly before me. I was astounded—troubled—pained. I felt almost like some guilty thing, as the letters danced confusedly before my sight. 'Tell me,' I said earnestly, vehemently, 'is this your name? Are you that Mrs. Grey whose husband is the son of the late Mr. Grey of The Grove? Tell me at once, and tell me truly.' How anxiously I scanned her countenance while I spoke, none but myself can know. Interest, intense, absorbing, had taken entire possession of me, and I actually held my breath to catch her reply to my question. She did not hesitate, nor flinch in the least from my steady gaze.

'Yes, I am Mrs. Grey, of course; or why should I be here?'

'But you have seen Mr. Weston many times. Did you not lay all this before him?'

'Oh yes, ma'am, and a great deal more; but he always said the money was yours; he could not interfere, and he would not touch it.' I pondered an instant. These words tallied exactly with the spirit in which George had always viewed the matter when at any time I made allusion to it.

'And where is Mr. Grey? What is his mode of life? Are you in poverty? Have you any children? What can I do for you?' I put all these queries to her in a heap, for I was agitated now, and distressed almost beyond endurance.

'My poor husband is bedridden, ma'am, with many ailments. We have three helpless children, and our sole support is from the work of my own hands—sewing—'

'Stop!' I cried, fairly subdued by the cruel picture thus presented to my mind. 'Stop! I cannot bear it any longer. Why, why was I kept in ignorance of this story of your husband's needs—of his misery—of all your great affliction? I have some money in the house—it is not much, but it may relieve present necessity. I shall bring it to you in a moment.' She gave a deep-drawn sigh, ending in a moan—which sounded strangely discordant, as if expressive of a too long deferred requital of injury; and, regarding me with a glance in which the rueful was oddly blent with the vindictive, suffered me to leave the room without a word.

I ran up-stairs; and hastily unlocking my desk, took therefrom a bunch of notes (about £50) which George had given me the previous night, to save the probable necessity of my applying to the bank in his absence. With these I flew back to the dining-room, and thrusting them into her hand,

'Come again to-morrow,' I said, hurriedly; 'and bring with you the papers—the evidences, I mean—that will satisfy me—that will satisfy everybody—that your husband is the very Stephen Grey whose father I knew—that his claim is imperative; so that it now becomes my duty—' Yet, stay!—I stopped, hesitatingly, to consider a moment. 'Perhaps it will be better that I—that we—send to your home, rather than you should come again to mine. Yes; I will set about righting this affair immediately. I will have

justice done to Mr. Grey. I will not rest'—Here she interrupted me. She had taken the money greedily, and pushed it out of sight into the recess of her capacious pocket. Her hard features had relaxed at sight of it.

'Oh that I had seen you sooner!' she exclaimed. 'You would not have allowed us to suffer as we have done. The proofs you speak of are all ready.'

'Go home now, then,' I said, soothingly; 'and be assured you will shortly hear further from me.'

She clutched at her dress—the part beneath which she had secreted the notes, and drawing her shawl close about her with her other hand, made me a short curtsy and hurried away. No thanks—no gratitude—no gladness—nothing but an unmannerly acceptance of a mere mite of what she appeared to consider a debt, long long due.

The whole scene had passed so rapidly, it seemed more like a dream than a real incident. When the woman was gone, and the clash of the gate closing in the wall had died on my ear, I remained standing in the middle of the apartment like one bewildered. All at once it rushed upon me that when I had formerly put the inquiry to George he had told me distinctly regarding this strange visitor that she was not Mr. Grey's wife. Could she be an impostor? That would soon be tested; she did not shrink from the necessary investigation. And though she were, what had I done? Nothing so very dreadful after all—only given away an inconsiderable sum, which I could scarce be blamed for giving under the circumstances. And to-morrow I would take advice, the best advice, on what remained to be done, and act accordingly. Thus arguing, my discomposure, which had been great, gradually subsided, and I felt relieved by the reflection that I was now about to do tardy justice to one whom I had most unwillingly wronged.

I will send for Dr. Armstrong. In George's absence there is nobody I would sooner consult in a matter of importance. If reparation is requisite, it must be instant and complete.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

THE DISMEMBERMENT OF POLAND.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE result of the various reformatations, scientific discoveries, and the diffusion of knowledge throughout the European continent, was in particular a greater amount of freedom, and a larger concession of political rights to the *new* third class—the people—who had in former ages been held of little account; the nobility and the commercial class being all that were held of any consideration by the ruling powers. This process had obtained throughout all the European countries, with the exception of Russia, which had hardly attained to the distinction of a European Power till it acquired a share of Poland; while Poland again might, even at the end of the seventeenth

century, he said to be utterly devoid of that particular part of a nation—a People. In all other countries, the trade had fallen to the share of the people, but in Poland there were only the nobility and the serfs or agricultural labourers, bought and sold with the land which they cultivated; while an alien class, the Jews, carried on the commerce of the country, and they, though settled and tolerated in Poland for many generations, were still looked upon as strangers, and could not, if they had cared to do so, employ their wealth and energies for the advancement and good of the general community, as similar trading classes were allowed to do in other lands. Thus there were in Poland but two classes—masters and slaves,—and these masters being all nobles, they all intrigued for the possession of the crown, which was elective, and consequently every vacancy brought with it all the horrors of civil war. With these two serious faults in their internal organization, the Poles had yet another, equally productive of evil; for their National Diet was so absurdly constituted that, whatever matters came before them, there must needs be a unanimous decision. One vote, the opposition of any single member, being sufficient to annul any decision which a majority might arrive at, or to prevent any measure from passing into a law. This system prevailed also in the local assemblies, and with them not unfrequently was resorted to, the barbarous mode of the majority putting to the sword their opponents—sharp wits being at a discount where sharp swords could be used. With all their patriotic ardour, the Polish nobles clung to this mode of government in spite of their frequent civil wars, and the consequent devastation of the country, from the fact that under this constitution every one had a chance of being king; and yet this kingship was but a barren honour in everything but name, since, if his majesty chose to assert his authority in any way, he was certain to be opposed by the nobles in office under him, and who, for money, could easily procure a mercenary army of serfs and aliens for this purpose. Such a government, ever involved in internal discord, could not but be looked upon with dissatisfaction by the neighbouring powers, and rendered it but too tempting a prey to such ambitious neighbours as the Empress Catherine and Frederick the Great. Besides, being without any regularly organised army of its own, it was hardly possible that it could defend itself against other countries possessing large standing armies, under the potent control of one vigorous mental energy; and the turbulent nobles had been frequently warned of the necessity of a reform in this matter. But, ever confident of their own strength—in one particular element of martial prowess they might well be so, for they could, when united among themselves, bring into the field about 150,000 horse, and these probably the finest cavalry in Europe—they cared not for these warnings, and were doomed to find that the new modes of warfare had rendered this element of strength of less account than formerly, and that without the aid of organised infantry they could not hope to main-

tain their ground. Thus, through the effects of her own internal dissensions and discords, arose principally the circumstances which led to the fall of Poland, and her ultimate disappearance as a distinct nation from the map of Europe. Of the three powers who appropriated this unhappy and divided country, Prussia was once in a state of vassalage to it; Russia once saw its capital and throne possessed by the Poles; whilst Austria, about a century before, was indebted to Poland for the preservation of its capital and almost for its very existence, when Sobieski rolled back from Europe the tide of Mahomedan invasion.

The dismemberment of Poland—a political crime of so unusual and unnatural a nature—had been, long before 1772, a subject of secret consultation with different monarchs. Once, during the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, between Sweden, Austria, and Prussia (1658)—Gustavus asserting the right of the Powers to divide among themselves a country which was at once the cause and the theatre of war; but this secret treaty was discovered and defeated by a variety of circumstances, in which the ability of Poland to avert this intention was but of minor importance. Again it was a subject of discussion when Peter the Great defeated Charles XII. of Sweden at Poltava; and thus becoming the arbiter of Poland, displaced the puppet-king of Charles XII. and put a creature of his own upon the throne of Poland—one who was held in contempt by the Poles, and was supposed to favour the idea of the dismemberment of the country. It was not to be that time, however, and the country remained in its old anarchical state. The Czars were now the real rulers of Poland, and the future elections of its kings was but a mockery—the neighbouring powers taking good care that none should occupy the throne but such as they might control; and thus Poland, which might have been one of the greatest powers of Europe, became, through her own evil policy, little better than a dependency of the adjoining states.

The year 1772 was destined to see the wished-for dismemberment take place—the impatience of Prussia urging Catherine, who had just nominated her quondam lover, Stapislaus, to the throne of Poland, to take extreme measures to produce this result; although she would probably have been contented with the power and control she then had over the country, and was at this time disposed to defer the appropriation of any part of it, although it was a purpose she had always some time or other intended to carry out. Great disturbances took place in consequence of the 'election,' and Russian troops being marched into the country to quell these, it was impossible for Prussia and Austria, whose dominions lay so close, to look on with indifference; consequently Frederick of Prussia marched his army across the Polish frontiers to aid in the election of Catherine's nominee, with the secret understanding that a due reward would be forthcoming for his services. Scarcely had the election been completed, when a controversy arose between the Roman Catholics and the Dissidents—

the latter term including the Protestants as well as the adherents of the Greek Church. Russia and Prussia designedly aided the latter party, and the Diet was consequently obliged to grant many concessions to them; and these concessions were accompanied by others giving to Russia such powers over the affairs of Poland as virtually to destroy all Polish nationality. The nobility were of course the only parties in the country who organised themselves, and tried to stem the current of events. They formed an Anti-Russian league; but their loose hordes of cavalry were everywhere defeated by the disciplined troops of Russia. The mass of the population evidently cared little, and had grown indifferent in great measure as to who were their masters, as in any case they would be but slaves.

With the armies of the three powers at work on the Polish frontiers, matters rapidly approached a crisis; and Austria, without informing the others, seized the little province of Zips, while Russia, following this example, advanced a body of troops to the banks of the Dniester. The Turks, who had been aiding the Polish confederates, now began to sink under the war with Russia, appealed to Austria and Prussia to intercede for them, and consequently withdrew from the struggle on behalf of Poland. The confederates, with Turkish aid, had up to this time struggled hard for their independence; but as the occupation of the country had been effected, and with certain knowledge that a secret treaty of partition had been concluded, the confederacy broke up, and an end was put to all resistance, which had hitherto been maintained at a frightful sacrifice of human life.

Catherine, seeing that she could neither rule through her nominee nor appropriate any part of the Polish territory without allowing the other two powers to have a slice likewise, now agreed to a scheme of dismemberment which had been devised more by Frederick than herself. One reason for Frederick's anxiety for the fulfilment of this scheme, apart from his greedy ambition, was that war had been verging between Russia and Austria for some time, in relation to certain conquests made by Russia of Turkish provinces; and that as Prussia could hardly fail of being drawn in on one side or the other, the partition was proposed to heal up the smouldering difficulties of the parties, and prevent the contingency of war.

The contracting parties now began the work of dismemberment—the only trouble being as to what should be their respective shares. Russia and Prussia soon agreed; Austria was more hesitating, less on account of conscience than from the habitual slowness of that court. When at last arrived at a concord, they issued manifestoes to the other powers of Europe, specifying the territories they had appropriated, and their reasons for so doing—Prussia and Austria asserting some obsolete claims upon certain portions of Poland; while Russia boldly stated that the trouble and expense incurred by her in keeping the Poles in order, could only be compensated for by a cession of

territory. All three agreed in stating, however, that the anarchy which had prevailed in Poland had reduced it to a deplorable state, and they wished to adopt measures for restoring tranquillity and order; and further, that having taken so much they would take no more, but that their joint endeavours would be to restore to the remaining part of Poland the prosperity of former days. They took care, however, while guaranteeing the integrity of the country in its now reduced state, to introduce such changes in its constitution as should prevent it from attempting to recover what had been lost. Thus the powers which had been chiefly instrumental for many years in filling Europe with war and bloodshed, now preached peace, and invited the natives of the land whose territory they had stolen to put up their swords, and co-operate with them in restoring quietness and order in the country!

The appropriated part divided at this time amounted to about a third of Poland, and included some of its richest provinces. The helpless king, Stanislaus, too feeble to offer any resistance, could do nothing to hinder the appropriation but address protests and prayers to the other Governments of Europe; but none of them at that time showed any sympathy, and remained shamefully passive. The partitioning powers assembled the Diet at Warsaw to ratify all that had been done; and the members were told plainly that all who opposed their wishes would be considered an enemy of his country and of them; threatening, also, that if any opposition was offered, they would proceed to take possession of the whole of the country. Some of the Diet were venal—others were convinced that all resistance was useless; and they therefore ratified the partition in September 1772. The king was left without the shadow of authority, the whole power being vested in an Executive Council of thirty-six lay and ecclesiastical members. Yet there still remained an enthusiastic band, who were bitter against the outrage to their nation. But these were soon dispersed, and their property confiscated. Numbers became wanderers and outcasts, and many fled to America, where they were to be found fighting, on behalf of the colonists, in the War of Independence.

CHAPTER II.

The influence which the French Revolution was supposed to have upon the Polish nation, and the favour with which they regarded the revolutionary government, led to the partition which took place in 1793; but this was nothing more than a good excuse for the three powers, who were evidently determined gradually to appropriate the whole country. For many years previously, disputes had been rife in the Diet regarding making the crown hereditary, and other necessary reforms in the constitution of the country, more in harmony with the wants and ideas of the time, and in this task they were engaged when the French Revolution broke out. As these reforms were much more moderate in their character than

those of France, there were rejoicings in many parts of Europe on their account, and hopes of a yet bright future being in store for Poland. Prussia, in exchange for the much-coveted cities of Thorn and Dantzic offered to give them aid in their reforms should the other powers interfere; but this the Diet at once refusing, Prussia apparently agreed to the reforms they wished to effect, but very soon betrayed the promise. The succession was offered to the Elector of Saxony, who agreed to accept, on condition that more power was given to the king and less to the Diet; but this was refused, as was also the request that the new constitution should be modified, more in accordance with those of Russia and Prussia, and less with that of France. Catherine, annoyed that the Poles should thus seek new alliances unfriendly to her, and with the pretext also that the new constitution was inimical to her interests, prepared to march into Poland; and knowing that Frederick was disappointed in not obtaining the two coveted towns, drew him into the plot—each to aid the other, and each to share in the spoil. Several recreant nobles of the Diet, opposed to the new reforms, had also besought Catherine to come to their aid; and ostensibly, and as if by their request, 10,000 Russians marched towards the Polish capital. Again was there a campaign, with varied success; and it was at this time that Kosciusko—with 4,000 men against 16,000 Russians—held Dubjenka for five days, although he had only twenty-four hours to fortify it. In spite of the most heroic resistance, the hearts of the patriots sank when they learned that Austria had permitted another Russian army to enter Poland through Galicia, thereby exposing their two flanks. At the beginning of the year, Frederick seized Thorn and Dantzic, giving as his reasons for so doing the disrespectful conduct of the Poles to his ally, the Empress Catherine, and the necessity of repressing the growth of republican and revolutionary ideas, as dangerous to the safety and good order of his empire. Stanislaus had now to annul the new constitution, undo all the reforms of the Diet, and allow Russian troops to occupy Warsaw and other important posts; but he was fully convinced that these concessions would not satisfy the rapacity of the plunderers. Catherine soon announced her intention of taking, along with Prussia, another part of Poland; and issued manifestoes, charging the Poles with ingratitude towards their best friends—Russia, Prussia, and Austria; concluding with the assertion, that they were convinced that only by uniting with their respective states those parts of Poland which bordered their territories, could they avoid the results of that discord which prevailed there, and the effects of those revolutionary opinions which had begun to show themselves among the Poles. Austria, at this time, took nothing; and as the other powers of Europe were expending all their energies in the war with the French Republic, they were not in a position to interfere. The Diet—having appealed, protested, and entreated in vain—were obliged to

ratify the partitioning decree;—and the armies of Russia and Prussia still lay round and within the country, ready to repress any movement of the people. These proceedings threw a shade over the reputation of kings at a time when it needed particularly to be unsullied; and a share of this fell upon all who were known to be attached to governments and thrones. They gave, likewise, a greater degree of intensity to the ardour of the French Republicans; shewing them, that the same powers who had just stolen the greater part of Poland, would entertain no scruples in doing the same for France, should the fortunes of war give them the opportunity.

Two years more, and the curtain rises on the third act of this great national drama; and during that time the exiled patriots were not idle—keeping up a continual correspondence with their friends in Poland, and concerting plans for an insurrection. An order given by the Empress Catherine for the reduction of the Polish army by 15,000 men, roused the patriots to action ere their plans were fully ripe, and at an inauspicious time. The Polish troops were much scattered about the country, and were watched closely by large bodies of Russian soldiery; but the patriots relied more upon the widely-spread secret societies than upon this handful of Polish troops. The puppet-king, Stanislaus, however, despaired of success at this time; and, afraid that this premature attempt would lead to his total dethronement, gave information regarding the proceedings of the confederates and the societies to the Russian Minister, who thereupon ordered the patriot leaders to quit the country. The disbanded and embittered Polish soldiers marched to Craow, defeating several bodies of the enemy on their way, and in that city raised the standard of revolt. Kosciusko joined them here, and though he brought no troops with him, the magic of his name brought numbers of enthusiastic men to join the confederates. Elected Dictator, he imposed a tax to procure funds, and called upon all Poles to join his standard; he next proceeded to emancipate the serfs, but this measure came too late, for, since the revolt had already begun, they could not at once be converted into earnest patriots, and did not understand or appreciate the liberty which been given to them. Only those serfs who *belonged* to the patriot nobles fought well and bravely, the others remained deaf to the proclamation, and, plunged in ignorance as they were, continued in subjection to their lords and masters.

The first engagement of any note took place at a village between Craow and Warsaw, where Kosciusko, with an army of 4,000, mostly armed with scythes, encountered and defeated an army of 12,000 Russians—killing 3,000, and taking many prisoners and eleven cannon. This gave great hopes to the cause; and the Polish garrison of Warsaw attacked the Russians stationed there, gained possession of the magazines, distributed the arms among the people;

and, after a struggle of two days and nights, drove the Russians out of the town, with a loss of 4,000 men. Kosciusko now had an army of about 26,000 men—soon after increased to about 40,000 troops, volunteers, and armed peasants; and with these he continued the struggle—each side having its share of reverses and successes—till the Dictator, having committed the blunder of dividing his forces, was everywhere defeated in detail, and Cracow was retaken, after a brief siege, by the Russians. Austria had as yet taken no part in the struggle; but now an army of that country occupied Little Poland, and met with little or no opposition in so doing. The Russians and Prussians, unitedly about 90,000, now advanced to Warsaw, which had been hastily fortified by the patriots. While the allies were so engaged, the Poles in the most recently annexed provinces of Prussia flew to arms, and endeavoured to drive the Prussian armies out of the country. The news of this, forced Frederick to retire from the siege of Warsaw, and abandon his sick and wounded. The insurrection had now become general; and, with the exception of a few towns, the whole of Great Poland was in the hands of the confederates. Their prestige had been lost, however, in Lithuania; and Suvaroff, with another Russian army, advanced rapidly upon Warsaw, and drove the Poles before him. With that portion of the patriot army which still remained with him, Kosciusko advanced to meet Suvaroff at Maciejowice—the Russians being as three to one of the Poles, both in men and artillery. The Russian army suffered severely; but no generalship or strategy being shown by the Poles, they were defeated; and Kosciusko himself, being severely wounded, fell from his horse, uttering the words—'*Finis Polonia!*' and was taken prisoner, along with many other Poles of distinction. This victory effected the junction of the two Russian armies, who now marched upon Warsaw, where the dispirited remnant of the patriot armies made their final stand. On the 4th of November, an assault took place; and for four hours the iron hail rained on the devoted town of Praga—a suburb of Warsaw, and only separated from it by a bridge over the Vistula. The assaulting columns at last gained an entrance; and thereupon followed a most atrocious massacre. Twelve thousand inhabitants, of both sexes and all ages, and 8,000 Polish soldiers, perished either in defending the place, or were helplessly butchered after it was taken. While the streets were running with blood and heaped with dead, the Russians set fire to the town, and in a few hours it was reduced to ashes. The authorities of Warsaw, struck with terror, capitulated, and Suvaroff took possession on the 6th November 1795. The Poles everywhere laid down their arms. Many were executed or banished; some were forced to take service in the Russian army; and others fled to France, and entered the armies of the Republic. The name of Poland was now blotted out from the map of Europe, although its independence had been gone long before—the three Powers resolving to appropriate the whole country, govern it by their own laws, and treat it as conquered territory. The king signed a formal abdication, accepted a pension from the co-partitioners, and finished his dishonourable career in 1798.

At various times after this the Poles had hopes of a reconstruction of their kingdom. When the 'Peace of Tilsit' was signed by France and Russia, Prussia was stripped of nearly half of her territories, and the forfeited parts mostly coincided with those portions of ancient Poland which had been appropriated in the partitions of 1772, 1793, and 1795. This reconstruction of so much of Poland was intended by the Emperor Napoleon as an act of gratitude for the long and splendid services of the Polish exiles as soldiers in the French armies. The Poles, however, were disappointed in Napoleon allying himself with Russia, seeing that the great disposer of crowns and kingdoms had taken one province of Poland from Prussia and given it to Russia; but they accepted and were grateful for the Duchy of Warsaw, as this instalment of their rights was termed. The king of Saxony, to whom Napoleon gave the sovereignty of the Duchy, was denuded of it at the Congress of Vienna, and Russia claimed it; but the representatives of Britain, France, and Austria protested against this, and were anxious that Poland should be restored in all its integrity. Britain and France both urged the justice of this, and Austria was apparently willing to give up her spoil, if the other partitioners would do likewise. Russia and Prussia would not yield, and Napoleon's escape from Elba brought the affairs of the Congress to a hasty and unsatisfactory conclusion; and there was founded the paltry 'Kingdom of Poland,' in extent about one-sixth of the original kingdom, to be possessed by the emperors of Russia for ever as an appendage of their empire. The history of this paltry kingdom was very brief; for, although there had been granted a constitutional government, differing entirely from that of Russia, many changes were gradually introduced of a despotic and tyrannous nature, which, in 1830, created an insurrection. The Poles renounced their allegiance to Russia, and set up a provisional government under Czartoriaki. Soon after, Russian armies invaded Poland, and though the Poles shewed their accustomed valour, the campaign was brought to a close after seven months' hard fighting, and the country lay once more at the mercy of Nicholas. He then declared it to have forfeited its independence, and incorporated it without distinction into the general body of the Russian empire.

What may be the result of the present struggle of the Poles to regain their independence it would be hard to tell; and though it is said that Austria is likely to act with France on behalf of Poland, yet there is no good reason for supposing she will ever favour the restoration of independence to Poland, unless clearly convinced that she would gain by being just. Had Poland been subjugated by any one power, there might have been some hope, but the three are under bonds to each other to prevent her ever knowing the pleasure of a restoration. Of all the spoilers of Poland, Austria was the meanest; for her government affected to have a conscience, and avowed that it did wrong knowingly, and this meanness she will consistently maintain. As France and England have nothing in the shape of territory to bribe her with, they must reward her with the property of others, or see her hold on to what she stole in former times; and it is idle to expect that Austria will ever give up her share of Poland without being recompensed, as she keeps as tight a grasp on what she takes as a wolf ever did with its teeth at the expense of animated mutton. It is to be hoped, however, that the Polish question will be brought soon to a bearing one way or other; but on these matters it is idle to conjecture—they must be left to time and the good Providence of the Great Ruler of all the earth. D.

A LITTLE CHAFF ON PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

I cannot help suspecting that this proverb was invented by one of those precocious early birds of whom we have spoken, endowed with that insatiable love of acquisition for its own sake which is characteristic of the race; of acquisition regardless of results, grasping at everything, mixing gold and dross in a confused mass, and glorying in the size of the heap; for it may well be doubted whether, setting aside this acquisitiveness to which we are all more or less slaves, the pleasure we derive from the free bird is not infinitely greater than any we can force or cajole from the prisoner when he is at our mercy. As the lark refuses to sing till drawn by a few blades of grass to think of former joys, so the chief value of our birds in the hand is lost from the moment we hold them fast, only to be revived when, glancing back, we surround them with the remembrance of past hopes and desires.

Without admitting, as some will insist, that all our apples turn to dust, all our gold pieces to dead leaves, it must be acknowledged that after a certain age the results of our labours seldom come up to our expectations. In youth this is not the case; and the charm lies in the novelty of each acquisition. The first play, the first doll, the first ball, give an unalloyed pleasure which can never be reproduced; the next doll may be more beautiful, but never so dear as our old broken-nosed friend; and we soon begin to criticise the actors both on the stage and in the ball-room. No one who has read it will forget 'My First Play,' in the admirable essays of Elia, and those who have not done so have yet a charming book to read. Little by little our taste becomes vitiated; and we sigh for new pleasures, new worlds to conquer—very likely searching blindly about, quite ignoring the one great object which has been so mercifully set before us, on which we may centre all our ambition, and rest assured that all our dreams of its glory and happiness will be far surpassed.

It were needless to drag the reader through a series of cases in which birds in the hand have refused to sing. Perhaps it would be hardly fair to ask old Goldsworthy how far his £20,000 a-year repays him for a long course of years spent in miserable anxiety. We will not insult our friend Brown, by inquiring how far Mrs. Brown has fulfilled his prenuptial expectations. As I said before, I do not belong to the 'Vanitas vanitatis' school of philosophy, and only glance at these possible disappointments in defence of birds in the bush, to whom we are indebted for so much pleasure, which we forget the moment we have caught them. We cut open the goose, and abuse it for laying no more eggs.

The true misfortune is, that as we grow older we are apt to lose the pleasures of anticipation. We have been so often disappointed, that we dare not look forward. In some secret chamber we still build

our castles in the air, but almost against our will; and, at any rate, take care that no sound of the mallet and chisel is heard by our neighbours. And so, year by year, we cease striving for little gain, and find ourselves more and more in the position of spectators.

I am by no means sure, however, that we may not derive as much pleasure from the world around us in this position, as we did when we were actors in the scenes we see before us; and are much reconciled, by this idea, to that passive behaviour in society which age and infirmity impose on me. If, on the one hand, I find young ladies engaged for what I hear they call 'fast dances' (sweet Deborah Pine! you could never have brought your pretty lips to talk of fast dances)—a state of things which has long reached its climax, so far as I am concerned; on the other, it is cheering to find one's self the receptacle of little confidences—the burial-place of transitory sorrows; and I question very much whether these peeps behind the curtain—this admission to the outer porch of the female mind—does not more than compensate for the gray hairs of the faded Anacreon—soothing the mind though uncomplimentary to the looks. Into the outer porch, I say; because the arcanum is only to be entered by the priestess herself, who probably finds it in a state of considerable confusion—indeed, none of us could quite bear to enter hand-in-hand with our dearest friend, and even to do so alone is surely a day of humiliation. To our lovers, our wives, our children, one little door is shut—one inner chamber kept sacred.

In speaking of this privilege of old age, two things must be premised—that, at one time, we have risen like the early bird, and having caught the foolish worm, have carried it writhing in our beaks to our lady love, presently to be devoured with as little thanks as some of us have received for a broken heart; for, if lookers on see most of the game, it can only be those who know the rules, and we must be quite determined to accept the true position of age—for there is no fool like an old fool. A donkey once found its way into a flower-garden, and was so pleased with what he saw, that the foolish beast began to bray; so the gardener came and drove him out with many blows and hard words. Not less unfortunate will be the position of the man who, being admitted to the privileges of old age among women, is deluded into forgetting its conditions. Woe to him, I say, for every woman's tongue will be against him, and he will soon find himself elevated to a moral pillory.

I was led to think of these things some nights ago, because I knew of a little Niobe left lamenting at home, while I was sent in her place to a ball, in full war paint, so that the question naturally occurred, which of us was the best off?

Of course the first point in her favour was that she had a grievance. Whether ladies enjoy this great luxury of life to the full extent that we do, may be doubted, at all events they are denied the pleasure of

descanting in public on the subject, which forms so great an item in a man's life, and renders him such a bore to his friends; still, we may suppose ladies keep these little hobbies in a private stable, and sometimes trot them out in that after-dinner council from which Englishmen are so rigorously excluded. Youth has also the great advantage of enjoying the luxury of sorrow at the lowest possible price. Do you remember how we nursed our little griefs and deadly feuds? how dear they were to us, even though a jacket deprived us of the female panacea—'a good cry?' My Niobe doubtless fondled her disappointment till she fell asleep to dream of fairy balls, and came down to breakfast as fresh as a daisy. As we get older and more fretful, our disgust is only carried away in the doctor's carriage, and is apt to appropriate a cell in the arcana of which we spoke above, from whence its cries sometimes burst forth, making themselves heard in strange discord with our smooth sayings. So, youth, can have its grievance, nurse it and put it to bed, while we are obliged to step aside when we see an annoyance, taking off our hats as we do to a magpie, and hoping it may not come our way.

We must also take into consideration the great advantages of an ideal ball over a real one; the grace, splendour, and brilliancy of the imagination as compared with composite candles, cross-purposes, and ruined dresses. It really seems like comparing a fairy tale with a history of England. Surely, too, it is more satisfactory to think of Niobe dreaming happily of the ball than driving eight or ten miles in the gray dawn of a winter's morning, cold, dilapidated, and sleepy. This advantage would have been denied to me, for I should probably have gone to sleep directly after dinner, and have had neither grievance nor ball—real or ideal. As it was, we both had one, though hers was by far the best—commencing with her first sleep, lighted and peopled, like the last scene of a pantomime, with actors whose entire business is to look pretty, no right or wrong, no care or trouble, the whole stage thrown open, and no penalty to pay. I fear the same could hardly be said of mine.

Not that I would be supposed to have that love of horrors which seems to take people to parties with no other view than that of finding out everybody's skeleton; which thinks every smile hides the key of a Bluebeard's closet—a mania only to be compared to that of George Selwyn, who, in spite of the most refined taste, never missed an execution if he could help it, and went to Paris to see a man broken on the wheel, when the Tormentor (whose life, by the way, has lately been published by the last 'hereditary headsmen') was kind enough to put him in a front place, crying 'Place, messieurs, pour un amateur!' I do not think this vulturelike spirit comes with old age; but rather a selfish desire to be rid of one's own troubles for a time, and enjoy ourselves by proxy with those who are still happy. Even those who seem to delight in the sufferings of others are often much misjudged; and poor George Selwyn not only fell in love for which he got no thanks, but

adopted his false love's daughter; for which those who had hitherto only thought him cruel, immediately decided that he was foolish—which we all know to be a more serious crime. Pawnbrokers are considered the tyrants of the poor, draining their life-blood and oppressing them in every way; though, in point of fact, they are their great stand by in time of need;—while without the much-abused costermonger, the poor of large towns would be left without many little luxuries.

On the whole, it can hardly be denied that the pleasures of anticipation and speculation exceed those we derive from the accomplishment of our wishes; and it is fortunate for us that it should be so, always provided we do not allow the faculty of hope to become dormant, and take pains to centre our speculations on the only object whose worth we cannot exaggerate. This is shown to an extraordinary degree among the very poor. Shnt out from almost all the enjoyments of life, more by want of sound rudimentary education than actual want, the unimaginative sink to a deplorable state of sensualism; but when once hope has been aroused, nothing can exceed the cheerfulness with which they work for a worldly object, or be more touching than their visions of a future state.

YOU MAY BRING A HORSE TO THE WATER, BUT CANNOT MAKE HIM DRINK.

There was certainly a time when this was true, now 'Nous avons changée tout cela.' In those happy days, the stream of science ran in a regular channel—those who wished came to its banks, drank as much as they wanted, and were allowed to depart in peace. Each man brought his pitcher, and took what he chose. At present, it seems as though the fountain had overflowed, and we stand struggling in the midst of an inundation. By a fate hardly less severe than that of Tanfalus, we must keep drinking or be drowned; and instead of being steeped in ignorance, we run great risk of being sunk in science.

For my own part, I confess it seems a great hardship to be thus forced to drink so much that I care little about. Nor can I find a spot where I can be free from this infliction. Even in my own house, my friends declare my mutton to be too fibrous, my potatoes wanting in starch, my pepper is composed of shop sweepings, my snuff is a compound of sand and glass, pickles are slow poison, my bread is made of potatoes, bones, and alum diluted in the most unpleasant manner, and milk is a compound too fearful to think of. Everything, in short, contains some fatal element. Why am I to learn all this? In happier times we knew we had a peck of dirt to eat somehow or other, and we ate it in peace; now, every grain is pointed out to us, and however much we may dislike the idea, we must be either deliberately dirty, or run some risk of starvation.

There was a time, too, when books of science, of philosophy, or divinity, had each their appropriate title and decorous dress, just as their authors affected a certain style in accordance with their professions; when

one would no more have thought of meeting divinity in purple and gold, than a D.D. without a shovel hat and black cane, and when its introduction into a novel was unheard of. It is true that the heroes and heroines of those days spotted volumes of high-flown morality, unknown in the modern novel; but they never meddled with doctrinal points, and we accepted their rather dreary discourses as a proper compliment to those who considered novels an abomination. We thought, then, that a novel should be a pleasant relaxation from the realities of life, giving a reasonable amount of excitement, just sufficient to draw our thoughts from graver subjects, without calling for any great intellectual effort. A friend of mine, who worked day and night in the dirtiest dens of London, told me his greatest luxury was to lie for half-an-hour on the sofa, reading a good trashy novel. Poor fellow, if he could rise from that dismal old cemetery, where he has lain many a day now, I wonder what he would think of our learned historiettes! Do you know I am sadly afraid he would take to 'Sword and Gown,' and be very fond of its hero!

Another peculiarity of our novels is the prominence given to two very different subjects—the trials of childhood and those of matrimony. It may seem strange at first that the taste for such opposite subjects should be coincident, but a little observation reveals the cause. The fact is, we are apt to think of an ideal childhood, and to forget the state of things which reigns in the modern nursery. A new king has arisen—one who knows not Joseph, under whose rule childhood is bound hand and foot, and so bent and distorted by its burden of knowledge, that it is difficult to remember its former light-hearted beauty. As we gaze on those sad little faces we feel that they must indeed have trials to record, and can hardly wonder that the novelist chooses them as the new medium for questionable ethics. Where are now the jolly little children who laughed at all our old jokes, and grew so grave over our ghost stories! Where are the queer little figures that squatted absorbed over the mud pie till carried off suspended by the petticoats in the hand of an irate nurse—those children who played and talked nonsense with us to their hearts' content! Alas! we have dragged them to the water, and forced them to drink till the smile of innocence is gone; and we of the old school have to pick our words carefully for fear of laying ourselves open to their contempt. They have tasted of the tree of knowledge, and clamour to take their places as men and women; and, indeed, many succeed in doing so, looking upon parents as a useless encumbrance to be borne with resignation. No wonder, then, our authors leave the old track of adult life, and favour us with the manners and customs of these infant prodigies. With regard to 'divorce court literature,' as it has been happily termed, I see with great pleasure that both the *Saturday* and *London Reviews* have thought the growing evil worthy of their notice. Surely it is enough that our newspapers are hardly fit for the drawing-room table!—perhaps it is good for us to have the misery and wickedness of the world kept before our eyes;—but to dilate on this, to enlist our sympathies with fictitious sin, to bring the

heroine to the very brink of evil, and depict scenes of which we hardly care to speak in a lady's presence, is wilfully to sow corruption far and wide, and tamper with the purity we affect to admire. I confess it would please me better, had Deborah Dove and I come together, to have seen our girls reading the 'Brothers Grimm' or 'Robinson Crusoe,' than these very talented descriptions of questionable society. But then it is so easy to make a fascinating heroine of a bad woman—her life is so much more full of adventure, her admirers can speak so freely, and introduce us to so many dubious characters; and, after all, we can always write a preface to say our book is intended as a warning, not as an example. Besides, these books sell so well, particularly if the reviewer warns the public that it contains improper matter; and we must all live even at the expense of our fellow-creatures!

Another great grievance is the way in which we are compelled to swallow a dose of popular science when we least expect it. You think you are going to amuse yourself for a few spare minutes, and before you know what you are about, the nasty powder reveals itself in the deceitful jam, and with a wry face the dose is swallowed. If, for example, I take up the *Cornhill* to enjoy half-an-hour with Mr. Trollope, or admire Mr. Millais' woodcuts, it seems to me rather hard to be met by fearful diagrams of nerves or infusoria. I know that nerves are a great infliction, from which I have long endeavoured to escape, and find it rather hard to have my enemy paraded before me and petted and praised to my face.

There was a dreadful article, too—a most ill-judged one—on incipient insanity, the signs of which seem so closely allied to those of vitality, that it really seemed as if we must all be drifting to this wretched end. Let us hope the strictures this article met with at the time of its publication may induce the editor to spare us any similar inflictions in future; for it must have made many people uncomfortable, and have done much more harm than good.

A short time since, this mania for superficial knowledge was directed to aquatic monsters. Tadpoles formed a subject for conversation; the price of eels rose considerably in the market; and all the pets of our school-days reappeared under wonderful names, till one could hardly move without putting one's foot into an impromptu aquarium. This was bad enough; but surely it was rather severe of Mr. Kingsley to inflict on us an aquatic romance—a scientific fairy tale!

How far all this popular science may be correct, I am not competent to judge; but have a misgiving that, among really learned men, it takes rank with 'A Million of Facts,' and similar publications.

Never were horses made to drink in a more barefaced manner than at the Exhibition of 1862. The world was ransacked for curiosities, the kingdoms of the earth were spread out before us, and in some shape or other we were forced to drink or be swamped. It was in vain to struggle; everyone was bent on explaining all they knew, and a good deal more; and the only plan was to resign yourself to your fate, till your friends

left you panting and bewildered to the tender mercies of Mr. Morris, fortunate if you escaped the blandishments of Mons. Veillard and his noble *chargée d'affaires*. While I believe the general public derived but little scientific information from 'The World's Fair'—though doubtless to science and manufacture the boon was inestimable—it would be difficult to calculate the benefits many have derived from the splendour and beauty of the Exhibition. What a sight it was to see the crowds streaming from end to end—the gorgeous colouring—the statues and jewels—the eager faces and individual idiosyncracies! How pleasant to see the meeting of friends after years of separation, and the favoured partner unexpectedly appear at the very spot where those pretty girls were to wait for some friends—to listen to the unsophisticated remarks of country folks—to see the persons piloting their school children to the most interesting spots, and hear those splendid organs sending forth volumes of harmony, like the morning stars shouting for joy!

Of course it is quite wrong to say so in these practical days, but I cannot help thinking that we greatly undervalue the gift of the sense of beauty; and that, to many who understood nothing of the educational value of the Exhibition, the sight was a revelation of an unknown world, which lies treasured up in hearts yet innocent of the value of popular science.

CATTIVA DONNA GUARDATE, A BUONA NON FIDAR NIENTE.

"I've seen the adumbrs tree in flower, white plumage on the crow,
And fishes' footsteps on the deep have traced through ebb and flow."

If man it is who thus asserts, his words you may believe;
But all that woman says distrust—she speaks but to deceive.

—*Poem of 'Lirr', Ceylonese.*

It may be difficult to determine how men have become imbued with the secret feeling of distrust which influences so greatly their intercourse with women; but it is certain that, after a few early love passages, we seldom allow ourselves to speak quite unreservedly to our most intimate female friends, and keep always at hand an impenetrable shield of small-talk for the benefit of strangers. Married men, I understand, are all exempt from this weakness, and make a practice of concealing nothing from their wives—consulting them, on the contrary, in all matters requiring secrecy and discretion; but, then, wives are always too much devoted to their husbands to betray them; so, if the secret does creep out, no doubt the foolish husband has been the culprit. Some men, doubtless having regard to the pitiable fate of the great Captain Busby, are in actual bodily fear of being seized by some enterprising maiden and married offhand—a fear which we may perhaps be inclined to think not entirely groundless, when we consider the great rapidity of the present generation of young ladies, and the languor with which we ourselves are afflicted; but this will not account for a phenomenon which has survived from generation to generation, and I am afraid there must be some little foundation for so general a feeling.

There is a story, in an old book, of a woman's weakness having been the cause of great misfortunes to mankind; and the same volume contains more than one narrative of the same nature, to which I should feel tempted to allude, but that their authenticity is so much questioned just now, that I am not sure they would be considered as of much value, though I think, in more ignorant times, they had something to do with

the matter. At any rate, it is strange that the same stories and same feeling should be found under various forms amongst all the nations of the earth.

Whether from traditional prejudice or modern experience, there can be no doubt that, while we profess a considerable amount of gallantry, and talk a good deal of the beauty of the female character, we share, with our ancestors, an uncomfortable feeling that the fascinations of the fair sex are by no means to be enjoyed without danger; and generally think it necessary to keep on the defensive. It is to be remarked that the revolution which has taken place in our relative positions does not seem to have affected this phenomenon. Some years ago—when it was the fashion for ladies to look upon us as beings whose course of life, both as to profession and recreation, might be parallel to but never in the same line as their own—one can well imagine a diffident man looking with distrust on those with whom he seemed to have nothing in common; but now that things are so changed—when ladies challenge competition in shooting and riding, and claim familiarity with our more questionable amusements—it might be presumed that distrust would be abandoned, and similarity of pursuits lead to mutual confidence. Unfortunately, however, such is not the case; for the more ladies seek to assimilate themselves to us in language and pursuit, the more we suspect some hidden danger. They seem to us like decoy birds, pretending to be wild to deprive us of our freedom; and we expect every moment to see the net fall over us.

The fact is, the bargain is not fair. All our secrets are laid bare—spies are out in all directions, to discover the nakedness of the land; but a magic cordon is drawn round the enemy's country. The region within this line must obviously be good, bad, or a vacuum. In the two latter cases, it must be admitted that modern female tactics are correct, and the distrust with which they are met judicious; but if we are called upon to believe all within is purity and perfection, surely it is hard to deprive us of a glimpse of this happy land. In France, it is understood that a woman has only a nominal existence until she is married; and men address their conversation to married women, with whom they can feel at ease. With us, however, while young ladies are allowed to acquire or affect a perfect knowledge of our thoughts and habits, a man is expected to fall in love without the least notion of the real value of his idol. Gold, silver, and ashes are all hidden under a veil—sometimes of propriety, sometimes of impropriety; and so, not liking the risk, we cry—'Cattiva donna guardate, a buona non fidar niente.'

Many causes have tended to produce this result. Amongst others, the great stress men have laid on the practical has rendered women unwilling to show the enthusiasm from which they derive so much enjoyment of life, and produced the 'practical' young ladies of whom we have heard lately. This enthusiasm, however, is a pledge of faith, and we have so little faith ourselves that we like to enjoy it by proxy, and look upon a woman without it as little better than ourselves. Indeed, I am by no means sure that the gushing young lady, though a formidable undertaking, is not more popular than the present race of stoics.

It is proverbial that men who work their brains much, as a rule, marry women who are considered inferior to them in intellect, but who are probably highly fitted for their position of helpmates to their husbands, since they afford them the relaxation so necessary to an overstrained mind. Forced themselves to weigh every word and thought, it is refreshing to listen to ideas which, if not always correct, are at least conceived in perfect good faith. Perhaps ladies might take a hint from this, that men dislike being talked up to, and enter their society

rather in search of something more genuine than to see themselves reflected.

We must, however, admit our own share in the misfortune which threatens us. While we quietly pocketed the pleasures of ladies' society, we chose to twit them constantly with mental and physical inferiority, till at last they have taken us at our word, and king Starch tries to eat us up.

Without being sufficiently Utopian to look for an era of perfect peace between the sexes, surely we may hope for a mitigation of the present state of things, and picture to ourselves a happy time, when ladies will allow us at least a glimpse of their real thoughts beyond those which, for conscience' sake, occasionally come to the surface on religious subjects in a dry, half-defiant tone, as if such things were, of course, objects of scorn to us of the weaker sex.

(To be concluded in our next.)

WATER—ITS ELEMENTS AND PROPERTIES.

'Water, water everywhere.'—Coleridge.

THE quantity of water present in our globe's crust, suspended in our atmosphere, and filling up the tissues of animals and vegetables, is prodigious. Even the hardest and most compact minerals, when pulverised and heated, give off a notable quantity. There is no substance on our globe more universally or abundantly diffused. We find it washing the South Pole in smoking oceans, and girdling the North with craggy battlements of ice and eternal snows. We find it seething in the sunless grottoes of the great deep, where the intrusive plummet is baffled in its soundings to measure the fathoms down of its green lair. We find it, in its cloudy chariots, sailing before the wind, high above earth and sea—betimes ranging its particles, in radiant-coloured ranks, across the arch of heaven, in presence of the august sun. Around, above, below—within, without—in vegetables, animals, and minerals—whether solid, liquid, or gaseous—water is present, apportioned to the pervious nature of the substance with which it is in combination.

Generally speaking, people are in the habit of terming the ocean 'the watery element.' But water, chemically considered, is not an element but a compound: An elementary substance is a portion of matter which cannot be decomposed—which the Almighty has created and which man cannot destroy. Though he may so change its aspect and modify its energies, by combination with another substance, that it cannot be recognised; yet it is still there—like the hand that made it—unchangeable and indestructible. By the most severe chemical tests, you may divide, subdivide, re-subdivide—boil, burn, wash, filter, dry, melt, freeze, grind, press, wring, wriggle, and torture, in every conceivable way, in order to transmute or destroy it; but all is in vain. It will leap from the fiery ordeal unscathed, its native vigour unimpaired, and its individuality intact. And if the operator be not thoroughly intimate with its manner of doing business, it may probably blind, poison, or burn him—or at least frighten him so that he may be glad to allow it to escape by the window, or take himself, very quickly, to the side of the door farthest from it.

The number of simple or elementary bodies at present in the category of chemistry is 62 (with the exception of three recently discovered), and most of these are so minutely diffused that they may scarcely be said to exist. Indeed, for the present at least, we

are justified in concluding that about a dozen constitute the bulk of our globe's crust, including also the vast oceans of atmospheric air which clothe our earth on every part like a mantle, and that a few thousand tons may be considered an adequate set off for the remaining fifty; besides, it is somewhat remarkable that there is only one element which is fluid at ordinary temperatures (mercury), all the others being either gases or solids.

Elementary bodies are rarely found pure in nature, and certainly never abundantly, for this very obvious reason, that, excepting iron, copper, sulphur, and a few others, they are of little utility to man; and what is remarkable, those that are necessary for the furtherance of civilization are apparently in illimitable quantities, besides being so subtle, so intense, so ungovernable, and so liable among themselves to form poisonous and explosive compounds, that they are manageable alone by the Almighty; and it does not require any great stretch of fancy to imagine the time when the elementary constituents of our earth and atmosphere were isolated; but to see this we must look into the awful magazines of the universe—the storehouses of the Omnipotent—where there may be countless millions of elementary bodies differing from any belonging to our earth, and out of which space may have been illuminated; and these may be governed by perfect laws accruing from their conflicting natures; and we can fancy the great Creator taking from *harmonious* chaos so much of this element, and a given quantity of that. Comprehending their peculiar natures and affinities, He weighs, as it were, 'the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance.' The very act of rushing to each other's embrace is the operation of a benevolent law, and that of being again separated by the same inexplicable principle, a wise and wonderful theory. We cannot tell what an element is, but only what it is not. The chemist may make compounds, but cannot make elements. Human wisdom is here at a stand-still. The elements are God's menials; and in the depths of His divine knowledge has he blended their fierce natures into harmless, harmonious, beautiful, and useful compounds, rendering what would otherwise have been resistless and appalling instruments of destruction and death, docile and pleasant principles of beauty and life. On the other hand, a compound is a combination of two or more elements, and the resulting substance is always entirely different from the originals. Elementary gaseous bodies combine with those of solids, and liquids with both. Compounds compound, and all with that beautiful nicety of combining proportion, upon which the operator can, with such certainty, determine the results of an analysis, being termed in chemistry 'the laws of affinity,' and involving the most difficult but most important principles of this wonderful science.

To show, for example, how the elements are compounded and recombined, let us take down the little molecule of combustible matter which is attached to the point of the tiny splinter of wood termed a lucifer-match, and which, on the application of friction, ignites with explosion; and we find it to contain phosphorus, chlorine, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, potassium, and lead. Or, if we take the compounds used by the manufacturer, we have red lead or litharge, chlorate of potash, and glue—the phosphorus being used in a free state. How wonderful—how amazing, when we look around our globe, and contemplate the different degrees in matter of colour, smell, taste, density, and other innumerable characteristics possessed both by elements and compounds; and generally varying in their

transitions through the solid, liquid, and gaseous forms! But how much more wonderful—how vastly more amazing—when we consider that all the apparent varieties of matter which we behold stretched before us in a wide landscape, or large commercial city—from the hyssop of the wall to the cedar of Lebanon—from a molehill to a mountain—from a tiny spring of water to the vast ocean—from the little silvery minnow to the huge wallowing whale—from the minute scintillating diamond to the far-flashing glaciers of Mont Blanc—from the little brown field-mouse to the ponderous half-intellectual elephant—from the white pebble that paves the sea-beach to the granite ribs of our planet—from the brief-lived ephemera to the majestic eagle—from the glowworm to the boa-constrictor—and from the lowest species of animal organism (of which the oyster is a type) up to reasoning and immortal man;—all these—all between these—all matter is composed of a few of those mysterious agents—those inexplicable creations of Omnipotence, about whose origin we cannot even hope ever to know anything! And it is simply owing to the different combined proportion of these elements, which compose all the compounds of matter, that such compounds are produced—the same elements forming an opaque solid, and crystalline fluid—a delicious fragrance, and intolerable effluvia—a nutritive food, and deadly poison; according to the proportions in which they are combined.

Water, then, is a compound; and the most beautiful, wonderful, and abundant which the Almighty has mingled and measured into our planet. Being generated by the companionization of two of the most fierce and intense elements—which, in an isolated condition, are under all circumstances gases—how strange that the combination of two absolute gaseous bodies should result in a fluid—should doff their ethereal armour, and blend their intense natures into bland and limpid water! But the most commonplace objects, which surround us day by day, are very oracles of mystery and wisdom; and, in unsyllabled yet sublime eloquence, are continually solliciting us to look beyond their mere effects, to their great First Cause, who

'Lives through all life—extends through all extent—
Spreads, undivided—operates, unspent.'

What diversified forms of beauty and sublimity water assumes! We observe it in the crystalline dewdrop, seated on the fragrant bosom of a crimson rosebud—in the purling rill, glimmering down the valley like a string of silver—in the millions of snowflakes, spotlessly pure, floating noiselessly through the atmosphere, like swandown; and, microscopically examined, resembling tiny necklaces composed of minute pearls—in the rushing rain, leaping from the leaky clouds and gyrating among the folds of the wind—in the rolling river, sweeping majestically through arches of blowing verdure—in the hanging cataract, bright with quivering sunbeams—in the rock-framed lake, mirroring the stars in its bosom like pearls—in the ponderous green-rooted icebergs, enthroned in lonely majesty on the dim deep, with their flowerless verandahs and silent porches, turreted, arched, corniced, and festooned with all the fantastic picturesque frostwork of winter, like massive cathedrals of glass—or, lastly, in its native home, that immense storehouse of caloric, the ocean, whose restless billows are ever rolling in the sun, and whose tidal flux and reflux is the operation of a benevolent law, which modifies the extremes of heat and cold throughout our globe.

JOHN DOUGALL.

(To be continued.)

AN APOCALYPSIS.

'Verum ego non tamen illis legem ponam, quam legem vobis mea propria mentis exponam: quam qui probaverit, teneat: cui non placuerit, abjectat.'—*Petrarch, de vita solitaria lib. 7. tract IV. c. 4.*

Closer and nearer still, Annie! closer and nearer still!
See, the twilight sky grows grayer, and the twilight air grows chill,
And the firwood lies as black as death in the shadow of the hill.

It is the holy time of earth, and softly everywhere
The baptism of the gentle dew hallows the scented air,
And the lilies stoop their stately heads as if they bent in prayer;
Straight up above thro' a jagged cleft is a belt of intensest blue,
An angel's path, besprinkled with a bashful star or two;
And we are alone in the garden—alone, love—I and you.

Closer and nearer yet, Annie! closer and nearer yet!
My hair is fleck'd with gray, darling! yours is black as jet;
My face is somewhat sadly stern—the lines are firm and set;
While yours is fresh as a rosebud, with the dews of morning wet;
And your heart is full and joyous as the May-day song of birds;
Yet your trustful eyes have said, and your low-whisper'd words,
That you love me, darling—love me! tho' sad and worn and gray;
And the old church chimes to-morrow morn ring out our marriage-day!

Let us sit down here, Annie—here under the bee-loved lime,
While I tell an old, old story—told for the thousandth time.

Many a day ago, Annie, by the gray, hungry sea,
There was an ivied cottage under a sycamore tree,
With a dainty-latticed porch and a quaint old pointed roof;
And I saw it—and all in it—through a veil of fairy-wool.
To idle eyes 'twas but a cottage by the old brown sea-strand;
But to me it was haloed with the light of the Elf-land,
For a potent witch lived in it—a lady, young and fair,
With the starlight prison'd in her eyes, and the sunbeams in her hair.

Why linger! we were much together (nay, darling, do not start);
I loved her—yes, yes, Annie! I loved her with all my heart!
I was faint with the thirst of love—like Moor, mirage-beguil'd;
It was many a day long since, love! and my heart was foolish and wild—

Many a day long since, Annie! when you were but a child.

She was older by two summers, but her light and joyous tone
Made the years that had flown o'er her seem less than were my own;

For I was always somewhat sad, and though the brow be smooth,

The ink of thought will overvell in part the bloom of youth.
And we were much together; and she knew of my love,
For a thousand things can speak, though the shy lips will not move.

And many a nameless token seem'd confirmation plain,
That if I dared to dream of her my dreaming was not vain.
Yes, love! I thought—woe's me! I thought that I was loved again!

Closer, darling! closer to me. What did the lady care,
So that her pride might be fed fat, what sorrow I should bear?
She play'd with my heart as the wind with the tangles of your hair;

But I lay lapp'd in my love-hull'd sleep—in my Dallah dream—
Holding yesterday as naught, to-morrow of small esteem,
So that to-day the sky was bright over love's summer stream!

But I awoke one day, darling! and it was in this wise—
The scene has many a time since then sprung up before my eyes—

At the summer eventide, as wont, I went to be with her,
And the cottage was alive with a murmur and a stir;
At the door stood little Helen, the lady's blue-eyed sister;
We were great friends—the child and I—and bending down I kiss'd her.

'That's two to-day,' she slip'd—'one from Frank and one from you;

I shall be rich in kisses soon; come into the parlour—do.

They're all in there—Frank and them all.' I pass'd into the room,
And through my heart there shot a chill, and over my eyes a gloom;
And the sunshine lost its glory, and the summer lost its bloom.

This was her sailor-lover—abroad for many a day.
They had been troth-plighted, Annie! before he went away;
Yet, with this bond upon her, the coquette's black, hollow heart
Could feign the blush and smile of love with a cool, accursed art—

Could lure the trusting soul o'er a false and fatal track,
And wake a music in my breast she ne'er could echo back.
And she was to be his bride, love! ere many days were o'er—
For it was not long at a time that he could stay ashore.
The very eve before he came, under the starlight cool,
We walk'd in the whispering oak-shade, and my soul of souls
was full

With a passionate adoration and a fond and credulous trust;
Hope's upward-pointing wings dream'd naught of the defiling dust;

Soft-voiced was the lady and gracious. We parted with a kiss;
But not a word of the morrow's comer—never a word of this!
I sat there, marble-mask'd in face that not a line could swerve,
With a laxy lip-smile, and a chain upon each quivering nerve.
I bade the bridegroom welcome gay, with some faint touch of ruth—

I praised the lady's beauty—I praised her faith and truth;
I chatter'd with a careless scorn, and home the words were driven

In that bland tone which cannot be resented—nor forgiven;
And, to the devil in my heart, it was enjoyment rich
To catch her half-appealing look, and the quick convulsive twitch

That thrill'd in the corners of her mouth—in all her will's despite.

I do regret it. Gentleness is ever truest might.

I was wont to leave them with 'Good night': 'Good-bye' I bade them now.

Smiling, and scoffing, and shaking hands, with an ice-cold, ice-smooth brow,

Forth from the disenchanted land I pass'd into the night,
Where the cold broad sea lay moaning in the wan and ghostly light.

My heart was all benumb'd, in a transient, pulseless sleep,
Like the crutching lion's pause ere he takes his deadly leap—
Voiceless and hush'd, and numb'd, and still, as it could never wake—

Still! ay, as earth is still, till the crashing thunders break.

The loss of accustom'd wealth, and the view of present death,
Will cramp and load the stifled breast till it draw a 'bated breath';
Yet still the true heart's dauntless will has power within itself
To front the shadowy terror, and to scorn the vanish'd self.
Friends part and perish, Annie! and the heart is stricken sore,
Yet the empty fountain fills, and the void is void no more;
But when faith is smote to death, and the once all-cloudless sky
Grows murky with the lethal gloom of the incarnate lie,
Then a vague and shapeless fear has birth, and a gnawing doubt
springs up,

And each heart's spring is made deadly by deceit's envenom'd cup.

When earth hath lost this primal truth Heaven only can redeem.
I have no memory of that night, save as a hideous dream
Of tossings, and groanings, and tears, and sights and sounds of dread,

And fierce repinings, and mad prayers that I were with the dead;
And a horror of the darkness and its visions of affright—

Till the day broke in sunshine, and then I cursed the light.
Yet though nigh wounded unto death, with many an aching scar,

My soul came forth victorious from the torturing heart-war;
For the burning love that had been my very life of life,

Was thrown in the deadly wrestle of that terrible night's strife,
And cast aside and spurn'd by the indomitable will.

But tho' the venom'd shaft was drawn, the wound kept rankling still.

The winds rave out their strength and lull, and the mad waves
rest again;

But the tall ship's thick-rib'd timbers, and her costly stuff
and men

No more shall find the haven, where the watchers watch in vain.

A chaos of chafed and shapeless shreds, it strews the watery way—

Like a veil of horror drawn 'twixt the sea and the conscious day.

Haggard, and wan, and leaden-eyed—even of hope forlorn—
And hope is long and loth to leave the heart in which 'tis born—

I left the place so woful now—an Eden but of late—
Borne up by the sustaining strength of that didsainful hate
That dares to take the doubtful odds and match itself with Fate.

The days went by, the weary days—a long and laggard train;
With little respite from my woe—small healing of my pain;

For I sought the healing in myself—in myself I placed the trust;

But vain the hope; and vain the help sought from the son of dust.

I found his loudliest-vaunted goods but tawdry, himself ill;
Till, from the grim valley of death, I look'd up to the hills
Whence the aid cometh; and it came, and the long war was o'er;
Then peace fell on the vexing thoughts and balm on the aching sore.

And not alone the inner life was sooth'd and harmonised;
But earth resumed the pristine bloom that once emparadised;
And a new sense of beauty, and music, and delight

Stirr'd through my soul, like the first breathings of the young spring's might;

And the rapture of happy tears could visit the long-stern eye,
As they greeted the voice and view of waters, and fields, and skies.

In my heart upsprung the flower of love, and blossom'd fair anew;

And a fresh hope nursed it, and baptised it with its holiest dew—

For, in the flush of the flower-time, darling! I met with you.

The outward grace of form and face, and your pure soul's dear worth,

Are blended like the promised bridal of the heavens and earth,
Where heaven stoops lovingly to earth and earth soars up to heaven.

'Have I forgiven the lady?'

Yes; as I hope to be forgiven.

The perfect love that casts out fear casts out all hatred too.
If I bore hate to aught on earth I could not so love you.

To be most just and wisest, Heaven doth not seek alone,
But wills and works so that our souls shall be constrain'd to own

That it is most just and wisest. Our path is mercy-strew'd!
The clouds that move our peevish gall to such repinings vain

Are treasure-houses to upstore the soft and gracious rain;
And the chill that falls at evening, when the sultry day is thro',

Solaces all the heat-faint earth with the softness-breathing dew.

Look up to the heavens, Annie! The cloud's embattled host,
Where is it now? On the far verge of the horizon lost;

And the broad unwrinkled brow of the calm old solemn night—
With its ineffable depth, and serenity, and might—

Is soften'd into tenderness by the young moon's light;
And the stars smile down their blessing on the happy, dreaming flowers,

And brightest of all is the lover's star—be the fair woman ours!

* * The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.]

GABRIEL GRAY—A GLASGOW STORY.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR.

'This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticise—that holds
Inquisitive Attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, while the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break:—
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?'—*Cowper.*

CHAPTER XI.

READER!—How comical to say 'Courteous reader' to perhaps the greatest churl that ever knit brows! so, therefore, simply Reader!—whether with a face to make the roses blow, or to turn the milk sour, is nothing to the purpose—let me interrogate you, as a man and a Christian, have you ever inhaled nitrous oxide or protoxide of nitrogen, vulgarly known as laughing-gas? If not, your indifferent person, and countenance not highly beautiful, may possibly have been accepted during some insane shimmer of a bewildered moon, by the one only fascinating girl existing at that moment among all the races of mankind; and blessing your good fortune at having been born about the same epoch of time, you may have rushed to your apartment, and there and then—unseen by any wide-staring eyes of the world—jumped over chairs and sofas, like a rehearsing harlequin with all the tickets for his benefit sold. Acknowledge no such ecstatic experience, and I shall confess myself gravelled for illustration level to your capacity—unless, indeed, you have been a cripple, taken Holloway's pills, and seen your crutches go into the air magically, as if your infirmity had all at once detonated and blown up. Except to my one friend, I was now—oh! the unspeakable joy of it!—out of debt. I should have written the words in italics—in capitals—in gold. What a sensation of health! what a prospect of longevity! There were India-rubber balls in my shoes. My heels were feathered like Mercury's. Talk not to me of Elysium. Every inch, and all the divine colours, and all the unspeakable glow of it, were in my blood. The baker, the butcher, and the grocer made my passage to town oleaginous with their gracious looks. They ceased to be supremely ill-looking. On the contrary, their faces expanded into quite a beneficent, amiably-beaming, delightful tea-party expression. The milkman's bell, too, no longer tolled a little dolorous toll, but assumed a cheery tinkle of its own. All the unnatural winds and rains that had been battering our lean and wasted summer, from Sunday to Sunday, did not in the least disturb my equanimity. Under every villainous assault of foul weather, I could look out and exclaim, like some poet of the serene Lakes, A beautiful and azure-skied world, O my masters!

My heart enlarged like a Howard's. In particular, I hoped that my five girls had boots impervious to wet; that they were tidily and handsomely gloved; and that they sighed not vainly for any nice ribbon compassable by my present affluence. Not Shakspeare, but Colman the younger, or some such third-rate interpreter, it must have been, that exclaimed, 'Fathers have flinty hearts!' Lear's, Brabantio's, *my own*, were tender enough, God wot. Yet lo! this very week, in the newspapers—those marvellous modern kaleidoscopes of what humanity daily does and suffers—one story of a young Irishwoman returned from seven years' transportation, and ascribing her deliberate crime for that end to her father maltreating and strapping her to a bedpost! and another story of a girl destroying herself by jumping out of a window at Plymouth, under terror of her father's wrath!

'Can such things be,
And overcome us, like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder!'

Here are the domestic tyrannies directly charged with impelling to crime and suicide! Yet I should like to know what kind of damsel Sydney Keelan, who stole the cows, was, before I utterly condemn the poor gardener, her father. Her own account of herself does not lead me to suppose that she abounded in those qualities likely to engage and secure, with strong tendrils, the parental affections and tenderesses. She was dissatisfied with her schoolmistress—was tempted to pilfer 'some trifling things' from a Mrs. Boyd, with whom she resided—in another situation she grew tired of needlework—and landing, naturally enough for one so unstable, in the work-house, she, in company with three others, not finding emigration easy, resolved to perpetrate some striking illegality, in order to get abroad at their country's expense. Window-breaking having failed, they tried cattle-stealing, and succeeded. Not worth retaining at home, they were sent as far as Hobart Town. Miss Keelan there procured an engagement; but her master 'acting tyrannically towards her,' she quarrelled with him and was imprisoned. On her liberation, she again got employment, and her new master—a shopkeeper—promised to marry her—we hope with his eyes open—but she quarrelled with him in turn, and with a like result. It would thus appear that neither the harsh words of cruelty nor the tender words of courtship could subdue the much-wronged Keelan; and now, at the age of twenty-eight, she is back once more in Ireland, lecturing—*à la* Lola Montez—on the 'horrors of transportation.' What! not satisfied even with that? Was ever creature so unreasonable? Taking her own narrative, indeed, I should judge her to be a specimen for Mr. Ravey; and yet she would throw the blame of her wild, rebellious life on her poor old father and the bedpost! Ah Keelan!—

woman of genius as I think!—did not one, to whom you owed something, pause now and then amidst his flowers and cabbages, a quarter of a century ago, and wonder what he could make of a certain little wilful despoiler of his blooms and borders, the colour and temper of whose eyes, if I saw you, I could perhaps guess? Then, with regard to the unfortunate Mary Anne Luke at Plymouth, were not her own errors and passionateness quite as much at fault as her wretched father's chastisement? The coroner has pronounced that the latter acted with 'undue severity.' Of course he did. But was not she herself bringing discredit on the house of a perhaps upright though stern man? May not the beating which she, a girl of eighteen, had unhappily received on refusing to afford certain explanations, have arisen from the rashness and impolicy of a possibly just and high-principled anger? She had before threatened to take poison if her misconduct was disclosed to her father, and who knows but that her frenzied and fatal rush up stairs, and out at window, beyond where vengeance, or blame, or shame could overtake her, resulted, in part at least, from sin, remorse, and the bewildered vision of a Nemesis of her own creation in the person of a sire that was implacable? The yelling crowd at Guildhall saw only a kind of brutal Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had driven a heroic Rebecca, in the extremity of her fear, to take the awful plunge. But in men like Thomas Luke, all the feelings are sharply edged; and there is a perfect and most pitiful harmony in the rage of this Plymouth shoemaker at his erring daughter, being quenched utterly and forever in the bitterness of tears over his slaughtered child. Oh! were she alive again, how different! But out and alas! with all chances of atoning kindness, lost in the dismal caverns of the Nevermore! Retire, ye indignantly-execrating—but, let us hope, blindly-misjudging—multitude, and leave Virginus to his madness!

Well, well, man is after all a peculiar *médley*. I am odd myself, and as a proof confess it. Wherefore should I—erring mortal!—cling with bigotry to any opinion of to-day, seeing that it differs from that which I held yesterday, and may have the stomach knocked out of it to-morrow? Though not, like Michael Cassio, 'a great arithmetician'—only a passable one, arithmetic being my vocation—I think I could count back to the hours that found me a loud contemner of all newspapers. These humid *éphémères* seemed to me like so many heaps of rubbish, burying the magnificent old classics of our 'English undefiled.' I began to be afflicted with visions of no libraries extant—not even wooden Xenophons for a pretence—nothing in the way of literature but pyramids of wastepaper, densely blotted, soft as effete rage, prospectively untaxed, and fearfully accumulating. Yet here am I pering and pottering over the daily prints as keenly as any spectacled quidnunc, and recognising therein wonderful photographs, in series, of a strange and complex life-world! Genius I see there, too, doing base paraphrasing, and scattering its divine lights

among a thousand ignoble vulgarities, even as the accommodating sun first fires the minarets, and is then content to lavish its immeasurable splendours among the lazar smells of Stamboul. No longer pedestaled on mighty quarts, behold the immortal clay mingling with the common dirt of humanity, and casting its visions of celestial beauty, and its dreams of eternal fame, under the wheels of the competitive Juggernaut of the hour—red with the blood of Heaven knows how many hearts! The haggard brows and the quivering fingers of the past night are nowhere. Enough for the great unscrupulous public that they have their morning meal of late intelligence and luminous comment, to be forgotten, perhaps, ere another twenty-four hours are over. Still, however, still—for such are the grand compensations which sometimes result from things evil—out of the universal scattering of such seeds, and the marvellous growths silently succeeding, the life of the nation flourishes—catches, by stray gleams, the infection of lofty impulse—and rises upward, in the main, to infinite and sublime issues. At all events, it is well to extract what good we can from newspapers, for they are the light craft—the new steam-fleet, so to speak—of literature, before which the huge slow-sailing hulks—treble-decked and majestic—the glory of every poetic archæologist—must ultimately be laid by to rot.

Tennyson, strangest and dreamiest of the roll of laureates, in that beautiful 'In Memoriam,' which is, according to my feeling of it, the master-strain of all his song, says—

'Never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break.'

Every newspaper—although setting forth only such few heartbreaks as burst through crime or accident to the social surface—illustrates this dreadfully and truth. Occurrences which to us—to you and me, reader!—are mere 'melancholy events' and 'fatal accidents,' are elsewhere hideous tragedies that stagger the pulses and blast the life. Ay me! I fear we are selfish beings, and perhaps providentially so, as what heart could bear, from day to day, the sorrows of all the world borne hither in the trail of the steam-horse, or on the wings of the tamed lightning? Yet even the most indifferent newspaper-reader may so guard and preserve the fine surface of his sensitiveness, as to gather into the magic camera of his soul, warnings, and teachings, and philosophies from the birth-caverns of all the winds. When I encounter a great man, I measure me by his stature in order that I may be humble or proud according as his or my inches predominate. The spectacle of one worse off than myself gives me reason for contentedness; and in this way I reap harvests of virtue wherever the ploughshare of suffering has driven its remorseless furrows. From Sydney Keelan—she of the masculine name, and, as I judge, character, and from the ill-starred Mary Anne Luke of Plymouth, and from bitter thinkings of their blamed, perhaps not blameless nor yet wholly blameworthy fathers—I turn to my own five beauties, and to myself with miraculous increase of tenderness. O fool! to

be resolving, almost under solemnity of tears, that never one of all my five—'my handful' as I playfully call them—shall experience angry touch from me, pawkily knowing all the while how little likely I am to be provoked to that pitch! With such daughters there is no merit in my forbearance—none.

Perhaps, too—I will not deny it—the extremely delicate health of Barbara has had its subduing influence. Yet she bears up wonderfully, and last night charmed us all—Mr. Waddel in particular—by the arch sweetness with which she sung at her piano, though in the lowest and softest possible voice, a humorous little ditty of her own. It had been suggested by some talk of a pic-nic as soon as the weather should become settled. Here it is:—

Hey the day! and ho the day!
Of the town I'm sick, sick!
Blossoms are on the apple-spray,
But we will be fair as they
When we don our dresses gay,
All to have a pic-nic.

Hie you, haste you, every one
Here the smoke is thick, thick!
Let us to the open sun,
There to laugh, and leap, and run,
Till we're like to die with fun—
Screaming to our pic-nic!

Many eyes wide wakeful keep
While the clock plays tick, tick!—
Some to watch and some to weep,
Some to study problems deep,
Some to rather dream than sleep—
Thinking on the pic-nic!

Baskets we must have a store—
Many a roasted chick, chick—
Ham, and tongue, and brawn galore—
Bitter beer at least a score;
Mercy! what a mad uproar
Will be at our pic-nic!

Which is mutton? which is pork?
Pass your tumblers quick, quick!
Awkward sitting à la Turk!
Where's the mustard? Please, a fork!
That must be a rified cork!—
Oh a jolly pic-nic!

Not a tongue will be at rest!
Merry mills go click, click!
Every word will be a jest,
And to worst as well as best
Laughter will give double zest
At our roaring pic-nic.

Then hey the day! ho the day!
Of the town I'm sick, sick!
Blossoms are on the apple-spray,
But we will be bright as they
When we don our dresses gay,
All to have a pic-nic.

'All to have a pic-nic!' chimed in good old Mathew, without a note of music in his voice. 'All to have a pic-nic!' he continued roaring untunefully, and thumping the table; and so went on until in a fit of laughter he almost choked. It was glorious; but Barbara, though smiling and well pleased, looked as if the exertion had been too much for her; and I was a little unhappy in the midst of my great pride and happiness.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

A LITTLE CHAFF ON PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

ONE HALF OF THE WORLD DOES NOT KNOW HOW THE OTHER LIVES.

It is to be remarked, in everyday life, that when an individual has been held up to public ridicule or execration for some time, the company, apparently in condonation of the amusement afforded them by his condemnation, generally wind up with a peace-offering expressed in the acknowledgment of some minor virtues. We have now hit on a truism so indisputable, that I presume it will be claimed as a member of the proverbial family, though its title might be disputed. Let it be our peace-offering.

But if we know so little of our neighbours' affairs in a material point of view—if we ignore the influence their prosperity or adversity exercises over our own fortunes, it is certain we have still less appreciation of their inner life, to which we owe so much for good and for evil. We have all a certain number of friends, acquaintances, or dependants, in whose affairs we take more or less interest, however little we may show it, or even allow ourselves to believe; while most families contain some member who is utterly misunderstood, or at least isolated from the rest, and lives and dies unknown, unless, transplanted or vivified by some change of circumstances, they suddenly put out shoots in all directions, and astonish us with their unsuspected beauties.

These drooping plants may be divided into two classes, viz. those who are misunderstood by others, and those who misunderstand themselves, and consequently fancy they are depreciated by all around. In most cases, isolation arises from a mixture of these two causes.

What we call reserve or shyness is almost an invariable characteristic of the misunderstood; but it is by no means a test of the side on which the misunderstanding has arisen, nor is it necessarily the cause of it; for the mind which over-estimates itself will sink as easily into self-adoration when rebuffed, as the more humble will turn to self-depreciation. In both cases, a cloud of reserve falls over the best and deepest feelings, which forms the great difficulty against which we have to contend in arriving at a true estimate of our household pariahs. It often happens, for example, that, by some unusual or unexpected train of circumstances, the veil is lifted for a moment, we feel our hearts glow with admiration and self-reproach—we discover that we have much in common, much to admire which we cannot attain to, and we part unwillingly, resolving henceforth to be more just, looking forward to much pleasure and benefit in the exploration of this unknown land. Next time we meet, however, the cloud has again fallen, probably more closely wrapped, from a consciousness of self-betrayal, and uncertainty of the effect produced on us—a fear that holy things have been too lightly laid bare. Our new friend is gone, leaving us to wonder how we could ever have dreamed of taking this soulless statue to our hearts; and we turn away with sorrow, chilled by the first contact:—

'The smiles that from reflection came,
All, all have fled, and left her mind
A faded monument behind.'—T. M.

But what has so chilled us is too often not a statue but a snow-wrapped volcano, and the hidden flames retire only to make the inner fire more furious. This cold being, from whom we have recoiled, has probably looked forward to this meeting with hope and fear; hope, too often disappointed to be very strong, that its hidden thoughts have at last found sympathy—fear, lest the only result is to be another repulse—and, as we retire, thinking ourselves deceived or slighted, the poor heart sinks deep into its former reserve, sad and disheartened—

'I am ashamed: does not the statue rebuke me
For being more stone than it?'

A saying is often in the mouths of those who wish to escape their public duties, that 'Charity begins at home.' Who can tell how much sorrow and misery would be spared if charity *did* begin at home? Far from this being the case, however, charity is the most arrant vagabond on the face of the earth, flirting at one moment with a pretty face, feeding the next, with a gross appetite, alternately on the praises of the bystanders in the market-place and the half-resentful gratitude of its recipients in the cottage; but not to be found at home, unless strangers attack our relations, which we are apt to resent, more because they belong to us than for any other reason. It may at first sight seem unnatural, though it is not really so, that our tendency is to watch the defects of those with whom we live, noting each time our ideas jar, and to compare them with the virtues of strangers, of whose defects we have little opportunity of judging, forgetting that in so doing we apply a magnifier to all the worst qualities of the one and the best of the other. An admirable essay on this love of strangers is among 'Problems in Human Nature.' If I had the pleasure of knowing the author, I should recommend the 'Misunderstood' to her consideration.

If we seek the origin of this mental seclusion, we shall invariably find we are brought to the complicated home influences, though it is often difficult to point out the exact cause. It often happens that some one staying with a friend makes a great impression on us. We see great tact under trying circumstances; or discover, as we think, great originality, or ability of some sort. Perhaps the very next week you see this person at home, and every one is astonished at your opinion. The prophet is of no account in his own country—rather in the way than otherwise. His, or more often her, relations look upon her for a few days with a certain degree of curiosity, thinking it strange you should have made such a mistake; and you often end by becoming very much of the same opinion. This happens constantly in well-regulated families; but where there is disorder of any kind—where truth and feeling give way to cleverness—where smart words take the place of grave thoughts—how great is the fall!

When you find your Rachel fighting tooth and nail to hide her sorrow—when you find the gentle manner gone, the soft voice which charmed you dealing cutting blows right and left, or sacrificing all for the sake of a

laugh—I would not have you turn away. If the shock is great to you, is it not great to her? Look around at her temptations. Can she buy admiration or peace at any other price (for, whatever we may profess, admiration and peace are our household gods)? Where is the quiet, watchful mother who should guard her! where the brothers and sisters who should support her! How very often they are all against her! Do not turn away, I say. It is likely enough that the sounds which offend you are as the cries of Rispah watching over the remains of her dead sons, and suffering none to approach.

This, which is perhaps the hardest case, meets with the least sympathy. As a rule, we accept that which is most obvious, and seeing only recklessness or sarcasm, are loth to believe in any hidden grief; while the utter isolation of one of our family must at least force us to think something is wrong, though we are generally careful to put the blame on the wrong shoulders. The argument is something of this sort. We all agree very well, our tastes are similar, our objects in life more or less the same, why must this one alone stand aloof? Must our sheaves bow down to him? our stars worship him? He can join us if he will; if not, let him struggle alone on his cheerless way, we have no time to turn aside into such cheerless paths. All this time we forget the many attempts to join our company which we have suppressed; the efforts to take delight in our pleasures, which we have sneered at with ill-concealed ridicule of those whose ways are not as our ways.

This state of suppression is naturally more apparent among women than among men; for the latter have this advantage, that a certain amount of brusquerie, often a successful shield for this complaint, is allowed them, and passes unnoticed, which in a woman would at once degrade. We should remember that though this manner mostly arises from a sense of inferiority, yet the inferiority is often only fancied, and the defiant tone is the result of constant suppression.

Again, there are many people of whose isolation we are hardly aware—those, I mean, who are cheerful enough outwardly, who join heartily in family hopes and fears, keeping their secret so well that it is long before we can trace the course of thought which runs through and guides their inner life. As there are some creepers which can only attain their full perfection in pairs, and planted singly will hang languidly round the support they should cling to, so in human nature there are many to whom full sympathy is so necessary that, when surrounded by those whose turn of mind is not the same, they are in fact as isolated and undeveloped as those who are the victims of actual suppression or neglect. There is much love, and many family ties for them to cling to; but the companion who can follow every step through life, and feel what they feel, is still wanting. Certainly these are worthy of all our compassion—taking up their cross daily, bearing it in silence and solitude, hidden in their hearts; a lot only the less hard because we feel that it comes not from any ill will on the part of those we live with, but is a trial sent us by Him who knows how great is the burden we have to carry, and will never give us more than we can bear.

Happy are they who can look upon it in this light. We must not, however, forget that, in the first place, it is not always easy to know if people are interested in us or not; for if we believe ourselves misunderstood, we are bound to remember that the converse is equally probable—that many loving thoughts are bestowed upon us, of which we are ignorant; and also that our duty is not to retire into ourselves, by which we hide all the best, and put forward the worst, features of our characters, but rather to endeavour to find out and increase what points of junction we can find in our companions. Many susceptible minds, living in isolation, have such a dread of being thought better than they are, that it seems quite a duty to them to bring forward what they consider the bad points the moment any sort of superiority has been recognised. The feeling is natural enough, but it is obnoxious to the charge of emanating rather from a pardonable pride than real humility.

Probably the most truly unfortunate are those, perhaps hardly a minority, who misunderstand themselves. It is well known that many great comic actors have to the last considered tragedy their strong point; and the advice given to a young author, 'Scratch out whatever you think particularly fine writing,' would not be a bad axiom to guide us through life; but this ill-directed vanity is none the less genuine, and leads too often to the most dangerous kind of isolation. We should deal very gently with this delusion, from which few of us are free. How often, when we see something in others we admire much, we adopt the peacock's feathers; and then, forgetting the incongruity of our costume, feel disgusted at those who will not praise in us what others gain so much credit for!

To those who feel there is one among them living in solitude, I would say deal very gently with such a one; thank God that you are spared this bitter trial; and beware lest by any means you increase the load. To those who feel themselves misunderstood, consider the matter carefully; see how far it has been your own fault—how far it is, indeed, the fact; and then, if the verdict be in your favour, fight on bravely—be sure your time will come, that you required this trial for some cause or other; and though you may not reap your reward here, many a word of yours has sunk deep where you least suspect, and you have done more good in your generation than you are aware of.

Of these erratic little essays, one was written to console Niobe for her disappointment, the rest followed at intervals, and are offered to the public with much diffidence. Niobe is seeking a home in the far East, and will perhaps find them in a hawker's box; but she will not be more surprised than the author to see them in print.

A. D. I.

EARTH'S SONG AT NOONTIDE.

Come, loved Night!

Come from thy sapphire, starry-jewell'd hall!

On thy serenity, peace, love, and light—

Earth's thousand voices call.

Come, with sweet

Cool Zephyrus and cloud of silver gray;

Poor labour's sweated brow aches with the heat

Of the full noontide ray.

Bring sweet dews

To cool the urns of the thirsting flowers,

And renovate their glorious rainbow hues

Through night's refreshing hours.

Bring thy spell

Of sweet tranquillity from heaven down;

Still the perturbed spirit's passionate swell;

Banish each froward frown.

Angels come,

From your bless'd crystal fields of light on high;

Among earth's feeble children there be some

Full soon shall sink and die.

Hover nigh

The couch of infancy, and youth, and age;

Still the sick sufferer's sorrowful sigh—

The aching brow assuage.

Come, sweet Night!

With all thy golden imagery and thought—

Beauty, calm, and train of shadows light—

From thy spirit-region brought.

Nature grows

Exhausted with the din of garish day;

In the sunbeam the languid lily bows

Its head, like nun to pray.

The wild bee

Grows tired with his load of plunder'd sweets

'Mong flowers, since early sipping free,

He lags in the noontide heats.

The butterfly

Lazily wavers o'er the sun-scorch'd rose;

He likewise to his covert fain would hie

To drink night's cool repose.

The tired ox

Panteth to slake his thirst in shaded pool;

The goats upon the high sunbeaten rocks

Yearn for the dewfall cool.

Deep within

The leafy network of the coppice shade

The drowsy birds unconsciously begin

Their evening serenade.

The sea-star

And pearl'd shell-fish bask among the weeds,

Dreaming of cooling tides outroll'd afar

From shingle and thirsty reeds.

The earth longs

For the lorn nightingale's sweet roundelay—

For the shrill cricket's busy little songs,

And the glowworm's ray.

Weary hearts

Are waiting for thy soothing, stilly hour,

Longing until the light of day departs

From hill, and stream, and bower.

Bring them rest,

Tranquil, mellifluous, cool, and healing;

Subdue the pulses of the careworn breast,

And each discordant feeling.

Bring deep sleep

To steep the senses in forgetfulness;

On the pain'd lids of aching eyes that weep

Gently thy fingers press.

Bring glad dreams

To light the silent chambers of the brain,

Like flowers that strive in day's refulgent beams

After refreshing rain.

Silent Moon!

Arise in thy unclouded glory high;

Let thy delicious kiss, a welcome boon,

On lake and ocean lie!

Stars! arise

Sublimely in your everlasting light;

Ope the eternal splendour of your eyes!

O come, beloved Night!

CHARLES KENNEDY.

LE CHEVALIER DU RAYON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FRED HARPER'S LEGACY.'

'Oh, Charlie is my darling! the young Chevalier.'—*Jacobite Song.*

CHAPTER I.

'He is so handsome,' said Jemima Primrose to her sister, Miss Primrose, as they drove home one evening from Mrs. Walton's. 'Indeed, I do not think I almost ever saw a handsomer man; and then he has such a nice manner, and such a delightful foreign accent. But did you not notice, Jane, that he is much more like a German than a Frenchman—although it is French he speaks—and he isn't at all dark? and, you know, all Germans are fair—Kreutzner, and Hoffmán, and old Mr. Wallenstein, the music-master, who used to come to Miss Banfield's, and all those that we know.'

'And did you not hear him say—at least he told me,' rejoined Miss Primrose—'that, although he had been educated in France, and lived mostly there, he was by birth a German?'

'Ah!' said Jemima. 'But does he not talk French beautifully? He really has such a nice voice. I was so sorry I could not properly understand what he said. Did you notice what a charming voice he has?'

'His charms seem to have made a most wonderful impression,' said Miss Primrose. 'If you continue to dilate upon them'—

'Dear me, Jane! I'm sure you needn't,' said Jemima. 'I'm sure I was merely talking of him as I would of any one.'

'Oh yes!' said Miss Primrose. 'You do not flatter yourself that he was at all marked in his attentions! Oh no!'

'Oh, as to that, I think I may perhaps flatter myself that he was a little so,' replied Jemima; 'and that, perhaps, is more than you can say.'

'Oh yes; to be sure it is,' said Miss Primrose. 'He took no notice of me, of course—not the slightest. He did not sit beside me nearly all the evening; he did not turn the leaves for me while I played the "Robin Red-Breast Waltz;" he did not take out his pocket-handkerchief when I sang "Tears of Love;" he did not—; but no matter. Oh no! he did not!'

As each *bona fide* performance of the subject of remark was enumerated, Jemima uttered an expressive 'Hem!' and, as her sister concluded, made a subdued remark, in which the words 'cross old thing' were distinctly audible.

'Oh yes!' exclaimed Miss Primrose. 'She's cross; she's old; she's a thing! Most amiable language! Most sisterly language! She is ugly, too, of course. She has no colour, as I have; her complexion is sallow, of course; her nose is—is red.'

'That, my dear, is what Frank would have called a self-evident proposition.'

'What do you mean by that?' cried Miss Primrose. 'Jemima! I have borne your impertinence till I can bear it no longer. And I will bear it no longer. I will demand that papa gives me a sufficient allowance,

and I will go and live somewhere by myself; I shall go and live with Aunt Virtue at Brighton. I will bear it no longer.'

'Go, then; go!' said Jemima. 'I'm sure we would all be well rid of you. Many a time Frank told you that; and I'm sure it was that, as much as anything else, made him go to India.'

'It is false!' cried Miss Primrose. 'How dare you—how dare you say such a thing?'

'Jane,' said Jemima, 'don't make a fool of yourself. I'm sure I said nothing—and if I did, I'm sorry; but I do hate that way you have of talking. I'm sure I want to be agreeable; and if you would leave me alone, you would have no reason to complain of me. But here we are at the square—let us say no more about it.'

'But I will say more about it!—I will say more about it!' cried Miss Primrose. 'Shall you insult me with impunity? Papa shall hear of it; mamma shall hear of it; Du Rayon, too, shall hear of it; all London shall hear of it! I have borne it too long—I will bear it no longer!'

'The old gal is agoing it. She's a rum un—she is,' said the footman to the coachman, as the carriage stopped, and he got down from behind. 'It's a little wet, ma'am,' he added, politely touching his hat as he opened the door; 'I'll get an umbrella from the house.'

'No, no, never mind,' said Miss Primrose. 'I wish you would stand to one side, and not in the way so.'

'Thank you, James,' said Jemima, as he handed her out. 'Do you know whether Sir John is within?'

'He is, I believe,' replied the footman. 'We drove him home from Mr. Smith's half-an-hour before we went for you.'

The house at which the carriage had stopped was that of Sir John Primrose, in Russell-square. Sir John Primrose was the senior partner of the firm of Primrose, Smith, & Co. Mark-lane. Miss Primrose and Jemima were his two daughters. The physical features of these young ladies may have been partially gathered from the dialogue which has just been recorded. To complete the picture, Miss Primrose—so far as external manifestations could furnish a clue to penetrate the obscurity which usually veils the period of a lady's birth, might have been about thirty-five years of age. She was rather tall and slight, though by no means graceful. Her complexion, as she herself had remarked, was somewhat sallow—the effect produced by the absence of colour being certainly not ameliorated by a ruddy spot which graced the extreme tip of her nose. Jemima might have been about two-and-twenty. She was shorter than her sister, but very neatly formed; and though not what could have been called decidedly pretty, there was a vivacity in her eye, and good nature in her mouth, which might have redeemed the plainest face; and although, on the present occasion, the light in the hall, as she entered the house, revealed an expression scarcely inviting, it was plainly but a passing cloud.

The young ladies went up stairs to the drawing-room—Miss Primrose with the purpose of lodging her complaint at head-quarters. Sir John sat before the fire, reading a West Indian newspaper; Lady Primrose lounged upon a couch reading a novel. Sir John was a little man, with a blue cravat in a great many folds rolled round his neck, a glass in his eye, and the side of his face screwed up around it; Lady Primrose was a portly dame, with rabbit teeth, white silvery hair, and rather a flushed appearance.

'Hallo, girls!' exclaimed Sir John, without raising his eyes from his newspaper, 'you've come home early, surely?'

'Oh yes, papa,' said Jemima.

'Who had you there, Jenny?' said Sir John.

'Oh! only a few old maids,' replied Miss Primrose, 'who did nothing but talk about the Continent—Cologne, and Mayence, and the Rhine, and all that stuff.'

'I suppose, Jenny, you don't reckon yourself in the category just specified?' said Sir John. 'It's time you did, if you don't. You aren't quite so young, Jenny, you know, as you were twenty years ago.'

'Sir John! is that a way in which to address your child?' exclaimed Lady Primrose. 'It is like—it is like—'

'Your husband, you would say, my dear. Polly, my dear, I speak for Jane's benefit. I don't wish to see her making a fool of herself, as she does. To hear her talking about old maids!'

'And whose fault is it that she is—that she is—what you say?' exclaimed Lady Primrose. 'Was it not you who interfered between her and Sir William Barton's son?'

'The drunken son of a drunken father,' said Sir John. 'His father was a baronet and a squire, no doubt; and his mother was an earl's daughter, no doubt; but then, my dear, I don't care the section of a tallow candle, a dozen to the pound, for the whole of the aristocracy strung in a bunch. The fellow didn't care a fig for her; and, indeed, Jenny (begging your pardon), I don't wonder at it. He didn't care a rush for her, not a pin-point. He wanted the few thousands—no matter how much more or less—which he believed he would get along with Jenny, and the few thousands more which were likely to be going when Jenny's father died. Now, Polly, I'll put it to you whether she isn't better here, in her father's house, with nothing to do but to amuse herself in any sort of way she pleases—from nursing a doll, if she likes, to running off to Greta Green? And really, Jenny, if I thought you would be happy after it, I don't think I would be very angry even if you did do that. But is she not better, I say, than she would have been in that world's-end place in Dorsetshire, with half-a-dozen children—(say half-a-dozen; for the Primroses, you know, Polly! are rather a prolific family)—say half-a-dozen squalling children, and a drunken beast of a husband pitching brandy bottles at her head?'

'Sir John Primrose!' cried Lady Primrose, extend-

ing her arm dramatically, 'Do you see your child? Do you see her, as she weeps for him who won her young affections—for him to whom she blushinglly resigned the warm outpourings of her young heart; but who was separated by the cruelty of a base-hearted parent?'

'Bravo, Polly!' said Sir John; 'you'll be Poet Laureate yet, I don't doubt. Give us another yard of the same, and see that it's up to the sample. How many lines go to the yard? and what's the price per yard? Come now, Jenny! don't be silly. I'm sorry I said anything; but I'm sure it's not worth making a fuss about. If you mean to keep it up, you had better go to your own room. It isn't quite the most agreeable music in the world.'

Miss Primrose left the room.

'Poor child!' said Lady Primrose; 'she is so sensitive!'

'Fudge!' said Sir John. 'And, by the way, Polly, the child is getting rather big to be called so now. She has had long frocks for a good while now, you know, my dear. Well, Jemmy, come here and tell me whom all you saw at Mrs. Walton's.'

'Oh, nearly the same old set,' said Jemima. 'But,' she added, 'there was a very nice—a-a-very nice young gentleman there—a foreigner—Chevalier du Rayon. Mrs. Walton got acquainted with him through the Radfords—quite lately it was.'

'A foreigner!—very nice!—Um! Don't have anything to do with him, Jemmy. Chevalier sounds very grand, no doubt—*bon pe wa parlez-vous foosh!* Perhaps no more a foreigner than I am.'

'Yes,' exclaimed Lady Primrose, 'yes; here again, when your daughter may have an opportunity of—of bettering her condition in life, and making an advantageous settlement, you will come and put in your oar, and spoil all by your uncalled-for and unwarrantable interference.'

'Shove in your oar!' repeated Sir John, musingly. 'Um!—classic, no doubt. But, Polly, my dear, don't be quite so precipitate. The Chevalier has not yet, and possibly never may, manifest any of the intentions which you seem inclined to attribute to him. Chevalier! probably some clerk in a Bordeaux brandy-house.'

'Sir John,' said Lady Primrose, 'is that a way in which to speak of any gentleman, and a friend of your children? Why do you always allude to such things—such low things?'

'Low! did you say, my dear?' said Sir John. 'Do you allude to the clerk in the brandy-house? And what was I, at one time, but three degrees below that? And what are you but my wife, and the daughter of your father, my dear—your father, the —Um! Shall I specify your father's profession, my dear?'

'Sir!' cried Lady Primrose, 'I am astonished at you! Before my child! I am—Jemima! Jemima!—I'm—I'm—Water, Jemima! Wa—wa—ter! Oh!'

Jemima ran to her mother's assistance. Sir John, however, continued to peruse his newspaper, hum-

ming, the while, a bar of a popular air. But as Lady Primrose began to give utterance to the premonitory notes of a fit of hysterics, he rose, and carefully folding his paper, put it into his pocket, and marched out of the room.

The door had scarcely closed behind him, when Lady Primrose sat up, looked round, and dried her eyes. 'Was there ever such a man!—But, *Jemima*, what of the foreign gentleman?'

'Oh, *mamma*, he is so nice,' said *Jemima*. 'We asked him to call. I do not think he would think it strange. He met cousin Harry lately in Paris, and I thought you might like to hear about him; so he said he would be most happy. I think he will be to-morrow; for he said he was going down to Wiltshire the day after.'

'My dear,' said Lady Primrose, after a pause, 'you must do your best to make yourself agreeable. You know it would be very satisfactory to us all if anything did come of it! If it were not for your father;—but he is so low, and makes himself so disagreeable. We must try, my dear, and keep him in good humour.'

Sir John here stalked into the room again, and planted himself before the fire. 'Oh! ah! Well, you've got over it? Good for the spirits to let off the steam now and then. Now, now, *Polly*, don't begin again—there's a dear.'

'Sir John Primrose! you are, without exception—no, *Jemima*, I will speak—you are, without exception, the lowest, most disagreeable—most disagreeable man that crawls on the face of the earth!' No, you need not leave the room; I will go—I will—I will. Come, *Jemima*. O *Jemima*! *Jemima*! I—I—I—O-o-oh!

CHAPTER II.

Next day, the Misses Primrose were most particular in their toilets. The little rupture of the previous evening had been forgotten. Miss Primrose had abandoned her intention of quitting the paternal roof; and *Jemima*, far from retaining any vindictive feelings, had given an unbiassed opinion regarding the relative advantages of orange and black in the matter of the shawl which Miss Primrose wished to throw over her shoulders, on account of the interesting cold which she discovered she had caught on the previous evening,—it being decided in favour of the black, that colour being considered the more suitable to Miss Primrose's complexion.

All the forenoon they sat impatiently in the drawing-room, in expectation of the Chevalier's promised call; *Jemima* knitting; Miss Primrose employed in developing the tail of a worsted representation of a somewhat rare species of the parrot, exhibited eating berries from the hand of a dirty-looking savage, clad in the style of the Apollo Belvidere; Lady Primrose at her customary occupation, novel reading—the work on the present occasion being 'The Masked Marriage, or the Convict's Bride.' Every few minutes, Miss Primrose rose to look out at the window—now, it was to see if the day was likely to continue fine; now, it was to see if there was no indication of the

approach of that dilatory milliner's girl, who was to have brought that wreath which she was to wear on Friday evening.

At length a loud ring resounded through the house. Shortly afterwards the footman ushered in Chevalier du Rayon. The Chevalier was a young man of twenty-six or twenty-seven, not much above the middle size, but rather handsome. Yes, on a second look—the lines of his figure—yes, he was very handsome. He had brown hair, and a small light beard. He wore white trousers, a short blue coat, and a pair of gilt spurs.

He bowed graciously as he entered the room, and shook hands most cordially with the two young ladies, who simpered in a most fascinating manner, and presented him to *mamma*.

'Je am very much happy of to make your acquaintance, *madame*,' said the Chevalier, with another bow; 'it is ze greatest pleasure I have experienced for one—one very much long time. It is indeed, let me to assure you, the greatest happiness I can know. Je am proud to know ze paternal—I should say ze maternal of your lovely two daughters; and you, *madame*, have reason to be proud of them.'

Lady Primrose bowed, and the Chevalier continued. 'Je was very happy to meet them at *Madame Walton's* last evening—*Madame Walton* is one very fine lady. I hope you continue to keep good health.'

'Oh yes, thank you; I am very well,' said Lady Primrose.

'It gives me great felicity,' said the Chevalier. 'Je am delighted to hear that ze parent stem of my lovely two primroses enjoys good health.'

'You are very kind,' said Lady Primrose.

'Kind! my dear *madame*,' said the Chevalier, with a most bewitching smile; 'I cannot express half ze feelings of regard which I have. I see, added the Chevalier again, that there is the strong family resemblance between yourself and them, *Madame Primrose*, especially more to Miss *Jemima*. She is very much like to yourself, *madame*, particularly in ze *couleur de rose* of ze cheek.'

'Do you think so?' said Lady Primrose, with a look of complacency. 'If you proceed in that strain, *monsieur*, I shall become quite vain. *Jane's* complexion has been very much admired.'

'And ze man who would not admire it,' said the Chevalier, 'would have ze small taste.'

'Really, *monsieur*, said Lady Primrose, if you continue to lavish your compliments so, I shall begin to get angry.' Lady Primrose, however, did not look at all angry.

'Forgive me, my dear *madame*,' said the Chevalier, in a penitential tone; 'I will endeavour to restrain ze feelings. But you will allow me just to repeat ze great pleasure I feel in making ze acquaintance of ze pride of Angleterre—the rulers of ze world—ze British matron.'

'Dear me, *monsieur*, this is worse than ever,' said Lady Primrose. 'How do you possibly make out

that I, as a British matron, as you are pleased to call me, am one of the rulers of the world?'

'Why, my dear madame,' rejoined the Chevalier, 'it is plain—plain, to use a familiar representation—as ze nose on your countenance. At least, my dear madame, I beg pardon. I do not for one moment mean to hint that ze nose of you is plain—that is, plain looking—it is one most beautiful instance of ze ancient Roman; but ze thing is plain. The Englishman rule ze world; then the women rule ze men, as who does not know? then the Englishwoman rule ze Englishmen; ergo, ze Englishwoman, or ze British matron, as I remark, rule ze world. Zat is logic, my dear madame. But, my dear Mademoiselle Primrose, you do not speak. I hope you have not ze worse of your last evening's dissipation—what you call him?—entertainment?'

'Oh, thank you—no, not much,' replied Miss Primrose. 'I caught a little cold; but,' she added, faintly, 'I can scarcely say that I am ever well.'

'The heart,' said Lady Primrose—'the heart seldom recovers when once it has been blighted.'

The Chevalier placed his right hand on his left side; and, as if to indicate that he had experienced the truth of Lady Primrose's assertion, heaved a deep sigh.

'It is one very bad illness, ze affection of the heart,' he said; 'yes, it is one very painful affection. But, my dear mademoiselle, you may be assured zat you have the sympathy of me—ze sympathy of this my bosom. My dear mademoiselle, I can pity you from ze very bottom of mon heart.'

'And pity, you know, Chevalier, is said to be akin to love,' said Lady Primrose. 'Ha, ha!'

'Bon—good—very good,' said the Chevalier. 'Ha, ha! It is one true—one very much true statement: pity is ze parent—ze mother of love. But mademoiselle have no need of the pity to be ze mother of love to her; she have attractions sufficient enough in her own person to be ze mother of love to herself. Few—most few gentleman could view ze beauty and sweetness of Miss Primrose, especially more as he is displayed in ze present—ze present—what you call him?—ze present tense, in ze bosom of ze family. Few could behold her without to entertain warmest emotions. No, I say, he could not see her without exclaiming, as it is only with ze difficulty zat I can refrain myself from exclaiming, in ze words of ze poet, 'My heart is thine! Wilt thou be mine?'

'A quotation, monsieur?' said Jemima. 'May I ask whom it is from?'

'Oh! it is one small translation of mine own from one of our poets. Je am ze great admirer of ze poets, most particular of your English poets. Ze beam in your eye, my dear mademoiselle, Miss Primrose, tells me zat you share ze feeling.'

'Oh yes,' said Miss Primrose; 'I admire Milton particularly. How beautiful his description of our first parents in the Garden of Eden!'

'Beautiful—beautiful—most beau-ti-ful! I read him when I was study your language in ze academie

in Paris. The scenes in ze Garden are enough to make every gentleman—what you call him?—single bachelor, who is a man of feeling, to relinquish his wretchedness, and marry one wife. I know it had ze influence on me—at least, no—I do not mean as to ze marrying, but as to ze feeling—ze feeling, madame, that I would like to—to be—to do so!'

'And you have come—he, he, he!—you have come,' said Lady Primrose, 'to this country to do so?'

'How you know that, madame?' inquired the Chevalier, with a look of unmitigated astonishment. 'You are one prophet—one divineresse! You read ze mind as I read ze book. Well, madame, you know it now; and it is no use to me to deny it. I had heard so much of the great beauty of ze daughters of Angletterre, zat I thought it would be just ze place to go for me.'

'And you were disappointed, I daresay?' said Lady Primrose. 'People generally are with celebrated beauties. I suppose you found it in the general as it is in individual cases?'

'Disappointed! My dear madame,' exclaimed the Chevalier, 'they far exceeded my greatest expectation—far out-soared ze remotest flight of my imagination! To use ze words of one old heathen, whom we study in ze academie, *Veni, vidi, vici*—I have come, I have seen—I have not yet conquered, madame; but I will try, madame—I will try.'

'And I trust, monsieur, that you will be successful,' said Lady Primrose.

'Ten mille thanks, my dear madam, for ze words,' said the Chevalier; 'they will serve me to ze combat. I feel as if I do not care if all ze Englishmen were rivals to me. I feel ze valour of ze great Pepin le Bref. I will take ze heart in my hand. I will rush to ze combat, shouting ze watchword—Death or Victorie!'

'Really, monsieur, you are quite Quixotic,' said Jemima. 'Such valour at least deserves success.'

'Yes, mademoiselle; and I flatter myself that I shall be successful; at every event, ze courage I feel will go much to make me so. What is it that you think, Miss Mademoiselle Primrose? Zat is one most beautiful piece of workmanship you employ yourself upon. It is one most beautiful bird. What you call ze little gentleman in ze foreground?'

'I do not know,' said Miss Primrose, languidly. 'Probably one of the natives where the birds are found.'

'Mademoiselle is very industrious,' said the Chevalier.

'Far too much so, monsieur,' said Lady Primrose. 'I often tell her she injures her health by working so hard.'

'You ought not to do so,' said the Chevalier. 'Forgive me, my dear mademoiselle; but it is one sin in you to do so. Health is ze most valuable commodity in ze universe—without it, a man may have ze world and yet be miserable; with it, no man should repine, however great his misfortunes, for he have still left one of ze greatest good of all. Is it not,

at least, one much more important thing than any bird, however beautiful? than any native gentleman, however singular? But you, my dear Mademoiselle Jemima, I am most glad to witness zat you do not injure your health. You are looking as rosy as ever—you are ze sweet little rose of Angletterre!

'O monsieur!' said Jemima, blushing slightly. 'Really you do me an honour I am far from deserving.'

'Or perhaps he is a prejudiced judge!' said Lady Primrose. 'He, he, he!'

'It is just possible that I may be,' rejoined the Chevalier; 'ze brightness of Mademoiselle Jemima is sufficient enough to dazzle ze eyes of any gentleman who comes within ze influence of her beams. She is like ze sun—it is too much for the eye of any gentleman to look upon.'

'And I fear, monsieur,' said Jemima, 'that that is rather too much for the sun to credit.'

'Not one bit—not one portion of an atom,' said the Chevalier. 'I cannot express half ze feelings of admiration which I feel. It is a very pretty weather,' he added, after a pause.

'Yes, it is indeed,' said Lady Primrose. 'How do you like the climate of this country?'

'Bon—very much—good. I admire it to adoration—it is so mild, and not too great heat. I do not think I will like ze climate of la belle France so well again.'

'Oh, I think the climate of France is delightful; though the English summer is said to surpass any other. Do you purpose remaining long in England?'

'One—two weeks will be the extreme of my stay,' replied the Chevalier. 'I have already stayed longer than I have originally intended.'

'Then, I fear,' said Lady Primrose, 'you will not be able to accomplish at least one of the objects of your tour. He, he, he, he!'

'How you mean, madame? Oh, you—ha, ha!—you mean ze—ah! But no, madame, I do not lose sight of him; but, you know, one man will do so much of ze—what you call him?—of ze love in one week, as ze other will do in one—two year. I am one of ze week ones. I will, in three days, overthrow all ze ramparts, and, rushing in, I will demand ze reward in ze permission to lead her to ze altar. I will, however, take one week to look round. It is short time enough; but I can take no more; for, as I was remark, private affair, with regard to my estate on ze frontier, will in two weeks call me to Paris.'

'Oh, by-the-way,' said Lady Primrose, after another pause in the conversation, 'Jemima was saying that you met a young friend of mine, Harry Seaman, in Paris.'

'Oh yes, madame, I had ze happiness of to meet him. He is one very fine young man; and I was very much gratify to learn, in my conversation with mademoiselle last evening, that you were ze aunt to him. Indeed, now zat it comes to my recollection, I heard him to speak of you in terms of ze greatest honour. I am pained to say, however, that I did not altogether make ze effort to cultivate ze acquaint-

ance of him zat I would have done, if I had known that I was as soon to meet with ze friends of his, whom I trust will allow of me to call them my friends.'

'I hope Harry was not in the way of falling into evil company,' said Lady Primrose. 'Harry was always gayer than I would have wished.'

'Oh no, my dear madame,' replied the Chevalier; 'he was quiet as one priest, whose wife—I intend to say, whose mother—was dead.'

'I am very glad to hear it. Young men like Harry, left at an early age with a considerable fortune, are apt, sometimes, to spend it in ways they should not.'

'Yes, that was ze way of me,' said the Chevalier; 'but I saw zat it would not do, and I am now so quiet as anything. I sold off all ze horses, except one little one, and one mule; and I do not care what ze people say—though, to be sure, there is but few people on ze estate; it is being away on ze frontier, where I have one pretty little chateau. But I would not care if there was people, for people will talk whatever you do; but I would ride on my little mule any day in front of ze Tuileries.'

'I admire your independence, monsieur,' said Lady Primrose; 'but, talking of horses, Jemima usually goes out for a ride before dinner—I suppose you would have no objections to accompany her?'

'O mamma! I did not intend going to-day,' said Jemima. 'It looks as if it were going to rain; and I am sure it would be no pleasure to Monsieur du Rayon.'

'Pleasure, ma chère!' exclaimed the Chevalier—'the greatest pleasure in ze whole of my life. I will be transported, my dear mademoiselle, to accompany you.'

'I will go, mamma, if Jemima does not care about it,' said Miss Primrose.

'No, my dear; Jemima shall go.'

Lady Primrose rose, rang the bell, and ordered the horses.

'I shall go too,' said Miss Primrose.

'No, my dear; you will stay. You know we have those things to get ready for the bazaar. Jemima, my dear, prepare yourself.'

In obedience to mamma, Jemima rose—Miss Primrose casting a look of import after her retreating figure. She, however, said nothing; but applied herself to her work with such vigour that a full eighth of a square inch of the parrot was speedily developed.

For some time, the conversation languished. The Chevalier had hazarded several remarks—for his command of ideas and power of associating them were above mediocrity; but the ladies not seeming inclined to follow them up, he had relapsed into silence.

Soon, however, Jemima returned, arrayed in riding costume. The footman announcing that the horses were in waiting, the Chevalier rose, and bade Lady Primrose and Miss Jane a courteous adieu; having, after a careful reference to his note-book to ascertain any engagements he might previously have made, accepted an invitation to remain to dinner on his return.

(To be continued.)

BIRTH-DAYS AND OTHER DAYS.

I was visiting the other day at the house of a kind lady—who sometimes takes compassion on a poor motherless young man, and entertains him, with choice music and friendly talk—when her two little girls came into the room. The fair young creatures were presently at my side—the younger beginning to prattle away at a fine rate, but withal so musically, that I thought no bird in the spring sunshine could pipe it better. All the time, however, her elder sister was content to stand quietly beside my chair, in a demure, nunlike attitude—the very expression of the contrast between her disposition and that of her companion. I could not help being struck with the difference—the one so full of vivacity, the other so grave; the one frolicsome as a kitten, the other graceful and stately as a swan; the youngest the light air and allegro of life, the other an elegant pathetic andante, which soothes and allays the trouble of the heart, and discloses, in its placid harmonies, some touches of a heavenly counterpoint. On this occasion, the difference between the two, which I had already noticed, was further exemplified. While I was endeavouring to amuse them with one of those old wise-foolish stories which somehow cling to my memory, little Mischief took an opportunity to steal my pocket-handkerchief, and pin my coat lappets to the ottoman on which I was sitting. But *La Penserosa*, whose hand I had taken, fixed her eyes on my face all the time I was talking; and, when I arrived at the grand conclusion—the drop-scene and final blue-fire of the matter—so gently and innocently returned the involuntary pressure I had given to her hand, that a sudden thrill of affection shot into my heart, and waked up there a prayer for her happiness, and a hope that I might always be near to protect her innocence.

‘Why, my dear,’ cried I, ‘how fine you look! What means this fresh clean muslin frock, of extra starch and smartness, this broad, blue gala ribbon, this coral necklace and bright snooded hair?’

‘It is my birth-day,’ she replied softly. ‘I am ten to-day.’ And the little maid, walking to the table in all the consciousness of her added dignity, brought me her birth-day presents—books, a needle-case, an embroidered pen-wiper, and a work-box. She went on to tell me how that morning she had lain awake in bed, thinking of what presents she should like to be made her; and how, at breakfast-time, mamma and papa, big brother, and little Mischief, seemed as if they had divined her wishes, and had resolved to gratify them. Moreover, she was going that afternoon to have a party of her young friends, and nurse was coming to make the tea. Nor would it surprise her if she sat up till ten o’clock, for mamma said she was growing a great girl now, and must learn to keep her eyes open at night like older people. And

in this manner the fair creature entertained me, and with more of such sweet childish talk—the pure expression of a heart full of hope and innocence—amused me during my visit, and sent me away with thoughts both sad and pleasant.

Birth-days! joyful yet mysterious eras in our young lives, when we wake up to a new feeling of this world and our position in it; when, as we cut this new notch upon the staff of Time, a vague sense of the strangeness of our mortal being—a vague wish to know why we are here, and whence we came—mingled with an added respect for ourselves, and our joy at having risen a step in the ranks of men! Across the sensations of those days the cross lights of Past and Future fell in blended rays. For youth was Janus-faced; and, while he gave a backward look upon his childish hours, sent more eager glances into the coming years of manhood. Then the butterfly stirred in the chrysalis, too often, alas! imagining a splendour lay hidden in its narrow sheath—a fragrant flower-like career was folded in the golden gauze of its wings; but never dreaming of the cold, dark days, the wintry rains, the parching frore and frost which, if they kill not, rub away the sparkling wing-dust, and turn the gaudy insect into gray and hum-drum moths. But, O golden lads and lasses! who would wish that ye should think ag? Who does not rejoice that ye cannot? Hope never fails you; your anticipations never run short; the stream at the fountain head is fresh and vigorous; there is no dearth in the land. The life of God is young in your hearts; the June month of Time has set the emerald earth in one shining sun-ring of light; and your lives are rejoicing with the first buds of the roses, the two-part song of the cuckoo, and the green golden meadows, ankle-deep in daisies and the red flowers of the clover.

When the hot hours of summer are ended, and the great year-pulse, throbbing so full and fiercely in the dog-days, begins to beat, calmly and equably, in the milder heart of autumn; when, on still afternoons, the landscape, along its winding valleys or on its shining uplands, is dotted here and there with shocks of golden grain; when no wind stirs in the warm air, but high in heaven the great white clouds look solemnly at the setting sun, and then those frets and folds of fleecy texture, those bars and barriers of the great tower of the sky, begin to burn all hues like molten metal; at that time of the year when, according to Jewish Rabbins, the earth was created and man was made inheritor, by life and not by death, of the rich bounties, the regal affluence, of the world’s first and most fruitful prime; in fact, and without any more periphrasis, in September, season of mellow fruitfulness, of misty mornings followed by shining days ending in the most glorious of sunsets, which, in their turn, are succeeded by blue golden nights—nights when moon and planets wheel nearer to the earth, and shine across the meadow lawns, or draw their

stealthy rays along the ripples of tree-shaded brooks, and somehow seem to bring the mystery of the heart's sweetest, saddest, longing before the eyes—in September—and I write the word with something of a filial emotion—in September—but pardon me, O reader! this interminably long sentence, this lane that seems to have no turning, this highway of utterance, on which I have paid the toll of neither colon nor full stop. I was simply about to observe that in September I was born. Let me ask thee, have not the influences of the month wherein *thou* wast born stolen with thy being? I will not say inclined thee to be a very German in the matter of a long-winded, unstopped, rabbit-run of a sentence, like the above—but as thus: Art thou not fickle as April, promiseful as May, benignant as June, hot-tempered and thunderous as July, bountiful as August, cold as January, dark as November, blustering like March? Wast thou born in December? Then, for His sake at whose birth was heard, beneath the winter-forgetful skies, that heavenly chant of 'Peace on earth, good will to man,' thou too shouldst be a man, as the Latin Vulgate hath it, *bonæ voluntatis*. Or has October, the rich October, the merry-visaged, nut-brown faced October, the garner-month of our annual fruitfulness, dowered thee with the generous charitable heart, the affluent sympathy and brotherly kindness, the scholar's store of ripe and useful learning? Why should these questions be deemed fanciful? Man is subject to the skyey influences. Milton's vein flowed freest in the autumn. 'Twas the birth-time of his soul. I'll hold to the notion:—No sunbeam falls, no cloud casts a shadow, no dew exhales, no drop of rain descends, but works some change, fulfils some mission. Our birth-days do verily affect us; and the photograph of our souls, which Time sets in his album of memories, records the influence of our first and fatal sunbeam.

It was fair time in our town when I was born. I came into the world to the rattle of toys, the shoutings of showmen, the roar of wild beasts, the jokes of merry Andrew, the connubial quarrels of Punch, the ringing of bells, and the sale of gingerbread. My earliest recollections of birth-day feasting somewhat smell of saw-dust, lions, severed cocoa-nuts, the varnish of toy-fiddles, and the new paint of wooden trumpets. What glory was it to rise early on that Thursday morning, say at five, or the gray fabulosity of half-past four, and away to the distant market-place to see the uncarting of onions! Onions! The onions of a world drew up in rank and file and dense thick column upon that merry battle-field. All kinds were there, brown and yellow—Strasbourg, Portugal, and Deptford, red Spanish, white Spanish, and silver-skinned, in ropes, What do I say? ropes! In cables. I think I see them now, and the sturdy carters shouting and swearing as they staggered along under hamper-loads of those natural Chinese-balls. What

a litter of straw, men, women, boys, horses, and onions! What a hurly-burly of efforts to stack the globular vegetables in long lines and angles all over the market-place, till one walked in a mass of onions, a labyrinth of onions, and thread a thousand new courts and alleys within the bulbous architecture! 'Twas a rare scene, not to be forgotten. Not to be forgotten, also—what then in boyish carelessness I little noticed but what must have insensibly impressed my young imagination—the fading of the last star of dawn, and the red flush in the morning sky behind that silent lofty church-spire, which so calmly and grandly looked down upon the five hundredth rehearsal of the busy scene.

Then back to my home along the as yet but half-awakened streets. How long, bald, and ghastly always appeared those rows of closed shops, tall houses, and silent manufactories! Few people were yet astir on those early autumn mornings. At times I would pass by the blue-coated policeman pacing silently along on the outer edge of the pavement—or sober-looking artisan on the way to his workshop—or, at rare intervals, some wretched, dissipated-looking being, with bloodshot eyes, sallow face, and night-crumpled collar, stealing back to the home which he was disgracing. At the corners of the streets stood old men or women vending saloop, so dear to sweeps, so charmingly celebrated by Elia! I could almost fancy the sweet, half-sickly odour which escaped from the raised lids of the bright tin cans, in which the fragrant lymphy lay hidden, was floating past me now. Oh dies percarissimi! oh mornings of my youthful birth-days, never shall you dawn again! Shall I, in a month's time, take the mail train and travel all night to be on the old spot as of yore? The old aurora of those days will never dance forth from those shining skies again! Shall I think of rising at five o'clock or four (hours of solemnity yet dedicate to the blanket of midnight!) to handle a string of Spanish onions and feel the eyes of memory water at their pungent reminiscences? Ah no! that page is turned; its history, once so long and vivid, fills but a leaf in the memorandum-book of the past. It makes me sigh to read that short-hand of our recollections, and to know that we have felt, loved, and endured so much, to come to this complexion at last, if not of dull indifference, yet of brief regret.

As we grow older, we insensibly treat our birth-days with ever-growing disrespect. The sun shines, the rain falls, the hours pass away, much the same as on other days. Those vague sensations of delight at having passed another mile-stone on the road of life gradually fade away. Instead of looking forward, we begin to count backward. Or we forget the number of our years in the cares and business of our lives; and as for repeating the old congratulations of our birth-days, we must first ask counsel of a wry face and a disappointed spirit. No. We have left ourselves and

our hopes behind us, and probably think with some pity and scorn of both. We would not if we could restore or realise the childish fancies. *Non sumus quales eramus.* That door is shut and locked and the key taken away. Only by a strong effort of the imagination, following the dim guidance of memory, are we enabled to go back into that deserted room, and view again the golden dusty couches, the tables spread with empty relics of youth's feast, the shining landscapes dimly twinkling through the cobwebbed windows. But where is the chief figure? Where is the gallant guest, who lifted the bowl and trolled the song; and, as he plucked the freshest, sweetest roses, of the moment, still sighed ungratefully for the bowers and glades of some future paradise? What! is this thoughtful face, this unromantic figure, this sober eye and care-lined forehead, the modern presentment of that gallant gentleman? Where are the garlands and the graces of the past? How much has he realised of the beautiful fancies of his youth, his liberal hopes, his generous anticipations, his splendid endeavours? With what large outline and sunny colours did he paint upon the cloudy canvas of the future! Tell me, thou man of toil and moil, pale drudge of mammon—battler against the sternest foes of life's happiness, a bad education and misdirected aims—do you never wonder at the contrast between the gray neutral tints of your present lives, and the glorious colours of the days gone by? Do you not remember how, on your birth-days, you seemed to see in clearer outline, the graceful noble shapes which your future life was to assume? And so pure were the unbodied visions, that even the stuff of which they were made, lost all the grossness which now you know is so apt to cleave to it. You dreamed of wealth; but it was wealth to be enjoyed by a liberal heart, and dispensed by a liberal hand—wealth without its meanness, pomposity, and pride. You dreamed of love—a glorious flower whose aroma was chastity, whose bloom was the beauty of an eternal sunlight. You dreamed of friendship—whose concomitants were noble emulation, and, sprung from generous rivalry, unembittered renown. And now? Oh, you are happy indeed if you can eat your bread in peace, and lie down at night fearing and owing no man. You are happy, if, before you go out to your daily business, you can kiss the brows of a child, and carry with you into the world a softening recollection of its innocence. You are happy if, once or twice in half-a-dozen years, you can clasp the hand of some old and well-tried friend, and say, We two have been young together, and the past is dearer to us than the present.

Yet, if we cease to commemorate the anniversaries of our entrance into this world, we still have other birth-days—nobler birth-days—the birth-days of our soul. So, to the old martyr was assigned a day of remembrance, a sacred season of travail and birth-pangs, a natalitia when, in the throes of flame and torture, his immortal being struggled into happiness.

There is a natalitia in the life of most—a day on which our souls leaped forward into a higher, purer consciousness of life and its duties. At some mortal conjuncture of our fortunes, we, like Elijah, have gone out into the desert and heard the thunders, seen the lightning, felt the earthquake. Dreadful has been the darkness and convulsion of the heart. Yet, as these passed away, has come the still small voice, the monitor of a higher life than yet we have led, the warning instinct growing up into a conviction of an ineffably glorious destiny hidden in the capability of our souls. And if we have listened to that voice and believed that instinct, how glorious is the after recollection, how blissful that anniversary in the calendar of fate! Henceforth there has been a perceptible ascension in the progress of our minds and hearts. More surely and constantly the better has overcome the worse. With larger views and more spiritual insight have we considered the forms and meaning of life. The Eternal has been developed through the Temporal. The shadow of the Unseen has fallen upon and sanctified the Seen. Led by the hand of meditation, guided by the light of the Divine love, we have entered into the realities of things, the inner circle of truth in being and wisdom, in possessing of which this world and its appearances is but an outer ring. At times there may be melancholy, but it is the sadness of the immortal spirit pining for its home. There may be doubt, eclipse, and fall; but these are now become transitory and contrastive. For he who, on the day when the long pain and travail of his soul drew to an especial decision, drew from the agony the birth of a higher, truer existence—he who, when the air darkened, the sky lowered, the winds fell, and the whole earth was hushed in expecting adoration, heard and obeyed the voice of God—this man hath a power in himself to subject the world and its passions, and even the miseries and follies of his own conduct, to the demands of his growing, strengthening faith; to turn them into ministers of his sacred life, and from their evil educe his constant good.

Alas! there are other days—to be commemorated with an abased, remorseful spirit—of quite a different hue and texture. Hours when a shameful defeat passed upon our virtue; when our self-denial, that had endured for months, and even years, was broken down in an instant; when the flood, that had been so long and carefully dammed up, overpassed its bounds, and, with one long avalanche of opportunity, carried away the last defences of our moral strength. The day on which we told that first great lie, that, first great conscious falsehood—not the mere scum of the child's cowardice or the youth's boastfulness, but a black, malignant, hideous lie—a foul, fetid, upwelling stream of Stygian filth—an inspiration from the pit—a falsehood against which we staked our fullest inward knowledge of the truth, and threw away the stake! The day on which we wronged the trusting heart and

broke the bending reed—when we laughed at the most sacred of obligations, and cast the cruellest darts of sorrow and separation at those whom love had made defenceless. Miserable days—unworthy days—when we wrought another furrow on a father's brow, and salted the already bitter tears within a mother's eyes! Saddest days, too, when it became our turn to suffer—when the darts of death, striking down the loved and desired, left their venomous rankle in our hearts. Days when, in the lifting of a dead hand and at the sight of closed eyes, comfort and hope fell, dying or despairing. Days when the earth shook beneath our feet, and the heavens above were wrapped in impenetrable gloom. Days of sickening anticipation of farther disastrous change, of miseries yet to be outdone, of hopeless outlook on the whole future of our lives. Days dark and deadly, in good sooth, when the gathered venom of fortune's spite, or our own ill conduct, dispelled its dreadful poison into our veins, and paralysed the very heart of our desire to live. Days of thankfulness; of miraculously-escaped dangers; of awful griefs just tasted and for ever left; days of sorrow which, like electric clouds, hung threatening above our heads, yet mercifully forbore to strike. Such days as we never forget. In quiet hours we think of them, and tremble. Then the past fleets back upon us, the dreadful scorpion-ring of circumstances again surrounds us with its torturing flame. Once more our hearts seem to stop, the pulses of life refuse to beat; fearfulness and trembling come upon us; we are overwhelmed by a dreadful horror. There is a passage in Thackeray's 'Virginians' which bears on this. An old married man, speaking of the agony of a forced separation, in the days of his courtship, from the woman whom he loved, records the repetition of it even far on into the days of his wedded life. Here is the passage, and a very beautiful one too:—

'Who is this opens the door? I see her sweet face. It was like our little Mary's when we thought she would die of the fever. There was even a smile upon her lips. She comes up and kisses me. "Good bye, dear George!" she says. Great Heaven! An old man sitting in this room, with my wife's work-box opposite, and she but five minutes away! My eyes grow so dim and full that I can't see the book before me. I am three-and-twenty years old again. I go through every stage of that agony. I once had it sitting in my own post-chaise, with my wife actually by my side. . . . My wife comes in. She has been serving out tea and tobacco to some of her pensioners. "What is it makes you look so angry, papa?" she says. "My love," I say, "it is the 18th of April." A pang of pain shoots across her face, followed by a tender smile. She has undergone the martyrdom, and, in the midst of the pang, comes a halo of forgiveness.'

I declare these random remarks have grown over mournful. Let us think of some days of not quite so dismal a complexion. The day, for instance, when we first declared our first love—when our knees

knocked together, our tongue stammered, our heart beat so fast that darkness ran over our eyes, giddiness swam through our head, and how we got through the matter at all will never be known, for such things are pitied and unrecorded both by gods and men. Another day for instance: the day when we first put on a tail-coat, or fell into a green brook, or sat down on a wasp's nest; the day when you broke your arm, or the knees of your friend's favourite hunter; the day, madam, when you had that back tooth out, and how you *did* scream; the day, sir, when you came out Senior Wrangler or Wooden Spoon; the day when your bank broke, or your wife ran away; when you were horse-whipped in the market-place of your native town, or made your first public speech and a fool of yourself besides; the day or the night, which? when you first got tipsy, and was immoderately noisy and ridiculous; the next day when you came down stairs with a splitting headache, and dropped your eyes at the sight of your calm grave mother and sisters; the day when you were married; the day when you were sentenced to be hanged; the day when you got your reprieve; the day when your wife —

A. S.

AFTER HARVEST.

In seed-time, when the hinds were thrang,

And days were raxin' sweet to see,
My heart was ta'en in true love's name,
And kindness kept me company;

How weel we labour'd down the day
That love the gloamin' hour might claim,
And how I alighted a' besides,
When he made mention o' my name.

When bees are sair'd wi' sippin' sweets,
The flourish hasna lang to blaw;
When frae the trees we pu' the fruit,
How soon the leaves begin to fa'!
When harvest yields great rowth o' grain,
The winter means to linger lang;
And still the keenest at the kirk
Is first to sing the wassome sang.

Oh! threesome rigs are hard to shear
For her whase heart nae hand may claim;
And lassies' gibes leave scars that bell
When kindness downa mind her name.
Her harvest fee's no fit to meet
The debts that simmer left unpaid,
The canniest winter canna freeze
The drunlike water she maun wade.

The keenest blast that blows outby
Ne'er drives a stoon through lassie's heart,
Like what the sting o' scandal gies
When there is nane to tak' her part.
Spring may revive the wallan flowers,
And blighted trees again may bear;
But ah! the heartsome spring of love
To alighted lassie comes nae mair!

W. S. FISKE.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.]

LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

August 3, 1836.

WHEN Dr. Armstrong came, he at once suggested Mr. Locke as my fitting adviser in this affair of the Greys. Strange, I had never thought of him before; and as soon as he was named, I shrank from taking aid or counsel from him. No, no. None of these mercenary machines could answer my purpose. Would the Doctor do me an exceeding great favour? Would he go himself to 6 Holme-street, find out the family, make every needful inquiry, and bring away, if possible, some written tangible proof of the identity of the parties? And then— Here the Doctor broke in—'But, my dear Mrs. Weston, have you considered this matter with reference to yourself and those dear to you, as well as to strangers? I do not question your right to be generous; and generosity in this case may appear to you a positive duty. But the money which you hold so lightly, and seem so anxious to disburse, came to you in a perfectly legitimate and honourable fashion, and I would seriously recommend—'

'Dr. Armstrong, will you enact a friend's office? Will you do this errand for me?'

'I will.'

He is gone, and here I sit waiting his return. How unfortunate that woman did not come just one day sooner, or that George had only one day delayed his departure! Oh! what would I not give to have him beside me now, to open my whole heart to him, and talk with him but for an hour! I do not even know where a letter might find him. My aunt says, 'Katherine, do nothing decisive till your husband's return.' I am hardly prepared to promise as much. If the money is mine (as George has told me a thousand times), what should hinder me using it as I please? And surely the very best use I can make of it is to restore it to the rightful owner.

August 7.

At length there remains not the shadow of a doubt. The fact is settled beyond dispute, that the unfortunate pair residing at 6 Holme-street are the identical Stephen Grey and his wife who, through me, were deprived of the paternal inheritance.

Dr. Armstrong has done his work nobly, indefatigably, faultlessly. He has sifted the proof to the very foundation; and the certificates are now before me, both of the birth of S. Grey and of his marriage with Martha Bennet in the year 1829. Now, in so far as my recollection serves (and my memory was always rather a bright one), these facts tally exactly with what I have ever heard of this only son of Mr. Grey,

of the Gröva. And (though I never chanced to hear her maiden name) as this Miss Bennet was of inferior birth, and her husband of rather idle and extravagant habits, the displeasure of the father and the poverty of the disinherited son are easily accounted for. The doctor saw the family, and conversed long with the husband and wife. He describes the former as a miserable invalid, the victim apparently of shattered health and remorseful conscience, consequent on his own reckless courses. The latter he judges to be a low-minded artful woman—fawning or bold by turns, as she deems may best suit her purposes. Yet, whatever these people may be, the incontrovertible truth remains. They are the very people by whom I have been haunted for years as possibly requiring the money which, after all, is scarcely mine. And finding that they do require it, they must have it restored to them immediately. Again, Dr. Armstrong says, 'I do not exactly see that you are bound to surrender what was fairly given to you even to another's hurt;' and Aunt Aubrey repeats, 'Katherine, you must do nothing decisive till George comes back.' What did he mean by saying that this woman was not Mr. Grey's wife? Ah! he has not taken pains to investigate the matter as we have done, or he could not have shut his eyes to the irrefragable evidence.

August 9.

Mrs. Grey has been here again, pouring into my ear the most woful tales, ending with the news of the threatened incarceration of her husband, for debts of considerable magnitude contracted long ago, when he had good reason to count on the reversion of his patrimony. I was so pained and grieved when she left me, after last night's visit, that I hardly closed my eyes in slumber, and feel much exhausted to-day in consequence. I have written to George at Milah, sooner, however, than he bade me address a letter to him there (for he cannot have yet reached that town); and when he does, days must elapse ere I can receive his answer. What can I do? Must I consult that odious Mr. Locke! I know him—a hard unfeeling man. He would not sanction my parting with sixpence. No, I will hold by Dr. Armstrong. He will understand my scruples. I will talk over the entire affair with him and my aunt. They must be convinced of the necessity of immediate reparation.

August 11.

Another visit from Mrs. Grey, with fresh tidings of calamity. I am vexed and agitated beyond endurance. After a long conference, I have fairly won over Mrs. Aubrey to my side; but the Doctor yet hesitates and halts between two opinions. What do I mean by dallying thus? Has not George said a thousand times that I am the entire mistress of that money—to do with it what, and how, and when I

please? Why, then, should I not take up my independence, and act as reason and right feelings prompt? Yes. I will not consult any more, but direct what must be done.

August 14.

What a harassing time have the last few days been! Yet, now it is over, I do not in the least regret the step I have taken. Regret! I rejoice, I triumph over it. Dr. Armstrong has done my bidding from first to last, and my heart thanks him devoutly. Mr. Locke has been strictly excluded from all knowledge or participation in the business—the Doctor's own lawyer, Mr. Conyers, taking the management. The half of my legacy, that is to say £5,000, has been formally paid over to a Mr. Sidey, agent for Mr. Grey; and the other half I have promised shall be forthcoming in two months, thus giving ample time for George's return ere the close of the transaction. The interest of the whole sum, for the period it has been in my possession, I am contented to retain as my share of the estate of the deceased. So far the matter is decided; and now I shall breathe more freely, and expect to sleep soundly at nights—being no more haunted by the ghost of my involuntary injustice. Oh! how sweet is the reflection to the honest mind that, though we never can do either in measure or degree the thousandth part of what we should, we have at least sometimes tried to do the best we could! Our aspirations so far transcend our ability to compass them; we are so hedged in by custom, prejudice, and selfishness, no wonder though our life should seem a perpetual blunder to the eye of Omniscient purity. No wonder that the soul, wearied of its own imperfections, should cry out for larger capacities to cope with its lofty aims; that reason (so to speak) should anticipate revelation, with the sublime presentiment, the majestic foreshadowing of powers expanded for nobler work in higher worlds! And no wonder that, deeply stirred and unspeakably elevated by some such convictions, the poet should break out into his rapturous verse:—

'There is no death. What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb to that life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.'

Kate! Kate! what are you about? Have you got heroic and sentimental over a paltry self-sacrifice—the mere surrender of a little perishing gold for which you had no ostensible need? Ah! surely that virtue is at a low ebb which will pause and moralise over such trifles as these. Look up—look up at the glorious blue sky overhead, that shines alike on the evil and the good; and then down at the green sward, where the modest wild flowers are quietly drinking in the evening dews, and be thankful, Kate, and happy, and very humble withal.

August 17.

This morning came a letter from George, full of health and light spirits, and all the love of home and household which absence ever makes more tender. A letter with which I am perfectly satisfied, except

the 'P. S.' which troubles me a little. It is this:—'If by any chance you should require legal advice in my absence, you will, of course, apply to Mr. Locke, and be entirely guided by his opinion.' This is a hard sentence for me either to forget or ignore. To what can he allude, save perhaps to this very matter which I have had all arranged without even his partner's knowledge of its existence! I can do nothing but wait till he hears from me at Milan, where two letters now lie for him. Dear kind George! surely he will not be angry with me? And, if he is, I shall be so forbearing, so fond, so devoted to his wishes in every other particular during all my future life, he will soon be moved to pity, and forgive me.

August 23.

Another letter from my husband to-day, which has made me very miserable. Oh! rash, rash, and blind that I was! I have been deceived, duped, pillaged by imposture and villainy! That woman, whose coming originally was a plague to George, and a mystery to me, is indeed *one* Mrs. Grey—but not the right one—an artful, designing creature, who, having married the cousin of our Stephen Grey, and knowing all the story of my inheriting the property, first attempted to palm off a false identity upon my husband, and, on his discovering her treachery, assailed me purposely in his absence, and played-off the same game, alas! too successfully. When George demanded of her where was the true Mr. Grey, she declared he was dead, and then had the effrontery to claim the estate, on the score of her husband being the next heir! The knowledge of all this wicked plotting has fairly paralysed me. Five thousand pounds gone to cheats, and the other five thousand pledged to be given to them; though now, of course, this pledge is nought, seeing the promise was founded in ignorance of the fraud. What can I do to retrieve my great error? I must summon Mr. Locke at once, ere more mischief is done. O poor weak, precipitate, unhappy Kate! that was wont to be called a good angel, how art thou fallen now!

September 5.

More disclosures, that strike me with surprise and abhorrence, Mr. Locke's scrutiny has brought to light. The wretched family (whose heavy pecuniary obligations turn out to have been a pure figment, the better to work upon my compassion) have taken the opportunity of the first instalment of £5,000 to decamp to America. No doubt they dreaded discovery by delay, while leaving that Mr. Sidey—their needy tool and confederate in wickedness—to receive the rest of the money, in the event of things going on smoothly till the specified time of payment. Mr. Locke says little, but evidently regards me as no better than a fool; and thinks, mayhap, that George has got cheaply off with the half, when he might have lost the whole £10,000, with such a simpleton of a wife. Indeed, I saw plainly that the notion of my ever abdicating my rights in favour even of the real son, he viewed as a high-flown absurdity not to be mentioned. Dr. Armstrong and my good aunt give me great consola-

tion. They are both equally willing to take part of the blame, if blame there be; yet assuredly none rests with them. Mr. Locke says:—'Mr. Weston proposed at one time to return home immediately, but I have told him this is quite unnecessary; so he means to continue his tour.' Perhaps it is better on the whole. But still, I bitterly bemoan my mistake, and wish, oh! how fervently, that George were here—that I might confess, and lament, and weep to him!

October 2.

George has now been away two months, and gone over a vast deal of ground. He surpassed his original intention, and went to Rome and Naples, principally by Mr. Locke's advice; and now writes me that he will certainly be at home by the middle of this month. He has never upbraided me, in any of his letters, for my part in this unfortunate business of the Greys; and I cannot think he will be very severe when we meet. But, then, his temper is so quick at any rate, I scarce know what to hope or fear.

Meanwhile, my aunt and I spend many hours daily in delightful companionship with the two sweetest children upon earth. And when I look at that noble-hearted boy playing the guardian so manfully to my lovely darling, I think if my George were safe beside us once more, and not very angry with me about the loss of that money, I would not exchange places with an empress, though she could count her gold by millions. Ah! that if again! Why must it be for ever intruding, with its sickening suggestions of doubt and discomfort? It is an ugly little word. Let me expunge it from my vocabulary henceforth.

October 17.

George arrived last night; and somehow, spite of all my endeavours to the contrary, when I heard the carriage stop at the gate, and caught the sound of his footsteps on the walk, it was with a strange medley of indefinite emotions that I ran hastily out to receive him. Was it fancy, or was there something—I am at a loss what to call it—something different in our meeting from all former occasions of his return from casual absences—something lying at our hearts, that, in spite of the kindest words of greeting, betrayed itself by a look or a tone? How subtle are the threads that compose our affections! and how rapidly the most trivial inequality in one of these threads mars the perfect beauty of the fabric! I felt as by a lightning gleam that there was a vague shadow, unspoken and unspeakable, hanging in mid air between my husband and myself, to which neither of us could or would allude at that moment. Oh! how this marred the pleasure which otherwise had been so exquisite, to behold him once again, with his handsome face bronzed somewhat by travel, and his rich brown hair clustering round his forehead in its old careless luxuriance! I knew what was in his mind—the secret dissatisfaction with myself, which would have burst forth long ago had opportunity been given, but which time and distance had softened, yet not obliterated. Shortly, the tone of his thoughts communicated itself to mine, and I was

strangely happy, and at the same time strangely decomposed. The end of it was that I seized the moment that George was in close colloquy with Charlotte (enjoying her bewilderment at his presentation to her of a large doll with the customary stiff-curled flaxen hair and staring blue eyes), to dart from the room and give vent to my feelings in a flood of tears. I felt relieved after this; and was content to wait George's own time to speak of what we were both aware must come to be spoken of sooner or later.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

OUR HIRING FAIRS AND COUNTRY FOLKS.

IN the course of a few weeks we shall again be in the heart and bustle of our rustic *fêtes*; and while they are yet at fully more than arm's distance, it may neither be ill-advised nor unprofitable to take time by the forelock and discuss their common character and tendency. Of late, hiring-fair conferences have become one of our regular institutions. Such roystering festal days have been pronounced a scandal to the age, in Babel riot and dissipation. But *fair* play to the jolly lads and buxom lasses of our secluded farmsteads. Their life is an altogether different one from that passed in the city or town—different in those social relationships which act so potently in forming the moral and intellectual tastes. None but the rustics themselves know the deep meaning of a fair-day; and, if they are to be amused, *that* entertainment must be of a congenial kind—such as their abnormal nature will heartily appreciate. It would simply be ridiculous to provide the same sort of *soirée* for the illiterate peasant that you would for the educated citizen. Their tastes are widely dissimilar. Excitement the former must have. A *soirée musicale* does not suit his uncultivated, undeveloped mind at all. Fine English he understands not, either in speech or song. Nor does any heinous fault rest with him that he has not the refinement to relish the brilliant oration and thrilling aria. He is happy enough over his own more primitive ballads and stories. They suit his 'case' exactly; and he laughs with the heartiest guffaws at the expression of their rough and tickling wit:—

'Your hearts they would beat,
And your ears they would tingle,
To hear the merry tales
Of the farmer's ingle.'

At the Falkirk Hiring Fair of May last, an attempt was made to put down the dancing, by the exhibition of Barker's panorama and a display of electric lights. But need we say that the whole affair proved a great failure? Strange that men who have travelled, seen, and learned so much, should be so pitifully ignorant of human nature! The hearts of the people, rich and poor, are, after all, composed of very much the same material; and those rustic folks, full as they are of animal spirits, can never be expected to sober down, on a fair-day, to witness the spectacular beauties of even so artistic a panorama. They see

too much of such scenes first hand, and of an electricity grander than that of the platform, to be tricked into the comparative servitude of mere mimic performances. But what is really wrong in those Terpsichorean pleasures? No doubt the manhood of our lusty and rollicking country cousins might, in some other way, be better asserted. We seek not to dispute that point. Still, as the source of a gratifying excitement, dancing is the very thing wanted. Let satisfactory arrangements, therefore, be made for having such entertainments carried out decently, and with order. First-rate generalship, of course, would be requisite in the master of ceremonies—for on his tact must materially depend the success of the scheme.

Perhaps one of the strangest, not to say most irreverent, scenes ever enacted in a hiring fair, was witnessed at a late feeling market in Bathgate. It occurred when the revival spasm was at its height. Down through the hum and hubbub of the festal gathering went a band of so-called evangelists, singing 'Come to Jesus,' and 'Rest for the weary.' Conduct so unseemly and indiscreet, of course, only brought religion into ridicule. And need it be wondered at, though men aiming at so much, succeeded in doing so little? 'He that would be of service to mankind must first endeavour to resemble them.' The fair is no more the place for the sermon than the church the place for the fair. Folks so assembled are met for secular amusement. They do their best to enjoy themselves, casting everything like *etiquette* to the winds. And why should religion be at all introduced into such a company? What city clergyman, for instance, would think of going to any of those dance assemblies, held by the *élite* of the town, that he might there take the opportunity of extemporising upon the great necessity of flying at once to Christ? The preacher, we venture to say, would at once be expelled from the ball-room, and might be otherwise taught a memorable lesson of his imprudence—and very justly so. Everything in its place. Fairs are good enough institutions in their way; and what evils attend them, social reformers must just set themselves to eradicate. But let us take care to look at those 'roaring' *flics* with a sympathetic and healthy eyesight. Our country cousins! What hearty and jovial greetings they give and take! 'Each for the ither's weelfare kindly speers.' Most interesting, in its free and unaffected outcome of rustic love and jollity, is the gay and off-hand—or, as we should rather say, *on-hand*—deportment of the ruddy and heterogeneous crowd. Those stalwart lads and buxom lasses may be, possibly, too demonstrative in their affections; at least not over particular about the place where they practise their endearments. But great allowance must be made for their warm, hearty, and honest natures. And manners in the country are a shade different from those in the town. Were some of the city belles—modest Flora, for instance, who put the legs of her piano into pretty frilled trousers—present to see how their rustic cousins

fare at 'harvest-homes,' how their feelings would be shocked! Rudeness to girls—to country girls!

'Tut! you know them not;

They like hard knocks, and to be won by force.'

And, beyond all question, a good deal too much is made of the festal revelry of our hiring fairs. People rollicking, ardent, and free, are not, from these dispositions, vicious. It is the general excitement of the holiday, for months so joyously looked forward to, that gets the better of them from top to toe. A fiddle, above all things, they cannot stand. Its music takes their heels, just as intoxicants take their head. And this leads us to make a passing reference to the 'feast of fat things' in which, on a fair-day, they so gustily indulge. In Falkirk, upwards of 10,000 pies are commonly consumed throughout the various refreshment-houses!—a quantity of mutton which might form a pyramid equalling, if not eclipsing, in size, the Egyptian structure built by the immortal Ch(e)ops! But thus granting the natural inclination of our country people to a sort of roaring mirth, we would just add,—Take the same number of young folks, full of health and heart, from any community, and better conduct might safely be defied. The scene presented by the home-coming of an excursion of artisans is not a whit better. Many, in both cases, conduct themselves with the most exemplary decorum; but there are always a few—and hear it, O heroes of the Genera gown! there will always be a few—who cannot use a holiday without abusing it.

Another objection urged against hiring-markets is the 'degradation' to which those in quest of 'fee' are subjected. But that is another mistake. Jock, at the feeling fair, is as good as his master. For one day, at least, he knows and acknowledges no superior. True; he is hired for his vigour of limb and strength of muscle. And why so? Just because he is engaged to work. It would not pay a farmer to 'fee' a shadow—a being so rickety that the very winds of heaven might, on some occasion, blow him to shivers. Still we grant that there is undoubtedly much connected with those rustic jubilees that might very advantageously be dispensed with. We cannot, however, as yet ask for the great and the remote. All reforms are works of time, and will not bear to be forced with locomotive push. Man, even in his best estate, is a stubborn animal.

We come now to look at the home life of the bucolic country folks. But we have little or nothing of the bothy system in the south of Scotland. The great body of our herds and ploughmen—and we refer particularly to the shires of Lanark, Linlithgow, and Stirling—have the freedom of the farmer's kitchen for their several meals, and the warm side of the 'roundabout' over the long and frosty nights of winter. And where bothies exist, they are not the 'Pandemoniums'—the dens of lust and obscenity—which we have heard others painted; neither are our farms, with a few exceptions, of such extensive character as to demand a separate building for those employed in their labour and cultivation. Yet, in

the bothies of the north, there seems a crying need for some reform. The promiscuous life characteristic of the Elginshire and Banffshire hinds, cannot but be the cause of much immorality and vicious contamination. Something, therefore, must be done by way of protecting 'virtue struggling on the brink of vice,' and of guiding, safe into the harbour of true manhood and womanhood, those

'who darkling sail
Where stars, and ports, and pilots fall.'

But what of the farm-labourer's cot? As Burns said to Dugald Stewart, 'It's necessary to be a cottager to know what pure and tranquil pleasures often nestle below those lowly roofs.' Well does Macaulay make Fortune declaim, in that clever poem which he wrote shortly after his defeat at Edinburgh,—

'Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace,
I from thy natal-day pronounce thee free;
And if for some I keep a nobler place,
I keep for none a happier than for thee.'

Just look at the strong and stalwart husbandman. His easy and vigorous contour says forcibly that he is not in the habit of thinking deeply; that his occupation in life is more physical than intellectual; that he has little of his own in the world to care for, and that as regards the possessions of others, *they* are nothing to him. It is worth while to peep into his family cot when, on a winter's night, the group of merry youngsters, rosy and bright-eyed, each bearing the bucolic stamina of health, sit gossiping round the blazing hearth. Those 'bairns' must sing their song. Their hearts, which are full of music, must pour out the joyous merriment that is in them. Such firesides are circles of the truest happiness. Difficulties, no doubt, sometimes ruffle the placid current of their united life; but as 'the storm which shakes the boughs of the mountain pine gives strength to its roots,' so the little 'straits' which will occasionally disturb the comforts of the best regulated family, only tend to bind with a closer and firmer love-knot the hearts of the common household.

Nor could this article be in any sense complete without some reference to the intellectual character of the class of whom it treats. And here let it be noted, that the idea of an educated man or woman is now vastly different from that entertained even thirty years ago. A girl then was considered 'finished' if she could merely read and write; and a boy was thought well educated if he could but pen and calculate. Geography and grammar were held as only necessary for those who meant to take some profession. In the latter part of the last century, accounts among the rural peasantry were generally kept by means of incisions made on wood. And the blacksmith, if he had mended a spade, charged it by drawing as well as he could the figure of a spade, adding, at a short distance therefrom, six perpendicular lines, to signify sixpence. Or if he had repaired a plough, he sketched out that also in the same rude and rough style, annexing to it four curve lines, to denote four shillings. Education, however,

has made great progress since those days; and even country people have of late given good evidence of a keen thirst for knowledge. From such enlightenment, shared in by young and old, superstition is gradually dying out. There are yet many who were born and bred in the very heart of witchcraft—in the midst of such notions as these:—When the dairymaid found her butter slow to rise, the local witch was thought to be at the bottom of the churn. When a horse got heated in the stable, Mole White, 'a wrinkled old hag with age grown double,' was suspected of having been on his back. Again, when a horse dropped down at the plough or in the cart, it was said he had been elfin shot. The aurora borealis, too, was thought the reflection of shoals of herrings coming round the north seas. And, connected with a certain 'witch-doctor' yet living, we heard told the following remedy which he, not so many years ago, prescribed:—A neighbour's cow having taken suddenly ill one night, he, the village 'veet,' was sent for. On his arrival, he simply ordered a rowan stick, mounted with a red string, to be tied to crummie's tail. Poor crummie, however, died in spite of all the enchantment. But such silly 'freets' are soon to be nowhere even in the most outlandish of rural districts. Intelligence is speedily doing its work, especially among the young, and those who, in boyhood or girlhood, have been favoured with the ordinary school-branches of education. Thus, with the many the pursuit of improvement has become the pursuit of pleasure.

ROBERT GILLESPIE.

OUR FIRE-SIDE PHILOSOPHER AT THE COAST.

WITH a rustle of rose trees and a flutter of fuchsia branches, you awake to a glare of light hitting on the green diamonds of your bed-room wall-paper, and to the long inarticulate moanings of the waves upon the distant shore. You draw aside the window-blind, peep out upon a fine semi-circular sweep of blue, bounded by a yellow breadth of sand—on which sit various picturesque groups of young ladies, laboriously sketching the opposite coast, with its lighthouse and undulations of pine; upon the long wooden pier striking out into the water, covered, at its extremity, with piles of herring-boxes awaiting shipment; and on the distant line of pale-blue hills, dreamily lying half-hid in the misty glare of the sun. You withdraw behind the window-blind, lazily get up the minutiae of a watering-place toilet (which is always unsatisfactory to a degree), and, the breakfast-bell giving due and welcome warning, you saunter into the room—where the young ladies are brilliant in summer cottons, Paterfamilias smothered in the *Mining Journal*, and the 'house-mother' diligently attending the digestive requirements of Charlie the Celt, with round head and eye of much impudent fun; of Harry the Saxon, with handsome shoulders and fair and honest face; of Jamie the philosopher, quiet and backward; and of Alick, who has arrived at

that age which looks down with compassionate pity on the juvenility of younger brothers. After breakfast, you pass out into the garden; and, in an atmosphere of rose-perfume, and to the breezy motion of innumerable leaves, you dawdle the day over, until dinner arrives—until evening arrives—then night, and supper.

Now, I call that enjoyment. It is possible that by so doing I may hold myself up to the ridicule of certain quicksilver-blooded young persons; but I repeat it, and say that this method of spending one's time at the coast is that which, out of a given quantity of time, yields you the largest quantity of pleasure. Why should I buckle upon my back an unwieldy tin instrument, and, with this horrible engine of torture momentarily bumping my shoulder-blades, proceed to climb this or the other nameless mountain in search of certain insignificant weeds which one is inevitably doomed never to find? Why should I depart at daybreak, in the guise of an amateur Macadamiser; and thus, having made myself a spectacle for gods and men, tramp through disagreeable country-villages, to seek some dilapidated sandstone quarry, there to gather more ridiculously ugly objects than a child, with a penny box of colours, would delineate on the lid of a band-box? Look you, good people! if this were the prospective pleasure I should meet with at the sea-side, infinitely should I prefer my own quiet dwelling in — square, where, seated at an open window, with a tumbler of Bass on the sill, and a pipe of oriental length between my finger and thumb, I should dream away the afternoon in looking at the bushes in middle of the square; and the winds and the wild waves should roar and spend their fury unheeded by me.

True, there are moments in life when we pause to measure the progress we have made, when we look back to the early landmarks of life, and count what we have acquired on the journey. Do I fear these moments? No. It may be this man's pleasure to collect an herbarium of carefully-ticketed weeds; it may be that man's delight to possess a store of geological treasures; it may be the other man's prevailing passion to have his rooms decorated with gaudy water-colour drawings done by his own hand. Well; these are good enough in their way, I admit. At the least they demonstrate that their various possessors have not been idle. And for me?—well, if you will have results, I may, for instance, point to my whiskers, which are the longest and silkiest in our club, and have become so only by the most strict and long-continued attention to dietary regulations. You ask after mental treasures acquired during these bygone years? Certainly, in physical science I have done nothing; but a habit of observation—of that kind of observation which draws out a mental catalogue of the dress, manners, and attitude of every man you meet—is surely something. 'The proper study of mankind is man.' So said one who ought to have known; though he himself was not, I grieve to say, the most brilliant specimen of the human race. The peculiar

fascination of this study is, that it involves absolutely no labour, that your subjects are constantly before you, and that the instruction to be gained by it is almost surpassed by the amusement which it affords. I don't care about collecting specimens of natural history—that's the fact. I am junior partner in the firm of Brown, Keeley, Keeley, & Brown; and have not time for that sort of thing. And if I do sometimes envy the sun-burned faces, rough hands, and boisterous mirth of those lunatics who dash over the country in bands, returning home in the evening—but no; come hither unto me, thou voluminous panoply of self-content! until, armed and bound and swathed in thee more securely than ever Egyptian mummy was bandaged, I shall stretch my legs upon this garden-plot, and fill my pipe, and be happy.

Thus it is that on this cold gray morning, as I stand by the margin of this cold gray sea, I do hold myself a sacrifice on the altar of friendship. Alas! that I cannot say a 'smoking' sacrifice, for my tobacco-pouch is left at home, and there are no human beings visible but an ancient fisherman smelling of deep sea lines and mussels, and Paterfamilias, who only snuffs! It is but three o'clock—the sea lies motionless in a soft white vapour—the distant hills stand gloomily, wrapped in their night-vesture of purple; there is not a breath of wind to stir the drooping lime-trees of the village, that hang moodily and silently over the dew-damp hedges. But yonder, on the far gray surface of the water, are various specks of boats congregated together—filled, I dare say, with mites of human beings, and industriously engaged in procuring the miserable wherewithal to satisfy the claims of their own hunger, and to help to pay the rent of their houses. They, at least, have an excuse for being out at this untimely hour; but I—why should I be dragged from pleasant slumber to stand deserted and shivering on the margin of this gray sea? This is a pleasure party, forsooth! We are to go fishing this morning, and we are expected to feel happy, to declare that it is 'jolly,' and to think we are the luckiest people on the earth! I lay myself down in the stern of the boat, as Alick, and Charlie, and Harry, and Jamie seize the oars—and resign myself to my fate.

We arrive at our destination. With a plunge and a rush the anchor is dropped. The lines are supplied with large white fly-hooks (surely the fish who inhabit those waters must be insane to approach such instruments!) and now are we expected to saw the air at full arm-stretch, in the vain hope that some of those insane creatures will be sufficiently idiotic to attach themselves to the bits of bent iron. But suddenly we are saluted with a broadside of half-muttered oaths, and find we have drifted into the very centre of the orthodox fishermen, who naturally and energetically resent this encroachment on their lawful preserves. Our anchor has slipped; it has to be drawn up again, cast elsewhere, and twenty minutes have passed ere this is properly done. Pleasure!

We are settled at last. Let him who would weary

his body and agitate his mind to catch a few oily herrings, which you could buy for a few pence on shore, do it! That shall not I. I shall dream the cold hours away, until the piscatorial frenzy has safely and surely departed from the mind of Paterfamilias.

What a beautiful morning! For awhile a silent battle was being waged between the gray above and the gray beneath, until a strange flutter of pink began to rise behind the purple mountains, widening and growing and gaining in strength—until the triumph of the morning is full and complete. Now uprises the golden-red rim of the sun over the violet mist—a lane of gold is opened on the sea, and all the ripples laugh in yellow light, with angular strokes of bright lilac for shadows; and as a bar of purple cloud lies before the sun, it dilates into purest crimson, and then the ripples become a brilliant rose-pink, and all the sea is a living mass of innumerable colours, lapping against each other, and blending into each other, and struggling for very supremacy of richness.

Flop goes a fish into the bottom of the boat, and Alice's face is radiant with triumph. . . . It is so cold! though the sun grows and brightens on the white line of houses that run along the shore, and smites upon a window here and there, that returns a red ray of glory from the soft green background of the hills. . . . Three at once? Well done, Harry, my boy! But please don't shout so loudly.

How wearily the hours pass! Every minute the colours grow richer or more faint along the sea-barrier of mountains. The pale-blue smoke is up-curling from the cottages—grateful intimation that the hour of breakfast is nigh at hand. In imagination I see the white coverlet spread—the bright china, and crystal, and spoons, and plates, in methodical neatness and brilliancy. Oh that this vile boat were labouring under a very load of herrings, or any other spawn of the sea, that so we might return unto the dwellings of men! How many hours have passed, Harry? We came out at three; now it is half-past seven. Paterfamilias! as you hope for a good appetite—as you hope never again to suffer the pangs of toothache, let us return. See how the sun lies softly on the bay—how the fuchsias and roses are glowing with colour by the porch—how even the babies are getting out for their morning airing, attended by Susan, and Jane, and Polly! I rise from my recumbent position, and find that the other boats have vanished like as many spectres. To your oars, then, boys! and if ever again you find me awake at three in the morning to go out on such another errand, I shall—I shall forfeit my after-dinner snooze for a month, and forswear eau-de-cologne! W. B.

WATER—ITS ELEMENTS AND PROPERTIES.

'What though in other worlds the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace Him only in our own.'

ALTHOUGH we have said that water consists only of two aeriform or gaseous elements, we do not mean to assert that water, as found in nature, contains no other ingredients. Being a powerful solvent, and possessing a wide range of affinity, it is always impregnated, more or less, with extraneous matter, or with ingredients which are not its normal constituents, but are suspended in it mechanically, and exist in it as impurities.

For example, in rain water we have carbonic acid

and ammonia, which the rain has absorbed from the atmosphere during its descent to the earth; where, facilitated by the carbonic acid which it carries in solution, it dissolves the lime, magnesia, oxides of iron, the silica or sand, and various phosphates, carbonates, sulphates, and nitrates, contained in the soil—rendering those fertilising substances capable of entering the minute capillary vessels of plants which they are intended to nourish; and, after trickling and filtering through the porous earth, it is collected in the rill and the river, still containing minute traces of these ingredients.

Again, spring water contains chloride of sodium or common salt, magnesia, and carbonate of lime—the latter substance causing the hardness of water. Some springs contain as much as 150 grains solid carbonate of lime per gallon.

Then there are waters highly charged with a gas called sulphuretted hydrogen. These are termed medicinal waters, from the fact of their exerting a favourable influence over various diseases. They have a most offensive taste and smell—indeed, that of rotten eggs, which yield the gas. A silver coin immersed in the water for a short time becomes blackened, in consequence of the sulphur having a greater affinity for the silver than the hydrogen. The black film, therefore, on the coin is sulphur and silver in combination; while the hydrogen, having lost its friend, and finding no other to incorporate with, makes its escape in an elementary condition. Sulphuretted hydrogen, if inhaled in an isolated state, is highly poisonous. The late Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh says that it has often caused fatal accidents in graves, when a neighbouring coffin, being perforated by the pickaxe, the gas rushes out, filling the grave, and striking down the gravedigger like lightning; and that a horse, whose head is in pure air while its body is enclosed in an atmosphere containing only 1-500th its volume of the gas, is soon killed by the gas absorbed through the skin.

A great deal has been said and written by the inhabitants of Glasgow against the authorities, for causing the removal of the various spring wells that were wont to refresh the population throughout the city; but, from certain chemical combinations ensuing in these reservoirs, they had become contaminated with a virulent poison, and their immediate removal was virtually an act of philanthropy, as the waters—filtering from grave-yards, streets, lanes, wynds, and various aggregations of night soil—are eminently impregnated with animal matters, an important constituent of which is nitrogen. These flow into the sewers, which are not long in communicating with any contiguous water at the same level; and, in a short time, the nitrogen absorbs a sufficiency of oxygen to form one of its oxides or acids, which, with the exception of its protoxide (NO or laughing-gas), are highly deleterious to life. Again, sea water holds an immense weight of various substances in solution, consisting of chlorides, bromides, iodides, sulphates, and carbonates.

Although the beautiful and useful metal, iodine, is not obtained by the manufacturer directly from sea water, yet there are doubtless large quantities held in solution by the ocean; because it is evident that marine plants, like those on land, thrive on the substances contained in the water which surrounds their roots; and, as a natural consequence, we expect the solid constituents of the plant to be the same, or nearly so, as those of the water, and vice versa. The manufacturer of iodine, therefore, begins with kelp, which is a concentrated residue of sea-weeds—these having assimilated into their tissues the mechanical constituents of the water during the process of growth; and, from a ton of drift-weed kelp—that is, kelp made from weeds washed ashore—the produce in iodine is but 12 pounds; while the kelp made from cut-weeds—that is, from weeds which have grown on the beach—only yields 2½ pounds per ton.

But the most abundant constituent of sea water is chloride of sodium (NaCl) or common salt. Enormous quantities of this substance are held in solution by the restless surges of the great deep. An inch of water from the superficial area of the Atlantic alone, contains as much salt as would freight all the vessels in the world. This is another convincing proof of Divine wisdom, because, had the ocean not been highly impregnated with salt, or even had that salt not been soluble in water, a very brief period would have sufficed to convert it into a gigantic cess-pool—a thousand times worse than any Styx ever imagined, contaminating every breeze, and charging every cloud, defiling every shore, and darkening every tide with thick pestilential vapours of disease and death. But no; the Almighty, in combining the two elementary bodies which form salt (chlorine and sodium), knew that, unless it were soluble in water, its antiseptic properties must remain inactive. It has been stated that sea water carries silver in solution, and that copper-fastened ships, after being long afloat and taken into dock for repairs, are found to have a thin layer or web of silver adhering to the copper on their bottoms. The writer, however, in investigating the affinities which exist between copper, silver, and sea water, has failed to discover any chemical action which would result as above. Any finely-divided silver, separated by long exposure to the atmosphere from some undiscovered argentiferous deposit, and which may reach the ocean through the agency of water, would be precipitated by the salt solution as a chloride; and as chloride of silver is insoluble in an excess of the precipitant, and also as silver has a greater affinity for chlorine than copper, we are rather inclined to doubt the truth of the above statement.

We believe there is no substance in nature more susceptible of being sophisticated than water. We have it of every colour, taste, and smell. Drugged with alcohol it forms whisky; drawn with tea, a solution of tannin; charged with carbonic acid, and mixed with sugar, gum, lemon, ginger, &c. it is christened with sparkling titles, which are not always indicative

of the ingredients with which it has been transmogrified. Then, what an infinitude of aspects it assumes as cosmetics and medicines! But without enumerating any of these, we append the following table, showing the per centage of water in a variety of natural and artificial products:—

Brandy,	56 per cent.
Dunlop cheese,	30 .
Beer,	90 .
Hair,	9 .
Eggs,	74 .
Urine,	93 .
Milk,	87 .
Tea (dried leaves),	5 .
Blood,	79 to 83 .
Apples,	80 .
Fish,	80 .
Fowl,	76 .
Potatoes,	75 .
Turnips,	88 to 92 .
Soap,	40 to 60 .
Coal,	7 .
Manufactured tobacco,	80 to 50 .
Vinegar,	95 .
Sugar (cane),	5 .

It will be seen from the above that water is present to a greater extent in many substances than would at first be imagined; and, in short, there are few compounds which it will not carry in solution. But the primary pellucid beautiful fluid, devoid of all colour, taste, and smell, and free from all mechanical impurities, is composed of two substances only; and though these, in an isolated state, be fierce and fearful in their natures, yet, when mingled to water, they become harmless and kindly, docile and bland.

We will now consider the two elementary constituents of water—the first and most important of which is

OXYGEN.

From what we have previously stated regarding the universal distribution of water, we need scarcely inform the reader that this restless and imperial element has a domain over which it wields its viewless sceptre co-extensive with water; for it must be apparent that wherever there is the most minute trace of moisture, oxygen is present as a component part thereof.

This element is an absolute gas at all temperatures, or, in other words, there is no solid or liquid oxygen. It is permanently a gas, and cannot be condensed or frozen by the most intense cold, combined with the highest pressure that human appliances are capable of bringing to bear on it.

In most cases the acidity of fruit, milk, vinegar, acids, &c. is owing to the presence of oxygen. Fruit yields pectic acid; milk, lactic acid; and vinegar is simply a solution of acetic acid and water. Two of the principal acids in commerce contain a preponderating quantity; for example:—Nitric acid or aqua fortis (NO₃) a most intense solvent and poison, dissolving metals, such as iron, silver, and copper, as easily as water dissolves soap—contains five parts of oxygen, combined with one of nitrogen or azote. Then there is sulphuric acid or vitriol (SO₄), containing one part

of sulphur, united with three of oxygen, and which, though greatly diluted with water, has intense acid properties. Again, oxygen is a powerful supporter of combustion. All artificial light and heat, such as that produced by coal, wood, gas, and oily matters, or, indeed, any material capable of burning, vivid or slow, burns only in virtue of the oxygen surrounding it. Oxygen, of itself, however, is incapable of ignition; for, although it supports combustion, it is not a combustible, but only enters into combination with the burning matter, forming carbonic acid and water, and it is during this incorporation that light and heat are evolved. Now, upon this principle, the reason must be obvious why blowing engines are attached to large iron furnaces, and also why the blacksmith and housewife use bellows, although most people are naturally of opinion that the temperature of the fire or furnace is heightened solely by the current of air passing through the burning mass, and not to any peculiar property of the air itself; but as the gases or volatile matters which escape by the chimney, even when the furnace is at a white heat and no appearance of smoke, are entirely different in their composition from those entering at the furnace mouth, it is evident that a chemical combination is at work in the furnace, between the atmospheric oxygen and the carboniferous constituents of the fuel, resulting as we have already stated. It is therefore plain that without ventilation—or, in other words, a supply of oxygen—combustion must cease; and, on the other hand, if a draught of air is made to pass through the burning materials by powerful artificial appliances, their combustion must be accelerated proportionately. This imminent characteristic of oxygen is ocularly demonstrated by putting a splinter of wood, with a single spark on its point, in a bottle containing the gas, when it momentarily bursts into a brilliant flame; and a fragment of phosphorus, in the same circumstances, emits a dazzling light, rivalling the intensity of the sun. When we observe, then, a bar of iron at white heat—a furnace glaring on the clouds of night—or a conflagration devouring the storehouses of commerce, as did the late fire in London,—and contemplate these phenomena from a scientific aspect, they become transformed into a grand and terrific display of the intense and extraordinary powers of oxygen. Unless this gas surrounds the most minute flame, no combustion will ensue. Although our globe was on fire, and the oxygen with which it is surrounded withdrawn, it would be instantly extinguished; and, on the other hand, did it please the Almighty slightly to disarrange the composition of the atmosphere, by withdrawing some of the nitrogen or adding more oxygen, many ingredients would become so inflammable that they would ignite spontaneously; while, whatever was already in a state of ignition would burn with such vigour, that a general conflagration would be inevitable.

JOHN DOUGALL.

(To be continued.)

NURSERY LITERATURE.

KNOWING, as we do, the immense importance of a name—despite Shakspeare's asseveration to the contrary—we are rather diffident in prefixing to the present article a title apparently as infantile as the above. Experienced readers, mayhap, will be prejudiced enough to look upon our production as designed especially for the perusal of the olive branches of their respective families, and consequently will regard it as unworthy of more than a passing glance from themselves. Those who argue in this manner will do us less than justice; for it is to them—we will not add the clerical phrase, 'and to them alone'—that these lines are addressed.

The trite observation, which speaks of the child being the father of the man, and the lines, equally trite, are much to the same purpose—

'Childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day,'—

are not so absolutely and universally true as common consent has generally allowed them to be. It is almost unnecessary to appeal to the everyday experience of the reader for instances in which the character of the man is far from being consistent with what we have known of the boy or the youth. How many of these infant prodigies that astonish the world with the wonderful feats of their precocious genius become, at a more matured age, persons of very questionable ability, or degenerate into paragons of foolishness or imbecility! How few of the most distinguished *alumni* of our universities sustain, in their after-life, the reputation which they have obtained at *Alma Mater* for talent and industry! How many of those who, at school or college, were regarded as irretrievable dunces or incorrigible defaulters, have exhibited, in their intercourse with the world, immense talent and incorruptible virtue! How often has the 'good boy' of nine or ten been converted into 'the tame cheater' of fifty or sixty; and the shy retiring lad into the bold and martial 'swaggerer' of five-and-twenty!

But instances like these are to be regarded rather as the exception than the rule, and do not greatly invalidate the general accuracy of the very respectable adages above mentioned. We are much inclined to favour that mode of vaticination which predicts the character, moral and intellectual, of the future man, from the actions, likings, and dislikings of the boy, in the same way as Admiral Fitzroy promises good or bad weather from the favourable or unfavourable appearance of the sky at sunrise. Mistakes will, doubtless, occur in both cases; and we may see a wild youth shoot up into a good man, or a beautiful day after a threatening dawn. But assuming the general truth of the wise saws, which make 'the boy the father to the man,' it becomes a question of considerable interest and importance how this juvenile manhood is passed? Few persons there are who do not interest themselves in this question. Every one is anxious to know of the welfare—morally, physi-

cally, and intellectually—of the future members of the commonwealth; and every one seems to be impressed with the truth of the theory which holds, that as the boy is so shall the man be. The gentlemen of the medical profession confine their interest in boyhood merely to its physical health; the clergymen interest themselves only in the boy's spiritual welfare; and neither minister nor doctor will brook much interference with subjects which they deem peculiarly their own. We do not, in the meantime, intend to dispute the question with them, but will confine our observations to the other—that is, the intellectual—branch of the subject. We must not here intrude on the domains of the school-room, as we value our personal safety; our inquiries must be limited to that intellectual food imbibed by the child, independent of schools and schoolmasters, and to which we have ventured to give the name of 'Nursery Literature.'

We are somewhat at a loss to define the phrase 'Nursery Literature.' We have already limited it to that instruction which is not gained through the medium of a teacher, and which, consequently, is not regarded as 'lessons.' But it is a more difficult point to determine at what period a child begins to imbibe this nursery literature, and at what year the boy eschews it. According to our own ideas of the subject, nursery literature begins with the first story told by the nurse to the child, or the first song which she teaches it to hum. It ends, in different cases, at different ages; but, generally speaking, it may be said to be abandoned before the twelfth year. About that time, fact begins to attract the attention in a greater degree than before; and the juvenile mind, if properly constituted, aspires after intellectual food of a higher kind than mere nursery literature, or takes more pleasure in betting and bowling, riding and fishing, than in reading or hearing the 'pleasant little stories' which formerly interested it so much. By this time a boy ought to be able to appreciate the beauties of the 'myriad-minded' author of Waverley, of Shakspeare, or of Burns, or of such other authors as his circumstances may place within his reach. It is an unhealthy sign if he still looks back, although only with 'one last lingering look,' upon the regions from which he had emerged, or prefer a page of a fairy tale to a chapter of 'Ivanhoe.'

It would be absurd to suppose that our subject included only the instruction obtained in a nursery; and, consequently, that it applies only to those fortunate children who are born, to use a common expression, 'with a silver spoon in the mouth.' If such were the case, nursery literature would lose (to us) half its value, and more than half its interest. The curious legendary tales with which, in Scotland at least, children of all ages used to be as familiar as with their 'parritch' and their spelling-book, will bear comparison, at any time, with the most elegant of the 'pretty little stories' which the 'good little boys and girls' of higher caste are ac-

customed to read. The strange and, to an English ear, uncouth rhymes which they learn from the mouths of the father or grandfather—and which, relating to deeds of ancient warriors celebrated in local tradition, are often of considerable value to the antiquary or the historian—must, in our humble opinion, operate far more in elevating the mind, than those stiff little hymns or those stupid little verses which 'better folk's bairns' usually learn. And if they are unable to make the children of the poor equal, in point of morality, to the children of the rich, it is because the influence is counteracted by the scenes of profligacy and immorality into which too often the former are thrown, at an early age, to support themselves.

It is needless to observe that the character of nursery literature—which, without dispute, exercises a powerful influence for good or bad on the juvenile mind—depends, in a very great degree, upon the character of the nurse. In poor men's homes, the nurse, in almost every case, is the mother; and, consequently, she entails upon herself a double responsibility. But, in the families of the wealthy, this is seldom the case; and the person who is chosen to watch over the infant scion of some noble house, is generally one of the menial servants. Quintilian, in his 'Institutes of Eloquence,' lays great stress upon the character and qualifications of the nurse. 'First of all,' says he, 'nurses ought to be free from all impediment and impropriety of speech. Chrysippus wished every nurse to be a *woman of sense*; but, in all events, he was of opinion the best that could be had should be pitched upon, according to the circumstances of the parties. It is true, their morals ought to be the *first consideration*, but it is requisite that they should speak with propriety. Their speech is the first the child hears, and he lisps out an imitation of their words.' Quintilian, notwithstanding the trifling inconsistency which he so quaintly explains, is evidently correct in his estimate of a good nurse.

In reviewing nursery literature, the first thing that strikes us is the general nonsensical spirit which pervades it. This is, we are glad to say, less remarkable in the nursery literature of the poor than that of the rich; but even in the former, instances occur so frequently as to include it also within the scope of the general rule. This nonsense—which obtains largely in nursery rhymes, and in less striking proportions in fairy tales—seems to tickle the juvenile fancy amazingly; and, in fact, some very grave writers on education tell us that a child delights in nothing but nonsense, and that all attempts to make him learn *sense* will prove unavailing. Some even go so far as to maintain that he should learn *nothing at all* until he is seven years of age, in order that he may persevere with the greater vigour when he does begin. Quintilian combats this opinion, and calling Chrysippus once more to the rescue, says:—'They

* Guthrie's 'Translation of Quintilian's Institutes,' vol. I. p. 9.

who, with Chrysippus, think that every moment of time ought to be employed, are more defensible in their opinion; for though he (Chrysippus) allowed the child to be three years in the nurse's hands, yet he thought that at that age the mind is susceptible of excellent instruction, *even from women*. . . . For it is certain that he must be employed in somewhat.

. . . . Let us not, therefore, lose even the most early hours of life; and the rather, because the rudiments of knowledge are acquired by memory only, which we possess in our earliest days—nay, it is then very tenacious." Yes, M. Fabius Quintilian! the memory is very tenacious in youth; and of nothing is it more tenacious than those nonsensical rhymes and stupid stories, which it imbibes 'even from women.' How well do we retain the memory of these ludicrous little pieces, when some of Shakspeare's best passages and some of Burns' noblest songs escape from our recollection! There, for an example, are the ridiculous lines commemorating the misfortune of

'Little Bo-peep, who lost her sheep,
And couldn't tell where to find them.'

We all remember this rhyme; and the mention of it brings back to our recollection the days of childhood, when we really compassionated poor little Bo-peep's unfortunate case, and appreciated the wisdom of the aspidant advice—

'Leave them alone till they come home,
And they'll bring their tails behind them.'

Equally famous too, and equally well-remembered, is the curious story of the four-and-twenty blackbirds, which 'were baked in a pie.' Certainly, two dozen blackbirds singing in a pie must have been a 'dainty dish to set before a king.' The 'king in his chamber,' too busily employed in 'counting up' his money to attend to the dainty dish of blackbirds, inspires the 'young idea' with a suitable notion of the dignity and cares of royalty; while his royal consort, engaged in the more pleasing occupation of 'eating bread and honey,' drives young misses to distraction with envy. The rashness of Miss Muffet, too, and the danger she encountered, are well known:—

'Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a large spider
And sat down beside her,
And frighten'd Miss Muffet away!'

Singularly nonsensical are the lines which speak of 'riding a cock-horse to Banbury Cross, to see an old lady get on a white horse;' and very entertaining to young masters and misses is the idea they suggest.

But the nonsensical nursery rhymes are generally regarded as English in their origin as well as in their nature; and although they have now inundated the nurseries of Scotland, they have not yet reached the children of the poorer classes. These, too, have rhymes, which we have described as less childish than the

English, and giving less evidence of a predilection for nonsense on the part of the children. But, on 'cool reflection,' we begin to perceive that the nursery rhymes, as we may call them, of the Scottish poor are not so free from nonsense as we at first supposed. Among their rhymes is a Scotticised version of the lay of twenty-four blackbirds, altered and enlarged, so as to differ considerably from the original. Among the rhymes which we regard as peculiar to the common Scotch is one which used to be called 'The Brandy-hill,' and which, by way of comparison with the English versicles of the same class, we venture to transcribe. We cannot, however, vouch for its accuracy, as it is taken entirely from memory, and, so far as we are aware, was never before in print:—

'As I gaed up the Brandy-hill,
I met my father wi' gude will—
He had jewels, he had rings,
He had mony fine things.
He had a hammer wantin' nails!
He had a cat an' ten tails!
Up Joek! doon Tam!
Blaw the bellows auld man!
Auld man's hairy coat,
Row't about the ferry-boat!
The ferry-boat's ower dear—
Ten pound in a year!
Half a cherry, half a cheese,
Half a bonny blue glass!
Blaw Willie Buck's horn!
A' his kye's among the corn.
Willie Buck had a coo,
They ca'd her Broo-brenty;
She fell ower the brig o' Perth,
And broke the covenant!'

This ridiculous medley vies in point of nonsense with the most silly productions of the English nursery muse. The last two lines might form the theme of very curious conjectures to Englishmen; and many of them would perhaps infer from them that 'Willie Buck's coo' had been guilty of some awful violation of the Solemn League and Covenant in her precipitous descent from the bridge of Perth.

But verses of this kind appear to have been too vain and childish for the steady gravity of the Scotch, and consequently are few in number compared with those of the English. The following verse, which explains and attempts to justify the superstitious affection which the Scotch children manifest for the robin, the lark, and the wren, may be produced here:—

'Robin, robin redbreast,
The lav'rock and the wren;
If you harry their nest
Ye'll never thrive again!'

This singular verse had a powerful effect upon the imagination of our school-fellows, and kept comparatively safe from depredation the nests of the three birds mentioned above. Indeed, in our experience of bird-nesting, we can recollect of only one case in which a robin's nest was destroyed; and the delinquent, for some days after the deed was discovered, was constantly saluted with the ominous lines, which threatened in future times the punishment of his sin.

The stories which form no inconsiderable part of nursery literature exhibit in many cases the same nonsensical spirit, except when they refer to religious subjects, and then the odour of their sanctity is quite overpowering. One writer, like the stern clergyman depicted in 'Jane Eyre,' delights in relating, in the 'easy narrative style,' the dreadful fate of John —, a wicked little boy, who was drowned after purloining an apple from his papa's orchard; or of Jane —, a naughty little girl, who didn't love her hymns, and died very suddenly. These productions are scarcely less objectionable than the hordes of stories of good little boys and girls, who are 'very, very good,' and who generally die very early. We all remember how *Punch's* Master Jacky advises his young companions *not* to be good boys, for all good boys die young! We cannot allow that this sensational kind of nursery literature does any good; and we should be very sorry to suppose that it does any harm. The children themselves, pretty good judges of what is agreeable to them, hate it thoroughly; and rush from it, to peruse with greater relish a humorous story or a fairy tale.

We are not aware of any strong objection that can be urged against the use of fairy tales in the nursery. The power of the good fairy is always a source of gratification to the young reader or listener; the strange supernatural agency which makes the

'Dishes with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire;

which transports the prince or the princess thousands of miles in the twinkling of an eye, excites unbounded wonder; and for a considerable time commands entire belief. The wonderful adventures of the redoubted Jack-the-Giant-killer—or, as he is sometimes denominated, Jack-the-Giant-queller—ought to be, and in fact are, known by every little boy above four years of age; and Cinderella, with her marvellously powerful godmother, and her marvellously wicked stepmother, has gained a fame which will endure so long as 'of makin' o' books, there is nae end.' The Scotch, in former times, used to be peculiarly prolific in this kind of nursery literature; but it was of a somewhat different nature from the fairy tales of old England. The superstitious element entered more largely into its character; the fairies were beings to be conciliated rather than loved; the brownies, kelpies, witches, ghaists, and bogies, struck fear into the juvenile heart, unaccompanied by the smallest shade of doubt. The stories had this advantage over the English fairy tales, that they were delivered orally, and under circumstances which increased their effect and insured their credence. On the dark, long, weary 'fore-nights' of winter, the family of the cottar would draw round the ingle, in their comfortable 'clay-bigin,' when some venerable patriarch or consequential grandam of three score and ten would relieve the dull monotony of the winter evening by repeating an old Scotch legend, replete with all the usual superstitious characters, and enforced generally by the asseveration that some remote ancestor of the family had taken

part in the transactions recorded. The impassioned tones and gestures of the venerable speaker would lend authority to the tale, which the juveniles would 'devour with a greedy ear,' and treasure up for future use. It is much to be regretted that scenes like this are becoming every day more and more uncommon—that the fireside literature of Scotland, which is synonymous with its nursery literature, is no longer so rich in legendary lore as it used to be. But it is some satisfaction to know, that many of the most striking of these fireside legends have been rescued from oblivion by Scott, Galt, and other writers whose names are 'less known to fame.'

One other item in our recollections of fashionable nursery literature deserves to be noticed. The curious plates which accompany the plaintive lays of 'Bo-Peep' and 'Miss Muffet,' and the other delightfully ridiculous stories well known in the nursery, retain their place in the memory quite as long as the verses themselves. It is now a considerable time since we had the pleasure of reading the nursery tales we have mentioned, but we still retain a very vivid recollection of the woful appearance of poor Bo-Peep, when she found her flock was amissing, and of her dumbfounded aspect on beholding their wretched tails!

A novelty, as it may be called, has lately been introduced into nursery literature by a well-known lady in Edinburgh. It is called a 'picture letter;' and many of the words are written, not in common letters, but in pictures. Thus the author of the letter writes her name with the figure of a *pussy* placed before the words herine Sinclair—the whole being designed to represent Catherine Sinclair! *My dear* is always written with the figure of a *stag* after the possessive pronoun; and other words are represented in a similar way. The whole letter looks very puzzling, and will probably be found a very useful exercise for youthful ingenuity.

Hitherto we have met with very little which we could absolutely condemn in nursery literature, and we wish that we could close the present notice with this remark. But we have been sorry to find, in some writers of nursery tales, a tendency to corrupt the youthful mind by wrong views of the different conditions of men. As Falstaff says, 'There's lime in the sack.' We can only afford room for one example. In a nursery tale of the usual nonsensical kind, called 'The Dog's Dinner Party,' one of the parties invited, named Mr. Common Bulldog, destroys the whole fun by his rude behaviour. He is the type, so the story says, of the common people; and his conduct gives occasion to the following strange announcement:—'That low-born may become wise and good; but that low-born and low-bred must never be admitted into good society!' Such is the mischievous moral by which the writer corrupts an otherwise highly amusing story. Aristocratic matrons may regard a sentence like this as the lump of sugar at the bottom of the tea-cup; but they should beware how they encourage a sentiment so pernicious in its tendencies. E. R.

THE PHANTOM PUNT;

OR, THE HOWL OF GUILT.*

A TALE OF VIRTUE AND VILLANY, TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,
DESPAIR AND DEATH.

BOOK SECOND.—PART FIRST.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHIPPS NARRATIVE.—CHAPTER I.

'I, Abinadab Ephraim Chippa, solemnly declare that the following account of my connection with the Plantagenet Phipps, Marquis of Pennywhistle, is correct in every particular:—

'Plantagenet Phipps, Marquis of Pennywhistle, wronged me grossly, foully, there, where I had garnered up my heart; where either—et cetera—but enough of this. I see the paper through blinding sobs, and I must be calm. I, Abinadab Ephraim Chippa, incredible as the statement may appear, once loved—loved madly, passionately, fondly, tenderly. Who? Great Fates! Who? Ah!—SHE! She, who was ever fair and never proud. She, who wore a wreath of roses the night when first we met. We met—I, Abinadab Ephraim Chippa, and the lassie with the lint-white locks. She was a blacksmith's daughter—speak it out, O heart!—and dwelt beside the untrodden ways beside the Springs of Dove. Her bright smile haunts me still—haunts me, Abinadab Ephraim Chippa—haunts me, and sends the red blood gushing through my brains. I was a boy—a careless happy boy of nineteen, when first I saw sweet Alice. It was on a market day. I was returning from the market; and it was in a path by the river, overshadowed with trees, that I encountered her. I addressed her in the following words, "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" Her back was towards me. I had a presentiment that she was pretty; but little dreamed I that she was of such transcendent loveliness. She turned, and my fate was sealed. I could not choose but love. I felt as if I was swallowing a red-hot brick, and as if some invisible force inside my head was drawing my hairs, one by one, into the recesses of my brain. It was a strange feeling, not altogether unpleasant. It seemed as if my legs were made of inflammable wood, and were being slowly consumed by the fiery element. She noticed my agitation; and, with maiden modesty, blushed scarlet—blushed till I thought she would have burst a blood-vessel. With the presentiment that such a contingency was not at all unlikely, if she went on blushing much longer, I knelt upon the green sward, and entreated her to dance with me a minuet de la cœur! She replied, in French, that nothing would give her greater pleasure; and, accordingly, we commenced. We finished, and I entreated to be allowed the felicity of seeing her home. She, smiling, blushed a sweet consent, and we walked on. It was in the glorious summer time—in the rosy time of the year; and it

* The right of dramatising, translating, and reproducing this serial fiction is reserved by the authors.

was about ten p.m. when I reached the stile which led to her father's home. He kept a little farm. I parted with her; and, when she touched my hand, I felt as if I could cheerfully have expired on the spot. She left me, giving me a look which said, plainer than words—you are not quite indifferent to me—nil desperandum. I turned, and pursued the road home, which retreated from me as I advanced. I had gone on about five yards, when I was sensible of a faint soresm behind me. I turned, and Alice was in the middle of the meadow; and what, great heavens! there was bowling, bearing down upon her a mad bull—a monster bull, with huge rolling eyes, straining nostrils, which smelled the ground ever and anon, and a long hair-tipped spear-looking tail, which swept the air and massacred innocent insects by the hundred! Alice wore a red cloak, and I suppose the fury of the animal had been aroused by the sanguinary hue of the linsey-woolsey. She was overcome with terror, and clasped her pretty hands in agony, as if to beseech the animal to direct its attention to any passengers which it might encounter on the roadside, for it was proceeding in that direction. Fifteen thousand different emotions struggled in my breast. There was the empress of my soul in the most imminent danger; death inevitable, unless the attention of the animal could be withdrawn. What was I to do? Death to her was death to me! I felt that my destiny was linked to hers. I felt that I could not exist without her. What was I to do? Should I at once rush over and fling myself between her and the bull? That was my only course. Stay! if I could get its attention directed to myself, and still give myself time to escape with a run—I would try it. I vaulted over the stile, and was in the park in less time than I take to narrate it. I shouted to her to throw off her cloak, and stare the bull steadily in the eyes. She heard my words, and, as she afterwards informed me, she recollected of an alleged potency which the mesmeric gaze of a man or woman has in arresting the progress of the most infuriated animals, and obeyed my second instruction. Her cloak fell off, and huddled close to her feet, as if in terror. She stood upright, clasped her hands behind her back, and awaited the approach of the animal. She had not long to wait. Onward came the bull, with the deliberate intention in its vile heart of goring that lovely form, and leaving it mangled and bleeding in the dry ditch which skirted the meadow. Onward it came, till within the influence of her lovely eyes. It stopped, and gazed at her with a sort of unholy terror. Thus they remained for about ten minutes. I knew that she could not stand much longer. I seized the bull by the tail, and immediately its attention was directed from Alice. She fled in the direction of the house for assistance. The assistance arrived too late—I was lying bleeding and senseless in the ditch.

'I remember no more till a month and a day, when I awoke one morning to discover that a lovely female was sitting sewing at my bedside. I tried to raise

my head, and asked her for a drink of water. She screamed, and I knew that it was Alice.

'Thus commenced our courtship. The flame of love was kindled in each of our hearts, and we loved as two fresh young hearts only can love. The course of our true love ran smooth till that patrician villain came between us. My Alice had one weakness, and that was for dress. Pennywhistle knew that weakness; he admired her beauty as the wolf admires the lamb, and he commenced systematically to accomplish the work of her destruction.

'He accomplished her ruin, and I was miserable. I brooded over my misery till a settled purpose of dire revenge took possession of my heart. I sought the destroyer of my happiness.

'We met—'twas in a crowd. I, Abinadab Ephraim Chippe, and the destroyer of my peace met—'twas in a crowd, as I have mentioned before. I met him in the most appropriate place for a meeting such as ours.

'It was a London crowd. The sun was shining. Good heavens! the sun shone on him; but, with him, it embraced the social mud of London.

'It was one of the great morning carnivals of crime—the grand jubilee of the depraved. The moral scabs of the great city were festering in the sun, and under the shadow of their great temple—the black and dingy walls of Newgate. That was their Juggernaut, and they were there to see a victim offered up a sacrifice. St. Paul's might rise up stately and grand, and look down contemptuously or pitifully on the motley gathering; St. Sepulchre's might unite with it to gather them under their shadow, and purge them from their stains of blood. But they had a temple of their own. It ran to no great height. It had no golden-tipped spire cleaving the heavens, and flashing back the sun's rays from the brass ball—to enter heaven with intercession for its worshippers. It lay black, large, low, and sturdy. It was roomy, always well filled, and always receiving fresh devotees. It had a shadow of its own; and struggled sturdily, and conquered the shadows of the two rival temples which lay contiguous. The silver moon sometimes threw chaste, pitiful rays upon it; and darted an arrow of hope, through the slits in the walls, into the gloomy, dank, and slimy apartment of some poor devotee—as if to ask him to breathe a prayer of repentance, and it would, swift as thought, dart back with it to the gates of paradise. But there was a black spirit constantly on the watch, whose huge form covered up the temple, and cast its shadow, black and gloomy, over all. In the gray of the morning, the shadow might be seen dissolving into thin air. Its shape was like a man. It had wings, cloven feet, a Louis-Napoleonic nose; and the badge which it wore on its sleeve, wrought in letters of blue fire, was a bleeding throat, a knife, and a white-ribbed skeleton dangling from a scaffold.

'We met, I say, in this crowd. I had sought over Europe and America, and at last I found him. Since my return to London, I had attended every execution, in order to feast my eyes with the contortions of the dying wretches, and delude myself into the belief that it was him—my enemy, the perpetrator of my great wrong. I had attended so often, and looked so eagerly, that I now carry in the retina of

my eye the picture of a scaffold, and a white cowed figure dangling from a beam. I can't get rid of it; and never will, till the white bellied worm eats through the lids, and feasts and wriggles in the pupils of my eyes.

'Ha! but it was worth my pains.

'I waited till the miserable wretch was strung off, and I followed him—I followed him to his plebeian residence in Bermondsey-square.

'I managed to bribe the servant to admit me in the dead of night.

'I crept up to his bed-room. I opened the door.

'I was face to face with him.

'He was cutting his toe nails with a razor.

'I sprang on him, and seized the razor out of his hands, and stood before him, with my great wrong looking out of my eyes.

'He knew the fate in store for him, and trembled.

'I flourished the razor.

(To be continued.)

BY THE LAKE.

When the white water-lilies in their snow are blowing;

Where the lone streamlet murmurs into rest;

Where the dull shadows of the trees are going—

Are ever flowing o'er the lake's low breast;—

Where the cool winds, in summer evenings dying,

Ripple the golden glory of the tide;

Where the cool breezes, through drooping willows sighing,

Plays with the sedges by the lake's green side;—

Hither, my own one! would I have thee linger,

To watch the star of love burn in the west;

To see the beauty that the sunsets bring her,

Growing, dilating in her golden vest.

Or, when the twilight—palely, softly stealing—

Creeps o'er the meadows lying still and green;

Twin lustrous stars in yon blue vault revealing,

Whose equals only in thine eyes are seen;—

There would I have thee come, and sweetly squander

The luscious hours that prelude in the night;

While by the lake's side would we slowly wander,

Gazing in peace upon the fading light.

I would not, dear! in passion bend before thee—

A quieter happiness I'd bring my love;

The joy of heaven should softly tremble o'er thee,

And sit upon thy breast a snow-white dove.

Thy gentle eyes should beam in placid brightness—

Dear, gentle eyes! that only dream of me;

Thy gentle breast should beat in tender whiteness—

Like summer sunshine on a crystal sea.

I would not have thee, love! share fierce heart-burning.

Nor bear the tumult of a restless soul;

I would those dear, dear eyes to Heaven were turning.

In grateful thanks for Heaven's most bounteous dole;

And that we two should calmly go together,

Throughout the ebb and flow of life's long change—

Daring the brunt of many a winter's weather—

Meeting the sunshine and the varying range

Of times and seasons. Wherefore, dear one! hasten

Unto this dell, beneath the twilight cold;

Where gentle sadness will our gladness chasten

With fond remembrance of the days of old.

W. BLACK.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.]

GABRIEL GRAY—A GLASGOW STORY.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR.

'Oh! that fear,

When the heart longs to know what it is death to hear!'—*Croly.*

CHAPTER X.

Is my child, Barbara, really in love? and has she met with a disappointment to blight the roses in her face, and undermine—perhaps destroy her health? Her mamma—sixty at her last birth-day, and whose circumference is something to be proud of—the consummate full-blown flower of womanhood, and of the Chisholms, a family, be it marked, with ancestors—cannot understand how any such foolishness should be in this buying and selling world. She herself, with her long observation of character, and mature practical judgment, declares that she is unable to discover anything in the young man, Edward Imrie, but a fellow who would be likely to make a drudge of any woman he should marry, as somebody else had been made a drudge of, getting no thanks neither. Now, if Barbara could but be pushed into the M'Grubber circle—ah! there would be a chance! Why, with her good looks—although *she* should say it who shouldn't—she might have the West-end of Glasgow at her feet. Such is my incomparable Jean's plain, common-sense reasoning upon the matter—at which Barbara smiles, as if with a vague assent; while secretly, I can see, she presses her white graceful fingers to her heart.

Dear Barbara!—dearer infinitely for the apprehension, experienced but never told, with which I contemplate her exquisitely-outlined features daily! Were the youth Imrie a beggar in the street, and she in love with him—I would, I verily dare swear, sympathise with that irrational passion at her heart. She accordingly leans on me as if reading me affectionately inwards. Yet she whispers me no confession, and bears the burden of her mighty sorrow—whatever that may be—alone. Nay, when apparently most anxious to be companionable, I descry somehow about her a near darkness of solitude into which she steals ever and anon unawares. Surpassingly beautiful, no doubt, is the smile she wears whenever she emerges, serene and silverly, like the moon from a cloud. At such times she seems to discover in the eyes of all of us, though perhaps in mine most, a sadness which she tries to dissipate. She then gleams and lightens, as if fain into the shady places of our hearts to dart swift sunshine. But, ay me! my masters! such faint moony mocking of the healthy day! It has that in it which is more melancholy than twilight, though bringing with it equally grateful dews. Strange that not her frequent thoughtful dreaminess, but rather her occasional luminous gaiety

affects me to indiscreet tears, and teaches me the paternal hypocrisy of feigning sudden engagements across the street, or little casual errands into the next room!

Mathew Waddel—in some respects my chiefest other self, if Jean will allow me to say so—sees and understands it all. He flares up when I talk despondingly of Barbara, but his kindness for her increases and grows more demonstrative. Now, why should it, but that his words and deeds may possibly, as regards my uncomplaining sufferer, be, even disguisedly to himself, of the nature of farewells and benedictions? Yet I would not that his efforts to cheer me were less frenzied. When he swears, with towering impatience, that Barbara never looked better in her life, I feel gladdened if not convinced by his emphasis. I like a man who gives consolation dogmatically, as if he knew. Mathew is prepared to dispute with the very doctors. His mind is made up. He will not admit—any more than Jean—that Barbara is seriously ill.

Nor is she—perhaps. I build fond hopes on the uncertainty. Her cough may be only a slight cold—her pallor and flushings the result only of a temporary weakness. Or is it, as Jean suspects, though with wonder at the poverty of the object, that the poor girl is veritably in love? Ah Mathew! you and I are both well stricken in years now! A drooping eye and a rosy lip stir up no feverish pulses in our blood. With my strong-minded Jean, the passion of love—unless it be the love of riches—is a mere silliness which ought to be rebuked and punished. It is a rare thing indeed for age, in either sex, to enter into the feelings of youth. But my own recollections of my susceptible and sickly years are peculiarly vivid. A certain jimp-waisted damsel—who, by the way, would now leave a very visible footprint if dancing like a nymph upon the sand—held my heart in terrific bondage. And would it be consistent in me to blame my child for a fervour and depth of feeling which she may possibly, for aught I know, have inherited? Oh that I had it in my power to bear her away into strange lands, and wile her into the gradual forgetfulness of associations which may be too keen for her strength!

Sometimes in my helplessness I have turned to my special friend; but his sudden dawn of fortune dazzles my eyes. I would fain fancy him unchanged; but, ay me! the difficulty of it! Poverty is easily discoverable to those who know its signs. The thickest veil of pride keeps not the wind of observation from penetrating the threadbare garment—sending a brutal chill. But the worm may be busy at the heart of the flower, before the outward leaves are subdued to the humiliating betrayal of its slow work of murder. It is different with riches. Except in the case of the

miser hiding and hushing his gold—hiding and hushing it in terror of the plunderer and the suppliant—wealth, no matter in what way acquired, is forward to show itself at once. Mere useful vulgarities—buttons, buckles, and the like—may be concealed; but ribbons, lace, jewels, luminous eyes, pearls in the mouth, and other fineries, are not for the dark. Riches, or at least what the world esteems such, are, in their very nature, demonstrative. Even the importunities to which the opulent are exposed are a flattery. They are thus certain to profit, in some sense, by display; and profit, real or fancied—to the purse or to the pride—is, I fear, the master motive-power of our frail race.

Ah! with what conscious superiority will a golden tongue wag, be it in the brassiest bell that ever drew pious stragglers along the sheep-tracks! How audible is the dull snuffle of the man of large acres, compared with the Jove's thunder of the orator of no estate! Friend, most blessedly favoured of fortune! take that reflection as an indelible treasure to thy memory, and from the moment thou openest thy mouth to speak, be suspicious of a sycophant in every listener! Yet, if true desert in Mr. Waddel was legitimately and honourably crowned, wherefore should he have hesitated to make proclamation of his prosperity in the highways? If the modesty of the good man was dumb, his purse was loud in spite of him. Blindness or deafness itself might have interpreted how it burst its clasps and vociferated. Mathew marched as to the blare of trumpets. His fame rippled about the neighbourhood in pleasant speeches; and if all this occurred suddenly and for the first time, who is there will express wonder? Was not El Dorado, from a like cause, made all at once immortal in geography? How few could have taken the world's map, and put his finger on California, prior to the sunlight falling upon its glittering sands! Mathew exhibited his new condition in the floss of his hat. There was Glenfield starch in his neck-tie and in his bearing. In the polished surface of his boots, the laureate of Day & Martin's once famous establishment might have descried the portrait of a genius and shaved. How the abundant sap disclosed itself in blossom and foliage! Mathew burgeoned. He was in the clasp of the dews and the sunshine. The April and May of worldly success had come upon him like a late spring; and, in spite of his wintry hairs, he exhibited the full-blown bravery of youth, even like any wrinkled and ridiculous old fop, sunning himself for admiration and an appetite on the broad flags.

Then, again, it was noticeable to me, and to all, that the apartments of my neighbour and friend brightened into a splendid sympathy with his improved condition. A rich man cannot any more than the sun wrap himself up in his own brightness. His glory, on the contrary, is diffusive, making vulgar things lustrous, and turning very tears to jewels. The old familiar table, still vibrating with the quaint wrangle, the good-humoured riot, the fierce convivial

uproar of our two voices, reflected the pomp of decanters out of all keeping with their sundry antiquated surroundings. A golden clock, whereon was the effigy of a golden shepherdess—for Mathew had a saccharine tooth for feminine glitter—overlapped the mantelpiece by some dangerous inches, and told how the time of day went with its master. Instead of the cotton article that had taken the rain quietly, a glossy hemisphere of silk, with its longitudes marked in thin steel, tinkled to the shower at our chance meetings. The maid, Susan, looked plumper, and rosier, and grander than before, as if feeling entitled to the considerable space she occupied in the eyes of Willie the milkman, and of a certain stalwart rival of his in dark cerulean uniform. As I cast my eyes across the street diagonally and dreamily, the windows of Mathew's room were transfigured into unearthly brilliance, and through them I beheld marvellous sights, in the shape of shimmering and bewildering Pactoluses, what time the sun glinted on their startled panes, as he drove his fiery team up the blue steep, noonward.

Mathew and I were, in short, no longer a match. The pegs of him had been screwed far above my humble concert-pitch. We were neither thirds, nor fifths, nor octaves, but jangling discords. Call it pride, or call it modesty, I felt myself instinctively cooling down from the warmth of our so perfect brotherhood. My height suffered in his presence, and I was loth to abate my inches. Yet penetrating through the new bright crust and costly diagnoses of him, there—in the true kernel of him—was my genuine cronic of old, with his rich thick chuckle and choke, and his heart as responsive to every real test as a bell!

Besides, I had good reason—ah! reason how unspeakably good!—to love Mathew Waddel's riches, even while standing in some awe of them. Their light was on Barbara's path, fondling every sickly flower there into something of healthy bloom. They gave substance to his great sympathy and kindness. There was no end of his toilette vinegars, and jellies, and little things that said much. Had he been in all else my foe, I should have looked upon my child, whose slow and patient decline he had soothed, and been powerless as infancy to retaliate. He had torn from me my very panoply of pride. But was he not my friend now as always? and if the aspen shadow of a fear intervened, was it aught else, on being analysed, than the shadow of a fear to lose him? Ah! we are strangely selfish. With such honey for the quick bees of the world to swarm about, how could I now hope to have him all and always to myself? Were not his kidnappers drugging him with lordly wines? I fancied more than once a desperate emphasis in the piano of the Old Reds, as if with a design to storm his acquaintance. The happy repose, the contented leisure, that had made our intercourse sweet, was worried out of him. What then? Was I, Gabriel Gray, to cease at length to be his oracle? Were the plaudits, and the laughs, and the encouragements of

him to be carried to other tables! O Heaven! was this forty-year reader of me to scatter himself in future over a waste sea of miscellanies? But that Mathew was transformed, I should have brazened and bullied him for a worthy answer—yea, wrung from the inner soul of him such a response as must have rivetted, as with oaths, our life-long fidelity to friendship, and charmed from the very gods the applausive thunders of the skies. With familiarity frozen into respect, and haunted as I was with reflections as to how the soberest brains wax giddy from sudden elevation, I felt that I could not pound the right issue from him, as I might have done on the old level, with Gabriel Gray something towering. But would he prove stanch or fail? Would our old, old friendship be as a restraining ballast at his heart? or would he mount away from me like a painted balloon, grandly, and with an exulting flourish of flags, yet painfully and ludicrously dwarfing, to fade at last into utter nothingness to my reproving, affronted, though alas! utterly blank eyes? Upon this problem I mused and mused; and glancing at poor Barbara asleep, with Sophia sewing by her side, I felt my eyes moisten, as if from a secret misgiving that, somehow or other—through some dim presentiment of ill—the ground was not wholly secure beneath my feet.

(To be continued fortnightly.)

LE CHEVALIER DU RAYON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FRED HARPER'S LEGACY.'

CHAPTER III.

IN a most elegant manner, the Chevalier assisted *Jemima* to mount; and, after three several attempts—the two first of which were foiled by the restiveness of the animal—having succeeded in mounting himself, they rode off, followed by a groom on a large thoroughbred—the Chevalier saluting the ladies at the window of Sir John's mansion, by carrying his hat for some distance elevated in the air to the full extent of his right arm.

'My dear beloved Miss *Jemima*!' said the Chevalier, breaking the silence which had prevailed during the first few minutes, 'there is not words to me to express the Alpine felicity which I feel in to be so near you as—Wo-o-o—ze nasty beast! He will not go right this animal at all; he is much restive.'

'I think you had better change with the groom,' said *Jemima*. 'John!'

'Oh no, my dear mademoiselle,' said the Chevalier. 'I think ze other one is just so bad. He will perhaps get more better as we go along one little bit. But even, mademoiselle,' he added, with a quiver in his voice, 'if he should leap and leap till he leap me over his head, and I come down on my head and break my neck, I would consider myself amply repaid by ze few happy moments I have had ze happiness to enjoy in your sweet companie.'

'O monsieur, how you do talk!' said *Jemima*, putting her handkerchief up to her face.

'How I do talk! I may use ze strong language, but it is because I feel strong. I speak true—true as ze sun which shines in ze sky, although it is enshrouded in ze smoke—just as my heart is enshrouded in ze black smoke of despair. Ze ice is broke now, mademoiselle; and it is no use to me to hide ze feeling longer. O mademoiselle! if you but knew ze feelings which tear my bosom, you would feel ze pity to me; and if pity be ze mother of love, perhaps—oh ze blessed hope!—you might come to feel ze little spark of love begin to warm your little heart. But I fear—I fear zat it is too much ever to be true; but still, like ze sinking man to ze straw, I grasp to it as ze only hope; for, unless ze little arrow pierce your heart through ze medium of ze pity—pity to me, pity for ze misery of which you are the innocent cause—I feel that it can never do so at all. I cannot move you by ze tongue—for mine is but one poor instrument, especially more as it is employed in your language; and I have no attraction sufficient enough in my person to move ze sentiments. I am but one plain, ugly man!'

'I am sure you do not think so,' said *Jemima*.

'Then, if I do not, I am one fool—one idiot,' said the Chevalier, with a sudden change of manner. 'We will take ze—what you call him?—one inventory of ze individual, and then we shall see. He have ze brown hair—one very good colour; but then it is straight and bristly—bristly as the bristles on ze boar; ze beard is dark, but curly—curly as one head of ze ne-nigro; ze eyes are dark—they will do—what you call pass muster; then ze nose—well, he is not so bad—in fact, now that I notice him, too like your own sweet one, my dear mademoiselle, for me to make ze remark. Then ze figure is not so bad—but ze feet, ze feet—oh, ze feet—you will pardon ze mention of such humble organs—but ze feets is frightful—like one patriarchal instance of ze fish you call ze—what you call him?—ze floundair.'

'Now really, monsieur, I do believe you only mentioned them to draw attention to their particular smallness. And why, your inventory, as you call it, instead of being so very modest, as your general statement led me to suppose, displays, I think, an unusual amount of conceit.'

'My dear mademoiselle, you are too severe. It is only one confirmation that one thing may be very good in ze several parts, and yet very indifferent as ze whole. Ze human body is composed of so many limbs, and ze head, and ze arms, and ze feet; and then ze face have so many different features—ze eyes, and ze nose, and ze mouth, and ze eyebrows, and ze forehead, and even ze shape of ze head himself, that each may be very good in himself, and yet the whole be spoiled by ze want of what you call ze symmetry—ze misproportion of parts of ze whole. Now zat is ze way of me; I may have ze good nose, and mouth, and ze eyes, and ze chest, and ze feet—no not ze feet, but ze limbs; but no one but ze blind would say zat I was beautiful.'

'I am sure you do not think so, monsieur,' said *Jemima*. 'But do not some people say that it is all a matter of taste—that there is no such thing as intrinsic beauty; that it exists only in the eye of the beholder?'

'And that, my dear mademoiselle,' rejoined the Chevalier, 'is most true: it is all one matter of taste. One likes ze fair, another ze dark—one ze tall, one ze small—one ze fat, one ze skinny. There may be a prevailing taste (and it is different in different parts of ze world), but you will find no two ze same: it is different as ze variety in ze countenance, and zat is one good dispensation.'

'And what may your taste be, monsieur, if I might ask?'

'Mine! Ze beauty of expression; zat to me is the only true beauty. I have heard one eminent physician of mine acquaintance, ze Physician-in-ordinaire to ze Duchess of Orleans, say that ze air and ze exercise are ze best cosmetiques in ze world; and I will add one little corollary, that ze good sense and ze good nature are ze best and ze brightest beauty.'

'Then I suppose, monsieur,' said Jemima, 'that, from your theory of the beautiful, you consider that although you are such an extremely plain person, this only renders you not so agreeable to the general taste; it does not prevent you from appearing interesting in the eyes of some whom you have already seen, or may perhaps yet see.'

'Perhaps so, mademoiselle. But what is that to me,' he added, with a sigh, 'if it render me—if I appear as I am in ze eyes of one—ze only one whose opinion I value—in the opinion of her whom I have loved from the moment I beheld her,—one glance of whose eye made to crumble into dust all ze barriers which reason had raised to oppose ze entrance of a feeling which could enter but to blight—to blight by ze withering blast of unrequited love! Like ze drowning man, however, I grasp to ze straw of hope. Tell me, mademoiselle—oh! tell me, if I might dare to hope so much—do you consider me—am I!—Be quiet, you brute! H'm! I mean—He is a—ze most disagreeable animal'—

'I really do think you had better change with the groom,' said Jemima; 'the horse he has is much quieter.'

'Well, perhaps I might be so good,' said the Chevalier; 'but if I had ze time I would teach him to be better.'

They waited till the groom came up; and the Chevalier having exchanged horses with him, they proceeded on their ride. For some minutes, the Chevalier did not speak—the interruption to his peroration having caused him, apparently, to lose the thread of his ideas.

'I think you will find him a good deal quieter than the other,' said Jemima.

'Oh, thank you—yes—much,' answered the Chevalier. 'But, mademoiselle, I must speak—I may not have ze opportunity of to do so again—I may never see you no more. I must speak. If there is no hope, then I will crush it in my breast, if my heart should break in ze struggle; but if there is the faintest ray of ze hope, then—but oh, I feel it is too much ever to be! Tell me, my dear Jemima!—tell me, do you think you could ever come to—to regard me as—to—to?'—But the words died away on the Chevalier's lips.

Jemima said nothing. She bent down, and patted the neck of her horse.

'Oh! do not,' exclaimed the Chevalier—'do not keep me in this suspense! It is torture—it is ze madness.'

'Well, monsieur—indeed, I have seen so little of you, that—in fact—why, really, I—I—do not—I do not know what to say.'

'Then at least you do not regard me with disdain!' exclaimed the Chevalier. 'You feel that perhaps you might yet come to feel that—it is one most difficult subject to find ze words to express ze so delicate feeling—but might I venture to dare for one moment to hope that you might yet come to regard me with no unfavourable eye?'

'Perhaps I might,' murmured Jemima, with some hesitation.

'Oh ze happiness—ze joy of ze little words!' exclaimed the Chevalier. 'I feel as if I could go down on ze knees, and take your dear hand in mine, and bathe it with ze tears of delight.' I feel as if I could leap in ze air for joy. I call ze very stones of ze pavement to witness—'

'If you do not take care, monsieur,' interrupted Jemima, 'you will make a leap in the air more than you want, and an acquaintance with the stones of the pavement sooner than you wish. Look where you are going now—there is a carriage coming right down upon you!'

'Oh, ze—so there is!—there—zat is all right now. Ze joy, my dear beloved, zat the little words gave to me drew me out of myself, and made me to forget anything—almost even ze very consciousness of my existence. It is ze most happiest moment of my life; if it were not zat we are so public just now, I would make ze little request of you to put your hand upon my heart to feel how he beats—he go with ze high pressure; and it is not to be wondered, for he is high with ze pressure of joy and love.'

'But really, monsieur, you use such extravagant language that I really do not know whether you are serious or sincere in your protestations, or merely in jest. Pardon me, but I am almost inclined to think that it may be only the way in which gentlemen of your nation are accustomed to address every lady into whose society they may be thrown.'

'My dear mademoiselle,' said the Chevalier, 'I pardon you; but I would pardon no other who made ze statement. Every word I speak is from ze very interior of ze core of mon heart. I have never addressed any lady in ze language which I have now to you; for ze most good reason, I had never before ze feeling which prompts him. Indeed, I did not use to have any very much great respect for ze sex which has the honour to claim you; but your charms have dissolved ze mist which clouded my vision, and I now see zat they are indeed the fair sex, and that all ze beauty and sweetness is concentrated in the—in the lovely being I have now ze felicity to address.'

'Oh, monsieur!'

'And that is not ze half—not ze hundredth part of what I feel. I have often regretted that I not study

your language more; but never more than in the present tense, for ze words do not come to express ze quarter—ze ten hundredth part of ze quarter of my feelings!

'But your using such language, on so short an acquaintance as we have had'—

'Ze short acquaintance! It is not too short, by one long time, for me to have fallen into ze love of you. One love grow in an hour—in one minute; another grow like ze friendship, by ze little and little. I am ze quick one; and, besides, it is not one short acquaintance to me. I have from long ago in my mind ze style of what I could love, and it have become long familiar to me; and when I see you, I say to myself Zat is ze realise of ze image in my mind. And then I fall, on the spot, right into ze pit; and when I recover from the shock, I feel as if I have loved you ffr years.'

'If I could but believe you sincere, monsieur'—

'Believe me sincere!' exclaimed the Chevalier.

'You see the sun—he shines in ze sky; but it is not more true than that you shine in my heart—though it is now clouded by ze doubt you put on me. You see ze tree yonder—it is rooted fast in ze ground; but it is not more true than that your image is rooted in my breast. You tear up ze tree—it tears and breaks the ground; you are torn from my heart—it tears him up and breaks him, like ze field which have been ploughed with ze ploughshare, of— The dirty blackguard! H'm!—a—I mean ze little dirty boy! He have thrown one stone, and soil all mon trousseurs (if you will pardon the mention of ze article). But, my dear beloved Jemima! you will believe me now; and, tell me, you did not feel zat you could like me when you saw me the first time!'

'Oh really, monsieur! But, since you have been so candid with me, I will not deny that I did not—that I—I felt—that is—in fact—Oh really, monsieur, I do not know what to say. If I could but'—

The Chevalier, in terms as before, repeated his protestations of sincerity, calling upon the sun, the moon, the stars, and various other objects, animate and inanimate, to bear witness to the state of his feelings. His eloquence melted Jemima's doubts away. Gradually he extracted from her the acknowledgment that the impression made by him upon her heart had been more than a merely favourable one. The Chevalier pressed his suit; and at length, just as they were approaching Russell-square on their return, Jemima yielded a soft consent to go with him, if her papa and mamma should offer no objection—to go with him to the Continent as his wife.

CHAPTER IV.

On reaching home, Jemima withdrew to dress for dinner; and the Chevalier, having performed a short toilet, was shown into the drawing-room. There was no one there but Sir John, who lay dozing in a couch, and did not notice his entrance.

'Hem! ha!' said the Chevalier.

'Eh—who's that?' said Sir John, opening his eyes.

'Oh—ah!—yes—you're the foreign gentleman the girls met at Tony Walton's! Polly was saying she expected

you to dinner. She wanted me to dress in honour of the occasion; but, the fact is, I couldn't be troubled. How d'y'e do!'

'How do you do, my dear sir? I am delighted to make your acquaintance. Je trust you will excuse ze rather unceremonious entrées, and ze disturbance which I caused to your slumbers.'

'No manner of consequence.'

'A thousand thanks, my dear sir, for your forbearance,' said the Chevalier. 'I feel ze more gratitude zat I know myself ze disagreeableness of to be awakened out of ze sleep.'

'Don't mention it. I usually take a nap when I come home and find that dinner isn't ready; and that is every second day for one half of the week, and every day for the other half. I say—I'm rather hungry.'

'Then, my dear sir,' said the Chevalier, 'you and I will at least agree in one thing—I have a little of the sentiment—at least, what you call him!—a little of ze sensation to myself. You will pardon ze liberty I take in to trespass on your hospitality—it is by ze kind invitation of your estimable spouse that I do so. You will observe, my dear sir, zat I call in ze fulfilment of my little promise to your amiable daughters, I having seen a young friend of yours on ze Continent.'

'That's Harry Seaman. He's a scamp; let me hear no more about him.'

'Then I beg ze ten thousand pardon for ze mention of him,' said the Chevalier. 'You will observe, my dear sir, I merely met him what you call casually, and I have very small acquaintance of him. It is one most beautiful—one most magnificent mighty city this of yours, my dear sir!'

'Um! Rather!'

'Ze shops are most magnificent splendid,' continued the Chevalier. 'It was truly said that you are one nation of shopkeepers. Ze shopkeepers are ze sinews, ze bones, ze muscle of your great and mighty nation. Je am proud to make ze acquaintance of one who belongs to that great fraternity—ze merchant princes of Great Britain, ze nation of shopkeepers.'

'I say, moonseer, or mister, or what'sever your name,' said Sir John, 'if you mean that as a compliment to me, I would like you to understand that we don't exactly keep a shop. That sort of thing may do with my wife, but I'm not exactly a fool.'

'Then, my dear sir,' said the Chevalier, 'I beg ze pardon; but I only spoke ze feelings of my heart, and I do not think that there was necessity for you to take him so high, my dear sir—indeed, I do think zat you are in ze debt of one little apology to me.'

'Um! Well, I'm sorry, and so forth. I daresay it's just the way you foreigners have. Here come my wife and the girls. Well, Jemmy, you're looking quite rosy.'

'Oh yes, papa,' said Jemima; 'it was delightful—the Chevalier was so kind.'

'Ah, indeed! A little dangerous, Jemmy, that sort of kindness from handsome young fellows with dark beards.'

'Oh, papa!'

'Well, I daresay, after all, he's not a bad sort of

character. I say, Polly, is dinner ready? The fact is, I'm rather hungry.'

'Sir John!' exclaimed Lady Primrose, 'how can you?'

'How can I be hungry, my dear? Were you never hungry? Are you not hungry now, my dear?'

'Sir John Primrose!' Lady Primrose began; but just then dinner was announced.

Sir John, his arms folded across his back, marched at once away down stairs, stepping out to the tune of 'The British Grenadiers,' which he whistled loud and shrill—the Chevalier and the ladies being left to follow at leisure.

'You see we don't stand much on ceremony here,' said Sir John, as they entered the dining-room. He had seated himself at the table, and was already discussing a glass of wine. 'You needn't look so fierce, Polly! The Chevalier, you know, is to be a member of the family; so we needn't stand on ceremony with him.'

'None at all, my dear sir,' said the Chevalier; 'I do not like anything in ze shape of ze ceremony. No; I like ze simplicity of nature. And as to ze little word you say as to my becoming ze member of ze family, it is an honour which I much covet; but which I fear you will consider too much for one so humble individual as myself. A poor Chevalier of France is too humble an individual to aspire to be the connection of a prince—a merchant prince of ze Great Britain.'

'Um! not so bad. Well, we'll see. But I say, Polly, whatever deficiencies the son-in-law may have, inability to use his tongue isn't among the number. What's your opinion, Jemmy! for of course it's you, and not Jenny, that's the object of choice.'

'Oh, papa, how you do talk!' said Jemima.

Miss Primrose rose and left the room, banging the door after her.

'Hallo! what's the matter?' exclaimed Sir John. 'But never mind; let her go. Well, Jemmy, your opinion!'

'Sir John Primrose, I am astonished at you!' said Lady Primrose.

'Well, well, Polly! we'll drop the subject, since it's disagreeable. Some more soup, please; it's rather good to-day, which is about as rare and remarkable a circumstance, in its way, as a consignment to Primrose, Smith, & Co. of alligators' eggs from the North Pole might be supposed to be.'

The dinner proceeded almost in silence—Sir John being too much engaged with the various successions of viands to converse; Lady Primrose being too much filled with indignation at the freedom of Sir John's recent remarks. So that, beyond an occasional observation on the part of the Chevalier to Jemima, and Jemima's monosyllabic reply, no one spoke. At length, however, the repast was ended, and the ladies withdrew; Lady Primrose turning round, as she went out at the door, to give her husband a look of terrible indignation.

'I wish you would try some hock I have here,' said Sir John. 'Hobbes—yes, that's it—draw it, and fill the Chevalier's glass. I bought it a week or two ago at an auction. I rather flatter myself I got a bargain of it.'

'Je will be most delighted of to try it,' said the Chevalier. 'It is ze wine I am very fond of—next to ze claret.'

'Claret!—sour ale and vinegar! That will do, Hobbes; you needn't wait. A smart fellow that of mine,' he added, when the butler had gone, 'but rather inclined to help himself, when he gets the chance. However, I keep the keys of the cellar, and give him out his wine myself.'

'You are quite right, my dear sir,' said the Chevalier. 'There is ze saying that if you want to make ze man honest, you should believe him to be so; but there are ze exceptions, and I admire the manner in which you do.'

'Um! Well, what do you think of the wine?'

'It is very fine, indeed, said the Chevalier; 'ze flavour is delightful. He is Stenwein, is he not! But with regard to ze little remark you make with regard to ze vinegair, ze reason why I like ze claret is perhaps because I have been more accustomed to ze taste of him—it is ze wine of ze country of my adoption; but I love ze hock, because he is ze wine of my native land.'

'Um! What do you think the wine may be worth?'

'Worth! It is ze most beautiful wine—ze most delicious—ze most ambrosial—worth one hundred and fifty franc ze per dozen.'

'What do you say to sixty-five shillings? Rather a bargain—eh?'

'Sixty-five shilling—that is—let me see—about eighty franc. One most wonderful—most extraordinaire bargain! See what it is to be one merchant! Now, I to go to buy this wine, he would have cost me ze one hundred and eighty—ze two hundred franc. Now, my dear sir, you will allow me to propose zat we drink ze little toast in ze most excellent wine—Those lights of ze world, those cheerers of our hearts and our hearths, those sweet and lovely beings—ze ladies; and loveliest among ze lovely, ze two sweet daughters of Le Chevalier Primrose, and his sweet spouse.'

'Um! not so bad! Polly's well enough in her way, no doubt; but—however, we'll drink the toast, "The ladies!" Capital wine that! the more I take of it I like it the better.'

'Pardon me, my dear sir,' said the Chevalier, after an interval, during which he fidgetted considerably in his chair, and kept raising his glass half-way to his lips, and setting it down again; 'but, speaking of ze ladies and your lovely daughters, you were good enough to make ze little hint, zat of ze—of ze son-in-law, and I wish particularly to speak to you regarding of ze same. I may not again have ze opportunity of to do so, and you will pardon me if I avail myself of ze present occasion. Well then, my dear sir, I have obtained ze soft acknowledgment from your daughter zat I am—zat she is—zat she consider me not disagreeable—zat she consider me—zat—you comparehend! And I, from ze moment I behold her, have entertained ze emotion to her. Mademoiselle Primrose, sir, is—'

'Um! it's Jenny is it! We'll send for her, and see what she's got to say about it.' He rose, and rang the bell. A servant entered. 'Tell Jen—tell Miss Primrose to come here.'

The servant withdrew, and shortly returned with the intimation that Miss Primrose sent her compliments to Sir John, but begged to decline the invitation.

'Um! Well, it doesn't matter. But I wonder you hit on her. Jemima is incomparably the better of the two.'

'Jemima!' said the Chevalier. 'My dear sir, it is Jemima—I believe your favourite child, is she not? I—I have entertained ze warmest feelings towards her since I have seen her; and, my dear sir—In short, I wish to make her to me to be ze wife, and to take her with me to ze Continent. She is ze mistress of mon heart. I wish to make her ze mistress of mine estate and mine household.'

'Eh!—ah!—oh! Sharp work, rather! Sharp work, with a vengeance! Take her with you to the Continent! Well, by Jove!—I say, I'm not going to part with her.'

'My dear sir,' said the Chevalier, 'you do not—why, consider, my dear sir, ze happiness of your child; for if, as I believe, and as she have told me, she have—she have ze little attachment to me—ze little love'—

'Love! Fiddlestick!'

'It is no fiddlestick, my dear sir,' said the Chevalier, solemnly. 'Consider, my dear sir. Suppose zat your child have ze—have ze feeling to me, think of ze trial it would be to her. And then, my dear sir, oh consider for one little moment ze misery, ze wretchedness, ze despair you would make to me. Of course, I am but little to you; but then, oh my dear sir, I am ze human being—I am ze fellow-creature. You would render me ze most miserable of beings for ze whole rest of my existence; though that would be but for one little time, for I would sink into ze early grave. And then, your child—ze sweet Jemima—'

'Um! Well!'

'Yes, my dear sir, ze sweet Jemima—although it may have a little ze flavour of vanity in me to say that she would feel the loss of so humble individual as myself—yet, my dear sir, she must feel him. Of course, neither you nor I can know by ze experience in our own breast, ze great power of the love of woman; but I have heard of them to become the victims of madness in consequence. And you, my dear sir, you would have ze feeling of having been ze cause of all ze misery, which would embitter the whole rest of your life. Then, my dear sir, you have ze other daughter still left.'

'Jenny! What's she good for!'

'But, my dear sir, it is against ze whole course of nature, that ze parent should keep ze child all to himself when she come to the years of ze discretion. Ze feelings and affections have been implanted for ze wise ends in ze bosom of ze human breast; and it is wrong for any one to take upon himself to interfere with them. Love is one sacred feeling, and he ought not to be trifled with.'

'All very fine, no doubt. Ay, ay!—I see. It's all mapped out. It's no earthly use trying to go against the stream. I interfered once before, and there has been a sermon preached from that text every day since.

Polly is mad for it, and we'll never hear the end of it, if—Um! Well, we'll see about it; I'll see what she says.' There were inquiries to be made, and so forth.

The Chevalier expressed his perfect acquiescence in the propriety of making such inquiries, and his willingness to afford any facilities which lay in his power for instituting them; having no doubt, he said, that he (Sir John) would find every particular to his entire satisfaction. At length, after some further consultation, in which the Chevalier administered a good deal of judicious flattery, and dwelt with some detail on his station and connection, Sir John half agreed that if he should find his daughter's sentiments as the Chevalier had hinted, 'he should offer no serious objections to their union. Sir John, however, becoming unusually grave, and showing the train in which his thoughts were running in an occasional broken allusion to his thus parting with Jemima, the Chevalier, after some apparent deliberation, magnanimously proclaimed it as his intention, should all be satisfactorily arranged, to reside for some considerable part of the year in the British metropolis. 'Indeed,' he said, 'it was the very thing he was himself to propose; for London was ze most delightful place in ze whole of ze world—in ze whole of ze universe in which to dwell or reside. In fact, he would not say but zat he might have choose to reside there all ze year; but that his estate on ze Continent would necessarily require his presence for ze space of six months of ze year; for there was nothing like one man to look after his own affairs.'

They joined the ladies in the drawing-room, where the Chevalier made himself extremely agreeable. He admired, almost to ecstasy, the scenes from the *Theatre della Scalla*, of Milan; and exhibited almost uncontrollable delight at the Indian curiosities of which Sir John was so proud. He discussed poetry and romance with Lady Primrose. He held the Berlin wool for Miss Primrose, while she wound it into a ball. He played one of Beethoven's sonatas on the piano, and sang an English duet with Jemima. Throughout the evening, an attentive observer might have remarked that Sir John, from time to time, regarded him attentively—for what purpose, or with what sentiments, it was difficult to say. At a somewhat late hour, he took leave; having, by the grace of his person and bearing, fairly won his way into every heart—even that of the shrewd Sir John.

(To be continued.)

'IN THE BEGINNING.'

AMONG the many problems connected with humanity, are two, from the consideration of which we are apt to shrink, as much from the impossibility of arriving at a logical conclusion on the data with which we are furnished, as from the awe they naturally inspire. Though all know that the last act of life must be death, and hope at last to understand eternity in heaven; these words, death and heaven, convey to us only an indefinite idea—a phantom which we hardly dare to look upon. Both, it is true, are frequently in our thoughts, if not on our lips—the one as the great sign of God's wrath—the other as the great object of life; but the result is too

often to give an importance to the mere fact of death—which lies only in its consequences—while that great prize for which we profess to strive remains vague and undefined.

The animal fear of death—setting aside the parting from all we love in this world—the fear of subsequent summing up and judgment of our lives—is rare among men; and arises, probably, from a misconception of what is comprised in death, confounding with it the bodily decay by which it is often preceded; for death is not a thing, but a period—a mere negative—the end of life in this world, and the commencement, in some form or other, of life in the next. It is singular, too, that those who have been permitted to return from the portals of this mystery, represent insensibility as being preceded by most pleasurable sensations—indeed, the present writer remembers, dreamily and with reverence, the visions of four days, during which it was doubtful to those around on which side of the border he stood. The real fear is the certainty of present loss—the dear friends left behind—the pleasures and beauties we have hitherto undervalued—the pomp of the world standing out in undreamed of splendour; contrasted with an uncertain future—an entrance, once for all, to an eternity of joy or woe, alike beyond our comprehension; and it is remarkable that, while preachers of all ages have not scrupled to depict the agonies of a material hell, founded on data slight as obscure, very few will draw for us any but an utterly passive heaven. Is it because, in human nature, fear is so much stronger than hope, we are to be driven to heaven, only to escape from a hell a degree more terrible?

In every-day life, it is not sufficient to point out to a man that he lives in a course of misery, which must daily become greater and greater. He very likely knows it only too well; but he will naturally ask, What am I to do? Can you offer me something better? To such a one we should hardly reply, with hope of success—Only change your mode of life, root up old habits and affections, desert the friends of your youth, cast from you the results of years of labour, and some good, I cannot tell you what, will befall you. It would be easy, however, to hold out hope of a reward which he could not analyse minutely, though he could well see its value must be very great.

The former is what some men would have us think has been done with regard to our future state; the latter what the wisdom of the Almighty has seen fit to do. But though such a man might be ignorant of the exact nature of the promised reward, it would none the less form the basis of constant speculation during his time of probation. While he would doubtless congratulate himself on his escape from danger, this feeling would be subordinate to the eagerness with which he would picture to himself the happiness in store for him; and his zeal would be greatly abated were we to prevent his thoughts from endeavouring to penetrate the mystery, or lead him to suppose the reward to be one for which he felt himself utterly

unfitted. Nevertheless some, not content with passing over the subject, present us with a heaven which, so far as we can see, would have little or no attraction for us—bearing a close resemblance to the Elysian fields, where praise and adoration, without service, continue for ever. This everything in human nature and much in the Bible contradicts.

Our English version of the Old Testament and the Gospel of Saint John—that treasury of gracious words spoken to the beloved disciple—commence with the words 'In the beginning'—words more suggestive and incomprehensible to our finite senses, than many texts which are the subject of constant controversy. What are the doctrines of transubstantiation or consubstantiation to us—of regeneration or simple pardon in baptism—so long as we obey the plain commandments, taking the Lord's Supper 'in remembrance' of Him, and baptising in the name of the Trinity; compared with what was 'In the beginning' and will be for ever? It is very wonderful to think of the day—or day of years, if you will—when 'the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters'—when that mysterious light, produced by the simple 'Fiat Lux,' unreflected by sun, moon, or stars, illuminated the first day—of the leviathan and megatherium—the countless living creatures roaming over land and sea in that great wilderness beyond the holy garden. But what was before this Old Testament beginning? What was the nature of that kingdom which was, and is, and ever shall be? Of this we can form but a very imperfect idea, though some glimpses have been mercifully afforded us, on which various theories have been founded. Of these I shall touch on two, viz.—That our future life will have some affinity with that intended for, and to some extent enjoyed by, Adam and Eve, and with the state of happy servitude in which the angels of God wait upon His will; with this curious exception, that while we believe some angels to have fallen from their glorious privileges, our future is to be everlasting bliss or unfailing agony.

How far our future state may resemble that of our first parents in Eden, we cannot determine; but it must, in some respects, be similar—such as innocence, the love and apparent presence of the Almighty, communion with Him, &c. We are to rise in 'our own bodies,' glorified by the bounty of God. What more glorious form can be given us than the image of God? The comfort contained in these words 'our own bodies,' is to me beyond expression; for we may surely hope to recognise each other—preserving a certain amount of individuality, subdued by a love of God to which we have never attained on earth. We may hope to meet those who are now so dear to us—those of whom we can as yet hardly bear to think in our selfish grief. We shall then know who have been our true friends, helping us upwards. Fathers will meet again children whose loss has

* The original word does not mean the same as the *εγω* of Saint John, but is used in a more finite sense—the beginning of the world.

perhaps been their salvation—mothers receive the blessing of those whom they brought early to the House of God; and then, then only, shall we learn how many thorns we have spread in each other's paths, and receive (surely not the least of blessings) the forgiveness of many for wrongs our weakness or passions have inflicted. On this last supposition I like to dwell. Looking back on a life more varied than many, it is obvious to me that, in some cases at least, I have been a stumbling-block, and done palpable injury. Some of these people are far away; some I know not; one, at least, is at rest. Their forgiveness can never be sought on earth; but I pray the time may come when, in the fulness of joy, all may be forgiven. *How* this may be I know not; but it must be in some form or other, for without it peace would be impossible, and the torments of hell more bitter.

Again, like our first parents, we are to hold converse with the Almighty. No record is vouchsafed us of any such conversation, from the time when God blessed Adam and Eve, giving them their appointed task, till the guilty pair hid themselves with shame; but it was probably of frequent occurrence; nor was this favour entirely withdrawn after the fall, nor indeed till a much later date. Here, however, some think the comparison ends. Theirs is a heaven of adoration without service, amounting almost to the Hindoo theory of infinitesimal dispersion and re-absorption into the divinity; but it must be observed that not only were the first words of blessing to Adam accompanied by a demand for definite service, but the very angels, whose bliss we hope to share, are charged with the fulfilment of His commandments.

Here again, when we try to look back to the beginning (*in ætæ*), we are lost in conjecture. How were these ministers of God employed? To whom were their messages addressed? What were their tasks before what we call the creation (as if the creative power were absorbed in our little world) took place? Who were these sons of God who looked on the daughters of man? All is darkness. We only know that there is a race of beings superior to ourselves, living in that direct communion with God to which we hope to attain, who serve day and night before Him, hiding their faces before his supreme purity and glory, who, armed with his authority, have repeatedly guided the footsteps of man in the true path; and others who, by His permission for His own good ends, wage eternal war against our souls, hoping to induce us eventually to share their anguish. Considering how important a part the angels have taken in the history of the world, we think of them, and study what accounts we have of their doings, too little. This is probably why we never see a modern representation of an angel which will bear comparison with the products of ancient art, the result of profound and reverential thought; and here we may notice the objection which has been raised to the delineation of angels in an idealised human form as profane. As, however, man was created in the image of God, how

is it irreverent so to represent His messengers, not to mention the fact of their having been repeatedly mistaken for human beings by those to whom they were sent? Returning to the question of simple adoration, or the combination of service with adoration in heaven, let us give our attention to two scenes which appeal powerfully to our human feelings. The first is in the book of Job. 'Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them; and the Lord said unto Satan Whence comest thou?' In the mind's eye we may see millions of angels presenting themselves, prepared to answer the same question, ready to give an account of all they have seen and done; of the sin and wickedness over which they have wept, the misery they have witnessed, the just men they have approved, and the repentant sinners over whom they have sung joyful hallelujahs. We may see their bright brows bowed down before 'the Ancient of days' as they stand in awe before the fiery throne, patiently awaiting His commands, each hoping to find favour in His sight, to be allowed to serve Him in all his strength. We can imagine the indignation and astonishment of the assembly, when Satan accused Job before the Lord; the anxiety with which they watched his temptation, and their rejoicings when 'the Lord turned the captivity of Job.' All this we can fancy and sympathise with; but it would be more difficult to imagine this concourse of angels sitting in mute and bewildered adoration at the steps of the throne—Satan alone active, taunting the Almighty with the imperfection of his servant.

Again, the entire 'Revelation of Saint John'—or, to speak more correctly, *to* Saint John—treats of an active heaven. No portion of it more so than that passage, so grand in its simplicity—'And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon: and the dragon fought and his angels.' Who cannot picture to himself this Michael—'Princeps,' 'Coadjutor,' 'Captain of the host of heaven,' as he is styled in the sister Church—leading his army of pure spirits against the dragon, sure of his cause, sure of the help of Him for whom he fights, his only care to do His will thoroughly? Nor does this activity imply the least pride or self-trust; for, when the victory was won, there was heard 'A loud voice, saying in heaven, now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down (not *we* have cast down—not *we* have brought this salvation), which accused them before our God day and night.' Here, again, is shown the present activity of heaven—the Evil One never ceases to accuse us, day and night. Does his jarring voice break in upon a lotos-eater's heaven? Is it only objected to, as disturbing its peaceful adoration? Not at all, but because he constantly accuses men before God—men, whom the angels call 'our brethren,' who almost call the angels myths.

It may be said all this is an allegory. Granting the allegory, the fact remains that active opposition is

kept up between the angels of God and the dragon. They are represented not only engaged in adoration, but wrestling valiantly with the evil spirits—not merely looking with pity on our strife, but actually contending with our enemies. Should it be objected that there will be no world, no strife—and even if there were, heaven is the place where ‘the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest’—I would reply: On the one hand, we know not what new combination it may please God to create—that the full service of God must be perfect rest and happiness to the soul; on the other, that as the creation of the angels is not recorded as coeval with our own, we may presume them to have been created for a purpose which they fulfilled from the beginning (the *ex ævo*); and to this we may very probably both revert, but that a state of inactivity is no more compatible with such accounts as we have of them, than with our own feelings and hopes.

For myself, I like to think of these angels praying, weeping, fighting for us; to read of them standing in the way, now with stern words of warning, now with joyful tidings; of the ministering in the wilderness and the strengthening angel of Gethsemane, (who was that angel who could strengthen the Son of God?) and those two who sat in silent joy on the tomb of our Lord; each, too, with their distinctive characters—Raphael, the mild and gentle—Uriel, standing in the sun, crying in a loud voice through the heavens; Gabriel, the messenger of glad tidings, standing in the presence of the Lord; and Michael, captain of the host, the warrior of God.

The present writer does not pretend to produce an exhaustive essay on a subject not to be lightly handled or dogmatically treated; nor have these thoughts been put forward without much fear of any approach to profanity. It has not been his object to force his ideas, but rather by suggestion to lead others to think for themselves what that heaven is for which we strive; to which the gates of death are to lead the just; and how far we can form any idea of that holy kingdom which the beginning found existing, and the end will leave triumphant.

A. D. I.

THE PAST AND GONE.

A PALE face, like a rising star,
In clouds of golden hair—
A voice of many a liquid bar,
Comes round my spirit from afar,
When bow'd by toil and care,
Back from the past and gone!

A golden eve of harvest-time,
A glow on the mountain side,
With the blue and green of Erin's clime,
When I was young and in my prime,
And the world was fair and wide,
Comes from the past and gone!

Sweet lips that murmur'd fond farewells;
Dark eyes that swam in tears;
Deep sighs that broke like funeral knells;
Last looks that chased like haunting spells
The flight of after years,
Come from the past and gone!

TOM ELLIOTT.

THE LEGEND OF KINNAIRD.

THE researches of recent writers, and particularly of the celebrated author of the ‘Waverley Novels,’ have brought to the knowledge of the Sassenach many points in the character of the Highlanders which had hitherto been either entirely unknown or but imperfectly understood. The pristine Highlander seems to have been a man with many virtues and not a few vices; and it was generally believed, among the inhabitants of the lower regions of the country, that the latter considerably outnumbered the former. Posterity, however, as not unfrequently occurs in similar cases, gaining, by more familiar intercourse, a more favourable estimate of the Highland character, has reversed that decision. The Highlanders, too, for the same reason, have considerably modified their idea of the Saxons; and, by personal intercourse with that once hated race, have rubbed off many of the salient points of their own character. Among the peculiarities of the Highlander of former days, which this process has caused to disappear, three may be instanced as deserving of notice. These are—his loyalty to his chief, his love of mountain dew, and his superstition. Regarding the first two of these, a few words must at present be sufficient. His loyalty to his chief, while it led him to commit many acts of cold-blooded cruelty, and while it often kindled the blaze of civil warfare over whole districts of the Highlands, at the same time rendered him more amenable to authority than he otherwise would have been, and kept him attached to his own particular ‘country’ and clan, thus partially remedying the evils which it caused. His drunkenness, if it indeed deserves that epithet, cannot be so easily defended. All that can be said on its behalf may be given in the words of Sir John Falstaff:—‘If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked!’

In regard to the superstition of the Highlanders, we cannot at present enter further into the subject, than merely to refer to their belief in that imaginary class of beings known as fairies, and to give a rather remarkable legend connected with that species of superstition. The fairies of the Highlanders, or, as they themselves call them, the ‘Daoine Shith or Shi,’ or the ‘Daoine Matha’ (men of peace, or good men) differ in many essential particulars from the fairies of the English or any other people. Dr. Graham, in his ‘Sketches,’ describing the character of these Daoine Shi, says that they, ‘although not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed to envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyments. They are supposed to enjoy, in their subterraneous recesses, a sort of shadowy happiness, a tinsel grandeur, which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortals.’ They were supposed to carry off mortals, especially women and infants, to their subterranean abodes; and even cases are known, in Highland lore, of stout ‘able-bodied men’ being car-

ried off to Fairyland. While in the company of the fairies, those who were unfortunate enough to have to endure this strange species of captivity, could mix among ordinary mortals—themselves all the while invisible—could observe all their actions, but were unable to establish any communication with them. 'The Shi'ichs, it is still believed, have a great propensity for attending funerals and weddings, and other public entertainments, and even fairs. They have an object in this: for it is believed that though invisible to mortal eyes, they are busily employed in carrying away the substantial articles and provisions which are exhibited, in the place of which they substitute shadowy forms, having the appearance of the things so purloined. And so strong was the belief in this mythology, even till a recent period, that some persons are old enough to remember that some individuals would not eat anything presented on the occasions alluded to, as unsubstantial and hurtful." Another peculiarity of these 'peaceful men' was that they were always dressed in green, and were very indignant when any mortal took the liberty of wearing this colour. Claverhouse, it is said, wore a coat of this hue at the battle of Killiecrankie; and his fate on this occasion has been ascribed by superstitious tradition to the offence taken by the fairies. But it is needless to dwell longer upon the characteristics of the Daoine Shi', as the following legend, which we fear we have been keeping too long from the reader, will explain their general nature.

Tradition ascribes the scene of the events which we intend to relate to a hamlet named Kinnaird, somewhere in Scotland. There are, however, about half-a-dozen villages of this name scattered throughout the Highlands, and we have never learned to which of these the honour is really due, if, indeed, it is due to any of them. Leaving this question, which is of small importance, to the decision of those who take more interest in the subject than ourselves, we may premise that there lived in the traditional Kinnaird, we do not know how many years ago, a young Highlander, named Hamish Macgregor. This Hamish was about twenty years of age when the events took place which commemorate his name; and at this early period of life he had paid his addresses to a young 'Highland girl,' whose shower of beauty had entirely destroyed his happiness. Hamish was successful, for he was a bold, free, and manly youth—strong and well made—in short, the very beau-ideal of a youthful Highlander. But early marriages were discountenanced in the Highlands at that time, whatever the case may be now; and Hamish Macgregor and Janet M'Intyre found many obstacles in the way of their immediate union. Hamish was therefore obliged to forego the prospect of an early marriage, for he had not yet amassed wealth enough to satisfy the requirements of a prudent Highland custom, which compelled candidates for matrimony to be possessed of a competent portion of goods. He hoped, however, to be able in a few years to attain this necessary wealth;

and, in the meantime, the youthful pair contented themselves with exchanging vows of eternal fidelity and love.

Time passed on wearily enough with Hamish Macgregor; but the prospect of his marriage, with the visions of conjugal felicity which were ever present to his mind, kept him from despairing of the final issue. When alone, the young Highlander pondered over his present unhappy condition, and forgot every other topic in picturing to himself the joys of his blithe bridal. It was in this state of mind that the young man set out on a journey to a hamlet at some distance, on business which is not particularly described. His way lay through a forest of large fir trees, in the midst of which was situated a small round eminence, called 'The Fairies' Knowe,' celebrated among the common people as a seat of the men of peace. Hamish wandered on through the depths of the forest, engaged, as usual, in his pleasant anticipations; but, on approaching the Fairy Knowe, he was awakened from his reverie by a sight to which his eyes had rather been unaccustomed. At the Fairy Knowe he beheld a number of men dressed out in complete suits of green, and evincing, by their general appearance, that they did not belong to the common race of mortals. Hamish was struck with surprise and consternation; for, with all the bravery, he had inherited a full share of the superstition of his countrymen. His imagination instantly suggested to him that these personages were the dreaded men of peace; and their presence on this occasion, he considered, boded no good to his journey. To turn back was out of the question, for it would have been more dangerous than to go forward; and Hamish stood still, determined not to return home, and unwilling to proceed on his way through the midst of the fairy band. He was reflecting on a middle course—which, by leading him round a circuitous path, would enable him to prosecute his journey without interfering with the pastimes of the Daoine Shi'—when he heard, for he was not many yards distant from the knowe, one of the men call upon some individual, probably a brother of the order, to fetch him a horse. Great as was the Highlander's surprise on beholding the band of the Daoine Shi' assembled in his path, it was still greater when he witnessed the imperial commands of the speaker so mysteriously obeyed. In the twinkling of an eye, the fairy company was increased by the addition of a noble steed, fully caparisoned, and prancing with fretful impatience, as if he wished to contest with the wind its well known swiftness of locomotion.

'Peughan,' said another fairy, 'bring me my horse!' Again, on the mysterious words being pronounced, the command was obeyed, and another steed was revealed to the astonished eyes of Hamish Macgregor. A third fairy repeated the invocation, and a third horse was added to the cavalry of the fairies. Hamish, we have said, was a bold youth, although by no means free from the fetters of ancient

Gaelic superstition; and on the present occasion, after the first feeling of consternation had subsided, he recovered his coolness so far as to approach within a few yards of the wonderful knowe. He beheld, with diminished surprise but increased interest, the process of supplying the men of peace with their horses; and, before the first dozen of the fairies had been served, he had impressed upon his memory the words which seemed so powerful. He wondered whether they would have the same effect in his mouth, that they had when pronounced by the *good men*; and determined, when the last of the peaceful company had obtained his steed, to try the experiment. Accordingly, after the last of the fairies had repeated the invocation to 'Peughan' to fetch his steed, and when the whole cavalcade had mounted their horses and ridden off, Hamish Macgregor advanced to the Fairy Knowe; and, laying his hand upon his skene dhu, repeated, in a clear voice, 'Peughan, bring me my horse!' He had scarcely uttered the words, when a handsome courser stood before him, saddled and bridled, and in every way equipped for the journey. Hamish thought once on Janet M'Intyre; but was cut short by the neighing of his horse—eager, apparently, to join the rapidly retiring company of fairies. Hamish, therefore, without further hesitation, seized the bridle-rein and 'clomb to the saddle'; in which he was scarcely seated when the impatient animal dashed forward with headlong speed, and in a few seconds horseman and horse had joined the merry corps of the peaceful men. Macgregor, totally unacquainted with horsemanship, had flung himself flat on the animal's neck and shoulders, holding by its ample mane with desperate pertinacity. Perceiving that he had joined the 'misbegotten knaves in Kendal green,' he hoped for a diminution of the extraordinary rate of speed at which he had been carried along; but, on his muttering some remonstrance to that effect, he was merely laughed at by his companions.

'Thou art an excellent horseman, friend,' said one of the fairies; 'and a grievous sin it would be to let thy steed linger on his way to Fairyland. Strike out, beast!' he continued, slightly touching the animal with his forefinger; 'strike out, and on to Fairyland!'

The unfortunate Highlandman was hurried along with redoubled speed; the horses flew rather than ran; and Hamish—shaken, jolted, and bruised—attempted to throw himself from the steed. But this he soon found was impossible. Despite all his efforts, he remained firmly fixed on the back of the ungovernable animal. He was fairly bound for the celebrated journey to Fairyland, of which he had heard so much; and he now repented bitterly of his thoughtless temerity. He shut his eyes in despair, and opened them a moment after, to find that he was surrounded by complete darkness. His course now seemed to be through waters deep and turbulent, if he might judge from the noise of the waves and the struggling of his horse; and a drop of the

fluid falling upon his hand, seemed to intimate that he was in the middle of a sea of blood! In short, his journey is said to have been the same as that of Thomas the Rhymer on a similar occasion; and the lines describing the course of the latter may be used, instead of a more lengthened prose account of our own:—

'Oh, they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring o' the sea.
It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stirk light,
And they waded through red blude aboon the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie!'

At last, Hamish Macgregor arrived in Fairyland, tired and dispirited after his remarkable ride. On alighting from his horse, he was conducted, by the leader of the fairies, to what appeared to be a splendid palace, adorned with gold and silver, and far exceeding in splendour all that Hamish had ever seen. Food of the most costly description was placed in silver plate, and drinks of the most tempting appearance were served up in cups of gold. Macgregor had witnessed too many wonderful things that day to be greatly surprised at the magnificent feast that was prepared for him; and he recollected the ancient superstition, which maintained that all this splendour was only imaginary; that the magnificent palace was but a rude cavern; that the costly vessels were rude and worthless; and that the tempting dishes were mere airy phantoms. He ate, however, at the command of the fairy leader and the call of his own appetite; and soon forgot, in the abundance of the good men's cheer, its want of substance. After his meal, he was introduced to the women of the fairies, whom tradition reports to be far superior in beauty to the 'daughters of men.' They lavished their blandishments with the utmost prodigality upon the mortal stranger who had taken up his abode with them; but Hamish, steadfast in his devotion to his mistress, was proof against the charms of the fairies.

By-and-by, Hamish was allowed to accompany his new friends in some of their expeditions. The first of these in which he took part revealed to him the extraordinary fact, that his subterranean abode was situated exactly under the Fairy Knowe, where he had first seen the *Daoine Shi*. He soon found that it was impossible to escape from the hands of the fairies; and, submitting to his fate with all the goodwill of which he was capable, he entered into the various frolics which the fairies designed. He accompanied them to fairs; and none was more active than he in purloining the hucksters' wares, and leaving in their place showy and unsubstantial forms from Fairyland. He delighted in playing tricks upon persons with whom he had been acquainted; and enjoyed the pranks which the fairies played, at weddings and public entertainments, with all the zest of a true man of peace. But while he thus

became a very good fairy in these respects, he could never be seduced from his allegiance to Janet Mac-Intyre.

Hamish's sudden disappearance struck with consternation the inhabitants of the district of Kinnaird. Some maintained that he had destroyed himself in a fit of despair—some that he had been beset by his enemies and slain—others that he had run off to another part of the country—while a few suggested that he might have gone to Fairyland. Janet Mac-Intyre, when applied to, could give no intimation as to his whereabouts; and the general opinion, in which Janet was obliged to coincide, was that he had fled to some other 'country'—reason unknown. Janet—who at first lamented, *multis lachrymis*, the disappearance of her Hamish—began to consider that he had treated her very shabbily in not informing her of his intended journey. She ceased to lament his absence or to cherish his memory; and when his name was referred to in her presence, she invariably bestowed upon it the pith of a Highland malediction. This she did, probably, to let it be more publicly known than it would otherwise have been, that she was once more in the market, and ready to treat with any matrimonial candidate who sought her favour. From the numerous wooers of all descriptions who sought her hand, the fair Janet selected as the most proper a young man named Æneas MacBeth. The selection was approved of by her own family, as well as MacBeth's; and the celebration of the nuptials was appointed to take place on the anniversary of Hamish's disappearance.

Meanwhile, Hamish remained in the company of the fairies—happy enough, except when he thought of the 'girl he had left behind him.' He still accompanied the Daoine Shi' to fairs and weddings; and beheld, without himself being visible to mortal eyes, the transactions of his former friends and neighbours. In this manner, he lived nearly a year with the Daoine Shi', and still there was no appearance of his speedy return to his native district. While, thinking of this one day, Hamish was accosted by the fairy, Peughan—who, it will be remembered, was the invisible hostler of the Daoine Shi', when Hamish first became acquainted with them at the Fairy Knowe.

'Hamish,' said Peughan, 'how long is it since we have been at a wedding?'

'Not for a long time, Master Peughan,' returned Hamish; 'the old miser bachelor's was the last, methinks, at which we were present.'

'Well, we are going to another this very day, Master Hamish,' said the fairy; 'the invitations have been given to all the country for three miles around; but although the Daoine Shi' were not asked, they, too, will be there. O Hamish! what loads of ham and beef, and butter and cheese, and malt and usquebaugh have been brought to Kinnaird—'

'To Kinnaird, saidst thou?' interrupted Hamish. 'And who, I pray thee, are to be married there?'

'Nay, I know not, Hamish,' replied Peughan; 'it

may be thy old love for all I know; but thou shalt go with us and see for thyself. Little of the good ham and beef shall the bridegroom eat; I shall stuff his stomach with the airy food of Fairyland.'

So saying, Peughan ran off to form a party of the Daoine Shi' to attend the wedding that evening at Kinnaird, and left poor Hamish to his own anxious meditations.

By this time the guests had begun to assemble, in considerable numbers, at the residence of the bride and bridegroom, where, according to the Highland custom, separate dinners were provided for the friends of either party concerned in the approaching solemnity. Peughan and his fairies, along with Hamish, selected the table of the bridegroom, as the cheer was more abundant; and Peughan was soon busy in effecting the metamorphosis of the substantial dishes that loaded the table. Hamish, who soon discovered that the bride was no other than his own perjured Janet M'Intyre, would have given the world to be able, like the spectre of Alonzo the Brave, to approach the 'unfaithful fair,' and

'Tax her with perjury, claim her as bride.'

This, however, Hamish was unable to do, and he was obliged to sit still under the watchful eye of Peughan, and hide from the fairy's mockery his contending emotions. At this moment the bridegroom sneezed, and Hamish, as the custom was, immediately cried 'God bless you!'

'Hamish!' said Peughan, sternly, 'repeat not these words again, or thou shalt dearly rue thy rashness. Beware!'

The other fairies scowled on Hamish, and, by various threatening words and gestures, commanded him to be silent. After a short interval, the bridegroom sneezed once more, and Hamish, without hesitation, again repeated his benediction, 'God bless you!'

'Rash mortal!' cried the fairy, with a savage scowl; 'if thou darest to repeat these words again, they shall be thy last. Keep thy tongue silent, thou dog of a mortal, else we will end at once thy rashness and thy life! Once more, I say, beware!'

A third time the happy Æneas MacBeth sneezed, and the nasal sound rung through the room, as Hamish afterwards said, 'like the blast of a trumpet.'

'God bless you!' said Hamish a third time, though with some hesitation; and scarcely had the words crossed his lips, when Peughan and the other fairies seized him by the shoulders and feet and hurried him out of the room.

'To the Black Hill with him,' cried Peughan; 'cast him from its summit, and give him not time even to repent of his rashness!'

Hamish shuddered at the thought of being 'hurled headlong' from the summit of the Black Hill, to which he was never in his youth able to climb, and begged in vain to be punished with a less terrible death. But the fairies were relentless, and in a short time Hamish found himself on the highest point of a rocky preci-

pice, where few of the most adventurous mortals had ever been before. He had scarcely time to survey his position, when Peughan, seizing him from behind, threw him over the rock, the height of which was little short of a hundred feet. The feelings of Hamish during the short space of time that elapsed in his precipitous journey from the top to the bottom of the Black Hill are unknown to us, and probably were so to himself. Returning consciousness found him lying at the bottom of the Tarpeian Rock, from which he had been hurled, sorely bruised indeed, but — *mirabile dictu!*—able to rise and walk about! He first directed his steps to the village of Kinnaird, where he arrived in time to behold the clergyman on his way, accompanied by a large body of people, to tie the nuptial knot. Presuming on his invisibility, Hamish attempted to join the procession that accompanied the clergyman; but the shout of surprise and recognition which greeted him was the first proof that he was no longer under the power of the fairies.

The marriage of Æneas MacBeth and Janet MacIntyre was postponed as soon as the return of Hamish was made known. Hamish at first was disposed to be angry with Janet for betraying her troth; she pleaded the belief which the people entertained in his death; and, in Horace and Lydia fashion, the Highland lovers became reconciled. The '*pious Æneas*' generously waved his claims; and Hamish, now totally free from the power of Peughan and his fairies, attained the utmost object of his wishes before the expiry of another year.

Such is the curious legendary tale which not many years ago enjoyed undisputed credence in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland. E. R.

THE LEGEND OF HAROLD'S POOL.

CALMLY walk'd she by the water—

Walk'd young Harold's English love;

Gently walk'd she by the water,

With a falcon on her glove.

Train'd she had been, though born lowly,

For a lady's high estate;

Train'd she had been, but not wholly

For the wife of one so great.

Yet, when wild birds sweetly caroll'd

In the golden summer time,

She had kiss'd the lips of Harold

In the warmer English clime.

And she left her kinsfolk sadly—

Mothers, sisters, every one;

Yet she left them very gladly,

To have him, and him alone.

And he bore her to the ocean;

And they sail'd for many days,

Till they saw the placid motion

Of the wavelets in the bays.

And he left his kinsmen gladly—

Father, brother, every one;

Left his kinsmen very gladly,

To have her, and her alone.

Lofty pine trees then he leav'd,
And a shelter'd house built he;
With his own right hand he beav'd
Winding pathways to the sea.

Happy was the English maiden,
Living in the northern land.
Every evening, richly laden,
Saw them walking hand-in-hand

On the beach, the while the water
Laugh'd in gladness from the sea—
Every crystal wave that sought her
Sang her songs of minstrelsy.

Yet at times a tinge of sorrow
Dimm'd the violet of her eye,
Though a smile she tried to borrow
When her lover-lord was nigh.

But he saw it, for he miss'd her
Joyous look, so full and free;
And he said, the while he kiss'd her,
'Love is greater than degree.

'And my father's wide plantations,
With the snow-capp'd heights above,
And a name the pride of nations,
Are as nought when weigh'd with love.'

Then, in utter fondness gliding,
Crept she to his noble breast;
When adown the hill came riding,
With his knights in armour dress'd,

Harold's dark and angry brother—
Harold's father's eldest son—
With the white lips of his mother,
And his father's visage dun.

And he shouted to them—'Seize her!
Throw her to the roaring wave!
She has had enough to please her,
Surely, on this side the grave!'

But his brother stepp'd before him—
Forth his sword did swiftly fly;
And he vow'd, by her who bore him,
She should live, or he should die!

And with sword, so lightly swaying,
Smote he then the foremost knight—
(Little chance had he of praying
For his soul's expected flight!)

But they gather'd round and round him—
Never one so brave as he!
Yet they gather'd round, and bound him;
And they threw him to the sea.

Not alone went northern Harold
To the palaces of night:
Happier than when wild birds caroll'd,
Sprang she from the rocky height!

And they say, when night winds, stealing,
Bring the sound of deep sea caves,
Harold, still his love revealing,
Wooes her there beneath the waves!

W. BLACK.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.

LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

October 17, 1836.

THIS morning came the theme at once so feared and yet desired. We had breakfasted, and George was lingering about the room in an irresolute sort of way, when suddenly,

'Kate!' he said, in a constrained voice, 'I did not think when I left you, two little months ago, that on my return I should find us £5,000 poorer than when I set out. Yet so it is; and this could only have happened through an ignorance, a folly, a perversity, a romantic infatuation, on your part, as pitiable as it is wholly inexcusable. Do you never reflect on the chances and possible reverses of fortune to which we are all liable? This money has been literally thrown away in the most despicable and unjustifiable manner.' He looked very stern and angry; and, paced the apartment with a resolute defiance before which my courage quailed. At last he stood fixedly regarding me. 'Why did you not trust Mr. Locke?'

I hung my head. 'Appearances were very odd,' I returned, in a low voice, 'and did favour my delusion. Mr. Locke might have been deceived too.'

Had I said the sky might have fallen, the remark would have had about equal weight. He took not the least notice of it.

'No doubt the money was your own,' he went on; 'but you had no right—no human being has a right—to cast money away to impostors; and all because of a foolish prejudice against a man whose aid would at once have saved you from error.' I felt the justice of this reproof, and stood abashed. 'Even the surrender of the whole of that £50 so hastily was a piece of childish absurdity.'

'O George! consider how the possible poverty of these people had been preying on my mind for months; and as soon as I believed restitution was in my power, I would have been ready, if need were, to have given every farthing I had at hand.'

'I would not be severe upon you, Kate; but had any other person played this foolish and hurtful game by me'—He paused. 'That five thousand might have done good service in an honourable cause. What if the true Stephen Grey should yet appear?'

Then there is the other half of the money, I thought. But recollecting what I had heard, I ventured aloud,

'But he is dead, you know—at least, so we were told.' He turned quickly round, and regarded me with an expression partly of anger and partly of pity

for my credulity (as it struck me forcibly), considering the quarter from which my information was derived. I was longing to break out into confession of my fault, and sue for pardon. Why delay? 'I know all you would say,' I began; 'and I have done very very wrong. But consider, George, I am the greatest sufferer myself; and shall be ten times more so if ever'—

'Whether that man is alive or not,' he broke in, 'we have surely suffered enough through him already. And now'—

Upon this, 'O George!' I cried out, for I could not bear the turn our conversation was taking, and the unpleasant character of the subject altogether. 'Forgive me this time, and I will never never act again without your knowledge and advice. You know I have always been anxious on the score of this money. But I had far rather every shilling we have in this world were taken from us—I would rather we were beggared out and out of all that we possess—than that a cloud should come between you and me this way, George. Oh, I cannot endure it! Say that you will think no more of that miserable business; and let us be as we used to be, I implore of you, if you would not break my heart!' I held out my hand to him; and I knew that my eyes were fast brimming up from the well-spring of remorseful thoughts.

'Kate!' he said very gravely, while he took my proffered hand in one of his, and laid his other expressively on my shoulder, 'I am not sorry to find that you have taken this matter sorely to heart—as you will thus be forearmed against future mistakes of a like nature. Never lean to your own judgment in important concerns, nor permit a romantic impulse to usurp the place of a rational deliberate decision. It may be a more serious thing than you dream of (it often is) to let imagination play too prominent a part in the actual practice of life. The fancy is more for ornament than use. It is a flower that may embellish, but never can be an anchor on which to lean. But I will spare you further reproach. The confession of an error ought always, sooner or later, to find forgiveness; and I forgive you, Kate, without another word.'

He looked at me now more in sorrow than in anger, while something of the old tenderness spoke out in feature and in accent.

'George! George! say no more, I entreat—save that you love me now exactly as you were wont to do; and that never, never, while we live, shall any—the smallest murmur arise to mar the summer calm of a perfect confidence. I could bear poverty—I could bear'—His features relaxed—softer, softer as I spoke. He drew me towards him with a sudden energy.

'You are very young, my darling, and very ingenious; and you should not be half so dear to me were you in one iota different from what you are. Never fear, Kate, that I shall cease to love you with my whole heart. The thing is simply impossible.' Hereupon he began kissing away my tears, and I felt my soul going out like a bird into the meridian splendour, when the rain and the thunder-cloud are past!

When things had got into their old track, and my spirits had risen, in consequence, to their old level, I ventured a playful hint anent the 'noose' into which Mr. Halliday had foretold I would yet bring George's head, saying that 'now the prediction had been fulfilled, the future lay all clear and bright before us.' He laughed but feebly.

'No more "nooses," Kate, I beg; lest it be not so easy for me to draw my poor head out of the next one.'

Query.—Is there any married couple who can or ought to be happy when not in perfect harmony with each other? I have heard of such things—of husbands and wives who gradually got careless of their mutual affection, and found they could be quite contented in separate spheres, indulging their individual tastes (innocent, perhaps, and rational enough in themselves) totally independent the one of the other. Now, if even this state of matters is felt to yield satisfaction, I am certain that these people must hold their felicity at a very low standard indeed. For is not domestic happiness the highest and purest below the skies? And having once known it and lost it, oh! how black, how unbearable were all our after years! Therefore, my good and worshipful sisters, duly housed within the matrimonial pale, whatever other game ye play, I beseech ye never trifle with the privilege of calling one devoted heart your own, and knowing that yours is in true and earnest keeping in return.

October 21.

I do not know what is the matter with George. He has been terribly restless and abstracted for the last few days. And when I ask him if anything is wrong, he says 'no,' and puts on a forced cheerfulness of so thin a veil I cannot be deceived by it. Can this be the reaction from the fatigue of travelling? I scarce think so. Last night he spoke of business worries, in consequence of which he found Mr. Locke had gone to Ireland two days before his return from abroad, and no letters from him yet. How thankful I feel that the matter of these Greys was so pleasantly finished between George and myself ere new troubles broke out upon him! Oh! I would not be a man for a thousand pounds. Such important affairs are always at stake with them—losses and gains, hopes and fears—now an underground mine, ready to spring—now an avalanche about to fall! Lords of creation, indeed! The title may be dignified; but the duties are so arduous and responsible, that we, the ladies of creation, do sicken and shrink appalled at the bare thought of them.

October 25.

The shadow on George's brow gets more and more

confirmed. Like the cloud which at first was no bigger than a man's hand, it has increased daily till it threatens to cover his entire mind. What can be the matter? Has he found out any other mismanagement of affairs in his absence besides mine? When I ask him he does not satisfy me. 'Mr. Locke,' he says, 'has not returned yet. When he comes, things will be all right.' Of course, I cannot help sharing George's uneasiness, though I know not what it is about—praying earnestly that no unlooked for disaster may be hanging over us.

November 3.

I have not written in my diary for many days. No wonder. Seeing my husband so constantly harassed, my mind has been wholly preoccupied. And now, alas! alas! what have I got to chronicle but just the breaking of the cloud I feared over our devoted heads? Woe is the day that George ever thought of a partnership—specially the hour wherein Mr. Locke was received in that capacity! He has been infatuated about that man from the first, and at what a dreadful cost have his eyes been opened now! I fear he has not told me the full amount of his losses through him. But that he has proved treacherous and fraudulent to a great degree is too palpable for further concealment. So much George has acknowledged to me, that the second £5,000 promised to the spurious Mr. Grey has been withdrawn from the bank by Mr. Locke, and that various other important sums have found their way into the same hands for no good purpose. In plain language, I suspect that this extraordinary clever partner has taken the opportunity of George's continental tour to gather as much money together as he possibly could (in name of the firm) and has fairly absconded therewith, having left immediately before my husband's return and never appeared since. This is a deplorable state of things, which affects me all the more for the vain efforts made to hide the truth from me. And yet I can easily guess that every day is bringing some fresh pecuniary damage to light consequent on Mr. Locke's duplicity. What will be the issue of this tangled skein? I dare not say. God grant it may not be so dark and disastrous as my sick fancy has conceived of it!

November 10.

Piecemeal—inch by inch—as though every iota added to my knowledge were drawing the chain of grief and remorse tighter round his heart, my anxious perseverance is gradually extracting from my poor husband's lips the whole melancholy details. Under cover of a business visit to Ireland, Mr. Locke has gone off out of the way, no one knows whither, carrying with him all the available funds of the firm, amounting to some fifteen or twenty thousand pounds. The only sum of consequence which he did not and could not appropriate was Louis's portion—that not being yet realised by the sale of the various properties comprising it. This is the one thing for which to be thankful in the midst of so much disaster. Meantime, George is entirely prostrated by the utterly hopeless entanglement of affairs; while I am faint with

sympathetic sorrow, and powerless either to console or succour him. From morning till evening, and often through a great part of the night too, he is poring, poring over these interminable papers; while I go in and out beseeching him not to take matters too heavily to heart, and he answers mournfully—

‘O Kate! Kate! when the storm overtakes the ship, it cannot choose but reel and stagger on the billows. Sail and rudder and compass, by which in ordinary times she was steered aright, are then of small avail. The anxious mariner can but lighten the freightage and cut away the masts, and when he has plied all his best seaman’s craft to save her from sinking, what can he do more than just leave the vessel reverently in higher keeping, and wait the issue with patient fortitude?’

Now I know perfectly well that this seaman’s craft which George speaks of is nothing else than taking all necessary steps to track Mr. Locke’s flight, with a view to the possible recovery of the stolen money—also using every means which legal skill and ingenuity can suggest to stem the dreadful torrent of misfortune which threatens our small barque of life. My poor husband! He is terribly haggard and woe-begone already. And though he tries sometimes to talk cheerfully and to make sport with the children, it is such sorry work, and so evidently a feint, that I had far rather he continued grave. Sadness is not half so affecting as an unnatural show of gaiety.

The other morning, George remarked upon my pale face. Upon this, I felt it suddenly become all a-glow, and I put on as radiant a look as I could find on the instant. He took me in his arms with a perfect *abandon* of affection, whispering me earnestly the while,

‘Remember, my darling, that, as a good angel ever, your hopeful smiles must be my rainbow in the storm; and I shall not be downcast overmuch so long as I see you sitting thus beside me, with eyes so full of light and promise.’

Ah, George! (I thought) you do not know what a little hypocrite I am. Did I not bid you good-bye yesterday morning, with bright looks and happy words? and yet you were scarce gone ere—calling to mind your sad, weary features—I had thrown myself on the sofa in an agony of bitter tears; and wished—oh, how fervently!—that you only knew how cheerfully I could submit to all the hardships that wait upon straitened means, if you might only wear once more the old bloom on your cheek, and the merry glance of yore in your eye!

Mem.—Women have been pronounced fragile and nervous creatures, and therefore supposed weak to bear the arrows of misfortune. But those who speak thus surely forget that physical organization may have little affinity with mental endurance. Feeble of arm may be strong of heart, and *vice versa*. And, so far as my experience goes, there is an elasticity in the female mind that, like a shallop on the ocean, keeps her always freshly buoyant, when man’s graver spirit is prone to sink like lead in the mighty waters.

Herein, perhaps, we may trace the law of compensation. Woman’s soul is less easily cast down, just because of its inferior power and capacity. She is the tiny barque that tops the wave, while her lord and master is the giant ship that bears her cargo nobly, and founders most frequently from the very bulk and grandeur of her build. But though the freightage may be lost, the owner’s life may be preserved; and when he sees that all else is gone, he betakes him to the small, secure craft, and is thereby saved.

Now, if George is the tempest-toessed ship on the wide deep, what hinders that I should be the life-boat to bring him safe to the shore?

November 17.

To-day the good news reached me, by an express message from town, that the wretched defaulter had been arrested in London, and a considerable sum of money found concealed about his person. I am glad, and yet I am grieved. No doubt the recovery of the gold is much. But oh! that the culprit had not been in any way associated with me or mine; or, rather, that there had been no culprit in the case! For if to receive reparation of injury is sweet, to be even the involuntary agent of another’s punishment is bitter. For my part, I cannot comprehend what there is in vengeance to make it so palatable. Do men fear that a just God will not be just in his dealing with guilt, and that they must therefore take the work out of His own hand, and do it for Him? Besides, is not a remorseful conscience far worse than whips and scorpions? I am afraid George would laugh at this doctrine, and say it would not work. Nevertheless, while I rejoice at our great loss being lightened, I do feel pained that we should be the accusers of that wicked Mr. Locke. By-the-by, they say that he really went to Ireland as a *ruse*, and showed himself both in Liverpool and Dublin; concluding that, when the state of matters was discovered, it would of course be inferred that he had thence embarked for some foreign port.

All the money recovered is some seven or eight thousand pounds, leaving still an enormous deficiency—how to be supplied, Heaven only knows. The only feasible way would seem for George to become bound in a large annual premium to an insurance office, and so obtain present funds to satisfy his most urgent clients. I think I have heard of such arrangements being made.

November 21.

Yesterday morning I went over to Aunt Aubrey’s; and as George was not to be home till late, I remained all day. The moment Louis saw me he ran to meet me; but stopping short within a yard or two—

‘Ah! ma chere Madame Weston, why is your face so white? It is like my mamma’s face to-day, ma pauvre maman, who lived in France, and went away to the angels.’ He stopped, and the liquid diamonds stood in his dark orbs. What is it in that child that is so attractive above all of his age that I have ever seen? Other boys may be manly beyond their years,

or amiable in disposition, or of eminently pleasing exterior. But this one is a combination of all these qualities, and herein must lie the charm. The eye that flashes with intelligence one moment can melt in tenderness the next, and the courage of the lion is so finely blended with the meekness of the lamb that we are fascinated by the rare and beautiful association.

'Are you ill, madame?' with an earnest, affectionate look.

'No, I am quite well, Louis; only a little tired. Have you any news for me?'

'Yes, I have good news. Madame Aubrey's boxes are arrived from Nice.' Just then, my aunt came into the room, and I asked her if Mrs. Falconer's box had come with the rest? It had. It was in the next room. I claimed her promise to inspect the contents. She produced the key.

'Give me one hour,' I said, 'for due examination. I have a dim hope that I may light on some clue.' Then I glanced at our boy. She gave me a significant glance in return. So I set to work immediately, shutting myself into the chamber and locking the door, to ensure perfect freedom from interruption during my search. When I raised the lid, nothing but papers were to be seen. Many of them neatly folded and labelled with names and dates. Of these, the great proportion was verse. And, being fond of poetry, I must confess I lingered over several of the pieces with considerable interest. One MS. took my fancy from the quaintness of the title. So, singling it out to show to George, I laid it aside after a cursory perusal. It was called—

'MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

Yes, minds are kingdoms, whose far-stretching space
No line can measure and no arch can span;
Nor land, air, sea, creation's dwelling-place,
Can match the spirit-universe in man.

What boundless fields wide spread within us lie,
Where precious seed our hands may daily sow!
What noble range of mountains towering high,
On which the plants of truth and right should grow!

How vast the ocean, where, in rich array,
Our legion dreams, like fairy barks, may glide!
And cells, how fathomless! where, day by day,
Our holiest hopes and loves most deep abide!

Yes; minds are kingdoms, large in latent power;
Yet how unworthy oft the sovereigns be!
How doth the world misuse the imperial dower?—
Heaven's grandest gift in perpetuity!

Oh the waste lands to culture strangers ever!
The dreary tracts with briar and weeds o'ergrown!
The noxious grass the scythe that findeth never!
Broad seas to mind's high commerce all unknown!

For my bare self, I'm weary, sick at heart—
So grand my realm, so pitiful my rule;
Rebellious thought through every tangled part
Runs riot, like a child that flies from school.

I would be monarch in right regal style—
My passions tuned to most harmonious measure;
Would plant with noblest trees the mental soil,
Whose fruits and flowers might profit yield and pleasure.

I'd have my realm so furnish'd with all good,
The very air were fragrant round me blew;
And every thought, word, deed, and passing mood,
An echo of the beautiful and true!

I'd have such harvests waving on my fields,
My neighbours all the golden feast might share;
And not a task that love or mercy wields,
But morning, noon, and night should find my care.

But oh! the foes that still disputing claim
With me the birthright empire of my mind!
Alas, alas! I'm but a king in name—
By earthly fetters 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd'!

No marvel oft, sore wasted by the strife,
I've long'd the useless sceptre to resign;
Yet how, my soul! to win that purer life,
If here, in tarnish'd state, thou sit'st supine?

Up! up! Arouse thee, for thy country's sake!
Set heavenly councillors at thy right hand!
Think of the priceless guerdon is at stake—
The crown triumphant in the fadeless land!
Nor faint beneath thy royal burden more,
Strong in His strength the Cross for thee who bore!
(To be continued.)

MY EXPERIENCES IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

'LECTURE HALL, Little Puddleton. Professor Smith will deliver a lecture on Photography on Monday evening.'

Such was the notice, in various-coloured letters, stuck in every conspicuous corner of the village, which met the astonished gaze of the inhabitants of Little Puddleton. Their surprise was, first, where Professor Smith could find the 'Lecture Hall,' but their minds were soon set at ease on that point, by discovering that he had hired the large room of the 'Blue Boar' for the occasion.

Times had indeed degenerated. Legends were current, among the oldest inhabitants, of county balls having been held there; now it was sunk many degrees! Instead of the gay assemblies the room had once witnessed, it had become the place where 'Metropolitan Wizards' and givers of second-rate 'Entertainments' were wont to exhibit themselves before the admiring eyes of the population of Little Puddleton.

But it is time I should more especially introduce myself to the reader.

My name is Jones—Charles Jones. I'm a married man (Mary, only daughter of James Brown, Esq.) I am blessed (or the reverse) with sufficient fortune to keep me from starving, without enabling me to live in that affluence to which my ancestors were accustomed. I say 'my ancestors,' for I am able to prove that I am lineally descended from the 'Le Joyne,' who came over with William the Conqueror. It is not to be wondered at, that, such being the case, I scorn trade; and that, having nothing to occupy my time, I find it hang rather heavily on my hands. I hailed, therefore, with delight the advent of Professor Smith, and proceeded, as soon as I had seen the bills, to secure two places in the front row for Mrs. Jones and myself.

The wished-for Monday evening arrived, and, full of expectation, my wife and I took our seats opposite a table covered with bottles of all sizes, filled with compositions of all colours, the stock-in-trade of the lecturer. The room was moderately full; and punc-

tually at half-past six (we are early people at Little Puddleton), the Professor made his appearance on a small platform prepared for him.

In person, he hardly answered my expectations, as I fancied a professor must necessarily be a venerable, intellectual-looking man. He was short, and rather flashily dressed; while his low forehead, and closely cropped hair, suggested painful ideas of Newgate and penal servitude. His fingers, too, were stained a deep brown; but that, he explained, was caused by the chemicals.

I will not venture to say that any one fully understood his lecture. The long words which flowed so glibly from his tongue were perfectly unintelligible to us; and we had but confused ideas of the comparative merits of xylographs, calotypes, and talbotypes. One thing, however, we fully appreciated, and that was the beautiful views he showed us, taken in our own neighbourhood, as specimens of the art. He was a practical photographer, and concluded the lecture by informing us that he expected the arrival of his apparatus on the following day, when he should be happy to take our portraits, in any style, for a shilling and upwards.

It struck me at the time that this was rather beneath the dignity of a professor; and when afterwards I came to converse with him, his language scarcely seemed such as is used by those who have taken high honours. We left the lecture-room on the whole well satisfied with our evening's amusement, and walked on our way home, for some time, in silence. At length I spake, and these were my words:—

'Mary, I, too, will be a photographer!'

My wife, who never thwarts me in anything, made the characteristic reply,

'Charles, dear, do.'

The following morning I eagerly sought Professor Smith. I found him standing in a field outside the village, superintending the unpacking of what, had he not been a professor, I should have called a caravan. His appearance struck me even less favourably than on the preceding night. His head was surmounted by a Turkish smoking-cap, and certain dark lines about his face suggested that he only washed on lecture nights. I told him of my aspirations, and besought him to aid me.

'Well, you see, mister,' said he, 'there's some as can do it, and some as can't. If you've got a good happaratus and good chemicals, and know how to use 'em, why there you are; but if you haven't, you know, where are you?'

I will not repeat the whole of our conversation; suffice it to say that the Professor engaged, if provided with a matter of twenty pounds, to procure me all that was necessary from London, and himself to superintend my first efforts. I must own I was staggered by the large sum demanded of me; and, dreading to meet my wife, crept in at the back door of my house, and hastened to my desk. I had there the exact sum required, which had been gradually accumulated by us for the purchase of a piano; but I

knew, by a little persuasion, my wife would soon be brought to see that a camera was by far the more useful article; and, besides, did it not always give her greater pleasure to get me anything I wanted than to satisfy her own desires?

When I had, not without some reluctance, entrusted the money to the Professor, I again hurried home, but this time entering by the front door; and, bursting into the room in which my wife sat quietly at work,

'Mary!' I cried, 'I must have a dark room!'

She looked bewildered.

'A dark room, Charles!' she repeated. 'What do you mean?'

'A room,' I answered, remembering the words of the Professor, 'from which daylight is entirely excluded, with the exception of about two feet, to be covered with three thicknesses of yellow calico. Have you any yellow calico?'

'Charles, are you mad? What can you want to cover a room with three thicknesses of yellow calico for?'

'It's not the room, dear, it's the window.'

'Why, wont the Venetian blinds do?'

I was forced to enter into a long explanation, in which I repeated the Professor's words as nearly as I could recollect them. My wife soon entered into the photographic spirit very readily, and we began to cast about to see which room would be best adapted for the purpose. The larder at first held out great inducements; and the larder it would have been, but for the vehement remonstrances of the cook, who protested that she 'would have ne'er a place to put nothing if the larder was taken.'

I have already said that my means were limited; it will therefore be easily understood that there was little extra room in our house. At last we fixed upon a small apartment which my wife dignified by the name of her 'boudoir;' and all available forces were pressed into the removal of the furniture as rapidly as possible, and then we set off together to purchase the yellow calico.

The Professor met us on our return, and accompanied us back to superintend the arrangements. By his directions, the calico was nailed threefold over the window; shelves were put up, to the disfigurement of the walls; and one of our best blankets nailed tight over the clothes-horse, to form a background for the portraits I was going to take.

Everything was ready that evening, and we went to sleep, expecting great triumphs on the morrow, when we hoped to hail the arrival of the packages the Professor had ordered on my behalf from London. Our joy was great when, next day, we saw the village postman leisurely making his way up the narrow walk of our front garden. Mrs. Jones and myself rushed to obtain the letter, which would, we hoped, contain tidings of the wished-for parcels. I will not deny that our countenances fell when we recognised the handwriting; and still greater were our feelings of disappointment, when we understood the contents

of the letter. It was from Mrs. Jones' mother, announcing her intention of coming to stay a few days with us, *if convenient*; but we knew, by experience, that Mrs. Brown always started on her journey at the same time she posted the letter; and that, therefore, it was useless to write and defer the pleasure of her visit.

'O Charles! what shall we do? She always had the dark room when she came before; and now it's full of shelves, and baths, and pans, and bottles, and things; and I'm afraid she won't like to sleep in a room only lighted by "two square feet of three thicknesses of yellow calico."'

'My dear! she must sleep somewhere else.'

'It's all very well,' she replied, looking reproachfully at me, 'to say "somewhere else;" but where *can* we put her? There isn't a place in the house except the coal-cellar!'

'Then,' said I, with an air of determination, 'she must sleep at the Blue Boar.'

'O Charles! I never thought it would come to this. My own mother coming to see me, and then to be sent to an inn!'

This was the commencement of my photographic troubles; but, though we talked long in the same strain, it did not bring us one step nearer to the removal of our difficulties.

While we were still considering what was to be done, the solitary cab of Little Puddleton, with boxes piled on the roof to a precarious height, came lumbering round the corner. We both waited, in trembling silence, the arrival of Mrs. Brown. Her temper was naturally bad; and when soured, as it always was on her journey from London, by squabbles with cabmen, guards, and porters, I know no adjective in the English language which can do it justice.

As she walked up the garden, I saw her direct one furious glance at the clothes-horse, which was to form a background for the portraits I intended to take. Scarcely bestowing a word upon us as she entered the house, she pushed on to the room which she considered her own. We had not time to stop her before she turned the handle of the door, expecting, no doubt, to find the apartment prepared for her with the neatness for which my wife is famous. Fancy her horror, then, at the scene dimly disclosed to her view! By the dismal light transmitted through the yellow calico, she could only discern long narrow deal shelves on the walls; and bottles, pans, and pots on the floor. She turned round with a furious air; but before she could speak, my wife unburdened herself of a long string of explanations and apologies.

Mrs. Brown suffered her to proceed uninterrupted; save that when the word 'photography' was mentioned, she evinced her disapproval of the whole proceedings by an emphatic snort.

'Where am I to sleep, then?' she asked, in a voice in which the injured woman gained ascendancy over the martyr.

Mary was completely puzzled what to answer; and I, in an under-tone, muttered something about very good beds at the Blue Boar.

It only wanted this to fire the train. My worthy mother-in-law, firmly planted with her boxes at the top of the stairs, held forth to us, who stood at the bottom, in tones of indignant reproach. Addressing herself to me, she cried,

'Did I surrender my daughter to you for this? Is her house to be closed against her own mother? Oh, little did I think, when I gave up to you my only treasure, that this would be the return for my sacrifice! O Mary! is this the end? Had I thought you would be united for life to a low photographer, I would never have consented to your marriage! Oh! oh!! oh!!! Turned out of my daughter's house! where shall I sleep?'

I must confess that I was rather alarmed at this outburst, and poor Mary subsided into tears, as her only refuge.

'Monster!' continued Mrs. Brown; 'look at that poor girl, whose affections you are trying to alienate from her mother!'

For some time longer this storm continued; my wife and I, in an under-tone, had a long consultation as to what should be done; while my mother-in-law expressed her firm determination not to stay in the house of a 'brute,' which she accompanied with a withering glance at me. I was tired with the scene, and went out, hoping on my return to find Mrs. Brown had followed my example.

As I came back, my wife met me with such a smiling countenance that I felt sure such was the case.

'Charles,' she began, 'you'll be delighted to hear that my mother has ——'

'Gone?' said I, with joy beaming all over my countenance.

'No, dear—kindly consented to occupy our room for a week or two.'

'And where are we to go?' I asked in dismay.

'Oh, I daresay we can make up something in the drawing-room.'

Was ever anything so horrible? I really don't know to what extremes of desperation I might have been driven, had not the welcome sight of Professor Smith at the gate, bearing in triumph a photographic camera, followed by two boys with huge packages, greeted my delighted gaze. Mother-in-laws were forgotten in my desire to inspect my purchases. Oh the trembling joy with which I cut the strings of the various parcels, and dragged out one thing after another, watched by the admiring eyes of my wife; while even Mrs. Brown so far forgot her injured dignity, as to indulge her curiosity, by peeping from the arm-chair she had deigned to occupy, though all the time she pretended to be engaged in reading!

It was too late to commence operations that day; so, after dismissing the Professor with many thanks, and extracting from him a promise to come up the first thing in the morning, I retreated to my dark room to arrange and inspect again all my bottles,

glasses, &c.; and then sat long musing on my future photographic greatness.

I believe Mrs. Brown made some highly objectionable remarks respecting me, when I at length made my appearance in the drawing-room; but I was in too happy a frame of mind to heed them. I passed a very bad night—owing partly, no doubt, to my excitement, but principally to the inconvenience of the imprudent bed on the drawing-room sofa. At length day broke, and I hailed with delight the first rays of the sun by which I hoped to accomplish so much.

Mrs. Brown began her objectionable conduct at breakfast-time, by sarcastic speeches about the dignity of the 'profession' I had adopted; and when my instructor arrived and sent up his card (rather a dirty one, I must confess), she made some withering allusions to a 'ticket-of-leave.'

No time was to be lost; and, under the guidance of Professor Smith, I immediately commenced operations. He first showed me how to prepare the plate; then, having placed it in the camera, made me sit down myself before it. When he had allowed sufficient time to take the portrait, he permitted me to follow him to the dark room, that I might learn how to 'develope the image.' I soon discerned a very tolerable likeness of myself, which I hastened, triumphantly, to exhibit to my wife and her mother, as a proof of the undoubted proficiency of the Professor. My wife, of course, echoed my praises, and pronounced it admirable. Mrs. Brown spitefully remarked that, though she had never thought me a very handsome man, she never had an idea that I really looked so very commonplace an individual; and had not before observed that I squinted, or had a double chin! With dignity, I told her that there might be some slight defects in the representation, because I moved after the Professor had uncovered the lens. My wife, anxious to change the subject, asked,

'Can't you do one by yourself now, Charles?'

'I almost think I could, Mary, if you will come and sit for one.'

'Oh, that will be so nice! Wont it, mamma?' turning to Mrs. Brown.

'Well,' retorted that amiable lady, 'things are changed indeed! To think of a gentleman (or one who calls himself one) asking his wife to come and sit out in the garden before a clothes-horse, where all the village may see her, that he may amuse himself with his low vagabond companions!'

Mary, with her usual mildness, said she should so like to give her dear mamma a portrait of herself done by Charles; and then she added, 'We will get such a nice frame for you to put it in.'

Mollified by this, the old lady made no other remonstrance, and I hastened to the dark room to tell the Professor of my success. I thought it strange, as I came up the stairs, to hear the door of the drawing-room, which adjoined the dark room, suddenly closed, and on entering the latter chamber, I was astonished to see the Professor arranging his hat and coat, which

had been placed on the floor; but he told me he had made some little changes in the bottles on the shelves, and had therefore disturbed the room a little.

Confident in my powers, I proceeded to prepare the glass, but found it more difficult than I had anticipated. At last, after breaking several plates, I got one tolerably perfect into the bath of nitrate of silver.

'Now, mister,' said the Professor, 'you don't want me any more. You quite understand how to proceed. You've only to note the time carefully, as I told you, and do just what I did, and you'll get on first-rate. I must be moving, for I've left all my property, which is *very* valuable, with a young scamp, who'll mix all the bottles one in t'other, and I shall be in a pretty fix. I'll come down again to see you after dinner. Good day, sir.'

I certainly felt nervous at the Professor's abrupt departure, for I had considered him engaged to me for the whole day; but, trusting to his promise to return, I let him depart, only begging him to go by the back door, for I feared lest Mrs. Brown should assail him if he went near the parlour window.

After much arranging, re-arranging, sitting down, standing up, adjusting of flounces, smoothing of hair, and most urgent injunctions to sit still, I at last got my wife placed to my satisfaction; and, with great trepidation, removed the cap of the lens, to take my first portrait! Alas! 'brightest hopes are fleetest.'

I retired to 'develope the image,' as the Professor called it. Nothing but a black smudge! Without revealing my failure, I prepared another glass, and telling my wife it was not quite successful, begged her to sit again. This time I could trace a faint image of a female figure, but that was all. The next time my wife, tired with so long keeping a graceful attitude and amiable expression, unfortunately was seized with an irresistible desire to yawn. The photograph was this time pretty clear, and showed Mary's pretty mouth in all the deformity of a double row of shark's teeth, surmounted by a couple of noses, and supported by three chins.

I could now boldly assert that it would have been an admirable likeness if she had only kept still. Mary was quite overcome at the enormity of her crime, and having refreshed herself, while I prepared another plate, again sat down before the camera, determined to be still as death.

This time I was certainly successful. I could see quite plainly a lady sitting by a little round table, on which were some books and a vase of flowers. I could even perceive some trimming on her dress; and as cook observed, when summoned from the kitchen to attest the resemblance of the portrait,

'Any one might see it was missus by the long curls.'

Of course, the treasure was first exhibited to Mrs. Brown, who was obliged to acknowledge that it was like Mary, but gave by no means unqualified approval.

'I suppose, Mr. Jones, you'll put a board now at the gate, with my dear daughter's picture as a specimen, and say "In this style for half-a-crown."'

'Oh, my dear mamma, of course Charles is only doing it for amusement,' replied my wife.

'And pray, then, what's the good of a camera, and goodness knows what all, just to take your picture, when he sees you all day long, a deal prettier than he can make you look?'

'Why, dear mamma, of course he wants to take you and all our friends.'

'Me! oh no; Mr. Jones does not care for his wife's mother; of course he don't want to see my picture, when he would like to send me to the inn directly I enter the house.'

Though in my heart I agreed for once with the old lady, and thought it was quite enough to have her in bodily presence, without her picture to remind us when absent of all she made us suffer, still I was forced to second my wife's entreaties, and beg Mrs. Brown to grant me the favour of a sitting.

'Now do, mamma,' said Mary; 'Charles is so clever, and does them so beautifully, and he'll do many copies of you to take back with you, and then everybody that sees them will say "What a clever husband your daughter has!" and I daresay some of the great London men will write to ask Charles how he does such beautiful portraits, and he'll be quite celebrated.'

Moved by such flattering prospects, Mrs. Brown allowed herself to be persuaded. With the air of a martyr about to defend the truth of his principles with his blood, she majestically sailed into the garden, and sat down in the chair, looking exactly as if she were about to be operated on by a dentist. This did not give her face a more pleasing expression than it generally wore; and when I add, that in her palmiest days she was a very plain woman with large features, and that now time and ill-temper had added far from pleasant lines to her red face, it may be easily imagined that she would not form an agreeable subject for photography. However, I determined to do my very best; and produced the best portrait I had taken. The likeness was really striking. It was cross enough to have soured the freshest milk; every line and wrinkle was true to nature. With a pleased and jaunty air I advanced to my mother-in-law, and presented to her her fac-simile. Indignation for a moment prevented utterance; then she burst forth—

'This you call my likeness! This!! Do you mean to say, sir, that you call *this* a portrait of your dear wife's mother? Oh! why did I come here to be insulted in this heartless manner? It is a plot—a vile plot—to aggravate me. But I will be calm; yes, Mr. Jones, I say *calm*. Mary, my child, do you join in this vile treachery against your mother? Can you suffer him, though he is your husband, so to insult your poor widowed mother? How dare you say this ugly, wrinkled old woman is like me? I say, how dare you, Mr. Jones!'

Thus she raved, abusing by turns myself, the Professor, the camera, and photography in general. Mary tried in vain to soothe her mother, and at last

put the finishing touch to her rage, by suggesting that she should try once more, and 'then, perhaps, Charles would be more successful.'

'So you really like to give the wretch an opportunity of insulting me! Oh, this is too cruel! I did not expect this of you, Mary! Never will I stay to be so insulted;' and, suiting the action to the word, Mrs. Brown rose, and sailing majestically past me and her weeping daughter, passed so close to the camera as to knock it down with her ample crinoline. It was in a thousand pieces. Without waiting to express sorrow, or to ascertain the extent of the damage, the injured woman retired to her chamber to brood in silence over her wrongs. Mary and I hastened to pick up the pieces, vainly endeavouring to reconstruct the broken instrument.

'It's no use our trying, dear,' said my wife at last; 'hadn't you better send for the Professor?'

'I'll go myself,' I replied; and soon I was on my way to the village.

No traces of the Professor or his caravan were to be seen. On inquiry, I found that he had hastily left that morning, and that he was in debt to every one in the village who would give him credit. I hastened home again in dismay; for though I felt I had to confess to my wife how much more than she thought was lost in the camera—even the money set by to buy her piano—yet I wished to get it off my mind, and I felt sure she would rather console than reproach me. She met me at the gate with another tale of sorrow—a desk containing all her little valuables had disappeared!

At length the truth dawned on me, in the inelegant but graphic words of our one Little Puddleton policeman:—'I had been *diddled*.' No trace of the Professor was ever discovered. My wife bore her losses in silence; my mother-in-law (who considerably forbore to fulfil her threat of departure when she found how severely I was punished) was incessant in her reproaches—nothing could take place without some pointed allusion to my 'idiotic credulity,' my 'unfortunate partiality for low associates.' Ere one day was ended, I began to wish I had never seen a camera, or that photography had never been invented. In haste, the dark room was made light, the furniture restored to its former place, and everything hidden away which could remind me of my

'PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPERIENCES.'

WARNER STERNE.

THE SPIRIT'S WHISPER.

HAST thou come to my grave in the twilight,
To sigh and weep—
To think of the lost one laid long ago
In death's calm sleep;
Who once shared in thy joys evanescent;
Whose heart to thine
Was wed as close as to the old home walls
Adheres the vine;
Who left thee alone in a cheerless world
To wend thy way,
Mourning in silence the long absent one
Each night and day?

Mortal! O why dost thou grieve for me thus?
 Why dost thou mourn?
 Wouldst thou have me to earth and its sorrows
 Again return?
 Wouldst thou wish my sweet rest to be broken
 For care and pain?
 Oh! forbear it. Thy sighs and thy tears, love!
 Are all in vain.
 The sweet snowdrop will herald the spring-time,
 And melody
 Comes back with the roses;—but me! oh! no
 Return for me!

Then weep not for me; for, didst thou but know
 My full-summ'd bliss,
 No more wouldst thou yearn for the loving eye,
 And the fond kiss,
 And the voice low and tender, delighting,
 That often sung
 Thee to rest in thy little crib nightly,
 When thou wert young;
 And the ministering hand's loving pressure
 That tended thee oft—
 That delighted to glide through thy long curls,
 Golden and soft.

Mine, mine is the home, love! of beauty;
 Where the fields gleam
 Far brighter than the crystal of ocean
 In day's parting beam;
 Where birds have a soul, and plumage like stars—
 Whose joyous song
 Rolls aloud, with the seraph's sweet anthem,
 The heavens along;
 Where no nightshade bedims the celestial
 Blue of the skies;
 And the amaranth-blooms cluster, brightly
 Beaming like eyes.

No sorrow, no sickness enter therein—
 No cold decay;
 No dark misgivings that cloud the poor soul
 Stain'd in its day;
 No bitter partings, nor changes, nor death
 'Mong the blessed host,
 Whose bright paradise never was ransom'd—
 Never was lost.

Wouldst thou have me to leave its gold mansions,
 Its light and joy,
 And its rivers of life, for vain pleasures
 Mix'd with alloy?

No—listen! Thou wilt come first to me, love!
 When the full sheaves
 Are all gather'd from off the shorn ridges;
 When the sear'd leaves
 Strew the wayside in mottled brown masses,
 And the last gems
 Of the sighing, sad, cold waning autumn
 Droop on their stems.

Then, beloved! I will look for thy coming
 To life and rest,
 To the home of thy God, and thy kindred
 Among the bless'd.

Listen! ere thou goest back to the world,
 Here, in the shade
 Of the tombs and the yew-trees around thee,
 Let there be made
 A resolve in thy heart to do battle
 For the bless'd goal;
 Still in life's bivouac to keep guarding,
 Saving thy soul;—
 For, remember the Cross must be borne
 Ere the crown is gain'd.
 Then gird on thy armour. God keep thee
 Ever unstain'd!

CHARLES KENNEDY.

LE CHEVALIER DU RAYON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FRED HARPER'S LEGACY.'

CHAPTER V.

THE Chevalier became now almost an inmate of Sir John's house. *Jemima* and he were continually together—riding, walking, singing, conversing; together in the drawing-room; in the Park, at the Opera they were to be seen together. *Lady Primrose* was in raptures with the success of her scheme. She took particular pains, however, to impress upon Sir John that it was only through her ingenuity and address that his daughter was about to make such a satisfactory and advantageous settlement. Sir John, however, had, on two occasions, expressed doubts as to the existence of the Chevalier's title or estate; but on the first occasion *Lady Primrose* flew into a towering passion, and on the second fell into a fit of hysterics, so that he had not recurred to the subject. 'He had interfered once before,' he said, 'and had heard it every day since; he would let her manage it in her own way this go off, let her make of it what she pleased.'

Whether Sir John actually instituted the proposed inquiries, and found everything to his satisfaction; whether his wife had persuaded him that these inquiries would only be an unwarrantable insult, and a gratuitous aspersion on the Chevalier's honour; or whether he had been unable to ascertain anything at all in the matter, is uncertain. Certain it is, that preliminaries had been arranged, the day of the marriage had been fixed, and preparations were in progress for its celebration. The exact terms of the contract have never transpired; but report affirms that the Chevalier was most liberal in his settlements, and most moderate in his demands on the parent of his bride; and that this, coupled with the fact of *Jemima's* being his favourite child, had the effect on Sir John of making him extremely liberal also.

The marriage day arrived. In St. George's, Hanover-square, the ceremony was performed. The bride and bridegroom were to set out at once for the Continent. They returned to Russell-square to make the few final arrangements for the journey.

Jemima was in her room. The Chevalier was in the centre of a group in the drawing-room, giving a glowing account of his ascent of Mont Blanc, when a rough voice, with a broad Scotch accent, was heard in loud dispute with some of the servants in the hall. Sir John, who was having some private conversation with his wife, hearing the noise, went to see what was the matter, and encountered a tall stout man, with a great red face, a broad-brimmed hat on his head, top-boots on his feet, and a large riding whip in his hand.

'I beg your pardon, sir; but if you're the maister of this house, your servants are the impidentest pack o' hounds ever I came across—and a man coming, too, to do their maister the best kindness, I'll be bound, that has ever been done him in his life! And pretending they didna understand what I was saying,

the Southland beggars! Why, ony man that doesna understand gude broad Scotch has nae business to have lugs to hear or a tongue to speak. You're the maister of this house!"

"I am, my good friend," replied Sir John; "but, as I have some friends above stairs, I cannot wait. If you will favour me with the matter to which I owe the honour of this visit——"

"The honour o' this visit? Ye're mortal civil. If ye'll come into a bit room where we'll be by ourselfs, and where we'll no have ony o' them knee-breeked gentry hearkening till us, I'll soon let ye ken that."

"I fear I cannot wait," said Sir John. "If you will call to-morrow, I will be happy to hear what you have to say."

"Call to-morrow! Weel, I'll do that if ye like; or gang awa' and never come back again, if ye like that better—it'll make little difference to me; but, I'm telling ye, it'll make a sma' difference to you."

"How do you mean?" said Sir John. "I will listen to you here."

"Weel, then," said the Scotchman, "that's as ye like. Ye've a daughter that's going to be married the day? or the morn, is it? I couldna just find out that."

"My daughter was married to-day," said Sir John.

"Whew-ew-ew!" whistled the Scotchman, letting his hat fall. "Ye don't mean it?"

"How, sir? Of course I mean it—though I do not see that it should afford you any occasion for such a——it does not affect you in any way?"

"Affect me in any way!" repeated the Scotchman. "I should rather think it will affect me; it'll affect me just as it affects you—it makes me a faither-in-law."

"What do you say? I beg pardon—I do not understand you, sir."

"No understand me! Weel, then, I'm sure it's plain enough. Man, but Charlie's the lad! The rascal! to gang and jew a probably puir innocent lassie this way!"

"I wish you would explain yourself, sir," said Sir John.

"Explain mysel'!—Weel then, what d'ye think is the name o' your son-in-law?"

"The name of my son-in-law! I do not see what all this is about. Du Rayon is the gentleman's name—Chevalier du Rayon."

"Chevalier!" repeated the Scotchman. "Weel, let me never! Du—what d'ye ca' it?—Durayong!—Charlie has putten a tail to it—Shovelly Durayong! What the mischief! his name is Charlie Rae—my name is Robert Rae—Big Bob Rae, as they ca' me: he's nae mair nor less than my son, and I'm nae mair nor less than his faither. Chevalier, indeed! Wait till I get my fingers on him—the rascal! I'll Chevalier him!"

"There must be some strange mistake," said Sir John. "You?"

"Mistake! I should rather think there has been some mistake, when a man with a house like this, and servants running about a body's feet like mice in a

hay-stack, marries his daughter to the ne'er-do-weel son of a Midlothian farmer! It's no to say that I'm hard-up either: I've a gude twa or three thousand in the bank at Edinburgh, and stock, and that; but still——but, man! Charlie's the lad! He's done it this shot!"

"You must be mistaken, sir," said Sir John, in a tone of slight alarm. "Come this way." He led the way up stairs, and showed the farmer into a room on the drawing-room floor. "This is rather beyond a joke, I fear. I suspected something all along. I hardly know how. But, Jove! even if it is true, I don't care! It'll serve her right: it was her doing. But it is provoking, too. Are you sure there is—how did you hear about it?"

"That's a roun'about story," answered Mr. Rae. "It would involve near a history o' Charlie's career. But, in three words:—As I telled ye, I'm a farmer, awa' near Edinburgh, and Charlie's my son—my only son. Weel, ye see, I had intended Charlie for a farmer, but Charlie didna care much about the farming line; so, through an auld schoolfellow, I got him a place in an office—in a business way, ye ken—so as to learn, and get himsel' into business habits like—intending to gie him a hunder or twa to start wi' on his ain account, when he got auld enough. But Charlie wouldna settle. He was bound for three years, and so they keepit him on; but he wouldna settle to it. It wasna that he was misbehaving himsel' either—for I never heard that he wasna doing right; but he had just a kind o' lazy, unsettled sort o' turn. Weel, he had been there about twa years and a-half, when, one time he was out seeing me and the auld wife—staying ower the Sunday, like—he telled me that he was thinking o' trying a bit spec. on his ain account—shipping goods to the Exquimoxes, or some o' them other niggers that live awa' up by there. Weel, he laid it off, (as wha but Charlie kens how?) till at last he got me round to give him a cheque on the bank for three hundred pound. Weel, Charlie went back, and the next we heard o' him was that he was awa—bolted—naebody kenned where. Weel, to make a lang story short, we never heard ony mair about him for dear knows how lang; till, one fine frosty morning he came back a perfect ragamuffin, wi' a beard like a Jew, and a head like a Hottentot, without shoe or stocking, and the ghost o' a coat on his back—mair like a Connaught scarecrow than ony decent man's son. Weel, there was a scene! Charlie, and his mither, and the whole o' us, a' blubbering like crocodils—he's no bad-hearted, Charlie, after a', and ye canna but like the fallow, though he's such a rascal; that's the worst o't. Weel, we got Charlie sorted and fattened up—he's no bad-looking, Charlie; but the beggar kens that as weel—and I took him into a kind o' partnery in the farm. Weel, I had some accounts to pay for repairs on the house, and a new machine or twa that we had got; and so, one fine morning—thinking to encourage him, ye ken, in his weel doing, by sort o' showing confidence in him;—weel, ae fine morning, I gied Charlie

a cheque on the bank for three hundred and seventy to gang to Edinburgh to pay them. Charlie went off, shaking hands wi' me, and gieing his mother a kiss as if he had been gaun to Australia. Night came, but Charlie didna come back; and the next we heard o' him was six weeks after from a neighbour that had been up here in Lunnun. This is just a week since the day that he had seen Charlie here; and keuning that I was seeking him, he had made inquiry about him, and had found out that he was courting the daughter o' one o' the richest men in Lunnun, and like shortly to be married to her. So off I set; and after knocking about like a shinty-ba' on the links o' Musselburgh for three days, here I am—found him out at last—my three hundred and seventy pounds a' spent, and me a faither-in-law!

Sir John did not speak for some minutes. He appeared hardly to know how to feel. Chagrin at what he might consider the degradation of his daughter's marriage (for he had now but little doubt that the Scotchman's tale was true), seemed to be counterbalanced by the consideration of the triumph which it would afford him over his wife. 'Well,' he said at length, 'it is rather a serious business. I never was very ambitious regarding the settlement of my daughters; but really, this is rather too much. I mean no disparagement to you, sir. I am not proud—indeed, I have little reason to be so; I dare say I was once a poorer man than you ever were. But really—upon my honour, I hardly know what to think. Polly will be mad. But this young fellow, whom you say is your son, if he has really no positive vice'—

'Vice! no him: Charlie is weel enough so far as I ken. And as for running awa' wi' the money, I don't believe he would hae done the like to onybody but his faither. I suppose he thought that it would be his some time or another, and that what was mine was his, and what was his was his ain. If Charlie had been left wi' a fortune, he would have made a very decent man. He was aye inclined to act the gentleman, and was too lazy to work. He has managed his game this shot. The only thing is the way he went about it—that's what I'm mad about. If he really liked the lassie, it wouldna be sae bad—what like is she, the gude-daughter? Come on, man—let us see her.'

'You cannot see her just now. She and her—and your son, so I suppose we must call him—are to start this evening for the Continent—for his estate—hem!—for—Hang it! upon my honour, I can hardly keep from—Polly has been nicely done. Upon my honour, it's the best thing I've heard this many a day. The mention of Chevalier du Rayon will silence her as long as she lives, and that is no small consideration. Jernima—I think she really likes the fellow; and I daresay he's not a bad sort of character after all. If he really likes her—upon my honour, I don't think that it is so very bad after all. But are you quite sure it is the same person?'

'I'll soon make mysel' sure o' that,' said the Scotchman. 'Is he in this house? Confront me wi' him,

and if he doesna stare—let me never! But there he is—the very beggar! My! but he's a swell!'

'James!' said the Chevalier, coming out of the drawing-room, and speaking to a footman who was passing on the landing—'voulez-vous—zat is, will you have ze very great—what you call him?—ze great goodness of to do me ze favour to bring one little—what you call?—shovel and ze brush, to take away ze fragments—ze remains of ze little Cupid zat sat on the table in ze corner; one of ze ladies has knock him down with ze dress.'

The Chevalier was returning to the drawing-room, when the farmer started up. 'Charlie, ye rascal! come here! Are ye no ashamed o' yoursel' to be carrying on in this way? to come into ony decent man's house like a fox into the fold? Charlie, ye're a black sheep!'

'Sar!' said the Chevalier, looking very much surprised, 'you are impudent man. How dare you, sir—how dare you call me ze sheep!'

'Sheep, ye rascal! If ye're no a sheep, ye're as white as ane at this present minute. Take care! or I'll make ye a black-faced ane—a black-eyed ane, at ony rate: ye're black-hearted already.'

'Monsieur Primrose, who is this man? He is very much insolent.'

'Ye would dare to pretend ye don't ken your ain faither!' cried the farmer. 'Charlie! if ye don't stop this d——d nonsense'—

'For mercy sake, stop this noise!' cried Sir John. 'What in the world are the people to think?'

'Let go, sar, I say!—let ze arm of me alone!' cried the Chevalier, extricating himself from the farmer's grasp and entering the drawing-room, thinking probably that there he would be safe. But in this he was mistaken; the farmer flourished his whip and followed, leaving Sir John standing outside in an agony of annoyance.

'What is ze thing zat you want of me, sar? How dare you to enter ze house of mine father-in-law in this manner? Leave ze room instantly, sir! or I will get ze servants to put you out of ze house.'

'D——n it, ye rascal!—I say, leddies and gentlemen! I'm no in the habit o' swearing; but upon my word, I say, I'm sorry for disturbing the peace of this household, and your entertainment especially; but if there's onybody here that's a mither or a faither, and was ever denied by his ain wean—by his ain son, they can understand my feelings. Now, Charlie, look ye—'

'How dare you, sir?' exclaimed Lady Primrose, marching forward, and waving her hand, 'how dare you, sir, invade the privacy of this domestic—of this—of this house? This gentleman is my son-in-law, who was this day married to my daughter. How dare you insult him in this manner?'

'That he was married to your daughter the day, mem, I ken,' replied the farmer; 'but had I just found ye out a day sooner, I'll be bound it never would hae been; for, although ye'll no believe it now, ye'll ken it and believe it soon enough. Your son-in-

law, as ye ca' him, and talk so big about, is nae mair nor less than my son! So that you and me, mistress, is kind o' relations. The same event, ye ken, that makes you a grannie will mak me a grandfather! So, mistress, ye needna tak the nose off a body, or flounce about that way, like Leddy Macbeth at a twopenny show at Falkirk Fair. But, Charlie, look ye!—ye didna use to tell lies—look me in the face, and say that I'm no your faither.'

'Le diable!' exclaimed the Chevalier—'I no know ze man. Je n'understand pas. He is one—what you call him?—he is one lunatic—one raving, mad, maniac lunatic, escape from ze asylum!'

'Lunatic, ye beggar! D—n it, ye rascal! to ca' your faither a lunatic! Look ye, Charlie!' he exclaimed, seizing the Chevalier by the collar, and shaking his whip in his face—'am I your faither, or am I no? Say, ye rascal! or, although ye're my son—my only son, I'll gie—I'll gie ye what I've gi'en ye many a time afore, when ye were a bairn.'

'Gentlemen, ze man is mad!' said the Chevalier. 'Hang it! let me alone! Ladies and gentlemen!'—
'How dare you, sir?' cried Lady Primrose. 'James! James! James, I say, take that man out!'

'Ye needna trouble yoursel', Mistress Macbeth,' said Mr. Rae, buttoning up his coat, and putting on his hat, 'I'll sune gang. But I would just like to see the gude-dochter—that's what you Englishers call the daughter-in-law—what kind o' body is she? Charlie, ye scoundrel! ye've done her an injury in deceiving her—see that ye're gude to her now. Ye've been a bad stick—see that ye turn a new leaf now that ye'll hae got some money to keep ye out o' mischief. I don't want ever to see ye again. To deny your ain faither! The very thought o't! But, mither-in-law—as I suppose it's you that's the mother,' he added, turning to Lady Primrose—'my son has done ye a bit injury in deceiving ye—at least, ye'll count it sae; though, for my part, I don't see why an honest farmer's son shouldna be gude enough for ony man's daughter, or woman's either; but, however, I would like to do as much as lies in my power to make up for't; and so tell your daughter, that if Charlie's no gude to her, she'll find a hame wi' me, and an auld wife to welcome her. But I think Charlie will be gude to her. He's gude-hearted at the bottom, and warm-hearted—and clever too, the rascal! He has spoiled a gude spoon in the making. Charlie, ye scoundrel! gude-bye! I never want to see your face again—I never want to hear frae ye again; but if ye're no gude to her—mind I'm telling ye, ye'll hear frae me.'

The farmer made a bow at the door, and withdrew; and finding no one on the stairs—Sir John having gone to his room—he opened the street door and went his way, leaving a somewhat singular scene in the drawing-room. By the Chevalier's rhetoric, however, the party was soon persuaded (ostensibly at least) to believe that the person who had just gone had been labouring under some strange delusion.

Lady Primrose, however, was a good deal excited.

She left the room; and having found Sir John, and having been informed by him of the real foundation which, he believed, there was for her fears, she went into a thoroughly genuine fit of hysterics.

Jemima was called in, and apprised of her husband's real position; but Jemima took it very coolly—she was just as well pleased, she said. She liked him for himself, not for what he was—hinting, at the same time, that she had before been partially aware of it; that Charles had already told her something of it, though the matter was then too far advanced to draw back. She questioned, however, whether she would have done so, even if she could; for she liked Charles better than any man she had ever seen; and his affection for her, she was sure, was genuine. He had taken this way, as the only one by which he could ever hope, from what might be considered the disparity of his true circumstances and hers, to call her his own.

Happily, Lady Primrose did not hear this confession. Sir John first said he liked the fellow better for having told Jemima, and then pretended to be very angry; but he was plainly not so angry as he wished Jemima to think. He began a harangue, in which he meant, apparently, to reprove her for the deceit which she had practised; but ere he had spoken half-a-dozen sentences, he broke down; and making some remark about 'Polly's being nicely done,' he laughed outright.

He returned to the drawing-room, making apologies for Lady Primrose's absence—that the excitement caused by the person who had recently intruded himself upon them had occasioned a slight indisposition. As to his opinion regarding the truth or falsehood of the person's statements, he made no remark.

Jemima was announced as being ready for the journey. She bid an affectionate farewell to her parents; and the Chevalier having performed a similar ceremony with the guests, they drove off in splendid style, and were soon on their way to the Continent.

CHAPTER VI.

A few years after the period of the above relation, returning from a short tour through the Netherlands, I happened one evening to be walking near the Platz opposite the Cathedral at Antwerp, when I encountered a stout, handsome, bearded man, smoking a cigar. His face seemed familiar to me; but where or when I had seen it I could not recollect. I thought he looked at me, as if entertaining a similar opinion with regard to me. I passed him, however; but I had hardly gone a dozen paces when a hand alapped me heartily on the shoulder, and turning round, I saw my bearded friend—'Jack! is it possible! I'm delighted to see you. How are you, old boy?'

'I'm very well, thank you. But, though your face seems familiar to me—I cannot exactly—I beg pardon—you have the advantage of me.'

'Don't know me, Jack? You used to know me

well enough; though never for very much good, I fear—ha, ha! Don't you remember Charlie—Charlie Rae?'

Charlie Rae! Of course I did. We had been at school together; we had been three years in the same house of business, though in neither place had I, as he said himself, known him for very much good. He had been the pioneer of mischief in school, the paragon of laziness in the office, and yet everybody liked Charlie; somehow, no one could help liking him.

'How stupid! Of course I remember. How are you? I thought I ought to have known your face, though I couldn't for my life remember where I had seen it—it is such a long time since I have seen you.'

'Yes, it is a good while—a matter of twelve or thirteen years, I suppose. I used to be a rare specimen in those days, but I've turned over quite a new leaf. I've settled down into a quiet, industrious—at least—no! I'm not that; I never was, and, I suppose, never shall be; but, at any rate, I don't need. However, I'm as quiet—as quiet as a lamp-post. Among other things, I've taken to myself a wife, as I dare say you might hear. Come along—you must come to see her. I was just returning to the hotel. I've just been taking a look at the Cathedral—a jolly old concern, isn't it? I suppose you've seen the place where Rubens is buried? Come along—I want to hear all about what you've been doing during the ages since I saw you. I say! we have three youngsters—little Jacky, a regular little brick he is, called after his grandfather; Bobby, aged two years, called after his other grandfather; and Janey, aged three months. But you'll see them all for yourself. When did you come? We only came this morning; we leave for London to-morrow. I hope we'll have the pleasure of your company. I'll have it, anyhow, to-night; for now that I've got hold of you, I won't let you go in a hurry.'

I accompanied Charlie to his hotel, and was soon ushered into an elegant apartment, and presented to Mrs. Rae, a very nice person indeed, and to Charlie's son and heir, a smart little fellow of four years old.

'Jack is a very old friend, Jemmy,' said Charlie Rae; he and I have known each other since—oh! since we were the height of nothing in farthing coppers; but I haven't seen him for ever so long. I almost wonder how I knew you: it must be eleven or twelve years—no, by-the-way, it isn't so much as that either—I met you once somewhere. It was when I was on my travels. I knew you at once; but I was such a precious ticket in point of dress and appointments, that I didn't like to speak to you. I had just come from France, having worked my passage across in a smuggling skiff. By the way, you never heard any of my adventures. They're worth hearing, I assure you. Do you know, I've been thinking of writing them out, and giving them to the world. But, as we used to say when I was in the London and Paris United Grand—I've been a showman, you see, in my day—showman! I've been

a fifer in an orchestra, an omnibus cad, a man-monkey in a pantomime, an advertising medium. However, as we used to say, when I was in the London and Paris United Grand—most eminent artistes of the day—magnificent stud of horses—admission one penny! I'm always 'just going to begin.' But somehow I never do begin. However, if I could just get a start—why, man, we'd beat Gil Blas and Don Quixote all to smash. However, let me see. Since I saw you, it was, I think, about five years before I got married, and that is just five years last month. Isn't it, Jemmy? Jemmy, do you hear? Isn't it five years since you and Shovelley du Rayon were married?

'O Charlie! how you do talk!' said Mrs. Rae, 'I'm sure the less said about that the better.'

'The better!' said Charlie. 'I'm going to tell all about it; he knows many a worse thing about me than that. Well, no, I don't think he does either—that was about as bad as ever I did, though I was rather a wild chap in those days.'

'I wonder what he could have been, if he was worse than he is now, the great naughty man!' said Mrs. Rae, giving an affectionate pull to her husband's ear. 'He must have been a perfect scapegrace.'

'Scapegrace! well, no, my dear; I wasn't quite that,' said Charlie, putting his arm round his wife's waist; 'but I was bad enough. Well I don't know if I was so very much worse than I am now; I'm as fond of mischief, and as lazy as ever. I wish you would order some supper, Jemmy, my dear, will you? that walk has given me an appetite—table set for three, and supper for half-a-dozen, or as many more as you like. But, in the meantime, just give us out a bottle of the mountain-dew—I always have a little stock of it with me, Jack; you get such execrable stuffs generally at these hotels. 'We'll get some hot water, and brew some toddy for "auld Scotland's sake." Hi! you! waiter! voulez-vous bring some hot water? Come now, sit in—we'll have the water presently. Why, this puts me in mind of old times: I only wish we could have it so every night! I told you, I think, that we go to London to-morrow. The old woman—Jemmy's mother, I mean—has, it seems, been taken ill; she has sent for Jemmy; and we're going accordingly. We were just having a little cruise through Belgium here when the letter came. Of course I was never mentioned. I'm in the black books: she never could bear me after—ha, ha, ha! But, by the way, you didn't hear about it—about the marriage, did you?'

'I had heard,' I said, 'something of his being married; but that I had heard little more.'

'Oh! you didn't hear the particulars? You remember when you used to lecture me? how you used to say that I would never come to any good? You were wrong for once in your life. The particulars—ha, ha, ha! Jemmy, have you any objections to my telling the particulars?'

'Oh really, Charlie,' said Mrs. Rae, 'I think they are quite too well known already: the less said about

them the better. I know, however, that you care little for my veto; you do just as you like for anything I can say. As I have no particular desire, however, to hear them again, having heard them till I can say it all by heart, I shall go and see baby. But really, Charlie, instead of being ashamed of it, as you ought to be, you rather seem to glory in it.'

'And have I not reason, Jemmy, my dear?' said Charlie Rae. 'Isn't it enough to establish my claims as a man of genius as long as I live? *Au revoir*, Jemmy! She's the best little wife that,' he added, as Mrs. Rae left the room, 'on the face of the earth. I got a bargain of her, I did. Fill your glass, and I'll tell—and I'll tell you the—the particulars!'

Having fulfilled the stipulation, Charlie, with a preliminary bar of music by way of prelude, proceeded to narrate the circumstances of his courtship and marriage, as I have narrated them above; I having, as may perhaps be said, begun at the wrong end of the story.

'That was a spec. for you,' said Charlie Rae, as he concluded, 'the best I ever made. I got a good few thousands when we were married, but she's worth a hundred thousand herself. I always liked her; in fact, it was that that made me do it. I would marry her to-morrow without a rap, and work like a nigger for her afterwards. But, you see, I hardly need to do that. The old knight gave up the ghost three years ago, and of course we figured in his will; so that we have nothing to do but to amuse ourselves. We can—as one of the old heathen humbugs we used to hear about in school says that he would like to do—we can spend the summer in England, the spring in Italy, the winter in Spain, and the autumn—where was he to spend the autumn?—I forget; but, at all events, we can go any mortal where we like. I'm a real Chevalier now, I may say. We have a nice little place—away near Heidelberg it is. I call it Du Rayon Lodge. Ha, ha! You must come to see it next summer, do you hear? I expect to be in London this time for a month or two. The old woman, it seems, is very ill; but I'm sure it doesn't affect my spirits much. She hates me like rats; but she's an old fool, so there isn't much sentiment lost between us.'

'And your father?'

'Oh! the governor! Poor old chap! he's alive and hearty. But he lost nearly all his money—some security concern, I suppose it was—I don't exactly know what. He has given up the farm; but, with a little money that he has still, and a little that we allow them, he and the old lady live quite snug—I don't exactly know where. I've lost their last letter; but we'll find out. We must take a trip down, and see the old Trojans. The old fellow never forgave me, though, for calling him a lunatic—ha, ha, ha!'

'And Miss Primrose?'

'Oh! Jenny! She got married, not long after we did, to a rich old alderman, or some such dignitary. He died last year: she's a widow now, with I forget how many thousands a-year. There's your chance! We must introduce you to her. You needn't laugh—I'm quite in earnest. In the meantime, I'll put in a

good word for you. She's as anxious to get married as ever she was. However, you must promise to take a run across, and spend a month at ze little chateau. Plenty of shooting, you know. Of course I shall beat up your quarters; but, in the meantime, you must promise to come.'

I thanked Charlie Rae for his kind invitation, promising to avail myself of it, if my arrangements would permit.

Next day they started for London. In the afternoon, I proceeded on my way to Holland, ruminating on human nature as displayed in Charles Rae's matrimonial speculation.

THE DAY-DARGER.

SEEkens the turns o' ilka tune
That nature sings see blithe and bonnie;
Her love is rich as rosy June,
For mense she may compare wi' ony;
Her fayerth is a thrivin' laird,
While I maun darge till banes grow wearie;
Yet, while I delve the stubborn yird,
I'm deep in service o' my dearie.
And oh! 'tis sweet in beauty's sight
To hand the heart aboon complaining,
And do one's utmost main and might,
That love may thrive on labour's haining.

O Poverty! bare Poverty!
Ye may be bauld at whyles and vauntie,
But when ye lay sic loads on me,
My heart refuses to be cantie;
Frae morn till e'en I labour sair
And daurna think to tak' it canny.
But still, when done, I've nought to wae
That's worth a single smile o' Annie.
Yet oh! 'tis sweet when day departs,
When birds are wheesht and flowers sleeping,
Down by the burn to gar our hearts
Believe that love has life in keeping.

I wish I had a tak' o' land
Where peace might pay the fees o' labour,
Wi' my sweet lassie aye at hand
My nearest friend and dearest neebor;
I'd work for love, that lowly worth
Might rise aboon frae sma' beginnings,
And ever as the flowers cam' forth
On them we'd wae our daily winnings.
Oh! then, how sweet when bairnies dear
Might hand our hame wi' gladness ringing,
And through a' changes o' the year
Still keep the loesome birdie singing.

Lilt out, wee birdie! let thy sang
Still praise the day when beauty found thee;
The berries will be ripe ere lang,
The fading flourish rains around thee;
The world rejoices when it rains,
And when it blows the grass is growing,
And comfort thrives on labour's gains
While dimpled cheeks w' health are glowing.
And oh! 'tis sweet when heart and soul
Pour forth in sang vast wealth o' feeling!
The darger then feels fit to thole
Ilk beast that raves around his abiding.

W. S. FRANK.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Author. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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GABRIEL GRAY—A GLASGOW STORY.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR.

'Sing willow! willow!'—*Shakespeare*.

CHAPTER XI.

THE pic-nic was a burst bubble. We had blown it with our most fanciful breaths until, full-orbed and rainbowed, it floated away to green and brambly nooks of summer loveliness, at the base of purple hills, and to gugglings of the crystalline sea, among washed pebbles, and shells tinted like the opal, and brown slippery sea-weed, and vulgar whelks and limpets clinging to the rounded stones, and little green-backed crabs sideling about the roots of swinging tangle, and innumerable other strange playthings of the punctual tides. But it burst as from a too great fulness. The quiet rock-pools and the glistening sand—the boulders rough with coralines and shaggy with algae—the star-fish and the sea-urchins, and the beautiful medusæ afloat in the shining emerald—and far over the tremulous sea-level, the passing steamer with its palpitating rush and long trail of smoke; and, further still, the slack white sail of the leisurely coaster wearing the sun-gleam for a glory—all the unspeakable wonders and splendours of the mighty and mysterious shore, were seen only in dream. The pic-nic was not to be.

I had it all in vision. By a pale bedside, sweet and patient to tears, my household had talked it over—every one adding some bright little individual touch—until it glowed with colours that never were on mortal canvas. The tranquil sail down the Clyde, from busy and smoky scenes—onward to scenes of soft sylvan beauty—and onward still to where the river deepens, and widens, and loses itself among the betumbled and rugged yet steadfast and glorious hills of Argyleshire—with the sun warm on the deck, and all the winds of heaven holding mercifully back lest they should do hurt to any frail thing—the easy landing—the slow delighted stroll past villas nestling under hoaky promontories, and up to their roofs in roses, or with fuchsias burning to their windows; and along the pale shore-road, narrowed at intervals with wild-brier, and hazel, and honeysuckle, and with ever and anon a cool spring bubbling from the rock—the encamping on some slope of fine grass, overhanging a gravelly beach, with the advancing tide lapping the pebbles, and trembling into silvery beauty and music—how distinctly were these things imaged in my mind! But what is liberty to him who has not felt the weight and weariness of chains? Ah! ye jaded habitués of the coast! not yours can be the appreciation of my little shore-picture. Give me, then, for critics those who, through all the magnificent days, while summer was greening the plains and reddening

the mountains, or while autumn was adding her mature touches of gold to field and forest, have been seeing only the heavens dull and struggling, through sweltering skylights, and through that great smoke-roof which Glasgow sustains eternally upon her thousand chimney-shafts. How I longed for the one glad day! Then the unpacking of the baskets—the eager appetites and the ample supplies—the water brought from some near spring that had been trickling there since the Flood, and most patient for our coming; poor Barbara catching from all the splendours of nature, and all the munificence of God, a new feel of life in her thin veins; Kate, the sprite, with her white limbs in the brine, and madly wishing she were a mermaid; old Mr. Waddel and myself—a couple of gray-headed boys again, the lighter for the lightness of our flasks—skiffing flat pebbles in rivalry for the farthest number of leaps; and my wife Jean, and all the rest of the party, on the grass, laughing like a bank of flowers in June. Oh! the delightful pictures that Hope, under any sweet inspiration, paints! But the mysterious Fates that control our mortal destinies were, in this instance, implacable. The one glad, glorious day which lay, we fondly and foolishly thought, like a slip of sunshine on our path, was, alas! never—never to arrive.

Oh! veil your brightness for awhile, ye mellow autumn skies! Let the song of that unvisited shore turn into a wail of sorrow, as of long waves breaking in the night! And you, O tiny, untasted spring! purling your modest melody somewhere, be no longer a gladness to the ear but an anguish to the heart, as of the voice of a child born of the mountain going for ever to its end! Nor sky, nor sea, nor mountain will my sainted and poetic child, Barbara, ever behold more. We waited for a day of strength for her, in order that we might bear her to some lovely place of shelter and flowers, where the bland air might wrap her in a little health, and preserve her to us, if but for a little, little while. I could have usurped the sovereign power of riches, and braved debt itself—next terriblest to death—if only to try to save her. But day by day she weakened, as if with silent protestation of a preference to be permitted to die at home. Yet, even when no longer able to leave her bed, her features brightened into a beauty that was supreme; and her words, usually accompanied with a smile, were like the prophecies of blissful days to come. Sometimes, too, she would seek to cheer us, by indulging playfully in a slight snatch of song; but there was an ineffable melancholy in that music, and we entreated her to avoid the fatigue of it. An incident occurred which, for a moment, pleased us all. Through a little artifice on the part of Sophia, our poor Barbara was visited by Mr. Imrie. An explanation took place, of some unhappy misunderstanding

between them, and, holding him by the hand, she called him 'Edward,' and said that she was 'much better.' The young man perhaps marked a greater change in her than was observable to us. He tried to speak a few hopeful words, but his utterance was choked, and he could only look ghastly in his grief. It was now her turn to administer comfort, and with a firm voice she disclosed the happiness of a future which was never to be realised in this world. They parted; but she motioned him back, and held up to him her bright lips to be kissed. They parted, to meet again on the morrow eve. They parted, and it was for the last time.

Hearts may be crushed, and pulses stilled, and agonies endured, and tragedies enacted, and households overwhelmed,—but the business of the world must go on. Perhaps it was well that I had this daily excuse for a little absence from the bedside of my dearest—my dying one—my dearest, because my dying one. On the morning after seeing her betrothed, there was certainly a dawn of hope. We had sent up the street for Dr. Reid, whom I found to be the fatherliest of physicians, and I waited to hear his report before leaving. His words were, in their very tenderness, discouraging. Yet, though shaken by her cough at intervals, she had enjoyed a comparatively calm night, and I was fain to persuade myself that her more dangerous symptoms were a little, though but a little, abated. The waiting had driven me about an hour late, and old M'Corkindale was wild. Consulting his huge chronometer, he said—'Mr. Gray, this won't do.' I pleaded that one of my family was ill. 'Surely that needn't have kept you,' he grumbled between his teeth, as he banged the door of his room.

Reading perhaps some eloquence in my face—pathetic, or proudly savage, or possibly presenting some blending of both emotions—young Joe beseeched me never to mind. He had himself been a little late last night—three in the morning or so—and the 'Governor' had ever since been 'in a devil of a rage.' Such were the comforting words of the heir-apparent of the Drums.

Later in the day, my master looked over my shoulder, and detected an error in my figuring, with my hand somewhat tremulous. How he stamped and vociferated!

'Mr. M'Corkindale,' I said, 'you are unreasonable. Did you never commit a mistake yourself?'

'Don't retort, sir,' he exclaimed; 'don't mount your high horse with me. Whatever I may have done is no business of yours.'

In the midst of this altercation the door burst open, and the servant-maid of a neighbour of mine flew in, hot and excited, crying that I was wanted at home if I wished to see my daughter alive. I closed the ledger in Mr. M'Corkindale's face, and, seizing my hat, was preparing to leave, when in rushed little Kate, frantic, crying—'O father! come! come!'

'Hush, hush! young woman!' muttered Mr. M'Corkindale. 'All that is quite unbusiness-like. This is no place for such scenes.'

What more occurred I know not. In a moment I was in the street—hurrying towards St. Enoch-square

—towards the Bridge—in a breathless rush for Portland-street.

'You old brute!' cried a wretch on whose toes I accidentally trod in my haste. I turned and asked his pardon, with a gush of tears, at which the fellow stared with a kind of pitying wonder.

By the time I reached home, Kate was at my heels, with her bonnet-strings loose, her face wet and flushed, and her curls shaken to the wind. The door was opened for us by Jean, who was speechless with sobs and tears. Pausing a moment for breath, I at length entered the death-chamber, and penetrated the circle of mourners on tiptoe. Sophia was crouched up in bed with Barbara's head in her lap, chafing her thin hands, bathing her temples with vinegar—moistening her lips with wine—unwearying, ingenious, desperate, heroic in her efforts to save. But what, alas! could the frenzy of a sister's affection do where all the skill of all the colleges of the world must have confessed itself utterly helpless?

'Barbara!' I said or sobbed. 'Are you going to leave us, Barbara?'

She returned the pressure of my hand, and slowly articulated—'O father! not yet—surely not yet!'

Her last audible words were 'You—have—been—all—very kind.'

For a moment her lips moved as in prayer. There was then a low long gurgle in her throat. Her eyes seemed to take earnest partings with us all in turn. Ay me! those exquisite eyes! Sophia, on whom they last rested, closed them gently—breaking, at the same time, into a succession of slow, loud sobs, ending in a long shriek. All broke out at once into a vehement chorus of lamentation. We had no Barbara—none, none!—nothing but the sweetest, dearest memory of a stainless and beautiful life that ever hallowed, to bereaved and agonized hearts, the dreadful—the inexorable change.

Ah, cynic! coldly censuring! deem you that I aim at no high end in thus drawing aside the veil from our so private suffering? Would not this, think you, be a fairer and more lovable world were there less hiding of hearts in it? Does the caitiff breathe—or breathe at least any sweet air of heaven—who would hail oaths upon the humblest, or who would seek to crush the humblest with any mean villany of trade, or rack him with any dire subterfuge of law, could he reflect that sacred in the obscure home of him might be the shrine of some poor dead Barbara's remembrance? What is it that has made the music of the lyre a divinity of inspiration, and a talisman of power for all generations, but that it embodies, under the gentle disguise of poesy, most fearless revelations of feelings and sympathies eternal in the hidden recesses of the soul? Besides, there was something about Barbara, so teaching how to live and how to die, that what wonder if the angelic image of her should appear—at least to my parental and perhaps partial eyes—something not unworthy of the world to take to its wide heart, in the hope of deriving from it some pure and sweet influence in the dark

and the desponding hours that come, sooner or later, and more or less often, to all?

Poor, poor Barbara! She had just turned twenty. Although tall, she was not too tall to render her an awkwardness in the society of men below the middle stature. Her hair was of a glossy chesnut, and her features, which were finely-moulded, had an indescribable softness of outline. From her childhood she had grown up with a feminine dignity and gentleness that appeared to emanate from a mind wherein all the graces were enthroned. The fine nerve, and capacity of sudden glow and luminousness, which we associate with genius, were visible in her temperament; and the tender and genial strains in which she delighted to indulge might one day have made a name for her among the favoured children of song. Through every company into which she entered, my tender, my brilliant one struck a momentary tremor of surprise—a very silence of admiration, to be broken only by such courtesies as are at once an overture of regard and a solicitation of favour. Scarcely, indeed, could I dissent from Jean—ah! so prostrate in her grief now!—when she maintained that there was almost no height of social position which our darling was not fitted to conquer and adorn. But lo! the mystery of the end!—a hollow grave where the ground was most firm to our tread!—a sudden darkness where the light was most glorious to our eyes!

Stone—stone!—cold, dead stone! Not to be thrilled by any human touch!—not to be startled by any heaven's thunder! Those who have known most of death fear it least. What, then, if, when we know it wholly, we shall learn to fear it not at all? Again, what if the anguish which tears the heart for the loss of any dear friend has a divine purpose in it to shorten the life and abridge the period of separation? Who, at all events, could wish to make question of the silent Shadow, in shape more soothing and beautiful than that on which we blindly gazed? Sophia—helpless, poor child! for anything more, at last—has just placed a few flowers on the unheaving breast of all that remains to us of our pale, pale bride of eternity. Meet, most meet for such a purpose, are the lovely and delicate emblems which God's own hand has moulded into graceful forms, enriched with radiant colours, and gifted with celestial breaths! Yet, solace for me, or for any in our tear-drowned house, there can this night be none. Enough! We have lost thee, Barbara!

CHAPTER XII.

'Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;

But seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near!'—Webster.

It were an addle world, my masters! that were logically obedient to the moralists. The fools live—you may know them by their pretentious length of face—who would make it an offence to keep curious watch upon our neighbours. Trash! Our neighbours—I am a gray-headed greenhorn else—would hardly thank us for the immunity which our closed eyes would furnish. Then who prates of scandal? Is our

noble faculty of observation to fust in us unused? Is our power of eloquent comment to have no wholesome exercise or end? Is public opinion to abdicate its lofty functions, and exert no restraining authority? Are the weak to derive no kindly and potent warning from follies blazoned in the face of day? Are our modern Spartan inebriates to make no compensation of an educational kind to the society they offend? Out upon the prudery which would shutter up our windows, lest, forsooth, we should accidentally discern what our neighbours are about! To know exactly what our neighbours are about is part of our proper business. I accordingly make no apology whatever for peering at friend Waddel—at Mister Waddel—at Mathew Waddel, Esquire,—with the prying and continuous look of a lynx, blurred a little now and then, I admit, at this lamentable domestic crisis. When my special chum of forty years' standing and odd took that lodging in Portland-street, he knew that he would be overlooked; and that I, in particular, with the eyes he wot of as fitted to burn holes, would overlook him continually. Show me the gain, ye crabbed slaves of the purely artificial etiquettes! show me, I say, the gain of having neighbours or friends at all, unless I am permitted to dissect them, every hour of the day, like Florentine models at a show, for my personal and peculiar edification in the mysterious social physiologies!

Mr. Waddel relaxed into our dear, good old Mathew of other and happier days during our mighty trial. He had a real—or, as I sometimes fancied, and even feared—considering that he was nearly three times her age—a peculiar liking for Barbara. I never witnessed anything in the world more unaffected than his grief, or more earnest than his sympathy. Without his help, indeed, I hardly know how I could have laid my poor beauty in the grave, and left her in that solitude. Ah! how the tenderness of the heart, at such a period, makes the passage easy to its core! My friend—never far distant from that centre any time these forty years and upward—completed his conquest over me then, and enshrined himself there for ever. From that crisis of misery and mourning, henceforth into all possible futures, he had bought a privilege, and might heap any measure of wrong upon me, leaving me helpless to retaliate! If I lifted my hand to smite—nay, smile not, reader! I admit the humour of the hypothesis—the thought of Barbara would transmute the blow into an embrace. Yet in the very vacancy which pervaded our house, so suddenly emptied of delight, it was a relief to stare idly from the windows, and watch the daily ongoing of our well-beloved neighbour. It was some little thing to talk of, having special interest for us all, in those intervals, which such observation and gossip served to lengthen, of our so passionate bursts of sorrow. My wife Jean, even in midst of her sore dilapidations of grief, would note the arrival of boxes on boys' heads, emblazoned with the name of some noted confectioner; Kate would make an almost merry rush forward to behold the fat and good-humoured Susan—flushed

from the kitchen, and herself partially cooked—unpack the unimaginable dainties; while even Sophia would be moved to take a melancholy glance athwart the street, prior to a quick and quiet sobbing to her room. Then, punctual to the hour of six, would the cabs come rattling heavily up, one after one, and drive lightly off, after depositing some burly gentleman in black, to be curtailed in by Susan, with her white apron, her blue-ribboned cap, and her face scarcely dried. Not caring to read, and with all our voices for conversation choked, we would let the twilight and the night come down upon us, with their silent veil on veil of darkness. Gradually to the right and to the left, along all the inhabited flats, and up all the family tiers, the windows would flare and wink, and at length wholly blacken; but long as we sat up we might descry, on such occasions, the gas-light gleaming cheerily through the window-chinks, and through the thick crimson curtains, of our enjoying and hospitable friend. On other evenings, Jean would interrupt her reminiscences of Barbara and her paroxysms of tears, in order to intimate a cab at Mr. Waddel's door with the horse's head northward. By-and-by, Mr. Waddel would steal into the vehicle as if rather unwilling to be observed by us, or to pain us with any special contrast of enjoyment, and disappear over the noisy stones. Then, perhaps, far on in the night, I would hear what seemed to be a grumble of distant thunder in my dreams, which Jean, with her more accurate—perhaps more wakeful ear, would interpret as 'only Mr. Waddel returning.' Our friend, it was clear—for we saw it through our terrible anguish—had begun to lead a gay life. I saw it, and said it, and felt that I was neither a gossip nor a scandal-monger, but only a humble observer and student of human nature, believing that

'The proper study of mankind is man;

and having a fine and rare specimen before me for scrutiny, animadversion, and profit. Well-a-day! how shifting circumstances alter the whole current of our most steadfast mortal careers! I sometimes wondered if the most unselfish man I ever knew was, after all, wholly selfish in the innermost hidden marrows of him—cultivating my friendship so long as it ministered to his enjoyment—and likely to cast it away, like a sucked orange, so soon as higher, or at least other, enjoyments tempted! Yet, ah no! Stifle the uncharitable thought, and chide it down to Hades, thou image of my Barbara in heaven!

With her womanly quickness of intuition, stimulated, perhaps, by her present despondency of prospect, my wife foresaw that Mr. Waddel would not be long our neighbour. Borrowing an illustration from natural history, she declared that he would be off like the swallows—not many of which birds she had beheld for some years I think. He was already, indeed—I could not but see—clean out of keeping with the locality. His daily routine of habits had shaped themselves by degrees to the latest Belgravian patterns. Night after night, for example, the rosy Susan, flurried out of her good-nature almost, was

only uncovering the soup while the tea-cups of our street were jingling through all its populous parallels. Against our quiet middle-class back-ground he was becoming as conspicuous as an earl. Little imps of boys climbed the railing to obtain glimpses of his statuary—one beautiful item of which betrayed a preference on his part, which the unclassical maiden of the establishment, in the innocent full-blooded humanity of her, was quite at a loss to comprehend. Now and then, when he happened to be entertaining company, a clerical-looking gentleman, of middle-age, might be seen, with napkin in hand, gallantly relieving Susan of the task of ushering in the guests. Fancy such an adjunct of serviceable politeness in the old lodging of my friend! Ay me! not a doubt of it. Mr. Waddel was fast mellowing for other and brighter climes. He was preening the cockatoo feathers of him for flight. But, to do him justice, he stole not off, after the manner of some fugitives, making a solitary confidante of the moon. On the contrary, he paid us a friendly visit, and in tones of kindly, though superfluous apology, announced the necessity he was under of removing to a somewhat larger domicile, commanding, as it happened, a good view of Kelvingrove. His partners required that he should be in a position to entertain occasional business connexions.

'But your hand, Gabriell!' he exclaimed. 'Of what strength were a friendship which so little a distance should sever!'

Over his third tumbler he, in fact, as entirely forgot his new and magnificent self as Christopher Sly, the tinker, in the lord's chamber, with his silken apparel, when smitten with genial recollections of the alehouse; and swore, in his enthusiasm, that not the broad Atlantic itself would suffice for that unnatural end.

Ah! not a long while passed—not even a week—ere our windows were dulled with the spectacle of the familiar lodgings ticketed; and Susan looking careless of her attire, as if feeling that her days of grandeur were among the past eternities.

But hadst thou been curious, O reader! thou mightst have observed, a couple of evenings thereafter, a sorrowful old man—Gabriel Gray, to wit—with crape on his sleeves, and much crape at his heart, climbing the western terraces, heralded by a glorious autumnal sunset; pausing frequently to gather breath; and, at the summit, taking a dinner-invitation from his pocket, to study the direction afresh.

I was near the spot, and a cab suddenly stopping, assured me of the exact door. The mansion was lighted to the topmost windows. As I entered, not a little awed by the great staircase, all the furnishings of which were new, the clerical-looking gentleman of middle age, whom I recognised, relieved me of my hat and walking-stick.

Ascending the stair, my name was shouted into the drawing-room—a kind of double apartment, gorgeously furnished, with a lofty and peculiar ceiling, and chandeliers of dazzling crystal. Alas! the name

'Gray' created no more sensation among the gentlemen standing about in groups, than if I had been the author of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.'

Mr. Waddel, however, came forward, gave me marked welcome, and introduced me to Mr. Jones, and Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Thomson, and Mr. Simpkins, and one or two other persons of consideration.

I bowed and was left to look about me. The window-hangings were superb. In a far corner stood the marble Venus which had so perplexed the simple Susan; and I could hear that the effect of that pure and exquisite work of art was to give rise to some graceless conversation and laughter. The voices were vulgar in intonation, and a little constrained. Mr. Waddel looked especially ill at ease, and took refuge several times in the weather, with a view to avert stagnation.

Dinner was at length announced, at which moment he pounced upon the biggest sumph in the company for the post of honour. This was Mr. Jones, who was reputed to be worth a plum.

The dinner-table was brilliant with plate. It occupied the whole length of the oak-painted room. The edibles and the drinkables surpassed, I should say, beyond all bounds, the capacity of any mortal stomach. There was material in them for a month of yeoman's appetite and thirst. The culinary devices were endless, and not perhaps without genius in that kind. Aided by a noiseless brother of the cloth, my clerical-looking friend was courteous, attentive, and alert. Take him for all in all, he was the most gentlemanly person present, unless I may except an old man with white hair, sitting close to the foot of the table, in mourning, wrapped up within himself, and feeling—if his face had any true expression—very conspicuously humble, and very diabolically proud.

My position was between Mr. Thomson and Mr. Simpkins—the latter, from business connection, acting as Mr. Waddel's *vis-à-vis*; and from both I learned that we had experienced a particularly rainy summer. Here were two unprejudiced witnesses to that fact, and I accordingly held it to be established.

There was some talk of the approaching meeting of the Social Science Association in Glasgow, and Mr. Jones considered that it was 'humbug.' (Hear, hear.) He had 'refused to subscribe a bawbee.' (Hear and laughter; Mr. Jones looking like a man who was not in the habit of being done.) Perceiving that the noble stand he had made was approved of, he added—'One of the committee gave me a dig as if I had grudged the siller, but I tell'd him "it wadna put me much about to buy up the whole concern."' (Uproarious merriment—the rich man immensely happy.)

I ventured to express a fear that 'It would be difficult to appraise or put a money value upon an institution the objects of which were purely philanthropic.'

'Philanthropic here or philanthropic there, they'll no get a bawbee from me,' triumphantly responded Mr. Jones.

'Oh, as for subscribing,' I said, 'of course it would be a throwing away of money, seeing that we would

all benefit by the general improvement and sweetening of the social system, whether we subscribed or not.' (Suspicious passing of the decanters.)

Mr. Simpkins concurred with Mr. Jones, that 'It would be a great interruption to business.'

Mr. Thomson, however, in a fine spirit of hero-worship, exclaimed—'I would like to see old Brougham, just to say that I had seen him.'

'For my part,' observed a gentleman on the other side of the table, 'I don't know what they mean by their Social Science.'

But the grand topic of conversation—a topic on which all were sufficiently erudite to discourse fluently—had reference to the comparative merits of two different kinds of port. The company became divided into two factions, each of which contended stoutly for its favourite liquor. When, however, it was announced that the one description of wine was only 50s. while the other was 80s. a-dozen, the adherents of the former, although a decided majority, looked discomfited, and the minority had an indubitable triumph.

All this while, the countenance of our host—who was mainly demonstrative in his efforts to keep the bottles revolving—radiated into extreme beneficence. But that he is my friend, and I love him, I should perhaps be so indiscreet as to say that his expression was something maudlin. Yet so it was, I fear; and how sad I was to think it was, I have, alas! no words to tell.

After coffee in the drawing-room, Mr. Waddel expressed regret that I had not 'come out,' whereupon I did not retort that I knew the kind of creatures before which to lay any poor pearls the Heavens might have gifted me withal. Nevertheless, he hoped I had enjoyed myself, which of course I had, the viands being abundant, and the conversation not such as to overtask the faculties or disturb digestion. In a few moments I was in the cool air, and on the silent flags—alone.

Well, well, I had spent a happy evening—with chairs. The sideboard I had found attractive. Pleasing recollections were mine of the handsome glasses I had fingered. The mirrors had been flattering in their attentions. On both floors the splendid Brussels carpets had secured my friendly intercourse. The wines had taken agreeable possession of me. With all these I had passed a few hours enjoyingly enough. Nay, thanks to the chandeliers! I had even had a brilliant night of it, my masters! But as for Mathew Waddel, he was a lost man among his overpowering upholsteries. He was drowned, past help or hope, in his rival oceans of port. With my eyes and my ears I tried to pick him out; but he was a shadow. I made fond and foolish clutches at him; but he went clean away in a mist. No, no! not alas! with him, or with the ghost of him, had I been hob-a-nobbing. This reflection made me serious, as I lingered under the starlight, and looked down upon the dark-winding Kelvin, and thought of Barbara's plaintive apostrophe to that stream, still winding darkly on, and

she not with me to interpret the eternal moral of it. Ah, Barbara! the same forever to me now! no change can overtake thee for evermore! In thy celestial home—thinking thou listenest—thinking thou wilt know thy father's voice—thinking thou bendest down to me in thy old beauty—trustingly, even as when thou wert a little child—let me sing to thee in this wise:—

A little while on earth, from Heaven I craved thee!
And still a little while—unto the last!
And oh the many things that might have saved thee,
In the brief moments ere thy spirit past!

Where the bolt fell, aghast I stood beholding
Thy form of human mould so bright and fair!
And oh the mystery, past man's unfolding,
That life should not have loved to linger there!

The full of years are bow'd their burdens under,
Yet day by day, with lusty steps, they pass;
While frail as flowers, amid our tears and wonder,
The young are laid to rest beneath the grass.

I knew thee pure and beauteous! was it therefore
That thou so soon wert summon'd to the skies?

My heart is haunted by a dismal Wherefore?
And only tears make answer to my eyes.

Oh I was rich in all thy girlhood's story,
And in the precious jewels of thy head,
And in thy glowing smile, thy forehead's glory,
Thy childish fondness, and thy queenly tread!

And now, like one hur'd down from height of fortune,
I poorer am than are the poorly born;
And in my deep despair the heavens importune
For better answer than a blinding scorn.

What if the angels could not bear to witness
A face so like their own grow less divine,
And took thee in thy bloom, to mark thy fitness
For higher life ere age or grief was thine?

Ah! not the less this world is waxen colder
Since of thy warmth thou hast no more to give!
I track thy luminous course, and think me older
By all the years it was thy lot to live.

Star of my future! I am sad and lonely;
I greet the world with vain though earnest will;
I see thee always, and I see thee only—
I know thee dead, yet deem thee living still!

O strong of life! be near me at death's portal,
When fade the lights, and friends lament my doom!
Be at my dying bed, thou dear immortal!

With arms outstretch'd and white amid the gloom!

Good night, darling! And farewell, old friend!—
once a familiar comet filling my whole sky—now lost
in other regions of space.

(To be continued.)

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

SITUATED on an elevated position in the north-west section of the city, this cathedral is conspicuous at a considerable distance; and it is a splendid specimen of our old ecclesiastical architecture. It was erected in 1136, and dedicated to St. Mungo, who had founded a bishopric here when a Druidical temple was still standing in the vicinity, and a few years ere Columba landed in Iona. Although the several portions of which it consists were built at different periods, in the course of three centuries and a-half, the interior is deemed quite a gem of symmetry; and, although what seems to have been the architect's original de-

sign was never completed, it is also, in its outward aspect, a fabric of graceful and spacious dimensions. It measures in length 310 feet, and in breadth 63, while the spire terminates in a point about 230 feet above the base of the building; and within, the roof of the nave is 85, and that of the choir 90 feet from the floor.

On approaching this edifice, we are struck with its elaborate masonry and its majestic proportions; and, on entering the crypt, the dense colonnade of short pillars bearing up an oppressive weight of low arches, with the gloom and silence that reign, fills our mind with speechless awe, and induces a pensive train of reflections. Here, by many successive generations, the most touching of religious services were performed; and for well nigh seven centuries the sad rites of burial have been solemnly observed. Musing on the fitful fever of life and the mystery of death, we look awhile upon the spot where the dust of St. Mungo has so long rested in undisturbed repose; and, passing to the grave of the Rev. Edward Irving, who was interred here twenty-nine years ago, we ponder on the progress that has been made, since the time that Kentigern was labouring amid the wilds of Strathclyd, to the time that Irving was moving London with his fervid and prophetic eloquence. The one was distinguished for his zeal in planting Christianity among a fierce and barbarous people; the other for his zeal in plying the votaries of luxury and fashion with the Calvinistic lessons of the same faith which the ancient Saint had taught thirteen hundred years before—in the very place, too, whence the modern preacher proceeded on his mission to the British metropolis. The dust of both is now sleeping under the grandest of Scotland's old cathedrals!

In ascending from the crypt to the nave, the change brings a pleasing relief to the mind. It is like passing from darkness and death to light and life; while the thoughts rise with these mounting pillars, and from that lofty roof, to the celestial heights beyond, which such material forms cannot but suggest. And in unison with the Christian idea of the architectural design, the kindred art of painting is here finely displayed. On the windows around, Old Testament scenes are depicted, with exquisite skill and brilliant effect, appealing to the heart and spirit with all the tenderness of that human sympathy, and all the sacred awe of that Divine element, which make the history of the chosen people so touching and sublime. The last window we survey, ere leaving the nave, is truly a noble production, representing an illustrious succession of Jewish prophets—Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Malachi, and the Baptist. We realise the appropriate character and mission of each; and, reflecting on the gradual development of the Mosaic as a preparation for the Christian dispensation, we slowly pass on to the choir, and gaze with admiration upon the great eastern window. The four Evangelists are now before us; and their distinctive features—as we fancy them to have been—are here rendered with consummate ability. Turning at length from this

chaste and magnificent window to inspect those in the north and south sides of the church, we are soon engaged in a delightful and instructive study. Scenes and incidents from the Gospel story are vividly portrayed to the eye; while comforting, pure, and elevating lessons are calmly but impressively conveyed to the mind. As a suitable close to the series of such instructions, which Christ came to deliver, we have an admirable painting of the Resurrection, where he appears in meekness and majesty, holding in his hand the palm of his divine victory over death and the grave. The drawing and colouring in these pictures are beyond all praise, giving a bold relief to the objects which is uncommon in glass painting. In all the windows this is remarkable, and it imparts a strength and distinctness to the figures, in the Lady Chapel especially, that seem to startle every visitor. Here we have the Apostles presented in a style of living power. While gazing on these inspired preachers, and marking their distinctive lines of expression and character, we feel as if we more clearly understood the high endowments that enabled them to encounter the opposition of Judaism, idolatry, barbarism, and philosophy, in proclaiming the Gospel and planting the Church.

The effect of the pictorial decorations, as a whole, is improving and sublime. While their subjects are certainly in every respect suitable to a place of worship, a style of art has been adopted that quite accords with that bold and serious architecture of which this Cathedral is so splendid an example. The feeling produced by pointed arches, clustered pillars, and rich ornaments ascending, tier upon tier, towards the lofty roof, and all so finely adjusted as to approach the very acme of harmonious combination, is far from being disturbed by the various colours that radiate from the painted windows. The artists who executed the decorations have so managed their colours, that without marring either the sweetness of their delicate touches or the intensity of their pellucid tints, they have sufficiently preserved that sober twilight which so well becomes our Gothic architecture. The 'dim religious light' is ever present in our mind with an edifice like this; and may every line of the following quotation be here always appropriate:—

'Let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale;
And love the high embossed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof;
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.'

And that the succeeding lines, also, may ere long be equally appropriate to this place, it is certainly not sacrilegious to wish:—

'There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below;
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.'

Such music as Milton loved, and such painting as

is here to be seen, are entirely in keeping with the character of this venerable structure; and the union of both would give additional depth and elevation to the devotions of all who worship within its sacred precincts. The use of the organ in churches is, doubtless, not agreeable to northern taste; but the pictorial embellishment of this church is an evidence of marked change in matters of this kind. The hatred, indeed, to the beautiful in art which has been so characteristic of Scottish Presbyterianism, was less stern and destructive in Glasgow than in many other places, even at the time of the Reformation; and to this circumstance do we owe the preservation of this edifice. When an Act had been passed encouraging a wholesale demolition of such churches, the inhabitants were so much incensed at the attempt that was in consequence made, to erase the pride of their city, that they flew to arms, and dared any one to pull down a single stone of the building; and thus was saved from the fury of a mistaken zeal the Cathedral of Glasgow. All honour to the memory of the citizens who did so well in preserving such a monument; for it is indeed a grand old Cathedral, eminently conducive to solemn thought and devout aspirations. Our visit to it recalled to us these noble sentences of Frederick Schlegel:—'All architecture is symbolical, but none so much so as the Christian architecture of the middle age. The first and the greatest of its objects is to express the elevation of holy thoughts, the loftiness of meditation set free from earth and proceeding unfettered to the heavens. It is this which stamps itself at once on the spirit of the beholder, however little he may himself be capable of analysing his feelings, when he gazes on these far stretching columns and airy domes. . . . When we view the whole structure, from the crypt to the choir, it is impossible to resist the idea of earthly death leading only to the fulness, the freedom, the solemn glories of eternity.'

The pleasure of our visit was enhanced by a view from the tower, which the warden of the Cathedral kindly permitted us to enjoy. From this elevation, about 230 feet above the level of the Clyde, the scene is picturesque and interesting in a high degree. Beneath and close at hand is the Necropolis, a burying-ground beautified both by nature and art, where the most prominent of the monuments with which it is studded is that of John Knox, 'the reformer of a nation,' to whom Scotland is so much indebted for the purity of her religious creed, and the excellence of her popular education. To the south-west, the city, under a canopy of smoke, extends with its elegant spires, and tall brick chimneys; while to the east, the eye rests on a long vista of hill, and dale, and woodland. It is interesting, where we stood, to muse on the growth and condition of a place like Glasgow. On the very spot below us it had its birth; for the Cathedral was certainly the nucleus of the city, whose streets have branched southwards to the river, which has ministered so much to a recent but vast development of commerce and population. During the last fifty years the development has been amaz-

ing,—the Customs revenue having, in that time, increased from £7,500 to £912,190, and the population from 100,740 to 403,140. At present, Glasgow is, in business and intelligence, one of the greatest of our British cities; but with all its greatness, like other such centres of industry, it has its abject poverty and squalid wretchedness, as well as its abundant wealth and its refined enjoyments. And it is sad to think that in spite of the numerous agencies, secular and sacred, which are employed to elevate all classes to the common benefits of a Christian brotherhood, the melancholy difference is still so manifest between affluence and want, and between happiness and misery. Throughout the entire progress of Glasgow, testimony more or less faithful has been borne to the glory of a Christian life. While these innumerable church spires have risen, one after another, as if pointing all eyes to man's nobler destiny, yet how little heed has been given to the eloquence either of audible speech or of silent symbol! J. O.

LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

November 21, 1836.

I HAD exhausted nearly the whole of my self-allotted hour—turning over all the papers in the old box, reading a scrap here and an entire sheet there—when, hidden underneath the MSS. and carefully wrapped up in a corner by itself, I lighted on a small soft bundle. This I found to contain several minute articles of underclothing; no doubt worn in infancy by Mrs. Falconer's child—now our ward. These I carefully examined, and was rather surprised to perceive upon them all, distinctly marked, the initials 'L. G.' Now this circumstance—trifling as it was, yet taken in connection with the extraordinary likeness of the boy to my old picture of Stephen Grey—puzzled me, and set me a-thinking long and deeply. I was rising at last, a little disappointed at the scant information afforded by the box, when a crumpled paper I had overlooked fell from my knees upon the floor. I took it up; and perceiving it was a letter, or rather the fragment of one, I walked to the window, and, unfolding my prize, read the following:—

'My dearest Marion,—How can I write you the woful tidings? Just when I thought that another week would bring me to you and our boy at Nice, here am I suddenly lodged in Hereford prison, by that cruel Johnson, the most merciless of my creditors! How he managed to track me, so soon after my arrival from Australia, notwithstanding my extreme caution (with the change of name, too!), I know not. He plainly thinks I shall be forced to apply to *Mrs. Weston* to relieve me; but *this I will never do*. Mean-time, write to me, Marion, my beloved wife! I dare scarce ask you to use the small sum I now enclose to bring you and our darling Louis to England, that I may see you both once more; for though my heart

yearns'—Here the words were effaced, the paper being partially torn, and blistered, seemingly by tears.

'Tell Madame Pufesne'—Here other great blots rendered several lines illegible; while the ending of the brief epistle was the saddest and most bitterly conclusive of all:—'O Marion! I sometimes fear you are ill—very ill; and then the thought that I may be the cause drives me nearly mad! Does it not seem almost a mockery for me to say "God Almighty bless you and the child"? What right have I to invoke blessings? And yet I may have been more sinned against than sinning'—Renewed obliterations. Then comes the crowning revelation, in the full signature—'Your own STEPHEN GREY.'

When I came to this, the letters actually danced before my eyes; and, full of amazement and self-gratulation at the unlooked for discovery I had made, I hastily unlocked the door and flew to seek my aunt. I showed her the tiny garments marked 'L. G.'; and I read to her, almost breathlessly, the document I had just perused—no doubt the very letter over which the poor woman had wept so much, as told to my aunt by her French landlady. I felt strangely excited; and it was not till arrested by the peculiarly grave expression of Mrs. Aubrey's countenance, bent steadily upon mine, that I awoke to the sickening reflection that I was now perfectly powerless to aid the person of whom I had been so long in search. With this blighting thought came that other sore remembrance of our own reverse of fortune; and my heart sank in a bewilderment of grief and remorse too painful for silent endurance. 'O dear kind friend!' I said, 'when I reflect on my own heinous folly in the time past, and how I have worse than mispent the gold that might have been so useful now, I could wish that my head were laid low beneath the churchyard mound!'

'Nay, nay, Katherine,' said my aunt mildly, while an arm was thrown lovingly round my neck. 'Not weary of life yet, surely! Look up, and let us talk the matter over composedly.' We did so. But, of course, I was impatient to get home and relate my discovery to George, not sorry to have this new incident wherewith if possible to detach his mind from his own more serious affairs.

November 23.

How do the identity and the whereabouts of this Stephen Grey elude us at every turning! When, at my request, George wrote to the governor of Hereford prison, he got for answer that 'the person in question (if he meant Mr. Falconer) had left his keeping a good while ago.' So, though one thing is clear that he is the father of Louis (and how proud should I be to show him his son!), the clue to our finding him is in the meantime lost. Did anybody visit him in the jail? No. He received one or two letters—that was all. How did he get out of confinement? By producing a legal document authorizing his release. Whither had he gone? No one knew.

Mr. Locke has been brought to justice, and sentenced to imprisonment. My husband is still dreadfully cast down—not knowing how to extricate himself from his manifold difficulties. I try to be cheerful; but it is sad uphill work. A blight seems to have fallen on us and ours.

December 5.

We have had a visit from Charles Beaumont; and through him a piece of information has transpired, in a most extraordinary way. It appears that in the autumn of this year Charles returned from the south of France, viz Bordeaux, to Dublin, and in conversation with the captain a curious story was elicited of a passenger who had gone out the previous spring, in the same vessel. The captain described him as a youngish man, with dark curling hair, and bright black eyes, who was wont to sit apart in moody abstraction—often prolonging his lonely watch all night upon deck. He called himself Falconer, and so was entered in the ship's books; but his linen was marked S. Gray, and the captain was of opinion that he had assumed the former name from motives of concealment. A storm overtook them in the Bay of Biscay, and though frequently urged to go below for shelter from the pitiless blast, this taciturn man positively refused, seeming to find a dreary satisfaction in baring his head to the rage of the elements. After a night of pitch darkness and tempest, the passenger, who had been last seen leaning desolately against the side bulwarks, was missed from his post, and nowhere to be found. Of course, the universal conclusion was that he had been washed overboard in the hurricane; and having no luggage but a small bundle which he usually kept beside him, and which was also gone, all trace of his identity had disappeared. As Charles was ignorant of the long train of circumstances connecting us with this *Mr. Falconer*, he could scarce comprehend the interest with which George and I heard the story. And when we told him, he only laughed and said 'You are all right now. No doubt that was your very man, going out to Nice to see his wife. And, since both are perished, you will never be troubled either with fanciful scruples or flesh and blood personalities.'

Alas, alas! poor Stephen Gray! was this to be thy miserable fate? Thou—an only child, and born to fortune—destined to be the victim of parental prejudice, for a few juvenile indiscretions, to suffer penury, ruin, imprisonment, and a grave among the billows of ocean! Mystery of life! and of death no less! what can philosophy do to solve it? Literally nothing. This is but one case out of millions where the Great Ruler puts on (so to speak) the thickest robe of His infinity, and strikes us dumb and prostrate before His impenetrable wisdom.

[Here my friend's diary makes a fair leap of upwards of three years, and the next extract bears date]

'March 11, 1840.

Well, whatever people may say I pronounce poverty to be an evil full of mitigations. In other words, to be poor is not to be so unhappy as is generally sup-

posed. George and I are very poor. We have been growing poorer and poorer ever since that terrible defalcation of Mr. Locke's. At first my husband was nearly unhinged by that miserable affair and its consequences. But he gradually took heart and faced the worst like a true Briton. He gathered all his business friends and business faculties about him with renewed vigour; and, being resolved that no single client should link loss of substance with the name of Weston, he rose like a giant to the manifold emergencies of the ordeal, and, by casting off every the smallest encumbrance to the one grand aim, he has won for himself a high and noble place in the estimate of his fellow men. Armed with the panoply of a stainless honour, he girded himself to the battle. Every superfluity to which, either individually or in his household, he had been accustomed was thrown aside. Economy the most rigid became the standing order both at home and abroad. We left our pretty home, with the garden and the green gate, endeared to us by so many witching associations, and betook us to our present confined and humbler lodging. Instead of three domestics, we made shift with one. We retrenched, we saved, we struggled inch by inch of our way. But why do I speak in the past tense? for, are we not doing the same at this moment? And still—O Kate, Kate! who will dare to say that thou art unhappy? Nay! the mitigations do so infinitely and undeniably transcend the calamity, that I would not change my condition in an iota from what it now is. No, not even to return to my old luxury, if so the ignorance must remain, which would be but a sorry bliss in lieu of those rousing experiences to which hardships have given birth. O George! were you ever dearer to me than in the last few years of our trouble and our poverty? O my children! (for I have now four darlings besides Louis, who is scarcely less my own;) could I ever have loved you so well, save through the necessity of tending you night and day with these willing hands? O home, and kindred, and friendship! how could I have prized ye aright but by contrast with the world's cold selfishness, which flies poverty as a pestilence? O earth and sky, river and hill, forest and field! they that are rich and increased in goods behold ye not with the keen sensibilities whose edge has been sharpened by privation and trial. They that have been always lounging on the lap of plenty see nature but imperfectly, as from the misty valleys. But poverty lifts us to the mountain tops; and, showing us all the kingdoms of the world, bids us weigh their glory and their vanity in the true balance of Heaven. And then, instead of the gold that perisheth—which, beheld aright, is but a stone—we find we have got the true bread—the good gift which none but He can bestow!

[Enter Louis, Charlotte, Walter, and Hetty—the latter a very diminutive specimen, whose uncertain equilibrium is tenderly upheld by her brother, aged three and a-half years.]

'Well, darlings, which of you wishes to get the first kiss from mamma?'

Louis makes a dart at Hetty, and, lifting her stoutly in his arms, places her in my lap. I perform the ceremony to the wee rosy mouth, while the rest stand round my knees. 'Mamma, Willie is awake,' whispers Charlotte. 'We were sitting quietly in the nursery telling stories, when I peeped into the cot, and there he was lying with his eyes wide open, and quite good.'

Now, this Willie is my baby, aged three months; and Rachel having always a mass of other work to do, I am specially nurse to him, as well as generally to the entire household. And where could I find sweeter labour? So I put Hetty quickly down at this information, and flew off to the adjoining room—for ours is a very small house, indeed, just four apartments, and no wearisome inner stairs; and everything must be kept in its own place to save confusion; and thus we are all learning the most scrupulous neatness in our habits.

I return to the parlour with baby, and have much to do to keep him from being smothered with caresses by his elders.

'Ma,' asks Walter, 'when will I be big like Louis, and have a bow and azzow, and a sawd (sword)?'

Louis (who has been standing apart for a minute or two, as if in meditation), 'Mamma, when is Charlotte going to have a new frock? I have had two new coats since she has had one—'

'Do you think Charlotte would look prettier in a new frock than in her old one?' A pause—during which he darts a lightning glance upon her, then replies, hesitatingly, 'Perhaps—I don't know—I think not.'

'Would you love her better in a new frock?'

'No'—with quick decision.

'Then, if she looks as pretty, and as much to be loved in the old frock, what does it signify?'

My logic seemed an overmatch for him. He was fairly nonplussed, yet he shortly renewed the charge.

'Then, what is the use of anybody getting new clothes; and why do you give them to me?'

It was now my turn to be puzzled. 'You know, Louis, boys are great romps, so their clothes are sooner worn out.' He smiled a sweet, manly, ingenious smile. He was evidently overcome by my line of argument, and read no deeper than the light surface which I had thrown over the question.

Mem.—Little does the dear boy imagine that, though it takes but a little bit of stuff to make a frock, we have to calculate our outlay so nicely that nothing is bought that can possibly be wanted. And what a horrid thing it is to speak to children about money, and say that such or such a thing *cannot* be got because money is scarce, or that it *may* be got because it is plentiful! What disgusting, mercenary monsters would not such revelations make of the fairest and purest of God's creatures!

A few minutes after the door-bell rang, and Mr. Cuthbert came in. This is Louis's tutor—a gentleman of quiet manners, of kind but firm temper, and an elegant yet profound scholarship. He had come to

take his young charge home to Aunt Aubrey's, where both are residing at present. By-the-by, this boy is amply fulfilling his childhood's promise, and is now a splendid type of a youth of eleven years. With his growing height, his intelligence keeps more than equal pace, while a beautiful docility of disposition marks his every thought and feeling. This quality (I mean docility) is the only royal road to solid improvement. Mr. Cuthbert says the whole current of his ideas already indicate the profession for which he will ultimately be best suited. Military exercises and military glory are with him not a mere boyish fancy—they are incorporated with all his notions of a great and useful life. And George says 'Mon capitaine must not be thwarted in his choice. If in a few years he wishes to be a soldier, a soldier he shall be.'

[Here comes another gap in the journal, which goes on to]

June 22, 1845.

There is no fairer sight on earth than children at play, gathering flowers in the summer fields or bounding on the sands by the sea. There is an earnest simplicity about them, their looks, their gestures, their ringing shouts, that carries resistless attraction. Even the petty mischances that occur at such times, calling forth little ebullitions of temper, are interesting as indicative of future character. For nowhere is the childish nature so discernible as when sporting at freedom beneath the broad canopy of heaven. Then are idiosyncrasies revealed. Then the good or evil is blurted out at once; and the proud, violent, selfish, awkward, sullen, defiant, or cowardly stand forth, in bold contrast to the gentle, the patient, the courageous, the kind, the loving. Parents would do well to think of this and act upon it. *Study your boys and girls in the play-ground.* Inartificial as they are everywhere, circumstances arise to call forth their individualities there as in no other place. Station yourselves skilfully where, unseen, or at least unregarded, you may see and hear each slightest movement and tone. Let nothing, however small, escape your vigilance, for trifles are links in the great chain; and a frown, a smile, a silent glance, like a lightning flash that shows the whole landscape, may lay bare the entire mechanism of some little heart in a moment. Be sure you mark and remember, too, as well as watch; for these minutiae, vouchsafed to your careful waiting, are but so much stock-in-trade for future use. These are the heterogeneous dust out of which the coin is to be manufactured, while the dross is denounced and rejected. This is the great sowing-time of life, when the weeds must be rooted up from amid the tender grain—the brightest and most momentous of the seven ages of humanity.

George and I have been sitting on this bank for a good hour, watching our little lads and lasses at their play. We have six children now—four of them boys; and the study of their diverse characters is a perpetual feast. Every time we are so employed, we know better how to deal with their daily training. I am sorry to see Walter so quick of temper, and

that Hetty has a considerable touch of obstinacy in her nature. Willie is slow and meditative, while our baby, Harry, is as yet perfectly undeveloped. But what of Charlotte? I dare not trust myself to speak of her—so exquisitely lovely in face and form—such a gentle, earnest, affectionate soul—so patient—so devoted—so lightly moved to compassion—so deeply stirred by all that is generous and true! Ten summers has she bloomed beside us, our first-born—our golden-haired, our sapphire-eyed one! If life is spared to her for another ten years, she will have grown into a perfect woman, 'nobly planned,' to fulfil all high womanly duties. Where—and with whom? Here I pause and meditate.

Louis (whose mind has been finely developing and enriching by Mr. Cuthbert and his other teachers) has been for some time attending the Military College. And his old predilection still continuing strong upon him, it is settled that in a year or two hence a commission shall be purchased for him in a suitable regiment. The more I ponder that boy's history in connection with myself, the more clearly I trace the working of the great law of compensation—that as he was at first deprived of worldly portion through my means, he should afterwards, through me also, be abundantly recompensed. And again, in return for my tardy justice having been frustrated by the wicked and fraudulent, that the recipient of this larger wealth should have proved himself so entirely worthy of the dower. Speaking of ways and means, I am pleased beyond measure to know that, as George's affairs have now got once again into a more healthy condition, we are very shortly to remove back into our former house—the dear familiar house, with the vegetables in the kitchen garden behind (ah! those green peas—I always laugh when I think of my own greenness in the early housekeeping days), and the sweet flowers in front, and the gate in the wall, and the thousand delightful accessories that cling around my first married home. It is almost worth while to have lost it for the pleasure of regaining it. And George is so happy too! Every client has been paid every farthing owing him. We are to take possession on the 25th of next month, which is Charlotte's birthday, when a little jubilee is projected by the children. And this dingy lodging, where we have been poor yet contented ever, is to be left for new tenants. Well, Kate, see to this one thing at all events, that if poverty has taught you any useful lesson, you do not leave the good hints behind you in the inferior dwelling. Walk softly, Kate, and warily. Your pilgrimage may be far more chequered yet ere you die. As flowers owe their choicest odour to the dews, so tears may best draw out the sweetness from the soul. But when the sun shines forth again, the flowers are still fragrant; and long after the tears are dried, why should not the heart distil its most pure and grateful essence?

(To be continued.)

'WHISTLE BINKIE.'

THE denks were dabblin' mang the dubbs,
The hens were heuddin' a' thegither,
See traikit-like, they hadna heart
To scart the grund or stralk a feather;
The rain cam' pourin' down in strings,
As if the sky were rent asunder,
And Nancy in the chimla-nuik
Sat threatenin' me w' groolin' thunder.

The cat was somewhere neath the bed;
She couldna hand the bink securely;
And linnie on its wee bit bank
Sat twinkin' mutely and demurely;
The bairns, puir things! w' buiks and toys
Were heartenin' i' the ben the roomie,
They durstna claim the right o' speech
When thunder-cluds were gatherin' gloomy.

I kept the creepie mim as mense,
And tried to ca' my glaikit fancy
Along the causeway to the laird's
W' sillier hain'd in sma's frae Nancy;
She kittled, like a caird in drink,
I faillrid gin I'd best knock under,
Or tak' a back hand o' the ws'
And hide the brattle o' the thunder.

'Ye feckless, blinterin' owl!' she skirried,
'Are ye dead-set on our undooin?'
Will strouds o' rhyme fill empty wames?
Will poetessin' hand's frae ruin?
Ye've wared the price o' meal and peats
On these full's havers, "Whistle Binkie,"
What's "Jennie Morrison" to me?
Wha cares a doit for "Willie Winkie"?

'I se warr'n the tane's a toom-the-stoup,
And 'tither some rampagin' randy;
Yer shameless praise o' sic like jeets
Whad mair nor deaven Soutar Sandy;
But tak' yer fling; wind a' yer pirms,
And ne'er let hamely counsel steer ye,
Though Want comes ben for guid-an'-a',
Yer tuneless sangs may hand us cheerie.'

I laugh'd for glee and crack'd my thoom',
And flang my weel-pangt spleuchan tili her;
She couldna find a single tune
To cow the kindly clink o' sillier.
'That's fees for liltin' sangs,' said I,
'And heein' up the heart to duty,
And haudin' freems w' lo'esome things,
Till lowin' souls improved their beauty.'

'Guldman,' quo she, 'ye're safe to speed,
Ye beat the warld for kind contrivin';
I kenna what gars frien's cast out,
Thae sinfu' ploys prevent our thrivin';
But let us sing o' love's return,
Or gie's a screed o' "Whistle Binkie,"
Wha's jo is "Jennie Morrison"
What kind o' lad is "Willie Winkie"?

While in the neuk we twasome sat,
A countin' owre a' comforts comin',
The whittierin' liddle tried new strains,
And baudrons on the bink sat thrummin';
By anes the bairns cam' creepin' ben,
To glower a wee in silent wonder;
And, syne, their lovin' hearts brak out
Like birdies after claps o' thunder.

W. S. FISHER.

WATER—ITS ELEMENTS AND PROPERTIES.

'All forms that perish other forms supply;
By turns we catch the vital breath, and die.'

BESIDES the characteristics of oxygen already observed, there are a few others of equal importance, which we shall now endeavour to explain. And, firstly, oxygen has a wider range of affinity than any other element—that is to say, it will enter the bonds of chemical union with more elements than any other. It constitutes a third of our globe's crust, preponderating in all rocks and soils. Nevertheless, it is largely diffused through organic nature in general. The following table shows the per centage of oxygen in a few of the well-known articles of common life, and will impart an idea of the importance which the Creator has attached to this regal constituent of matter in the formation of our globe:—

Atmospheric air,	20 per cent.
Water,	89 "
Lean beef,	74 "
(Or about $\frac{2}{3}$ of a lb. in 1 lb. of beef-steak.)	
Blood,	76 "
Skin,	61 "
Bone,	35 "
Bread in general,	67 "
Potatoes,	79 "
Turnips,	84 "
Oatmeal,	57 "
Milk,	81 "
Sugar,	51 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Paper and linen,	50 "
Washing soda,	73 "
Coal (which is mostly carbon),	8 "
Whisky,	56 "
Starch,	49 "
Butter,	17 "
Glass,	32 "
Ruby,	47 "
<hr/>	
Animals,	75 "
Vegetables,	80 "
Minerals,	60 "

Again, oxygen is colourless, transparent, tasteless, and inodorous. You cannot see it, smell it, taste it, or grasp it; yet it is there—a thin, fleet, wild, subtle something—nothing; the seal of eternal youth burning on its viewless front, and the arms of its Omnipotent Rider embossed on its naked breast. It has been gnawing at our globe's crust since the oldest, when the marbly granite began to crystallise around the fiery sea. The present surface of our globe is the gorgeously illuminated frontispiece of that ponderous volume, on whose stony leaves and metaliferous pages are enshrined the embalmed skeletons of extinct organisms, and all clad with the fingerprints of this princely potentate of matter—this thin, toiling menial of the great 'I AM'—this bloodhound of the atmosphere, couching in all its compounds like a slumbering lion or a starving wolf.

Although oxygen is the vital principle of our breath, yet in an isolated state it will not support animal life. By referring to the foregoing table, it will be seen that atmospheric air contains only 20 per cent. of oxygen, the remaining 80 parts (with

the exception of an exceedingly minute portion of carbonic acid) are an elementary body termed nitrogen, which is pre-eminently negative in its nature. It does not support animal life; is devoid of colour, taste, and smell; is neither acid nor alkaline; is not a combustible, nor will it support combustion. But give this drowsy sluggish companions for which it has an affinity, and instantly it unravels its coils, and starts up a crested, hissing, scaly snake—secreting, as it were, some of the most intense poisons known, such as nitric acid, prussic acid, morphine, chloroform, strychnine, and conia (juice of hemlock); also, nicotine (extract of tobacco), &c. Now, it is an established truth that the nitrogen and oxygen of the atmosphere are not in chemical union, the particles of the two gases being mixed mechanically—just as we would mingle 20 grains of barley with 80 of wheat, without bruising them so that each would lose its identity. And it must be obvious, in considering the intense energies of oxygen, that the dull heavy nitrogen is mingled with it as a diluent, to regulate its powers to the exact degree of vitality; because, as already stated, animals cannot exist in pure oxygen, in consequence of its violent action on the tissues, which causes them to stimulate too powerfully, resulting in premature death.

The reader will perhaps pardon us in stepping aside from our main subject for a little to contemplate this supreme creation, oxygen, toiling in the great workshop of nature.

We have already stated that the same substances produce vitality and cause death according to the proportion in which the elements forming them are combined; and to illustrate this we will take a compound of one part oxygen and four parts nitrogen, being the exact composition of pure atmospheric air; and all know how essential pure air is in stimulating the functions of life. Now, in the chemical manipulations of the laboratory, a red-coloured, horribly-suffocating, poison-fuming gas is often generated termed nitrous acid (NO_2), the composition of which, as in the formula, is one of nitrogen in combination with four of oxygen. Then, as already stated, the composition of vital air is one of oxygen to four of nitrogen; so that the elements of this gas are exactly that of the atmosphere inversely, the former being a chemical and the latter a mechanical compound.

How easy then for the Infinite Creator, who arranged the particles of air to support life, to disarrange, or, shall we say, *arrange* them, and produce death; to turn our beautiful azure crystalline atmosphere, without the addition of any extraneous agent whatever, into a frightful ocean of red-fuming poison, which, in a few seconds, would corrode the most secret vitals of animation—suffocating a creature with her own breath, annihilating every germ of reproduction, and settling down, like a bloody mist or shrouding sea of smoking gore, upon the gigantic upholders of creation!

'Our very breath
Contains the lurking principle of death.'

We have previously stated that oxygen is a supporter of combustion; and as there are various phases of this process—some causing light and heat, others producing heat only—we shall now say a few words on the burning or oxidation of our food, showing the importance of pure air and a few of the relations existing between carbon and oxygen.

It is well known that carbon enters as extensively into the composition of animals and vegetables as oxygen into minerals. Carbon, therefore, may be said to rule in organic and oxygen in inorganic nature; but do these two potentates of animate and inanimate matter live on terms of amity? Is the one pleased to dwell only in all its endless variety of animated forms—those of the reasoning mind and the instinctive sense, of the verdant blade and the painted flower, of the humble shrub and the towering tree? And is the other content to have the bulk of its being for ever kneaded into barren mountain ranges, or baked and buried in ponderous blocks of trap and quartz in the globe's bosom, or to roll and moan for ever in its ocean chains above the central fires? No; the regal hyena—the keen rapacious oxygen—has a sufficiency of its limbs free, in the form of atmospheric air, to be perpetually invading the territory of its less powerful but more peaceful neighbour; while carbon, on the other hand, with all its grand array of plants and animals, is as often harassing the rear of the rampant gladiator, freeing its subjects from his clenched fangs and disappointing him of his prey; and in this ceaseless contest between these two powerful elements, we recognise the throbbings of that immense engine which heaves the pulses of animated nature, and commands the flood-gates of life and death. Carbon of itself is a harmless substance, and exists pure as plumbago, anthracite, lampblack, and more especially the diamond. It is the luminous principle of coal, wood, and oily matters, and is remarkable for its stable properties. The beams of the theatre of Herculaneum were found to be entirely perfect (of course in a carbonised state) after being buried for 2000 years in an overwhelming flood of lava, proceeding from a terrific eruption of Vesuvius. The charred skeleton of the Roman sentinel, and those of the prisoners which he may have been guarding, have also been found in an entire state of preservation. We may mention here, also, that air taken from some of the chambers of this doomed city, and also from the tombs of the ancient kings of Egypt, after being hermetically sealed for 3000 years, is found to be as rich in oxygen as the present atmosphere of our globe.

In partaking a meal, say of animal and vegetable food, it is first masticated by the teeth, mixed with the saliva, and, being reduced to a pulpy condition, is drawn into the stomach considerably mingled with common air, where it comes in contact with various solvents, and a white milky fluid, designated chyle, is eliminated; then conveyed into the circulation and sent into the lungs, where it comes in contact with the oxygen of the air, which turns it red, and at every inspiration is combining with the etherialised carbona-

ceous particles of the chyle and blood in the proportion of two of oxygen to one of carbon; and it is during this combination that the natural heat of our bodies is generated. The heat itself, however, must not be considered as a material product of their incorporation, more than we would hold the gleam of a candle to be composed of the wick and tallow, or the boom of a cannon made of gunpowder, iron, and atmospheric air. Further, as the blood is beating through the various ramifications back to the lungs, laden with the waste products of the body, it is highly essential to health that it there come in contact with pure air, in order that the impurities, which are chiefly of a carbonaceous character, may be oxidised; and we need not wonder that the Registrar's returns show a preponderance of longevity in favour of the rural districts, when we think of the pure atmosphere which surrounds them, and compare it with the dense volumes of pestilential gases continually evolved, and lodging in the wofully ventilated confines of great cities, where the squalid denizens are stifled in murky dens, reeking with ammonia and thick with carbonic acid; where, as a meagre substitute for heaven's pure oxygen, the sanatorial brush occasionally makes its appearance, beamed with a temporary antidote (hydrate of lime), for the purpose of rendering the former more volatile and solidifying the latter; but though it may lessen the rancour, it will not heal the wound. Impure air and slow poison are synonymous.

But to show, for example, how the evolution of heat is accelerated by quick respiration, we observe that a horse when galloping becomes warmed above the usual bodily temperature, which is chiefly to be ascribed to the increased volumes of oxygen, which the animal is forced to inhale, and consequently the food is sooner burned on the stomach, and an additional quantity sooner necessary as an equivalent to its extra labour.

There is another product of respiration and digestion besides heat, viz carbonic acid (CO_2). The oxygen of the air, on entering the lungs, combines chemically with the carbon of the blood in the proportion of one of the latter to two of the former, and is instantly expelled by the breath, as the above poisonous and suffocating gas; and it is obvious that this doing and undoing, this charging and exhausting, continually going on between the vital vivifying oxygen of the air and the deleterious carbonaceous particles with which the venous blood, dark and laden, is ever travelling into the tanned and spongy chambers of life, constitutes the very mainspring of existence, the basis on which vitality is pivoted. If we imagine digestion operating and respiration stopped, or at least oxygen withheld, it must be evident that death would immediately ensue—the blood becoming choked with carbonic acid. And again, let us suppose that digestion has ceased its functions, but respiration is free and pure air abundant, and what would be the consequence? The oxygen would in a very short time burn up the stream of life in its thousand channels. It will therefore be apparent that great quantities of

carbonic acid are produced by the respiration of animals alone, which, day and night while life continues, are generating it at every breath; besides that caused by the decomposition of vegetable and animal bodies, and the combustion of inconceivable quantities of hydrocarbons, used in commerce as sources of heat and light; and an inquiring mind will be apt to put the question, What becomes, then, of all these immense quantities of carbonic acid produced as previously stated? and why is it that all the free oxygen is not exhausted, and the atmosphere charged instead with the suffocating carbonic acid?

The problem is easily solved. I have already said that carbon is lord of the vegetable kingdom. Let us then, in fancy, travel back to the dawn of creation—to the Azoic period—and the fiery embryo of our globe is mantled with the primeval atmosphere, and not even the lowest form of animal organism existing in its newly-distilled shoreless oceans still warm with the miraculous combination of their marvellous constituents and chemically chaste—deep down to the glistening granite floor, over which they hiss, and seethe, and roll;—this before the gigantic and gorgeous flora of the carboniferous period had struck a root or opened a bud of that rich green drapery which was yet to float, in emerald clouds, upon the surface of the globe;—this before the formation of the immense coal-measures—those huge black folds of compressed vegetable matter which lie crushed beneath the weight of continents, and represent the solid carbon of those primeval and impenetrable forests, whose tangled roots and dark fronds sucked pure the pestiferous atmosphere in the infant cycles of our globe's being. And now let us advance another degree in creation; and, behold! the dry land has lifted its bare stony shoulders triumphantly above the deep. But all is yet enveloped, from the sea-level to the highest mountain summit, in an atmosphere of heavy moving, dull, miasmatic vapours, principally carbonic acid and nitrogen, highly inimical to life. All is a valley of the shadow of death. And yet not so, as no life hitherto hath pulsed in its precincts; no song-birds make the air vocal, for there are no groves for them to nestle in; there is no lowing of cattle upon a thousand hills, for there are no verdant meadows wherewith to pasture them; no beauteous flowerets unfold their lustrous petals to the honey-bee amid the barren clefts of the iron rocks; no hardy moss yet dares to creep forth, or gigantic lichen unfurl its green flag in rank luxuriance. The pale red beams of the blessed sun can scarcely struggle through these thick gases which swaddle the infant world; and there is not even a sufficiency of free oxygen in the atmosphere to nurture the combustion of a lighted taper. But let us turn another leaf of this stone album; let us pass by cycles of ages and revisit the scene. What a change! It is clothed with immense forests, reeking with tepid swamps, teeming with hideous monsters, and latterly nature seems hampered with her own fecundity; for, in another era, we behold that the entire aspect is

changed—forests have been overturned by the roots, mountains crushed into soil, valleys elevated into hills, the waters of the sea thrown upon dry land, and the ocean bed has lifted its salt bosom to the sun. New races of forests are vegetating on the tombs of their ancestors; these, again, are buried, with all their grizzly inhabitants of tusk, and claw, and plate, and scale, again to be replaced by others. Now, after all these terrible phenomena, let us turn our attention to the atmosphere, and examine whether its constituents have undergone any change; and, behold! we find that it is lighter, purer, and more transparent; in short, that an immense quantity of its carbon has been solidified into wood; and that a marvellous bulk of its nitrogen has been assimilated into the bodies of animals, and stored up in the crust of our globe, and also in the existing families of both species. And this law is still intact in principle, though somewhat modified in its operations. Vegetables are still solidifying the carbon of the air in their trunks and branches; but that substance is not now the virgin carbon, if I may so speak, which was suspended in the primary atmosphere, although it is supplied in the same form and assimilated by the same process. Yet its origin may now be considered different, being produced, as already stated, by respiration, combustion, and decay.

JOHN DOUGALL

(To be continued.)

LIFE—DEATH—IMMORTALITY.

(After the manner of Cowley.)

O Life! O Death! our certain part—
Our Alpha, Omega thou art,

Each standing on a far-off shore!

Here we rest, shivering on the sand,
Waiting the Pilot's friendly hand
To steer us to the heavenly land;

Where, for the gifted and the good,
Bloom bowers of green beatitude—

Afar, beyond the unknown sea,
Cloud-capp'd, and dark with mystery;

Save when, beneath a fitful light,
Hope gleams like leaping dolphin bright—

When Time to us shall be no more!

From Life's cold mansion many go,
From every point the winds do blow;

Round about, from dawn to dawn—

Some by day and some by night.

Some through the postern-gate do come;

By the wings some do pass; and some

By the porch seek their final home!

Some turn the corners round about,

And silently; some with a shout,

Yearning for the Isles of Light,

Assured, what time their exit be,

By the inscrutable decree—

By God's good grace—we all shall meet

(Through Christ our victory complete)—

SHALL MEET UPON THE LAWS!

D. CHRISTIE.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.

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[PRICE 1d.]

GABRIEL GRAY—A GLASGOW STORY.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR.

*'The gods in bounty work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength.'*—Addison.

CHAPTER XIII.

THROUGH a long morning I sat at my desk dreaming—working—dreaming more than working—dreaming drearily and sadly of things past, present, and to come. Was it that some dim presentiment of evil rendered me unusually thoughtful? or was I only sitting as yet in the shadow of the darkness that was past?

A boatful of castaways in mid-ocean, three days after the last remnant of provision has been distributed in equal parts—night setting in and no sail visible—starvation in every face, revealed by faint star-gleams and the freathing phosphorescent light of waves—waves lonely, though in infinite multitude—waves eternally following, and terrible with the mouths of sharks—a poor boatful of castaways; hope deadening with the last streaks of day, and the awful problem hanging remorselessly above them, unwhispered, but felt to be there—there, like the hair-suspended sword of Grecian story—there continually, engendering a madness frightfuller than the ultimate doom—'One of them must die! Which?'

Could it be that Barbara, knowing our pinched means—means girded against expansion as if by iron walls of fate, and with our national watchdogs of war, roused by a great alarm, putting their tax-gathering fangs in our immediate substance, making the little that was ours not ours by so much the less—could it be, I ask in my endless ingenuity of lamentation, that Barbara—whose name I strip of all fond epithets, and constitute it a very term of endearment in itself—had glided away, like a fawn to other pastures, with deliberate purpose of self-immolation, in order to make one mouth fewer at our scanty table? Ah! my brave illogical one!—to think that you should have sought to ease the sore pressure of our condition by laying upon it the immeasurable burden of your absence! Rather let me believe that, if going of your own will—for the sake of bosoms that would sob and eyes that would weep—severing strong ties of love through argument of their very strength—it must have been with some intuitive consciousness of the divine beauty of your youth, prompting you to take upon yourself the sacrificial resolve—as dreading a lost voice of prayer—to carry that beauty pleading to the skies for a certain forlorn household partially forsaken of the gods!

So sat I at my desk—my poor brain breaking into wings like a chrysalis—so sat I sorrowfully, diluting, at times, the ink with which I tried to make accurate

summations, hoping I might succeed, but doubtful. Opposite me, facing me—on the warm side of the room, for was he not the heir-apparent of the Drums?—sat Joe M'Corkindale, with a countenance not beautiful at any time, but at this time strikingly the contrary of beautiful; nay, hideous almost with scarred and blackened memorials of dishonourable warfare in the night. Of course he had been garroted and robbed by three, two, or five ruffians, not one of whom he would be able to identify—he was quite sure; so no use making a fuss to the police. The assault took place on the open pavement—at a comparatively early hour—while going straight home from an anti-social-evil lecture—he being perfectly sober at the time! Who could question the veracity of this narrative? Was it not stamped upon his face in colours the most unadorned? A tendency to Falstaff's variations as to the number of rogues in buckram could easily be accounted for by the confusion of the attack. The difficulty of counting knuckles, even where they leave a very strong impression, is conceivable. But the grand evidence to which he appealed was that his gold watch, which was always reluctant to go, was gone! Only old M'Corkindale looked sceptical, and growled inarticulate thunder, and put on such an expression that it needed all Joe's supplemented ugliness to prove him indubitably his child. 'Ah! sure a pair!' I thought to myself, with a shrug. Both were fairly matched, and in fine keeping, like ornaments for some devil's chimney-piece, profanely so to speak.

The old gentleman—I mean Mr. M'Corkindale—shut his room door as if he designed to show, according to his wont, that he was owner of the partition, and could loosen the plaster if he pleased. Joe thereupon—that is, the moment his back was turned—looked at me quizzically; and, putting his thumb-nail to the tip of his nose, made a fan of his outspread fingers. What would not Toole or Widdicombe have given for that bit of nature? But, ay me! I was in no mood for humour. Life is a serious thing when under the shadow of Death. Objects sometimes suggest their contrasts; and, out of the Heenan-like aspect—making a smile before me like the smile apt to be made by a twopenny looking-glass bought of some ragged pedlar—grew the vision of a face so heavenly beautiful, as to blind me with sudden blindness by its glorious lineaments. It was Barbara herself—none other; so real—so living—so present—so like as if she came to wonder at tears, and dissipate an illusion of bereavement, that I laid my forehead on my crossed arms, and, for a moment, refused to believe that she was dead. When I looked up, Joe was staring at me sympathetically; but the pathos sat so oddly on his disfigured countenance, that I could not forbear laughing; and Joe laughed

too, thinking I had been shamming sorrow, and not appearing to comprehend that my so sudden tears of mirth were only as funeral baked-meats serving for a wedding-feast.

I accordingly proffered explanation, with becoming delicacy to a facial exhibition calculated to confound all passions; upon which he admitted it would be well he should hide himself for a month.

'You must keep less early hours, friend,' I remarked, 'for terror of the daylight.'—Curious advice, surely, to be addressed to a youth not particularly sure-footed in the dark, and fresh from the hands of cowardly phantom garroters—in buckram!

'I'm blowed,' he exclaimed, 'if I be seen anywhere but at masked balls.'

'Why, friend,' I continued, 'you must consort with owls and nightingales.'

'Twouldn't be the first time I have played the part of a night-bird,' interjected Joe, laughing.

'You must be seen nowhere,' I added, 'except where you shall not be seen at all.'

'Precisely; and so, Mr. Gray,' he said, taking a card from his pocket, 'I wish you to attend this Social Science Dinner. It is a pity the ticket should be lost. Old Brougham is to be in the chair.'

Brougham! What a name to conjure with! Yet what wonder if I wavered? A public festivity—at which fathers with living daughters might stab me, sending the steel here where everything, alas! is tenderest—how could I carry my cloud of unhappiness into that sunshine? The temptation was great—the disinclination strong—the propriety dubious. But my incomparable Adonis—not a bad blockhead at heart—imparted some sentiment of grace to the touches of negro blood about his eyes, by the manner in which he pressed me to take his place.

'You need cheering up a bit,' he said; and I answered that I was sorry to be a gainer by his mishap.

'Such are the chances of war,' he observed.

'But you are right,' I suggested for his consolation; 'were you to lend your countenance to the Social Science demonstration, it might possibly be little valued in its present damaged state.'

Joe exhibited the edge of a monstrous guffaw; but, glancing at a certain door, and fearing a certain ogre, suddenly smothered it up.

'How many ruffians did you say?' I inquired.

"Ah, no more of that, Hal! an you love me," was his serio-comic rejoinder, as he thrust the card into my hand.

When I went home to dress, my poor Jean—not now as she used to be, yet with the embers of her old aspirations easily fanned into flame—was much uplifted on being told that, like the immortal Robert Burns, I was about to dine with a lord. She was glad to hear of something promising at last—something that at all events sounded large—as we had still four daughters left.

'Situated as we are,' she said, 'society is everything.'

The slight bustle of cleaning my boots, and brush-

ing my best coat, created a little wholesome excitement in our home of dreadful vacancy—the worker, Jessie, undertaking, in addition, to wash and iron me a handkerchief before I could pull on my gloves. Jean expressed a hope that I would push well up to the chair, and not let everybody else take all the speaking out of my mouth. The silly thing, Kate—so like what her mother was when I used to be writing insane rhymes about her!—inquired if there was any chance of my asking his lordship to call! Upon which we all joined in a little timid laughter—the first that had been heard within our house since our unspeakable trial. Isabella observed that she would like to have a peep of the hall, and of the ladies' dresses, from some quiet corner. As for Sophia, she wished that I might enjoy myself, and get up my spirits a little—an achievement beyond her own poor strength—ah! heaviest burdened of us all! My going out to a great public dinner was the first visible sign of the uplifting of that curtain of gloom under which we had lately moved—or scarcely moved—ghastly, with hearts which it would have been easy to let break.

The City Hall presented a gay and animating spectacle. It seemed as if all the fashionables of town and neighbourhood were there, of both sexes, handsomely costumed, and rowed promiscuously, at long tables, running in tolerably close parallels throughout the entire oblong area of the hall—every table being profusely patterned with the ornate culinary arts; while at each end were platforms, occupied by those who were supposed to occupy high ideal platforms in the general regard of the world. By-and-by, the mere feeding being over, the galleries all round became equally populous and lively; and the vast audience waited for the oratory which was to vindicate a great cause, and justify a magnificent ovation. Away up behind the noble chairman, in front of the large organ, was a gorgeous figure, in scarlet, satin, and beard—the 'Albany Herald,' to wit—imported from the Herald's College, Edinburgh—erect between two trumpeters, prepared to vociferate the toasts. Lord Brougham, with a head no whiter than my own—albeit I am a mere boy to him—a head not quite so superior, perhaps, in its interior furnishings, as our so different conditions would imply, yet a stubborn, achieving head, fitted to do immortal battle in great arenas. He spoke like an aged man who had either never known trepidation, or had long since survived it. There was pluck and emphasis about him, together with the absence of effort, like one assured of his position, remembering his prowess, and not doubting his success. His style was not so much oratory, as an echo of what was oratory once, for he was now eighty-two years of age. No passage palpitating with fresh beauty, or burning with original thought, escaped that whole evening from his lips. Yet I could not keep my eyes from him, as the shadow of a greatness that was colossal—as the reminiscence of a power that had shaken the world—as something nobly archaeological, handed

down to us from days in which there were giants. Sir John Pakington—physically a somewhat small man, with deep-set eyes and prominent nose—spoke with fair ability and effect. Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, with head intellectual and bald; the Lord-Advocate, Mr. Moncrieff, handsome in feature, and full-toned and gentlemanly in voice—together with most of the other magnates of the night—acquitted themselves like men accustomed to such work; while the 'Albany Herald' did his grand part with the flourish of mediæval magnificence. Had I only had Mathew Waddel to bear me out—Mathew, a mere ghost to me now—I might perhaps have told of more luminous flashes of wit, and higher reaches of originality, and mightier manifestations of genius, exhibited before a considerably smaller audience. But that was all over these many weeks, and I was happy merely to listen—nay, almost grateful to the phantom garroters through whose agency I had been accorded that privilege. At times, indeed, I was lonely enough—contemplating, as I did, all round, faces that were dear and beautiful to some, and just serving to remind me of one that was perfect, and in heaven—past menace for evermore of grief, or wrinkle, or decay. But the splendid company, the illustrious names, the wine, the enthusiasm—all had an exhilarating effect upon my spirits. The object was to advance Social Science, and on my way homeward I tried to track out the hidden springs of that movement. What was the whole Congress but an attempt to give scientific aim and organised momentum to that Christian practice which is the grand rectifier? Competition is a good, useful servant of industry; but competition, unrestrained by justice and humanity, is like the fire that has gained the mastery, and is burning the house. What is it but certain murderous maxims of trade—armed with which maxims, men, naturally humane, labour to crush their rivals, not scrupling to build their triumphs on the despair and wreck of a hundred households—maxims which have turned much of the industry of the world into unscrupulous antagonism and death-struggle—with their awful fruits of suffering to the defeated and of guilt and peril to the victorious—what is it, I say, but these maxims promulgated under high sanction, and exercised with systematic licence, that have caused the working-classes to accept the gage of battle, and throw up fortresses for their own protection in the shape of trades' unions and co-operative associations? Philanthropists and statesmen, looking down from their watch-towers upon this great conflict, have at length stepped into the field as peacemakers; and behold them now, a powerful army, with Social Science inscribed upon their banners, moving into those districts where population is thickest, inviting all to state their complaints, inculcating mutual good-will, and labouring to enforce the lesson, and to hold up the warning, that no form of social injustice can escape its just retribution—that no class of society can be degraded without injury to every other class—and that suffer-

ing, inflicted for the sake of gain, through the tyranny of capital and the helplessness of want, is certain, sooner or later, to be avenged.

These and other kindred musings brought me to my own home—pleased to reflect that, if there was any menacing disease at the roots of our social system, there were active and able agencies at work endeavouring to arrest the mischief. On being admitted, and finding my group in the parlour, I began to tell, in rather a cheerful tone—a tone intended to cheer—of the great sight that I had witnessed. Suddenly, however, I was interrupted, not so much by any word spoken, as by my own observation of change. The silence was dreadful. It seemed as if the definite sorrow of my household had given place to a wild fear, similar to that which strikes a city pale when an enemy is heard at its gates. What could it mean? But, lo! the solution of the mystery! Lying for me on the table was a note which Jean, with her womanly curiosity and assumed privilege of wifehood, had opened. It was from Mr. M'Corkindale—beginning 'Dear Sir,' stating that 'a younger man would now answer his purpose,' and intimating that I was—dismissed.

CHAPTER XIV.

'I had—ah! have I now?—a friend.'—Byron.

The prisoner of Chillon regained his freedom with a sigh. So did I mine. My stool and desk had become as familiar to me as his chain and pillar. The windows at the opposite side of the court into which mine looked—with, framed in one of them, the picture of a girl sewing eternally, and growing old along with me—had become indented into my brain, even as the small green isle, with its three trees visible through the barred lattice of Chillon's dungeon, had become part of the daily life of Bon-nivard. Byron's forlorn hero had made friendship with spiders; and I, with at least one huge spider had learned, through an almost life-long intercourse, to consort after a fashion. I had become used to Mr. M'Corkindale, like an anchorite to his hair-shirt. How I was to do without the irritation of him, I in vain tried to conjecture. Everybody has heard of the boiler-maker who could not sleep when he went to reside at a quiet distance from his workshop. He could not sleep for the silence, which startled and kept him awake like the cessation of a kind nurse's lullaby. In like manner, I dreaded I might not sleep well when beyond hearing of dear Mr. M'Corkindale's growls.

With others connected with the great house of M'Corkindale & Co. I could part without particular malediction. Of Macnab the profound, and Dallas the gay, I had been all along the oracle, and they were grieved at my leaving. Then there was poor Joe himself, my unfortunate *vis-à-vis*, with his genius for getting into scrapes. As when a portentous cloud in the west changes, by slow degrees, its blackness to primrose and saffron, so had a luminous change come over his visual organs. His features were in a state

of moral transition. Time was beginning to vindicate them against calumny. I could discern in them the growing fearlessness of innocence. They brightened as the moon brightens through the trailing rags of the storm-fiend. What wonder if Joe showed himself everywhere like one who carried testimonials! Daylight was not braver than he. Why, he could confront mankind, and even womankind, without having to tax his invention for apologies, or magnify his buckram garroters. His face was washed like that of the moon after being dipped in eclipse. It glistened like the face of a Scotch collier on the advent of Sabbath and soap! Now was his moment for the photographer! The gallant youth, one of a gray west-end corps desirous of dawning into crimson-true heroes, by the way, who have dashed into hot water rather than not be boiled red like lobsters—the gallant youth, I say—one of those most prominently ambitious of high blood in their uniform—looked, upon the whole, at this crisis of restoration, as beautiful as Providence ever intended him to look, which I deny to be extravagant encomium. I could see that Joe was sad, his good feeling towards me being farther proved by his consenting to take the chair at a supper which, from lack of appetite on my part, remains to this hour uneaten. To say truth, I had begun rather to like Joe. I had taken soundings of his shallowness, and found a few scattered and miraculous grains of gold in his prodigious quicksand. His mouth could measure out as large a laugh as my experience bounded—albeit I have not lacked wit to see into sundry throats in my time. He had listened to the ring of old Gabriel, and, if the truth dare make me bold, he found the metal sterling. My dismissal he pronounced a 'shame'—prefixing a brief epithet to give the denunciation emphasis. Above all, he was an egregious ass—a filial rebel—the incipient penalty, as I was diabolical enough to prophesy, of a tyranny that had laid the train, in the miserable years never to be recalled or blotted out, for overwhelming retributive catastrophes. How I chuckled over Joe, like a spiteful old Guy Fawkes or Mephistopheles over a torch that should yet set a great house on fire!

Ah! this is bitter fooling for a heart like mine—tongues of flame playing around dismally charred timbers. Could the world but see me as I write! Ay me! most ignorant world! ever the unphilosophic dupe of bright surfaces,—which is well. Fancy poor Tom Hood making the kingdom laugh from his unpensioned sick-bed. O incongruous world! There is death in honest Motley's lodging, but Motley must make riddle-faces to the crowd that he may earn the funeral-costs—chalk and vermilion hiding the watery channels, and pit and galleries uproarious at the dryness of the grimace. Yet why should not I be merry? Was I not enfranchised?—master of my own motions?—in a very condition to indite hymns to liberty? The living M'Corkindale, great as he was, had no more power over me than any dead Omar of all the Russias. I could breakfast in bed,

or slumber till noon, like a lord! The buckram garroters might take my watch for any use I should have for it. I could linger, if I so chose, on the bridge, like that eternal buyer of 'old clothes,' whom I never yet saw effecting a purchase—clothes old or new not being usually cast off there. Good Heaven! is the man I mean waiting for some wretch who is to have done with clothes—the river being at hand for a covering? By whatever motive prompted, his patience is miraculous—not inferior to that of the speculator in horror, who attended Van Amburgh night after night, and season after season, lest he should miss seeing him devoured. Doubtless, if the lion-tamer is alive at this date, his laborious patron has his eye upon him still, so that his end may not lack a spectator who has paid handsomely for that special treat. But Moses—keeping the passage of the bridge like a Horatius, or like the man who collects the toll—for what particular victim does he, day after day, and year after year, lie in wait? As the thought worked in my brain, I avoided the oriental glare of his eye, though other occasion to hurry past him I had none. I feared it as a prescient eye for garments destined to become bare. A shark is an ugly follower in the wake of a leaky ship. Milton describes Death as snuffing the smell of mortal change on earth after the original trespass, and compares it to a flock of ravenous fowl, against the day of battle, 'lured with the scent of living carcases,' to a field where armies are encamped. The passage, as it stands in England's epic, is considered by De Quincey as the most tremendous in human literature. But are the sharks, and the ravens, and the vultures, endowed, veritably, with a foreknowledge of mortal doom? Is it not rather the secret alarms of man, when imminent on the outer brink of life, that invest the predatory brood that rove the deep, or that skim the air, with instincts of approaching carnival? Yet God give me strength to fight against the harpies even of my own fears! Misfortune is always conspicuous. I was free, but with no soul for freedom; manumitted, but with the chains of obdurate habit dragging me back to my dungeon. Oh! a wide, wide world, my masters! and my lot in it, now that I was old, the terrible 'where to choose' of our first parents on their expulsion from Paradise! From every point, the world radiated away from me into utter wilderness. Let the young saplings be transplanted; but oh! vex not the earth with seeking to tear up the old, old roots! Whither could I wander, save instinctively on my familiar beat? Once or twice I went into the court behind M'Corkindale's warehouse, in order to observe if the female kit-kat, framed in a certain window opposite, and sewing, was framed there, and sewing there still; and to wonder if the fallow slave of a ruthless social condition, as she lifted her forlorn eyes to a prospect the length of which she could, with diligence like hers, have stitched in brief space with her needle, discovered and lamented the disappearance, in her little imprisoned horizon, of a white and venerable landmark, now gone from her gaze for

evermore! Ah! good my masters! what shadows we are all at best!

Ha, ha! whirl away, ye multitudinous social wheels! I am out of gear. Go on gloriously, grinding down more hecatombs of bones, and conquering the markets of the world forever! My poor part is done. But be thou happy, O great M'Corkindale of the Drums! Thou art no exceptional monster! Nature, in her mercifulness even to the wicked, affords thee, if thou but knewest it, an exemplar. The butcher-bird sucks the life-blood of its prey, and suspends the useless carcase upon thorns. Hug, then, this thought, and be jovial over thy port of supreme vintage, thou savagist of old shrieks!

My brain, as I confess, and have perhaps shown, is something wild. Pardon me, good Christians all! Of my five beauties, one (God rest her!) is in heaven; but how are the remaining four to be fed? If it were other than my own case, I should say that an old man—three score and odds—poor, friendless, and very proud—yet tender-hearted as a child, and surrounded by appealing eyes—is a spectacle for the gods to pity. For several situations I have made a desperate push; but, in each case, have found myself jostling, shouldering, elamouring, perspiring, with some fifty or a hundred applicants, towards a door which could only admit one. What a sorry chance for Gaffer with his gray hairs! Yet day after day have I perambulated the streets—petitioning all whom I knew, with a courage inspired by my dreadful need, to assist me to find some opening—trusting to the chapter of accidents—hoping in the very frantic breach of the forlornest hope—shuddering at undivulged presentiments of madness—with visions of my poor girls, and even Jean herself (alas for the aspiring blood of the Chisholms!) charring for niggard hire! In my relation, humble as it was, to the wealthy house of M'Corkindale & Co. I was somebody; but was I anybody now? Did not my acquaintances look coldly on me? Was not my credit deteriorated? Would even Mr. Gladstone, with his merciless Income-tax, consider me worth plucking? Did the fool live who would waste a flattery on one so incapable of making a profitable return? Once I thought to commence business on my own account, if I could raise a little capital; but, alas! the lunacy of it! I had only taken effectual means, by the preliminary efforts which I made, to ascertain, confidentially, through my own bitter humiliation, how painfully hard-up was all the great ostentatious world. Yet I have not been always snubbed. The other day, Ronald M'Intyre—the sorry devil of a rhymster, whom the critics admit to have the right stuff in him—buttoned to the throat, dirty, and with red eyes—paid me the compliment of attempting to borrow half-a-crown from me. I put it to him candidly, and with some solemnity, whether a man with a large family, hopelessly out of work, almost out at elbows, and as poor as an inspired poet, was the least in a position to lend so large an amount? A smile broke upon his countenance, which presented a strange

blending of obfuscation and fire-gleams; and I am a perjured historian if he did not offer to stand treat for us both, to the extent of a silver shilling, which he displayed! My enforced idleness hurried me to the West-End Park. I had no particular business among the children and the nursery-maids; but there is a spur to restlessness of motion—no matter whither—poignant at the heart of every great despair. The soothing aspect of the place showed nature kindlier than man. Its decaying and dead foliage—weeds of mourning for the perished glories of the year—accorded with my mood. From the serene ripple of the Kelvin my heart caught a music of other days; and I looked up to the palatial terraces as to a height from which not even an extraordinary friendship could be expected to stoop. But I thought of my sad household in Portland-street—of Jessie wearing her fingers to the bone—of Isabella never uttering a complaint—of Sophia experimenting, with cheeks of unearthly pallor, as to the minimum of food necessary to sustain life—of Kate forgetting, for whole days, to laugh—and of Jean continually asking me, amid paroxysms of tears, what, in the name of goodness, was to be done? How beautiful a visitation was the gentle falling asleep of our Barbara, amid a thousand ministries of affection, compared with this new agony! And how well was it that the Great Shepherd should have taken the tenderest of our flock into His so perfect keeping, ere the howlings of the wolf were heard, and the crisis of utter consternation had come! For a moment the curtain of my sorrow darkened the prospect. Fresh resolves as to the future rose and melted in my bosom. But I had household bills to pay—importunate duns to face—grateful mouths to feed—clinging spirits to sustain—and all at that twilight of my life which I, at one time, dreamed would be consecrated to retirement, to cheerfulness, and to letters. My strong determination revived, and took a shape which the reader may have anticipated. Mr. Waddel was my old crony. For forty years and upward our gray hairs had covered but a single heart. He knew I had not been improvident. I owed to him, in great part, the consciousness of possessing faculties which might have borne me to honourable, nay, to possibly illustrious, termini, had my good star placed me on more auspicious rails. Would I not be wronging his goodness if I withheld from him the knowledge of my afflictions? So feeling, I mounted the stairs of the Park, and proceeded in the direction of his mansion. Fortunately, I observed him approach. The old, much-loved figure was before me. I should now encounter him as if by accident. My heart bounded as it had not done for many days. The smile of greeting was on my lips; but what a grand unmasker is poverty! My old, my familiar friend stared at me—stared with a blank, insulting stare, and passed ruthlessly on. Mathew had cut me dead. On the clear pavement there could be no possibility of mistake. The brutality of the act turned my chagrin to fire. What had I done to deserve it? Angers, as if born of hell, burned at my

heart and brain. Oh! for a giant's arm to have struck him—struck him on the instant—in the face—manfully—blow, as it were, for blow!

After this thunder—rain! For now, for the first time, I felt that I was indeed friendless in the world.

CHAPTER XV.

—'wrong'd poverty,
Sending his eyes to heaven swimming in tears.'—*Giles Fletcher.*

Misery, under any guise, has a wierd music of its own; and thus, with me, it sang:—

Teach me, O God! this weight of woe to bear.

Even while I see, forsaken,

O'er Fortune's bright face shaken,

A dreary midnight of dishevell'd hair,

Proud heart of mine! be proof against despair!

Pale Sorrow points the way where hope is none;

Yet, prostrate, I beseech her,

As my life's later teacher,

To fill my cup, and let it overrun,

And wash away all ills that I have done.

Each grief-wrung drop would scald like stinging lead;

Save that, through force of terror,

I struggle 'gainst my error,

And feel a strength that in my soul was dead

When the false earth was flowery to my tread.

Reeds! worthless reeds! why break at every blast?

Distracted is my vision

Of friendship's joys, Elysian;

I slept in dreams, and wake to tears at last,

Dropp'd in the wormy grave of all the past.

Not simpering in the sunlight of success;

But when, in fiery madness,

Wrecking the sunset's gladness,

Comes down the night in tempests of distress,

Can we know aught of human littleness.

Ah! shameless day! thou masker meet for scorn!

Cain did his bloody murder

In the fierce noon-day's downour,

Ere yet a silent star look'd down to warn,

Or ghostly shape of ghastly deed was born.

Darkness has drunk the light of all my sky;

Still, with my keen eyes bright'ning,

I see, as by fierce lightning,

What friends desert me and what friends stand by;

And hell and heaven are mine alternately.

The Furies lash my pulses into flame.

On all whom pride estranges

I burn for prompt revenges,

Till other eyes approach, and make me tame;

And Love, the victor, owns a blush of shame.

Oh! if an adverse fate has chill'd the faith

That in strong friendship liveth,

Another boon it giveth—

To know the truth that hangs not on a breath,

But clings, through sun and shade, till seal'd in death!

A trifle; but let it pass. Where are the dewdrops of spring—the flowers of summer—the eyes, with blended soul and sweetness in them, that looked into mine but a little while ago? Ay me! what a lavish waste in nature of her loveliest and most precious gifts! Wherefore should any poor fruit of my old and vexed brain live? A trifle; so let it pass.

Yet Mathew Waddel—before he went mad, and drowned the better part of him in rosy seas, and left

behind him but a miserable lie of his former self—was wont to hold me capable of miraculous achievement in that kind. His talk—and his talk was often glorious, for he had something of the imitative faculty about him, and forty years are a long schooling—was continually stimulative of effort, under what he was pleased to call my direct commission from Heaven—stimulative of great, nay, of daring effort, up even unto mist-clad Miltonic altitudes. Doubtless, like Hood in his youth, I had long sat at my desk, on a Pegasus with three legs. But, after all, was I not in the miserablest of clerical grooves? Were not old M'Corkindale and the Fates in conspiracy to defraud me of all fruit of noble achievement? To 'live laborious days' was easy. I had a millionaire's help to do that. But how could I fulfil the other condition of 'scorning delights,' with my heart so combustible, with my fancy so will-o'-the-wispish, with a friend so powerfully convivial, and with a certain little fairy so resplendent with all bright qualities to my intensely seeing eyes? What a half-dozen years of my life were pulled to rags by Jean Chisholm, the gipsy! with her pride, her coquetry, her gray eyes, and—don't laugh, reader—her jimp waist! Well, well! she *was* a pretty creature, I admit—though of the order extremely *petite*, however much she may have grown since—otherwise than lengthwise. But what chance had I of striking valorously into any lofty path of ambition, with the consciousness, tearing me a thousand ways at once, of Jean being off, perhaps, with some good-looking fool—some fool with locks like Absalom, some chuckling triumphant fool with expectations—to Cathkin Braes, the Pear-Tree Well, or the Whangie! Then, again, what a half-century almost I wasted on old Mathew himself; whom now, from this conscious abyss of my life-failure, I could curse to very tears! If he would but recall some of the oburgations which he has heard me a thousand times pronounce upon such conduct as he, in his own person, has so shamefully exemplified, they would fall upon him at this moment, and often—yea while a cinder of him was left—in cataracts of living fire. But for his selfish engrossment of me, how might the bygone chapters of my life have been unravelled to brilliant *dénouements*! Yet not mine be the task to wield the whip whose lash is of stinging snakes! The Furies that lie in wait for the naked backs of all scandalous ingratitude will vindicate, in their own good time, the high judgment of the gods. I can even stand upright on my pride, and do the greater thing than avenge—forgive. Let me, therefore, console myself with the reflection that I and his humbler home possibly drank the whole bright wine of his life; and that it is now nothing save the mere base lees of him that is left, for Fortune to cast like a stain upon Glasgow's proud Belgravia.

My household will not believe that Mr. Waddel could have acted as I have said. They refuse to so lose their faith in human nature. Jessie, whose eyes are abridged with excess of application, declares that

she has often, in the street, been unobservant of her most intimate friends. 'What!' exclaims Jean, with a touch of satire, 'Mathew Waddel, who always thought you such a great man!' Sophia, who has fallen heir to Barbara's cloak—his gift—cannot find in her heart a single ill-natured bit wherewith to darken his name. As for Isabella, she chimes in with the rest in quite a passive manner; while Kate laughingly thinks my fierce accusation nonsense. But, ay me, my masters! it is easy for those to dress the wound who have not felt the stab. How could I be deceived? The incident occurred in the affronted daylight. Is it likely that I, with eyes to decipher the Lord's Prayer written within the space of sixpence, should fail to recognise the man whose *personnel* I had been studying for some forty and odd years? No, no; it was no other than Mathew, in his new character of Mathew Waddel, Esq. who answered my familiar smile with a look of stone. A word might have shivered him on his monstrous pedestal, but I was dumb. Surely I am not mad, to have imagined an affront lying outside the confines of the imaginable. Yet, why should I not be mad veritably—not moon-struck, but man-struck or devil-struck? Of all spectacles of melancholy under the skies, that of an old man needing to toil for bread, and finding all avenues foreclosed, is, to my poor thinking, about the melancholiest. Why was not I bred a physician, that my white hairs might have served me for capital? Young men without encumbrances, besides being active, are cheap. M'Corkindale is therefore right. Why should M'Corkindale be a charitable institution? The business of M'Corkindale is to amass money by buying labour at its cheapest, and in so doing has he not all the economists on his side? Down, therefore, with the old men! They are past their best! Give us fresh bones only to grind, cries the steam-fiend! Ever more cheapness, ever larger increase, the steam-fiend shrieking over the graves of the young murdered, and of the old maddened, then murdered!

But Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes and her feminines of the *Englishwoman's Journal* have anticipated my case. If I have not sons, I have a wife and daughters. Why should not Jean be balanced on a stool as somebody's clerk—balanced like an india-rubber ball trying not to roll off—doing hard feats of balancing from ten morning until seven at night, with an hour's interval for dinner! Then Jessie, who has been contributing anonymously to a certain shop—stealing over to town with her ill-paid work, in the dusk of the evening, as if in horror of being detected doing a noble thing—why should not she be ensconced in a box, selling railway tickets, or working the night telegraph manfully, at a decent wage? Isabella and Sophia, too, might they not be making gruel for the patients, and bread for themselves, as sick nurses in the Royal Infirmary? As for Kate—instead of flirting, as I have suspected her of late, with the lad Imrie—he who is associated now with our most blessed household memory, and nevermore, therefore, to have harsh word from me—what is to hinder Kate from blackening like a bramble-berry into a printer's imp; and through diligent labour when the general city is asleep, or nightmared only with gasping dreams of usury, achieving the glory of placing the price of last night's stocks on the breakfast-table of the wealthy Mr. Jones? Ha—ha! here am I, with a five-female power to swell and depress the universal labour-market! What a bundle of unproductive sinew am I master of! Enough, I should say, if turned to profitable account, to leave old Gaffer at leisure to amuse himself with potato-pairing, sock-darning, and

breeches-washing—business, this last, immensely, as I fear, on the increase! Ah, Bessie! thy continued Miss-hood is surely a grievous wrong to some swain unprosperously sighing. Yet so far as I see—and I profess to know a little of the industrial machinery of at least one great city—there is small need—alas! that it should be so!—for any 'Society for Promoting the Employment of Women.' The feverish stimulus of competition, the sharp unalarming eyes of self-interest, the wild unscrupulous rage for cheapness of production, have already shouldered aside the strong fellows and the huge feeders from almost every task which female fingers are competent to perform. Look at the young women with old faces as the shops, the warehouses, or the factories are in process of emptying! Out of the tideway! What! 'will the line stretch on,' *et cetera*? Good heavens! where are the men? and who are looking after the babies?

Never, by the grand old spirit of knighthood! has the idea of making sacrifice of my fair home-sufferers been born of my utmost want. They did enough when, with looks of pitiful cheerfulness, they made our domestic outlay forbear, and dwindle, and shrink to a most painful, almost alarming minimum. I was haunted with visions of even Jean becoming thin, yet smiling, with affectionate effort, through her eyes of pinching famine. The cheeks of the self-sacrificing Sophia were utterly bloodless. Ah! Father in heaven! was there no help? The high in birth have friends, and the low have parochial boards. There is dropping coin for the impudent palms of vagrancy. But, alas! for the middle tracks of society when ravaged by misfortune! Unsubjugated pride and shame bar any proffer of aid from either side. But lo! a sudden sunburst, what time our gloom was at its blackest! A dingy old rusticpiece, hoarded from brighter days, I had some time ago offered for sale. It had at length found a purchaser. Judges had pronounced it a Gainsborough; and the result was cash in my trembling, wildly emotional hands, to the amount of £180! It was the purse of Fortunatus! it was a mine of Golconda! it was joy and health—for a time at least—to those whom I loved dearest in the world! More than all, it was a revenge of independence against him whom I most desperately hated! Every penny I had ever borrowed or received from Mathew Waddel—principal, interest, and scornfully compound ditto—I summed up, and sent to him, at his address, Simpkins Brothers—accompanied with a note of haughty thanks;—and felt, for the first time for many weeks, that all round me, and up to the high bright heavens, the air was glorious to breathe.

(To be continued.)

CAPTAINS AND SAILING-MASTERS.

ONCE upon a time, during a great storm, the captain of a ship—aware how great the danger was of all hands perishing—calling passengers and crew together, requested them to join in prayer for the safety of the ship. Observing, however, that one of the passengers remained apart from the rest, crouched in a sheltered corner to smoke a pipe, the captain reproved him, with some warmth, for the irreverence of this proceeding, and begged him to join his prayers with the rest. 'Oh!' he replied, 'I have nothing to do with the matter. You are responsible for the ship. I am only a passenger!'

However absurd such an answer appears at first sight, it may be questioned whether honesty will not

compel us to admit that it is one we ourselves make to our consciences in more than one relation in life. To carry the analogy farther, had the captain been fortunate enough to command H.M.S. Bulldog, he would very likely have rejoined, in spite of Admiralty regulations, that the sailing-master, and not himself, was responsible for the navigation of the ship. This system of one man sailing the ship and another commanding it, probably had its origin in the days when admirals and captains were appointed, without reference to their nautical acquirements, simply because they were sure to fight if fighting was to be had; and seems only of late years to have lost its full significance. But while naval men are anxious to do away with an office which really relieves them of no responsibility, there seems to be no more distinctive mark of the tendency of modern society, than the habit we have acquired of appointing sailing-masters, to take both secular and religious responsibility off our hands. Such a system is the natural result of the accumulation of work which the rapid growth of science, civilization, and vice has thrown on our hands. But while we are perhaps forced to submit to this division of labour—to have our fighting captain and our sailing captain—we are in great danger of overlooking the individual responsibilities of the former, while we throw all the blame of our misfortunes on the latter—forgetting that, after all, the captain must command his own ship.

When we look back a few years, to the days when the Saturday newspaper was the great event of the week—when the fall of a Minister was felt from one end of the kingdom to the other, and Parliamentary Reform was almost as dangerous as the evils it was sought to obviate—we cannot but be struck with the change which has taken place. A political measure was then a matter of public interest, which we fully believed would either prove our destruction, or raise us to the pinnacle of human prosperity. The Minister was an individual whom we either worshipped with infatuation, or hated with all our heart. Now, nothing but an attack on our pockets, or a succession of dazzling leaders in the *Times*, can rouse us to personal indignation; and even the cry for universal suffrage, happily, falls dead on the ear of the prosperous artisan. We have appointed our sailing-captains. Let them only bring the ship into port, and we shall neither praise them for extraordinary ability nor be over hard on them for stupid mistakes. At an age when Mr. Pitt was astonishing the world with his eloquence and ability, comparatively few men have any political opinions at all; and, later, when such ignorance is no longer respectable, the general feeling is, that everything official is badly managed—that Government pay more and receive less than the most reckless traders; while a Government office is an Augean stable, of which a deaf otter has the key, and it is better not to disturb Camerina so long as our commercial interests are not directly interfered with—a theory which might be justified were it only question of the disposal of the small contribution we individually make towards the expenses of the country, and were all subscribers in a position to defend their own interests.

This, however, is far from being the case; and we are bound to consider, not only how our own views in life may be advanced or retarded by any course of government, but its effect on the nation at large. It might, at any rate, be supposed that we should be at some pains to consider the character and views of the individual to whom we choose to entrust the management of our affairs. But I wonder how many people thus consider the responsibility of their votes! how many varied motives combine to produce a representative of the people! What a bore we should think our votes if we ever took the trouble to consider them in this light!

If you think I am going to indulge you with my ideas concerning a bloated aristocracy and a corrupt government, you are very much mistaken. I have my own opinion on these popular subjects, which I shall keep to myself; and only wish to point out that each man is responsible for everything done in the name of the nation, whether he is directly concerned in it or not, leaving him to form his own opinion, as he ought to do.

In private life the sailing-master is generally an object of hatred to all who do not belong to his ship. In families in which he has been regularly commissioned (and their name is legion), it is next to impossible to escape him, or, at least, to elicit any ideas or opinions which have not their inspiration from him. To every question you ask you receive *his* answer; he turns up in every corner; he is to be found in all the books; his presence pervades every room; his spirit moves every tongue; he is to be tasted in the dishes and worshipped at the fireside. Sometimes in unguarded moments you may, after much labour, fancy you have evaded him; some turn of the conversation or intonation of voice makes you think he is lost sight of for a moment;—be not deceived, 'the voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.' Sooner or later you will be told, in that clinching tone of voice known only to the fair sex, 'Oh! but John thinks so and so.' Without being of a very virulent turn of mind, I think I have a right to complain of this unfair treatment. What do I care about John and his opinions? Why is he to come between me and every pretty face I meet! What have I done that I am to converse with no one but him! By what right does he grin defiance through the sweetest lips, and leer at me from the softest eyes? He is not *my* sailing-master—*my* ship should not be in his hands for all the world. I often think how insufferably impertinent was the Roman matron, who inspected all her friend's jewels, accepted all her harmless tattle, and then in return produced as her treasures two miserable untoga'd youths. But not less insulting is the behaviour of some ladies, who are perpetually parading their household idol before our eyes, as though they would say, 'See what a brother or husband mine is! how superior to you! Of course you don't agree with him; but then you are but a poor creature. You could never be my idol whom I love and worship. To you I should never surrender.' Now, this feminine manoeuvre is quite unjustifiable, for it admits of neither answer nor retort.

It is stabbing an unarmed friend, who can only shrug his shoulders and thank Heaven for his want of ambition.

Sometimes, though seldom, we are able to get this idol into a corner, all alone, and then endeavour to avenge our wrongs upon him. But as obnoxious and more intangible are the author idol and author demon, who absorb the incense and hatred of many well-intentioned people. Say Dr. Cumming and Mr. Thackeray. No food can be taken but from the hands of the one, or pass undefiled under the shadow of the other. No dictum of the good spirit can possibly be doubted. The most holy truths lose their virtue in the lips of the evil one. To those hero-worshippers, the idea of individual responsibility never seems to occur. There is but one God—and Cumming, Ryle, Kingsley, or Macleod is his prophet. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there will come a day when we shall be unable to produce our idol to explain our thoughts and delinquencies; when he will have enough to do to bear his own burden, and would be only too glad to be able to disown many of his followers. Surely it is worth while to think of this in time; to make our own observations before we hear the waves dashing madly over the rocks. This brings us to the most important and by no means least common instance of shifted responsibility—the relative position of clergyman and layman. A friend of the King of Dahomey informed us the other day that his Majesty had attached to his person a counsellor who was called his 'soul,' to whom he confided all his troubles, whose advice he invariably followed, and whom he took with him to the other world (we may presume) to answer for his misdeeds—a state of things very much to be envied, if we could only bring ourselves to believe that this *Alter Ego* could really relieve us of future responsibility. One can well imagine the defunct potentate looking with considerable satisfaction and self-gratulation on the torments of his erring 'soul,' from the repose of Elysian hunting-grounds. Now, if we do not follow some such plan as this in our hearts, how is it that we have tacitly recognised codes of lay and clerical morality, lay and clerical virtue, lay and clerical honour? Have we not a secret feeling that it is the clergyman's duty to be good for us, to keep himself pure in our stead, to draw out a faith for us, and be ready to explain it when required—if indeed we ever have time for an explanation? Is there not often something of this kind in our hearts! Do we not often treat a clergyman as one who does our goodness for us, and is therefore worthy of consultation; or perhaps as believing earnestly a thing we dream of and have not time to inquire into? Do not many of us go to church, like the man mentioned by Dr. Bushel, 'because at home there are so many flies; here it is cool and comfortable'? In a fairly educated assembly, how many men are there who can fairly state what they believe or disbelieve, and their grounds for either course? I am afraid it is pretty much the old story—the sailing-captain must bring us right as best he can. We tell him to steer for the great haven, and care little about the course; for we are too busy to take many observations ourselves. We know well enough that we are responsible; but we like to think the contrary, till

an accident happens, and the ship lies helpless in a fog of vague belief.

It seems to me a clergyman must often think very sadly of the many members of his congregation whom he can teach to believe in him, but not in God; who lower their voices, and conceal from him what they do daily in the presence of his Master, from a feeling that it is cowardly to offend the ambassador though they insult the King. Something of this sort must, I think, occur to most of our celebrated churchmen; and it is happy for them that, while they are spared a dangerous knowledge of their triumphs, they are also ignorant of the numbers who remain in this state of vicarial belief; for this thought would be enough to quench the fire of the most eloquent preacher—to cripple the pen of the readiest writer. No amount of praise, no number of editions, can soothe if they have run against this rock; and the cries of drowning men will be for ever in their ears.

But I am neither preacher nor chartered master (though it would be easy enough to preach a sermon if one tried—the difficulty is to *feel* it); so turn gladly to the one act of life in which we never employ the sailing-master. We may live, and die, and marry under his guidance—eat, drink, and think under his rule; but a day comes when we send him unceremoniously about his business, take charge of the ship, and fall in love—and a very pretty mess we generally make of it. There is, I believe, a regulation in the navy which prohibits a captain from sailing with his wife on board. What sarcastic Daniel sat in judgment when that order passed! How those old sea-dogs must have laughed in their sleeves at the idea of taking the partner of their joys to sea with them! how loudly they must have deplored to those angels at home the impossibility of such an arrangement! They very likely drifted into matrimony under charge of a sisterly master; but falling in love is quite a different thing, and I believe they took care to make no regulations against that. We are all the same—*blasé* boys and grave old men. A little sooner or a little later, like Sir Galahad,

'On lonely mountain-meres,
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board—no helmsman steers;
I float till all is dark.'

And then there comes a vision. No holy grail is in her hands—only a little bright dagger—so bright, so cold! And she comes closer and closer, till we try to clasp her in our arms. She smiles so sweetly; and her voice is still cooing in our ears, when she turns away, and stabs us without a word. We don't mention this excursion to the sailing-master, he may see there is something wrong, and may have a notion in what direction we have been cruising, but thinks it best, if he is a wise man, to say nothing about the matter. Next time we are more wary. We take a weapon or two with us—using them clumsily enough, no doubt, and generally getting a little mauled; but still holding our own, and not allowing the enemy to quit the field quite untouched. And then, as we get more expert, some of us carry the war boldly into the enemy's country—trampling down the fair fields, the cowslip and crow's-feet, the lily and the tulip—spreading martyrdom broadcast. This is but sad work, though, and that first vision rises reproachfully before our eyes. It seems to say, 'What if I wounded you sorely, did I not give you a glimpse of fairy land! Was not that enough for one life! There is no love without pain—nothing pure that has not passed through fire.' And we think over that sad face by the fireside, and make a friend of it in after years;—but the sailing-master knows nothing about it.

A. D. I.

LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA
OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

April 2, 1850.

Yes; there can be no mistake about it. Charlotte is beautiful—thrice beautiful. It never struck us (that is, George and myself) so very forcibly as now that she has begun sittings for her portrait to a rising artist who has come to our neighbourhood. He says he cannot hope to do justice to the original. What painter could, when his model is one of the finest types of humanity? Charlotte's countenance is a perfect oval, the complexion clear, every feature chiselled in exquisite proportion, a profusion of the richest golden hair, eyes unfathomable in their depths of truth and tenderness; with a form tall, round and pliant, and every way symmetrical; but above and beyond all—oh! say not that Nature is niggardly of her gifts, denying to the mind what is lavished on the body—this maiden's soul is tempered in complete harmony with her person. She is indeed a king's daughter, and all glorious within;—and where is the artist who can paint the mind of beauty? Is Charlotte, then, faultless, and therefore a monster unknown alike to Linnaeus and Lavater? I shall answer this question by another? Is everything monstrous that is richest and rarest? Is the planet monstrous that shines superbly effulgent among the lesser stars? Nay, nay. The things and persons of most exalted beauty—whether outward or inward, or both combined—must still hold undeniable precedence, and be a joy to our hearts and our eyes for ever.

What a start we all got yesterday, when Louis walked into our midst, in the full glory of his regimental equipment, and looking so tall, so erect, so brilliant, so every inch a British soldier! We had not seen him for nearly two years, during which time he had been travelling abroad with Mr. Cuthbert; and now he had come down to pay us a brief visit as lieutenant by purchase. 'I would not have a higher commission bought for me,' were his own words. 'A man should rise by merit and not by gold or favour.' And he is right.

It was a treat to see how our children crowded round the young patriot—gazing at him with open admiration, not unmixed with awe in some of the smaller members of the household. Hetty evidently regarded Louis as some sort of demigod; Willie and Harry stood apart, and looked and whispered, and whispered and looked again; while Walter, taking courage, seated himself boldly by the stranger's side—holding his hand, and asking him a hundred questions. But what shall I say of Charlotte's meeting with the old familiar companion of her childhood? Or, rather, what shall I say of that wonderful enlightenment of countenance, and general elevation of his whole external being, which the said old companion exhibited on her entrance? Simply this—

that there is only one season of life, as there is only one passion of the soul, which ever can originate such results. Need I specify what these are? I trow not. When we behold the morning landscape glorious in light, we need not be told that the sun is up; and when we mark the first delicious verdure on meadow and wood, on blade and flower, we know of a verity that spring is come, and the singing of birds is at hand. There was no necessity for disguise, and none was used. The matter was as transparent as day, viz.—that mon capitaine would never look upon other maiden to woo and win, save our gentle daughter. And though still little more than a child, her innocent heart is gradually and surely being housed into true and noble keeping.

September 8, 1852.

Louis has been here for a week, on leave from his regiment, and has formally asked of George the hand of Charlotte, to have and to hold through all his future years. George told me he could have laughed in the young man's face, on his asking what had evidently been so long taken for granted by both the *culprits*. Indeed, had any other issue followed on the long train of pre-existent circumstances, it would have appeared well nigh ridiculous. But my husband and I are perfectly agreed that, however worthy mon capitaine (by-the-by, he is now *bona fide* entitled to this name) may be of the proposed gift, Charlotte is too young for us to permit the ratification of the solemn rite yet awhile. So here the matter rests; and, at the expiry of one little month, Captain Grey rejoins his troop, now stationed in Ireland.

Amid all my cares and avocations, as mistress now of a pretty large family, I take the most intense interest in these young lovers. Although no shadow of doubt has ever been entertained by either regarding their perfect reciprocity of sentiment—and their mutual confidence is as trusting as it is tender—the human mind, of subtle mechanism in every situation, seems peculiarly so when engrossed by one great object. And I am never tired studying the varied pages of this chronicle of home love. Methinks this same love is a chameleon, and shifts colour a hundred times in the same breast within the hour—always changing, yet always retaining the old identity; a cloud of million shapes and hues—brightening, obscuring, saddening, glorifying the whole mental firmament—now pale with the hues of day-dawn, now rich with the golden noon, now glowing with the sunset's crimson, now gleaming soft in the pearly moonbeams!

Louis and I were talking the other evening about education. I said—

'It has been thought that young persons are required to learn too much. If the peculiar taste of each were more systematically studied, the results might be more satisfactory.'

'But if there is no particular taste to study,' he remarked, 'as many have really none, there is no alternative but just to deal with generalities and teach the usual routine.'

'Yes; and no doubt a knowledge of many things is the most useful in the after practice of life. Yet it is surely desirable that, in the case of boys, there should be a native bias to guide them in the choice of a profession. Indeed, I have always observed that without some such bias early manifested, few attain to greatness in the walk they select.' I added something about his own predilection for the army, exhibited so far back as when my aunt first saw him a child at Nice. He smiled. The allusion seemed to make him at once grave and gay. After a pause—

'Ah! what a strange turning-point was that in my history!' he exclaimed. 'What should I have been, and where, but for your Madame Aubrey? What a woman she is! such a soul of earnest benevolence, quietly working on its heavenward way, as if accompanied already by a host of sister angels, aiding and confirming her good deeds! Was ever gratitude so heavily taxed as mine to her?'

He rose as he spoke, and took a turn through the apartment. Curiously enough he seldom speaks to me of his benefactress, and when he does the feelings evoked invariably raise him to new grace and dignity in my eyes. At length, stopping thoughtfully, and regarding me with a glowing look—

'My dear Mrs. Weston, what is the cause, can you tell me, that the female character but seldom possesses that delightful attraction which, so resistless in a few, leaves all the rest stale, flat, and unprofitable?'

I confess my hero took me rather at unawares with this pointed query. I considered, however, and then made answer—

'I conceive that the chief desideratum in the female character of the present age is—sentiment. There is plenty of sense, of cleverness, of the *savoir faire*—enough and to spare of tact, assumption, and finesse; but a woful lack of the ideal, the poetic, and the ethereal—not by any means to supersede the solid, and useful, and practical, but to relieve the dry detail, and fling a halo over the routine of a too real existence. Some women are butterflies, skimming the air, and all for pleasure; some are moles, burrowing in earth, and all for toil. But woman, as I would desire her to be, should have a distaff in one hand and a lyre in the other—a smile tempered by intelligence on her lips—roses at her feet—and a star on her forehead, whose rays darted straight up to heaven.'

I had just concluded this little peroration, when Charlotte entered, bearing in her hands a posy of autumn flowers—paler of hue than the summer's store, but exquisitely fragrant and tasteful in combination. She advanced, with a countenance whose radiance was tempered with the pale cast of thought.

'There's rosemary—that's for remembrance,' she said gravely, holding out a sprig to Louis; 'and there's laurel—that's for ambition, as befits a soldier.' Then turning to me, 'There's immortelle for you, mamma,' with an earnest look. The next moment she was seated at the piano, and singing, in her own clear delightful voice, that beautiful song of Moore's:—

'Go where glory waits thee!
And, while fame elates thee,
Oh then remember me!'

He was quickly by her side, bringing his rich bass notes to blend in deep unison with her own. And, as I sat listening, methought how seldom do the souls of singers mingle and melt in perfect concert with their voices, as these two now do! Has earth any happier hours for its most favoured creatures—'when life is young and love is new?'

I left them together, and sauntered out into the garden. The night was very still, and a full moon just rising. The music floated to me from the open window, over the mignonette and wall-flower borders. A pause. Then the melody changed to a simple Italian duet, in which I caught the words 'Buona Notte!'—again and again repeated. At last the echo died away—*diminuendo, poco-a-poco*—into complete silence. And my soul went pondering on its own quiet way, sweet and serene as a weaned child.

April 6, 1854.

Yesterday morning brought a letter from our dear Louis, followed by himself in person ere the day closed. The letter said,—'I have important news, very interesting to all of us, to communicate.' His own lips afterwards pronounced the tidings that thrilled every heart in our household. 'My regiment is ordered to embark instantly for the Crimea, and I have come to take farewell!'

We sat looking round on one another, for some minutes after this announcement, in a sort of blank surprise, which was broken at length by a shower of ejaculations, all expressive of sympathy and affectionate regret at the inevitable parting. But Captain Grey immediately took up the word, and asserted his soldierly supremacy—at once adopting the tone, not of vexatious weakness, but of triumphant satisfaction.

'Tell me, my friends,' he said, 'for what have my pulses been tingling, and whither have my aspirations been tending, throughout all the past years, but just to this very consummation? Therefore I beseech of you, one and all, do not condole, but congratulate me that the realisation of my wishes seems now at last so near.'

Here George, who has unfeigned respect for every true and noble sentiment, called out,

'Excellently well spoken, mon ami! We ought all to be ashamed of putting on these gloomy faces.' Whereupon Aunt Aubrey broke in, with a placid smile,

'It is a long while ago since I first saw mon Capitaine drilling his troop in sport; but now that fighting time has come in earnest, I know he will be no less vigorous in the real work.'

It was only natural that Charlotte should droop and falter at the sudden call of her affianced to the field of danger. And I saw that her lips quivered and her eye moistened, as she regarded his manly form, and tried to utter words of cheerful assurance. The hard realities of life had come very suddenly upon her love's young dream. But the feelings of youth have an elasticity marvellously adapted to its season. And the 'tear forgot as soon as shed,' even in respect to those beyond the pale of childhood, is not altogether a poet's myth.

When all the rest had retired for the night, I held watch a little longer with Charlotte and Louis. He was all brightness; but her brow wore a shadow.

'There are moments,' she murmured, regarding him with tender sadness, 'when my heart strangely misgives me; and I think we shall never, never see each other again. Then I rouse myself by a mighty effort, and take hold of the strong anchor of hope, and feel confident we shall meet once more under sunny skies' (Strange to tell, in a certain sense these presentiments were equally destined to be realised.)

'Yes,' cried Louis, catching at the fair promise of the words; 'you shall yet behold your true knight returned victorious, scatheless, free, to claim your plighted troth. And the war will be over, and we shall have been made not the worse but the better for the ordeal of absence. Our faith will shine out all the purer, the nearer it meets its perfect reward.'

She held out her hands to him as he spoke. Her eyes suffused with tears yet beamed with a light more akin to hope than despair.

'O Charlotte! for my sake, for the sake of all dear to you, believe it shall be as I have told you. I feel as if my life were charmed since you have received my proffered vows.'

'I will believe everything of you—everything of Heaven, that is good and true,' she answered. 'I will believe that the God who hears our prayers will cover your head in the day of battle, and bring you home to us at last crowned with honour.'

He folded her to his breast—oh! how solemnly, how tenderly, how reverentially, kissed her on forehead, cheek, and lip. He did not trust himself to speak another syllable. Fondly, gently, as he might hold a drooping flower, the strong arm of the stalwart soldier resigned the lovely form to mine—a mother's embrace. Another moment, and he had vanished from the room; and this morning he was gone ere peep of day,

(To be continued.)

BALA BELL.

'WHERE are you, Alf?'

'That's exactly what I should like to know; and, faith! I do now—I'm in a bog!'

'Wait a minute and I'll be with you. I'm making a steeple-chase over some of the awkwardest country I ever came across.'

The scene of this short dialogue was, had it only been visible, one of the wildest and most magnificent in North Wales; but, in addition to the obscurity caused by fast approaching night, a thick mountain mist, accompanied by small drizzling rain, rendered it impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. The speakers were two tourists. Not railway-rugged, Murray-guided, fashionable excursionists; but honest, thick-booted trampers, who made nothing of walking thirty or forty miles a-day, and looked upon losing their way on the mountains, and getting wet to the skin, as trifling mischances incidental to the day's pleasure.

'By Jove!' exclaimed the first speaker, as stumbling along he came suddenly upon his friend, seated upon a fragment of rock, coolly lighting his pipe; 'By Jove! Alf, you're perfectly alarming! I took you for the Cyoceraeth.'

'What in the name of all that's unpromisable may that be!'

'It's a she! An ugly blear-eyed old hag, of ex-

trremely unprepossessing appearance, whose peculiarity it is to sit about the mountains shrouded in mist, and scaring unfortunate wanderers, in a manner more becoming to an escaped lunatic than a respectable female. Excuse the comparison I made to yourself.'

'Well, it wasn't over complimentary. But look here, Tom, how are we to find the right track in all this mist!'

'Goodness only knows!'

And for some time the pair proceeded in silence, puffing in a business-like way at their short pipes.

'A light!' they exclaimed simultaneously, as a faint glimmer in the distance caught their eyes; and with renewed energy they set themselves to work to reach the spot from whence it shone. Over rocky uneven ground, across mountain streams, through spongy bogs, they splashed onward towards the light, laughing at each other's misfortunes, and treating all the mishaps with unbroken good humour.

They reached the light at last, and right glad were they to find it shone from the window of an inn.

The pedestrian addressed as 'Alf' quoted Shemstone's well-known lines; and laughingly they entered the porch of the house, shaking off the wet from their coats like Newfoundland dogs.

An hour later, they were seated before a blazing fire, attired in coats of their landlord's, and resting their slippered feet upon the hob; while a table covered with the debris of a substantial repast, showed they had not neglected to fortify themselves for the next day's work. There was, however, a third in the room—a merry-looking, middle-aged man, who had entered into conversation with them.

'Phew! what a wind!' said Alfred to his companion, as a gust came sweeping round the house, threatening to demolish it; and, as it was, beating the smoke down the chimney, and rattling the window-sashes to a deafening extent. 'What a wind! We're more comfortable in here, Tom, than on the top of the Glyder!'

'I should think so. But I wish those windows wouldn't make such a confounded noise.'

'We can soon remedy that,' said the stranger; and he rapidly shaped some pieces of wood into rough wedges, and proceeded to fasten the windows with them. 'There,' continued he, as he completed his task, 'they are as fast as Bala Bell.'

'As fast as *what*, did you say!'

'Bala Bell! It is a common enough saying about here. Have you been to Bala?'

'We were there three days since.'

'Perhaps you heard, then, that a great town is covered by the waters of Bala Lake!'

'No; we heard nothing of it. How did it happen!'

'Well, gentlemen, if you have nothing better to do, I'll tell you the story.' And the companions, having readily signified their wish to hear it, the trio drew closer to the fire, refilled their pipes, placed their tumblers within convenient reach, and then the stranger began:—

'I cannot pretend to mention any date, in connection with the occurrences I am about to relate; it was long,

long ago, or, in the words of fairy tales, "once upon a time." So, once upon a time, when the now submerged town was in its glory, the chief person in it was a mighty Welsh prince. Not one, however, of the fighting sort, but one devoted to agricultural and commercial transactions, and who always had his eye open to a good bargain. He owned the greater part of the country round, and possessed numberless cattle and sheep, and last, though not least, an extremely beautiful daughter, who was as good and amiable as she was lovely. Of course there were many suitors for her hand, for, independent of her own attractions, an alliance with so powerful a person as her father was not to be despised.

'Among the numerous aspirants for her hand there were but two whose proposals the prince, her father, would entertain—Llewellyn and Gwillim. The former, a small prince himself, as handsome and amiable as the lady, but, in a monetary sense, far inferior to the rude uncouth Gwillim. It is almost needless to say that the lady's heart was given to the handsome Llewellyn, and that she cordially hated the ill-favoured suitor. Nevertheless, her father could not make up his mind to give up the broad lands which Gwillim would bring with him if he became his son-in-law; but as he, strange as it may seem, had some affection for his daughter, he determined to wait ere he sacrificed her for gold.

'One day Gwillim, who knew how matters stood, was wandering alone in a sulky and discontented state of mind, and came suddenly upon an old hag gathering herbs.

"Gwillim," said she, "I know what you desire. Take this book," she continued, producing a volume, "and in it you will find instructions to obtain everything you want."

'Gwillim took the book and opened it, but it was filled with strange hieroglyphics which he was unable to decipher.

"I cannot read it, mother," said he.

"Place it under your pillow at night," replied she, "and you will dream of the means by which you can accomplish anything you may desire; but BEWARE OF THE BELL!"

'No doubt Gwillim would have inquired much more of her, had not the old lady prudently cut short the conversation by disappearing.

'It so happened that, the day after Gwillim's interview with the old woman, the prince decided to choose from his daughter's suitors by a novel method. He had two large corn-fields, as nearly as possible the same size, but the corn was greatly injured by birds; and the prince declared that, whichever of the two young men could keep the field most clear from them for one whole day, should have his daughter's hand in marriage.

'Llewellyn made up his mind for a hard day's work. Gwillim went home, placed the magical book beneath his pillow, and when next morning he awoke, his face betrayed much inward satisfaction. What his dreams had been I cannot pretend to say; but they must have been to the purpose, as you will shortly see.

'In the middle of the day appointed for the trial, the prince strolled out to see how the suitors were getting on. It was a burning hot autumn day; and he found Llewellyn, whose field he visited first, well nigh exhausted by the heat and the labour of chasing round and round, to scare the birds. He started for the other field, but had not proceeded far when he saw Gwillim reclining at his ease, under the shade of a large elm tree.

"Ho, ho, Gwillim!" said he, "so you have given up the task!" And he felt glad that his daughter should be pleased with her husband, although he thought

"Given up! Not I," said the uncouth lover. "Not a single bird has touched your corn in that field, for I have imprisoned them in the hut which stands in one corner. Ha, ha! I will come to-morrow and claim your daughter!" And he laughed in harsh, discordant tones.

'The father, far from satisfied, proceeded to the field, and there, sure enough, in a small hut at one corner, were numerous specimens of every species of bird, filling the air with strange chirpings and cawings. Not a single grain of wheat had apparently been touched by them. The prince muttered the Welsh equivalent for "Gracious goodness!" and walked home in a strange compound of good and bad temper—the latter, I fear, predominating.

'There was no help for it! Gwillim had clearly gained the victory, and claimed the hand of the lovely girl as his reward; and not only that, but he insisted the marriage ceremony should be performed the following day. The Prince, on behalf of his daughter, remonstrated; and Gwillim replied, by bidding him thank his stars that there were twenty-four hours granted him for preparation.

'What religion the Welsh gentry professed at this period (viz. once upon a time) I cannot pretend to say; but certain it is that the town possessed some species of church or chapel, which in its turn possessed a bell. Now the day following the corn-field adventure, while Llewellyn was wandering gloomily over the mountains, cursing the fate which had separated him from the object of his affections, Gwillim, bravely attired, was leading the unwilling bride to the edifice where the marriage ceremony was to be performed. The bell, in honour of the occasion, struck up as near an approach to a merry peal as was consistent with its solitary state.

Gwillim felt uncomfortable.

The bell sounded louder and louder; and the would-be bridegroom became more and more uncomfortable, till suddenly he stopped, unable to proceed a step.

"Beware of the bell!" the old woman who gave him the mysterious book had said, and the words had to him a terrible significance. The whole bridal procession crowded round him, and besought an explanation, but not a word could he speak.

'While yet the bell rang out, and he stood motionless, a breathless messenger hurried to the prince, with tidings that an enormous number of birds, coming apparently from a small hut, had entirely devastated the corn-field which it had been Gwillim's care, the previous day, to guard.

'The Welsh gentry of those days were of a fiery and choleric disposition; and the prince swore a huge oath, and declared that the conjuror should not wed his daughter.

'The bell was stopped, and Gwillim recovered speech and power. He swore, he threatened, he entreated; but all in vain, for the prince would have no wedding—at all events, that day; and Gwillim returned home as ill-tempered a bachelor as one would wish to see.

The bell, he knew, was the reason of his discomfiture; and he placed the magic book beneath his pillow that night, to learn the surest way to silence it; but his dreams would not assist him. He tried again and again, but without effect; and then he determined to remove it the best way he could, without magical assistance.

'At midnight he stole forth, and cautiously mounted the roof of the building which it guarded. It was but a small bell; but it resisted all his efforts to move it, for it was firm as a rock. He found a piece of iron, which he used as a lever. The bell did not move, but its clapper did, and sent forth a loud *dong!* The iron

senseless from the roof to the ground. This effectually put a stop for some time to his trickeries; but as from day to day news came to him of Llewellyn being always with his lady-love, his hatred of the bell which had prevented his marriage was considerably augmented; and he determined, as soon as possible, to make another attempt to silence it, but in a different way.

'He walked into a quiet valley, where he gathered a quantity of the driest brushwood he could find; which, one dark night, he conveyed surreptitiously to the bell-defended edifice.

'He piled it up beneath the small turret which contained the obnoxious piece of metal, and then set light to it. With a fiendish laugh he watched the flames mount to it; they reached it; they burned a piece of cord which fastened the clapper, and then again it clanged forth. Simultaneously with the sound a heavy beam, loosened by the fire, fell upon Gwillim, crushing his legs, and detaining him prisoner. Those living near, roused by his cries, came to his assistance, and speedily extinguished the fire; but the incendiary was maimed for life. They carried him to his house, where for many days he lay insensible. When he recovered, the first news he heard was that the following day the prince's daughter would bestow her hand upon his rival, Llewellyn. If he did not make use of terrible language, it was only because he was too weak to speak; nevertheless, he had strength enough to act.

'With a diabolical grin that night, he laid the magic book beneath his pillow, muttering to himself "Water will do it—water will do it!"

'Any one watching Gwillim the next morning would have thought him an escaped lunatic. He was upon the roof of his house, making as many contortions as an "India-rubber brother," and mumbling strange words to himself. His house was upon a slight elevation, and ever and anon he paused and looked around him anxiously. It was a lovely bright spring morning; the mountains capped with snow glittered brightly in the sun, the birds chirruped and sang, and the streamlets laughed and chattered over their stony beds. Llewellyn was a happy man that morning.

'Gwillim saw him from his elevated position going to the bride's residence, and he grinned and renewed his contortions with increased vehemence.

'A great moving mass appears in the distance, and Gwillim rubs his hands and chuckles. It draws nearer. The morning sun shines upon it and it glitters. It is a huge wave! Nearer and nearer it advances, and Gwillim laughs aloud at the success of his conjurations. But the laugh changes to a shriek of despair, for he sees that he, too, will be engulfed. A dull heavy roar proclaims the approach of the waters. Dismayed, the bridal party rush into the street. But it is too late; and, in a few moments, they are covered by the advancing wave. It flows on over castle and hovel alike, but Gwillim is not at his post to see it. He is madly searching his book for words to stay the advancing tide; but all in it is unintelligible. He casts himself upon his bed, to try to sleep in the few moments still left him; but all in vain. He hears the roar of the water beneath his window; and in another moment, with one wild shriek and a mad buffet with the waves, he is buried beneath the surging lake.

'At his death the waves ceased flowing, and an hour afterwards a calm, placid lake—such as you saw it three days ago, gentlemen—occupied the place of the town. That is the story of Bala Bell.'

'Thank you,' said the weary pedestrians, yawning and knocking the ashes out of their pipes. 'Thank you. The story is open to criticism; but we are much obliged to you for it; and now I think we'll go to bed. Good night.'

WARNER STERNE.

HAME TO DEE.

MITHR! I kent ye'd let me lay
My head upon your breast
A wee while, till your errin' bairn
Found in the kirkyard rest.

I feel your tears upon my cheek—
Your arms are thrown roon' me;
I come, like a puir wounded doo,
Back to my hame to dee.

Forgie me, mither, a' the shame
That I hae brocht on thee;
Forgie me, for the sake o' Him
Wha pitied such as me!

The lasses, that were ance my friends,
Now turn their heads awa;
And jeerin' words, and looks o' scorn,
On the puir sinner fa'.

I ken 'tis just that I should bide
The punishment o' sin;
But, mither! mither! my sair heart
Is breakin' fast within.

Oh! it has been a fearful curse
The beauty o' my face!
Wad I had died ere his saft words
Fand in my heart a place!

Dear mither! dinna stroke awa
The hair frae aff my brow—
That fondlin' touch I ance sae lo'ed,
I canna thole it now.

For, mither! he has stroked it too,
Praisin' each gowden band;
And your voice sounds like his to me—
I seem to feel his hand.

Though shameful' was the troth he kept,
My love will ne'er depart—
I could kneel down, and gie to him
The life-bluid o' my heart.

He wou'd me wi' his winnin' words—
(Oh! I was sair to blame!)

For, lovin' him wi' a' my strength,
I thoct his love the same.
And, trustin' him, I left my hame—
For oh! I lo'ed him sae!

'Twas sin—'twas sin; but, chide me not—
My punishment's fu' wae.
I'm deen', mither! Dinna greet—
Christ hath my sins forgien;

I've read the words, sae sweet, wi' which
He bless'd the Magdalene.
And ye've forgien me too, mither!
In your fond arms I'll dee—

Prayin' for him whom I still love,
Though he hath wrang'd me.
Oh! maybe when, on Sabbath morn,
The bells hae ceased to peal,

My young friends winna shame, sometimes,
On Katy's grave to kneel.
But only stars will watch, mither!
Where Katy lies asleep;

And only angels see the grief
Wi' which his heart will weep.
Now lay me down, my ain dear one!
Death's damps are on my brow.

'Arise! your sins are all forgien!'

Christ calleth to me now!

M. M. J.S.

* * The right of translation reserved by the Authors. Contributions addressed to the Editor will receive attention; but, as a general rule, he cannot undertake to return MSS. considered unsuitable.
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[PRICE 1d.

LEAVES FROM THE CARDIPHONIA OF A MARRIED LADY.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

December 2, 1864.

THIS winter has been a very dreary one in respect of weather; and the accounts from the seat of war are most discouraging. Awful sufferings in the trench and on the tented field, and frightful news of disaster by sea and land, fill the public journals. We should all be wofully cast down, seeing that not only Louis, but our bright young cousin, Charles Beaumont, is out in that frightful Crimea, were it not for the letters that are so constantly coming and going; and tending, as nothing else could do, to revive our oft-sinking spirits.

What is love's dearest boon in absence?—A letter. The heart leaps to meet it—to have, to hold, to embrace it—as the hand of a friend stretches out, in trembling eagerness, to grasp the hand of its fellow. Long desired, long looked for, come at last! We seize it with passionate eagerness; we scarce notice the superscription, for we know whence it comes. We would finger it delicately, reverentially, as affection prompts; but somehow we cannot. We tear it open in haste unholy. In our impatience to rifle the contents, the words dance before our eyes, running zig-zag over the paper in preposterous confusion. Half blind, through the mist of rising emotion, we grope after the tidings with suspended breath. We devour every syllable—reading and re-reading, first, particular passages, then the whole, in regular order, from the beginning. We banquet on every sentence that tells of good health, and pleasant prospects, and kind recollections. And not till, having conned it over and over, we have literally got the entire letter by heart, do we fold it up tenderly in its pristine form, study the exterior, and ponder every circumstance of its date and composition. Then at length, pressing it perchance to our lips, we lay it away carefully in our bosom. It is a hallowed treasure; we would not part with it for gold. And surely, if ever epistles drew out the souls of the recipients in ardent longing after the absent and the dear, they are those that are now arriving to us and others from the far Crimea.

Every letter which Charlotte receives from her lover is like an oasis in the waste, or rather like the wood-note of a bird on the tree-top, calling to her to look up through the darkening clouds to the smiling rainbow. Most of these are the soldier's missives, written by fits and starts in the pauses of active duty. Occasionally comes a packet of several well-covered sheets, brimful of strange episodes, anecdote, and adventure—the warm romance of youth dealing

with the realities of a new and exciting career. But always and through all, the charming elasticity of the gallant heart runs clearly along, like an electric current, flashing scintillations of joyous promise for the future years. And so, by the potent magnetism of one spirit upon another, Charlotte maintains her courage bravely, and by constant activity in duty keeps the Gorgon of melancholy pretty much at bay.

January 9, 1865.

'She is singing like a bird
In its leafy bower,
For her inmost heart is stirred
By affection's power;
By that passion-warded scroll,
From beyond the sea,
Gladness on her glowing soul
Gleams tumultuously.'

Early to-day Charlotte set off on an errand of charity, accompanied by Rachel carrying a well-stored basket. Their destination was a cottage some three miles off, where lives a poor widow, whose two sons are at the war. But though the wind cut sharply and the rain clouds lowered, I knew well there was a glow in the innermost chamber of Charlotte's heart, that not all the snows of Siberia could have chilled. There was a

'Passion-warded scroll, from beyond the sea,'

received this morning, and then lying close-nested in her bosom, which, like an invisible talisman, bore her up as on eagle's wings. Ah! how curious is the mental mechanism at all times, how incomprehensible when subjected to the subtle domain of love! What despotism and yet what fascination is in his mastery! In his hand we are all like feathers in the wind, tossed hither and thither—now soaring full in the sunshine, now falling weak and ruffled to earth.

Charlotte had pointed out to me one little passage in that letter which had taken special hold on her mind. It ran thus:—

'Give no credit, I beseech of you, to the thousand rumours afloat about the army. Believe what I write to you, and nothing more. As long as I wear your colours in my heart—as long as you hold your troth to me (and that is now and always till we die!)—my life is charmed; and your fingers hold the invisible chain by which in due time I shall be guided once more safely to your side. *Remember this, and never despond.*' Charlotte did seem to remember it with her whole heart. And having performed her little mission of love with a will, she is now returned, and has just been giving me a short account of it. Here I quote her own words:—

'Arrived at the cottage, our summons was answered by a small child, who, on catching sight of me, instantly fled, leaving the door wide open, and crying out, "Here is the lady come again!" We passed into the single apartment, where we found no one but the

child standing by the side of a bed, and looking round scared and doubtful at the visitors.

"Hannah very ill," was the only reply I could get to my inquiries; "mother away for the doctor." I approached the sufferer (who lay moaning, with eyes closed), and sat down by the humble couch. Everything bespoke scanty means, but cleanliness and order.

"Is there nobody about the house but you?" to the child.

"No," with a suspicious stare.

I motioned to Rachel, who began unpacking the basket, spreading the contents on the table. Taking the sufferer's hand in mine, I perceived that it burned, while her cheek glowed crimson. Her eyes opened; but instantly closed, evidently from a leaden burden which hung upon the forehead.

"My head! my head!" wailed a feeble voice. "I shall die! I shall die!" I threw my arm round the poor patient, raised her gently in bed, and was standing thus supporting her, and saying a few soothing words, when the latch was slowly lifted, and Mrs. Richards appeared. The widow's face was very pale, and she sank wearily into a chair.

"The surgeon," she said, "was coming shortly." Hereupon Rachel, rightly interpreting my glance, hastened to tender her a sip of wine. This revived her; but the delicate frame was evidently exhausted, and it was some minutes ere she recognised me, and could speak her thanks. O mamma! how could I help being greatly moved? I scarce knew which to pity most—the wan mother fighting with her broken health, or the flushed daughter prostrated in her sore sickness. Resolving to remain at the cottage till the doctor came, and attend myself on the invalids, I sent Rachel on to the town on other business, bidding her call as she returned.

Here I broke in—"This was scarce prudent of you, my dear, considering the risk of contagion."

She smiled.

"I never thought of it. But how could I have left them in that dreary way? I chafed Hannah's temples with the aromatic essence I had brought, settled her pillows about her, and smoothed her hot hands with my own cool ones; then I administered some of the dainty nourishment to the faded appetite of the widow. And so one hour, two hours, went by, and then Rachael came once more; but no doctor. The day was now far spent, and we were about to go, when, at the door of the cottage, we met the surgeon. I waited to learn his opinion of the girl. He approached the bed, fixed one scrutinising look on Hannah's face, examined her arms, her neck, her pulse, then turned quietly away. He followed me into the porch, and walked a few yards with us along the road.

"She is very ill," he said at length. "You had best not come again. No one need come [looking round at Rachael who was behind us]. I will take care of her myself."

I perceived the case was a serious one, and made no comment. We hurried homewards, while he re-

turned to the cottage. And now," said Charlotte, in conclusion, "I suppose the poor thing has got fever, and the doctor dreaded infection; but I have no fears, and I am glad that I went. So dear, dear mamma, put away that anxious face, and let me read Louis's letter once more."

So saying she drew it out from her bosom.

I did put away my anxious face, and talked about a variety of other things till George arrived; and the rest of the children being summoned, the urn steamed and hissed on the tea-table, and we all sat laughing and talking round the blazing fire. But, somehow or other, I shall not feel quite right for a few days after this little incident; and will watch very assiduously to see how my darling goes on.

February 2.

My heart is sick and sore. I can scarce hold the pen while I write the words. A chamber is darkened in the house, where one lies on a bed with throbbing brow, parched lips, and dull dazed vision. The contagion has done its work. Day by day the maledy (Dr. Armstrong has named it; but I cannot—the most dreadful scourge of humanity!) has wrought sorer, deeper, into the fair frame. Day by day the baneful agency has insinuated the subtle poison into the pure young blood. Day by day our terror-stricken household has watched, and wept, and prayed, and agonised, in presence of the appalling foe. Three weeks of delirious pain—three weeks of total blindness to the sufferer! Three weeks! Nay; rather an interminable age, we might call it, of anguished suspense to the bewildered family! Merciful Heaven! hast thou decreed that death is in this cup? Must the beloved daughter—sister—cherished of all, be thus snatched hence, in the pride of her youth, health, and beauty? Or—oh horror!—will life be spared, only to show the perpetual wreck which disease has made? Will she pass through the fiery ordeal, only to emerge to hopeless deformity? Will she go down to the tomb with the memory of her matchless loveliness still green and fresh in the hearts that loved her? Or will that loveliness find a living grave in the marred and blasted features? O Charlotte! Charlotte! would that I could suffer, or, if need were, that I could die for thee!

February 21.

The crisis has come and gone. The mystic angel seemed to hover awhile irresolute over our sufferer's couch, then plumed his ebony wing, and passed away. And how did he leave his victim? Ah me! my spirit sinks—my eyes run over as I record the bitter truth. Life has indeed been spared, and sight restored; and for these we praise the heavenly mercy. Yet, alas! alas! she whose beauty was once a very proverb in the mouths of all who beheld her, has at length risen from her bed of pain a worn and pitiable spectacle; in form languid and wasted; in countenance seamed and scarred and blighted for evermore! Once, only once, did the stricken dear steal a glance, quickly, fearfully, at the tell-tale mirror. Would she had refrained! 'My own spectre,' she says despairingly,

'has haunted me from that hour. Whither, whither, to escape the hated presence?'

The earliest germs of spring begin to bud on the hedgerows. The sky shows calm and blue; the sunshine glistens on crocus, and snowdrop, and sweet-scented violet. My darling will not look upon the sweet face of nature. She refuses to be comforted, and I can but look upon *her*, and weep!

'Oh! still let me hold vigil,' she cries, 'in my darkened room! Bring me not again into the pure light of day—it is a misery and a mockery. Not for myself alone do I grieve, but for another, to whom never, never more can I be dear—as I have been! Hide me, hide me, from myself and all the world!'

March 13.

George and I have been talking over our calamity this morning; and agree, to our unspeakable comfort, that, now she has had leisure to face it in its full extent, our sweet girl is beginning to exhibit a greatness of mind which we could scarce have expected in one so young, under such sore and peculiar trial. She is now not simply resigned—she is even contented; and I must say there is something to our hearts very noble and affecting in the mastery she has at last gained over that spirit of murmuring and revolt, which it would have been unnatural not to have exhibited at the first shock. There is one thing to which Charlotte has entirely made up her mind, and this is, to consider her engagement to Louis as now and henceforward wholly at an end.

'I would not do him the injustice,' she says, 'to suppose that matters can ever be the same between us as they were and might have been.' No; I can never wed him, and I will never wed another. There is but one way left—I must never see him more.'

There is a strange heroism about this resolution of our daughter's, at which, while I wonder and admire, I dare not gainsay it. She bears herself so sublimely beneath the utter crushing and ruin of her hopes, that I fear the mood cannot last. What if the fiery ordeal through which she has past be purifying only to consume? I am thankful, yet bewildered.

Memo.—As an indication of the increased depth of earnestness which the late melancholy experience has wrought upon her soul, I may instance the verses which Charlotte slipped into my hand the other evening, ere retiring to rest. I had given her the box with Mrs. Falconer's (or rather Mrs. Grey's) MSS. to look over, rightly judging that she would take some interest in the perusal of the various pieces. The one she selected as her favourite is of a very grave cast. And when I read it to George, he gave me a significant look, but made no further comment. Here are the stanzas:—

To rise each morn'g with heart resolved
To work for God the livelong day,
As though in duty's path well trod
Our all of peace and safety lay;
And yet each night, abased, to fall
Before the perfect Presence low,
And owning our best deeds unclean,
Our only hope on mercy throw:
This is to enter the strait gate,
To find the sure and narrow road,
And with the small devoted band
Fight the good fight approved of God.

To start afresh from day to day

On some new pleasure's fevered chase,
And to each conscience whisper say—
Or thought of graver mood—Give place,
Give place all high and holy themes
That stir the soul with earnest power,
Give place to glittering gauds of sense—
The toys that gild a present hour!
This is to join the faithless throng,
The broad highway who nimbly tread—
Who play the game of folly well,
And choose earth's husks for heaven's own bread.

In lonely vigil last midnight,

In reason's equal balance laid,
All highest joys and gains of time
Against the eternal hope I weigh'd:
And oh! how utter light and vain
Aloft the worldling's portion flew,
While down in ponderous splendour came
Heaven's golden freightage tried and true!
This life is brief—the next for ever:
Here is the school where tasks are done,
Play truant now—the prize is lost!
The lesson learn—the crown is won!

Will there be any re-action upon the effort of her generous self-sacrifice? Or will the solemn mental calm superinduced by it remain? We cannot tell.

October 20, 1855.

Letters to-day from the Crimea. Brave men have been fighting their country's battles, and making their country victorious with the price of their best blood. Three days ago the Fort of Kinburn was captured. Charles Beaumont writes, that our own devoted Louis, through dauntless personal exposure to the fire of musketry and cannonade in the late encounter, had received a shock which, though it paralysed him for a time, has yet left him sound of limb and vigorous of spirit as ever. And a short hurried billet from his own hand to Charlotte herself, informs her that he is about to return to England immediately, with apparently increased enthusiasm for the noble profession to which he belongs; this news has thrown our poor dear girl into strong nervous excitement. She seems to have calculated on a much longer exemption from the crowning climax of her trial. Or rather, perhaps, she had not fully realised its coming at all. At any rate, as it is now certain that her lover may surprise us at any moment, Charlotte has betaken herself to her old seclusion, starting at every sound, and dreading the very presence which her heart must yet crave.

Sometimes I try to flatter myself that when Louis sees her (as to see her he will, without doubt, be resolved, and admit no denial of her engagement), he may not be so shocked by the outward change as she imagines. Her eyes have still their full pristine splendour; her hair, of the angel gold, is still redundant in its flow; while her voice, always sweet, has gained considerably in depth and melody. But, mayhap, I deceive myself, as I observe many do turn away with a sorrowful sigh as often as they glance at the marred face and the altered mien.

November 1.

It is as I feared. Our poor Charlotte is restless and disturbed by the least breath that catches her ear. She has asked me sadly whether Louis is aware of the rain her sickness has wrought upon her outward appearance; and I have told her he was long ago apprised of her illness, but he knows not as yet the cruel consequences that followed. 'I cannot bear to write to him all the horrible truth,' she murmurs despondingly, 'so he will come expecting'—Then she pauses, and the woful cry ever and anon

breaks forth—'Oh! hide me, hide me from his loving gaze (alas! not loving now, but loathing)! I am not worthy to bear his honoured name. Tell him I am lost—I am dead—I am his no more!'

November 7.

What a scene I have got to record! What a wonderful, pathetic, unlooked for deliverance has been vouchsafed to Charlotte from all her fears! What a mysterious fitting of events, the one into the other! Let me compose my spirits to chronicle this strange episode of our home history, calmly and in order.

Yesterday morning, without any more special warning than just the general one we received some little time ago, the rattling of wheels along the quiet road, and a quick summons at the green gate, announced an arrival. Was it, indeed, our soldier, our hero, our beloved, our long absent one returned once more? It was, and 'compared by his faithful friend and comrade in arms, our cousin Charles Beaumont! Curiously enough, saving the domestics, none of the family was about the house but my first born and myself. We were sitting in the blue room (where my darling was born)—a parlour now, and commanding a full view of the front garden and the broad entrance steps up to the house. Simultaneously we divined who the visitors must be.

'O Charlotte!' I whispered her earnestly, and taking hold of her hands with both of my own; 'he is here. Nerve yourself to meet him; as meet him you must, or soon or late.'

I was so agitated myself that I could not follow the simple dictate of my heart—to fly down to welcome him. Charlotte, breaking suddenly from me, flew to the window; and, hastily withdrawing the loose white screen, looked out—a pale, dejected, *disfigured* face, peeping timidly, nervously, wistfully—if so she might catch one stealthy glimpse, the last, the very last she might ever have, of her long-lost lover! She sees him—herself unseen! There is a smothered cry of agony; her heart bounds, flutters, and faints. His step is in the hall. He is ascending the staircase. He is coming to meet her—to claim her as his betrothed bride—his own henceforth and evermore!

'Oh! whither to go from his astonished gaze. Hide me, hide me in the grave rather than let him behold me thus!' His foot is on the threshold—she has not the power to stir—I withdraw into an obscure nook of the apartment, where, unseen, I may yet see all. In silent despair, Charlotte wraps her in the ample folds of her snow-white veil. Her luxuriant tresses, bursting their bonds under her fervid anguish, fall round her shoulders in a gleaming auburn shower. He walks straight into the well-remembered chamber—straight up to her old accustomed seat in the case-moment recess. Her agitation is intense. She huddles herself up into a corner like a guilty thing, covering her face with her hands. He stands rivetted before her.

'O Louis! best beloved!' she breaks forth with the deep energy of her hopeless misery, 'I am changed—changed—since we last met. Look not on me to spurn and abhor me. But oh! leave me, forget me, think me lost—think me dead!'

Every pulse in the strong man's face quivered as she spoke. The truth seemed to flash upon his brain like lightning.

'Charlotte! Charlotte! look up, my love! my life! Alas! I can never see you more. I too am changed. The shock of the cannonade which spared me life and limb yet wrought strange work upon me. O Charlotte! I am in darkness! I am blind.'

He stretched out his arms to her. She leaped from her seat, like one electrified. She dashed aside her

veil. She threw herself upon his breast. She rained tears and kisses on his manly cheek. She called upon Heaven to bless him a thousand and a thousand times. She was delirious in her excess of tenderness and pity. Her countenance, indeed, was marred—the outward loveliness gone from it for aye. But the mind, the heart, the soul, the inward inviolable essence—how did *that* shine forth now with resplendent and ineffable glory!

The young soldier knelt beside her. He mingled his weeping and caresses with hers. 'The same—the same!' he whispered earnestly. 'Nay; better far than before! Dearest and more beautiful to me than ever! I murmur not for sightless eyes, since they have brought me such overflows of my darling's truth and compassion! Father! we thank Thee, who, in taking what Thou wilt, has yet left us all that makes life most precious!' They bowed their heads reverently as he spoke; and the angel who ministers to those mortals who, though sorely stricken, can yet gratefully rejoice, shed over their spirits a holy peace, to rest and abide with them for ever!

What a relief it was to me to steal, unnoticed, from the chamber—to weep, and ponder, and adore in secret!

January 8, 1856.

This morning saw our Charlotte and her young soldier united in the solemn bond. It was a grave but not a sorrowful wedding. No show or glitter attended it. We felt it was a union of hearts. There was a quiet satisfaction on George's face, as he gave away the bride, that had something strangely elevated about it. Her brothers and sisters looked on with their hilarity excellently tempered in harmony with the occasion. When the marriage party retired from church, it was observed that Charlotte, taking her handsome husband by the hand, led him slowly and tenderly along, as simply—I had almost said as sublimely—as one child might lead another in the affecting trustfulness of love. Surely it was a wedding not lightly to be witnessed or soon forgotten! As for myself, I must confess to having been so impressed by the whole details, that I have founded a pretty long ballad on the whole details of the story. When I read it to George, he exclaimed—

'Ah, Kate! that metrical tale of yours reminds me of nothing so much as the old rhyme of "Chevy Chase." I laughed. Yet believing that it is in the length only of the ditty that he means the similitude to apply, I am not greatly flattered by the comparison. Be it good or bad, however, my poor ballad has at least the merit of truthfulness, and these are the concluding verses of it:—

Reader! if e'er in pictured hall,
Or wandering forth in summer meads,
A noble form should meet thine eye,
A veiled lady fondly leads,—

Let sweet compassion, fitly blent
With reverence, fill thy glowing mind,
For her whose beauty waned so soon,
And him his country's cause made blind!

The youthful pair are gone from our roof; and have made their new home at the Grove. But mon capitaine (who is Major now, by-the-by, and not by purchase), though blind in a physical sense, is all eye and ear, mentally and morally, for the good, the beautiful, and the true. So, while he feels the retirement of the country to be always soothing and grateful, he is no churlish spirit to shun society and

the abodes of his fellow-men. Rather, he seeks to vary existence by occasional snatches of foreign travel, and exalted converse with the wise and intelligent of many countries. And go where they will, I know they are happy.

Here end the Leaves of the Married Lady's Cardiphonia. And let me say at the close, as I said at the beginning, Mrs. Weston is a sweet simple character, whom I seem to have known all my life, though our acquaintance dates but two years back. Mr. Weston continues a respected and flourishing lawyer, and they still live in the house with the pretty garden and green gate. The last time I went to visit my friend was on a lovely summer day. An old lady, of a most charming benevolence of aspect, was seated on a rustic chair near the porch, holding in her lap something long and soft and dainty and white. As soon as she saw me she rose to give me welcome. Aunt Aubrey, of course, I knew her on the instant.

'Katherine—I mean Mrs. Weston—will be here presently. This is her little grandson—Charlotte's baby.'

She lifted the handkerchief from the tiny face as she spoke. I peered with real interest into the small physiognomy—fearing I scarce knew what. The boy opened his eyes. They were large, lustrous, and of a fine hazel.

'What is the child's name?'

'Stephen Grey.'

THE END.

LINES BY A MOTHER ON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN.

She came in the bright summer time,
When leafy June was in its prime,
And skies rang with a joyous chime—
My baby!

My joy found vent in showers of rain:
In tears that loosen'd heart and brain:
Sweet tears, that went and came again—
My baby!

I clasp'd the wee thing to my breast,
I kiss'd it in its cosy nest,
And connd't with eyes that could not rest—
My baby!

I felt a gushing tenderness:
A rapture words can ne'er express:
A mother's first fond consciousness—
My baby!

O hallow'd name! to which there clings
A halo caught from angels' wings,
Which o'er the world a glory flings—
My baby!

Tinged with the hues of hopes and fears,
Commingling past with coming years,
And kindling smiles half dimm'd by tears—
My baby!

That name was mine. I, too, must share
A mother's joy, a mother's care;
I could but breathe a mother's prayer—
My baby!

Grant me, O God! a will resign'd—
A thankful heart—a thoughtful mind!
Lead me, O God! for I am blind—
My baby!

O Thou, good Shepherd of the sheep!
My little lambkin guard and keep,
Both when awake and when asleep—
My baby!

M. FULTON.

THE PHANTOM PUNT; OR, THE HOWL OF GUILT.

A TALE OF VIRTUE AND VILLANY, TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,
DESPAIR AND DEATH.

BOOK SECOND.—PART FIRST.

CHIPPS' NARRATIVE (Continued).

'He was paring his toe nails, I say.

'He looked up and quivered.

'Quivered!

'I seized him by the foot.'

At this part, the manuscript of old Chipps becomes quite unintelligible; otherwise it is probable the reader would have had a key to the story.

The joint author, who has been carrying on the story for the last four chapters, begs respectfully to inform his numerous readers that, in consequence of a dispute with his two collaborateurs, these gentlemen (if such they may be called) withdrew their services from the story, and likewise the two most prominent characters, Duferny and Vavazour [the escaped convicts being their joint creation].

The present writer, far from willing to obtrude his private grievances before the public, nevertheless deems it incumbent upon him to explain the nature of the difference which caused the dissolution of partnership—which he will do, to any person anxious to know, on a note being left at the office of this journal, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street, London (enclosing a pound's worth of postage-stamps, as a guarantee of good faith).

The two gentlemen who have withdrawn, have intimated to the present writer, through their lawyers, that he (the present writer) will be pursued with the utmost rigour of the law, in the event of the two convicts being again introduced into the story. Further, he has been given to understand, through a private friend, that they intend to use the convicts for another Sensation Story, on which they are at present engaged. The present writer despises alike their threats and themselves; and, to prove it, he will bring the two convicts to the fate which they so richly deserve, in

CHAPTER IX.

Let us return to Duferny and Vavazour, the escaped convicts.

We are again in front of Newgate. It is three minutes to eight o'clock. As Saint Sepulchre's Church tolls the hour of eight, two men walk out. They are Duferny and Vavazour, the escaped convicts, whose participation in the death of Old Chipps has been brought home to them.

They are thrown off.

Observe the contortions of the miserable wretches.

They are dead, and the bell has ceased tolling. Their ghosts are daily to be seen from ten till four (Sunday excepted), walking arm-in-arm down Botolph-lane, Eastcheap. At four o'clock precisely they embark on board a phantom punt, which is moored opposite Irongate Wharf, and with a howl of guilt they draw their repeaters from their pockets, exclaiming 'Bless my soul! it's four o'clock. Give us a shake of your fist, old boy! Should auld acquaintance be forgot? Certainly not; why should it?' And waltzing

twice round the punt, to the air of 'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can never be,' they disappear in the mist, and are seen no more till next day (provided it is not Sunday), at ten o'clock precisely, in Botolph-lane.

The Marquis of Pennywhistle and Miss Chipps got married, and started a sewing-machine in a genteel locality, where the rents are moderate and the air salubrious.

As for Chipps himself, we cannot do better than wind up the tale with him, and the words of the immortal bard Shakspeare—

'After life's froful fuss, he snores sound.'

WATER—ITS ELEMENTS AND PROPERTIES.

'See dying vegetables life sustain;
See life dissolving vegetable again'

I SHALL here briefly notice the process whereby vegetables absorb the carbon of carbonic acid; and, setting free the oxygen, thus maintain the vital equilibrium between the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Water and carbonic acid are bosom friends, and have a great affinity for other; the latter, although a gaseous body, is so heavy that it can be poured from one vessel to another, and being considerably weightier than common air, as a natural consequence it will hover downwards, and lodge in low-lying ill-ventilated localities, unless carried away by the wind and mingled with the atmosphere of the surrounding country, when a portion is borne by the rain or moisture to the soil, and, as before mentioned, acts as a solvent on those substances which are the food of plants, these being insoluble in water but soluble in water and carbonic acid. It is pretty certain, however, that plants assimilate but a very small portion of carbon by their roots, only the mineral constituents being retained, and the carbonic acid exuded back into the soil. This operation is taken advantage of by landowners (probably some are not aware of it) who plant trees on thin light soil, in order that carbonic acid may be diffused through it to dissolve its fertilising constituents, and prepare it for yielding more valuable crops. It is through the medium of their leaves that the vegetable races absorb their vast stores of carbon, and in this respect every tree is indeed a tree of life; and as plants are said to die, or at least to become dormant, in winter, it is natural to infer that the proportion of carbonic acid in the atmosphere during winter must be greater than in summer; and as it is during the latter season that plants add to their bulk, it is further evident that the light of the sun—whatever its composition may be—is the re-agent which nature employs to separate the carbon and oxygen, precipitating the former into the reticulated groves, microscopic forests, and bushy miniature ravines, which compose almost every form of leaf, where it is transformed into stems, branches, and trunks, and all the numberless and beautiful forms in which these children of the sun appear.

We have seen several explanations of the decomposition of carbonic acid by plants; but none are entirely satisfactory, and must fail to be so until, like every other decomposing process, it is reduced to a formula, which is not likely to be soon accomplished, as all the efforts of chemists, aided by heat and electricity, to decompose carbonic acid, have hitherto proved abortive. The oxygen thus set free, with its youth renewed, again enters the arena of nature, to form similar alliances; and thus the circuit is performed, and the atmosphere

maintained in a state of purity. This is one of the simplest and most beautiful of the primary laws which govern matter; and, in contemplating it, we are astounded at the infinitude of the wisdom which conceived and the power which mercifully controls it; and the little stock of imperfect knowledge we possess seems, in comparison, like the glowworm's lamp to the blazing sun.

The necessity of oxygen to support animal life, and the deadly nature of carbonic acid, are often fearfully exhibited in the fire-damp explosions of coal-pits. Fire-damp is composed of hydrogen and carbon, and is very similar to common coal gas. A perfect explosion of it exhausts ten times its volume of air. So that those unfortunate men who may have escaped being scorched to death at the instant of the explosion, are almost certain to be suffocated afterwards, by the 'after-damp.' This after-damp is death-dealing carbonic acid, and is a product of the explosion. For illustration, suppose an apartment filled with fire-damp and atmospheric air; and, further, an individual approaching with a light—we may reckon him a poor miner, going to his dreary toil through some dark avenue of a deep coal-working. The hitherto faithful flickering lamp that is dangling on his brow, and which has often befriended him amid the sepulchral blackness in which he labours, has been transformed into a death's-head; and that which formerly lighted him to his toil is now lighting him to his tomb; for in another moment the tiny flame has communicated to those fierce and free elements its dreadful charm; and, with a dull thundering boom and a blue flash of terrible fire, shaking the scooped arches of the grim dungeon, they combine—and woe to him within their reach!

The scientific explanation of a fire-damp explosion is as follows:—The application of a light causes the hydrogen of the fire-damp to unite with the oxygen of the air, producing water; and the carbon also to combine with the oxygen of the air, resulting in carbonic acid. For example, $C_2H_4O_2 = 2CO_2$ and $2HO$. Thus the entire oxygen is absorbed in these two products; and the area previously occupied by the unignited gases filled with carbonic acid and nitrogen.

We will now proceed to the consideration of the other elementary constituent of water, viz.

HYDROGEN.

This substance, like oxygen, is a permanently elastic gas, colourless, tasteless, and inodorous. It is not, however, a supporter of combustion, but is itself a combustible, producing a blue feeble light, but intense heat. A stream of oxygen sent from the blow-pipe into a jet of ignited hydrogen constitutes the oxy-hydrogen flame, which may be said to emit the maximum amount of heat available for scientific purposes. Hydrogen is the lightest of all the elements, being eight times lighter than oxygen, and fourteen times lighter than nitrogen. It is present in all inflammable material, such as alcohol, ether, coal-gas, paraffine, petroleum, turpentine, resins, oils, and fats; also in wood, starch, gum, sugar, &c. In short, it is largely diffused, chemically and mechanically, throughout solids, liquids, and gases; and the universality of its presence may be adduced from the fact of its being an element of water. It is never found, like oxygen, free in nature, but is always in combination, breathing at times the most delicious fragrance and the most offensive effluvia. It is present in lemon, cinnamon, lavender, caraway, coriander, peppermint, cloves, camphor, nutmeg, camomile, thyme, bergamot, sweet-bay, beanblossom, &c. In these it is in combination with oxygen and carbon. And again we find it in mustard, ginger, garlic, &c. combined with the above, and also with nitrogen and sulphur, which impart to these their acid and pungent odour. And as we advance, its

compounds are found becoming offensive, until it reaches its climax in sulphuretted hydrogen (HS). We shall not enter into the compounds of hydrogen as with those of oxygen, but will proceed to consider its bearings and affinities with oxygen in water. Before doing so, however, we may observe that although isolated hydrogen be capable of ignition, and absolutely free from smoke during combustion, as yet, it possesses little or no value for commercial purposes. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that, when our vast magazines of coal are exhausted (and, according to Sir Wm. Armstrong's statement, the British coal-fields will be wrought out in about 200 years), hydrogen shall become the inexhaustible agent of light and heat, and our rivers and lakes—not mentioning the ocean—the prolific sources of an endless supply; with this consideration in favour of hydrogen, that its combustion produces water. Thus, it is no sooner ignited than it returns to its former condition, and may be again decomposed for ignition; and so on to the end of time. The great and indeed only difficulty to be surmounted in order to effect this, is the discovery of a cheap process for decomposing water, in order that the hydrogen may be isolated. Sir William Armstrong, in his opening speech to the British Association at Newcastle, says, in reference to this subject:—'Where are we to find materials so economical for this purpose [the production of motive power] as the coal we derive from the earth, and the oxygen we obtain from the air. The latter costs absolutely nothing; and every lb. of coal which, in the act of combustion, enters into chemical combination, renders more than two and a-half lbs. of oxygen available for power.' 'We cannot look to water as a practicable source of oxygen, for there it exists in the combined state, requiring expenditure of chemical energy to separate it from the hydrogen.' 'It is in the atmosphere alone that it can be found in that free state in which we require it.' And further:—'But, to use this oxygen, we must consume some oxidisable substance, and coal is the cheapest we can procure.' Now, although there is every probability of our coal-measures being wrought out, we do not think there is the slightest prospect of the atmospheric oxygen being entirely used up; and, therefore, it is unnecessary to be looking at all, either to water or any other substance, for a supply of what we have in endless abundance already. But it is not oxygen we are likely to get short of, it is the *oxidisable substance*, and hydrogen is pre-eminently capable of oxidation; because, if 1 lb. coal (carbon) renders 2½ lbs. of oxygen available for power during combustion, 1 lb. hydrogen will render 8 lbs. of oxygen available by the same process. Unfortunately, however, hydrogen is a gas, while coal is a solid. Hydrogen in water is chemically combined with oxygen, and, therefore, requiring expenditure of chemical energy for its separation; while coal or carbon is free. Free carbon from the earth, and free oxygen from the air, are the grand sources of motive power at present; but as the causes which produced the former substance as coal have long since ceased to operate, and as its consumption is increasing yearly, it is evident that at no very distant date we shall require a substitute; and, as water is decomposed by electricity, also by iron and acids conjointly, we can see no reason, if necessity were plying her spur energetically, why a cheap and practical decomposition may not be accomplished. Alas! for Britain's boasted supremacy, when we have to purchase American coals to spin American cotton!

Now, in nine parts of water free from mechanical impurities, there is exactly eight parts of oxygen, and one part hydrogen, being one atom of each element in chemical combination. What a compound! Does the proportion in which these two fierce elements combine

not suggest to one that water is a fearful preparation! and although the agent which we employ for the extinction of fire, it is itself, in reality, the most combustible material under heaven; and from this fact we are justified in concluding that it may be the medium through which the Almighty shall accomplish the consummation of all things. In the generating of water, and on the application of a light, the two gases combine with violent explosion, and the utmost precautions are necessary to prevent accidents. The grandest and most sublime phenomena, the most terrific and appalling scenes of creation, are certain to have occurred at the formation of water, which, if generated by degrees, must have taken a vast eternity of time, ending where geologists only begin. But if suddenly formed, then the explosion caused by the combination of the two elements would be inconceivably awful; indeed, no finite comprehension could form the most remote idea of the terrible scene when these two fierce substances, charmed by the flambeau of the Almighty, crashed and thundered into water amid an atmosphere of cerulean fire; when the oceans came reeling from heaven upon the molten exterior of our globe, there to be again decomposed by the intense heat, and again united amid the chaotic glee of the applauding elements. Now, He who composed water can surely decompose it; and as that can be effected by electricity, may it not be the medium through which the 'Elements shall melt with fervent heat,' and the components of water be dis severed? This accomplished, a flash of lightning, a burning candle, an ignited match, would suffice to kindle the general conflagration by setting the hydrogen aflame, when (remembering the intense heat produced by the oxy-hydrogen light) we would have this simple principle developed to a gigantic and terrible degree. Immense oceans of oxygen blown upon the scorching billows of hydrogen, the devouring flames would burn up the seas to their sockets, and rush up the mighty streams and rivers as if they were huge trains of gunpowder, communicating its fearful nature to all moisture, in whatever form, until, from Orient to Occident, from vapoury South to frozen North, the all-consuming conflagration blazed! But as we have already stated that the ignition of hydrogen produces water, it seems natural to suppose that the product of the decomposition behind would defeat the medium of the decomposition before; or, in other words, that the water formed by the combustion of the hydrogen would extinguish the flames of the hydrogen, just as the carbonic acid and water produced by the burning of coals in a furnace would extinguish the fire, were there not some ready means of exit. Such, indeed, would be a perfectly natural result, but the actual consequence would be vastly different, and just as natural; because the intense heat of the globe's crust would expel all moisture, accumulating anew, into the atmosphere, and balance it there by that power of repulsion which fire so imminently displays towards water; and, on the cooling of the earth, the vapours would again condense on its surface as before. The decomposition of water on a small scale is easily accomplished, by taking a flask or bottle having a cork stopper, with tight-fitting pipette or burner inserted in its centre. The flask is charged with water, oil of vitriol, and a few clippings of zinc, or granules of iron—either will do. After the stopper with pipette is fitted in, and the effervescence (which begins immediately on the substances coming into contact) has continued for a sufficient length of time to expel all atmospheric air, a light, or piece of red-hot wire, may be applied to the burner, when the feeble lambent flame of hydrogen will be apparent. Great care, however, is necessary in this experiment, as, if all the air be not expelled previous to applying the light, the free hydrogen of the water, and free oxygen of

the air in the interior of the flask, will combine and shiver the vessel into a thousand fragments, scattering its contents in every direction; and, indeed, this miniature explosion is a simple illustration of the cause of a steam-boiler explosion—the only difference being the manner in, and the material from, which the explosive gases have been generated. From the lowness of the water in a steam-boiler, the under plates become red-hot. Now, water is resolved into its elements (hydrogen and oxygen) at a red heat. However, no explosion takes place, because red-hot iron has a powerful affinity for oxygen; and the sweltering boiler-plates become oxidised, or combine with the oxygen of the water, in the proportion of three of oxygen to one of iron, as fast as it is set free. But, while this is going on, the free hydrogen is accumulating, and probably the boiler contains as much of this gas as of steam; nevertheless, in those circumstances no explosion can take place, as there is no free oxygen inside. But lo! some mechanical blockhead sets the feed-pump agoing; and, in a minute afterwards, the mighty, panting boiler, with a terrific banging roar, leaps from its moorings above the white furnace, hurling its torn plates into the air like snow-flakes, and spattering bricks and rubbish in every direction like chaff. Now, the cause of the explosion taking place on the introduction of cold water does not, as some assert, originate from the simple fact that the water is cold, and a portion of the boiler red-hot. The gradual introduction of cold water, keeping aside other considerations, would only have a tendency to allay the internal pressure; and, though it caused the sudden generation of steam by contact with the hot plates, this would be as suddenly and as amply compensated for by the distribution of the low temperature of the cold water among the high temperature of the warm water and steam. But, indeed, warm water (not exactly boiling) would cause an explosion as well; because the mystery—mysteriously simple—consists in the fact that all waters, as found in nature, contain free oxygen, which is the reason of iron becoming so rapidly oxidised in contact with water. Here, then, we have the free oxygen sent into the boiler; which, with the free hydrogen and red-hot flue-plates, completes the infernal trio; and in another moment, the hammered sides of the hollow giant are torn into iron rags, and its scalding contents belched forth in a shower of fire.

Having now explained the nature of the two elementary bodies which compose chemically pure water, we shall proceed to enumerate a few of its properties. The composition of water was discovered by Cavendish in the year 1781, and is as follows:—

By Volume.		By Weight.
1 of Oxygen.	8 of Oxygen.
2 of Hydrogen.	1 of Hydrogen.
3 of Water.	9 of Water.

At ordinary temperatures water is fluid, and at 32 Fahrenheit, solid. If, however, it be kept calm and unagitated while the thermometer indicates increasing cold, it will remain fluid till the mercury reaches 22 degs. when, if suddenly stirred, it immediately congeals. This is the reason why rivers and all waters in violent motion are covered with ice before lakes, ponds, &c. that are comparatively stagnant—because the latent heat of the water is expelled by the incessant agitation of the former, whereas it is retained by the continued inaction of the latter. There is a very wonderful peculiarity in water, which forms an exception to the almost universal rule that cold contracts while heat expands, and water has the extraordinary property of complying both with the rule and the exception. For example, heat will make

it expand in the form of steam, and cold in the state of ice. Cold will also contract it from a state of vapour, and heat when the degree of cold is below 39. Water therefore expands above and below 39, which number indicates its greatest density. The objects which the Almighty had in view in imparting to water these mystic properties must at once be obvious. Had he rendered it subject to the law that is fixed on every other ordinary fluid with reference to expansion and contraction, then, as the coating of ice crystallised on its surface, its specific gravity would have increased; and, sinking to make room for another, and this process continuing for several weeks with short intervals, it is highly probable that a single winter would have sufficed to render all our waters a solid mass of ice, so adhesive that the heat of summer would be inadequate to thaw them. Thus the navigation of our oceans would be an impossibility, and the extinction of marine animals a certainty. Again, water is the healthiest of all beverages. The pangs of thirst appear to be the climax of torture. Every part of our bodies consists chiefly of water. It constitutes about 40 per cent. of the bones and 75 of the soft solids. It is highly essential to vegetation—no plant will grow or seed germinate without it. A well in the desert is shortly fringed with luxuriant vegetation, proving that the desert only requires water to convert it into a garden. Again, water is invaluable in science and art. A few pounds in a hydraulic press may be made to exert a pressure of 100 tons, and its power of expansion by heat has been the parent of all our steamboats, railways, and large manufactories. As a detergent, it is unrivalled. Distilled from the clouds it reaches us transparently pure, but leaves us again by some huge sewer, polluted and dark, with the exuvie of cities, seeking the main ocean to deposit its contaminations—that immense volume of waters covering alone 148,000,000 square miles, a space equal to fully three-fourths the surface of our globe—that emblem of infinitude, on whose azure brow time writes no wrinkle, and rollst now, as at creation's dawn—that

'Glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests. In all time
Calm or convuls'd—in breezes, or gales, or storm—
Icing the pole or in the torrid clime—
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible.'

JOHN DOUGALL.

FROM HORACE.

Now, Pyrrha! say what graceful youth

Importunes thee amid the roses,
The while with liquid odours blest'd,
He all thy gentle charms discloses?

For whom dost thou, so simply neat,
Bind up thy wealth of yellow tresses;
Or in the coolness of the cave
Enrich him with thy soft caresses?

Alas! the sailor in that sea
Will mourn thy faith so lightly plighted;
Will wonder at the rising storms,
By blackening winds at once beighted.

Who now enjoys thee, golden maid!
And hopes to find thee always willing.
Oh! luckless they on whom thou smilest
With studied art, so sweetly smiling!

Unhappy they! more happy me,
Who now am safe from being stranded—
I hang my garments on the bank—
And thank the gods who have me landed!

WILLIAM BLACK.

GABRIEL GRAY—A GLASGOW STORY.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR.

'What's I the air?'—Proctor.

CHAPTER XVI.

A long time ago, in England, when Thomas Gainsborough was busy with the rustic piece which I had turned to such profitable account, I wonder whether any dim notion crossed his brain that, apart from any immediate benefit, in the way of money or fame to himself, he was working out an act of benevolence—to take effect in the far future—towards an old man, with white hair, not then born. However this might be, I shall forever bless the memory of the man whose influence had vibrated to my relief through a hundred years. Oh! matchless power and fine immortality of genius! victorious over dust, and worms, and grave-stones, like a spirit commissioned of Heaven to perform holy offices endlessly among the living children of men!

Yet the relief was only temporary. My Gainsborough had broken my fall. It had caught me like a ledge, too narrow for permanent support, overhanging the sheer abyss. Powers of heaven! the horror of the next move! At other of my household effects I might indeed clutch, one after one, as at yielding tufts of grass. But, at the last, the bare rock—with nothing to cling to, and with hideous glimpses below of the maddening and starless gulf—appeared to be the doom prepared for me by the inscrutable gods.

Nevertheless, poverty—terrible as it is—is not without a grandeur as of stormyskies. To the philosophic mind it is invested with beauty, like a naked scimitar—beauty which it is heroism to contemplate and confess, in midst of the fear which it inspires. How I was enabled, through the cheerless windows of my condition, to look into the hearts of men! I could see the knave, the churl, and the worldling hiding themselves behind base lacquer of smiles and gloss of costume. Contrasted with these, a possible figure loomed—not, alas! far off—threadbare but erect—the victim, as I knew, of a too steady content—a too stern virtue—a possible figure, in process of pathetic downfall, apt to be despised of men, yet inly rebounding to dignified spiritual platforms. Ah! he is indeed poor who cannot afford to be charitable—who cannot strive to be more charitable, and thoughtful, and wise, for very reason that he is poor. Avaunt, then, all saucy looks, cast, like scornful refusals of alms, on seedy attire—attire, most probably, bared through the sensitiveness of a too scrupulous integrity, and no other to the initiated than the uniform of God's best soldiers!

With such reasoning—not very definite, and even perhaps partly fallacious—did I school myself to bear my reverses proudly. If rage should be the ultimate wear, how I determined to flaunt them in the face of all scorners, like a slave making very Jove's thunder with his chains in the ears of his pale

oppressors! But lo! an unexpected message from Mr. M'Corkindale! What might it mean? He requested urgently to see me. Was I about to be solicited back? Or had he merely detected some item in the red-lined ledgers, columned and crowded with my caligraphy, of which he desiderated explanation? I was too curious and fertile of conjecture to delay compliance. With what naturalness I fell into the old route! To be going straight to the house of M'Corkindale & Co. had a feeling of business in it. Day after day I had been an aimless vagrant in the streets. While everybody else had a destination, I felt that I—I alone—was going nowhere, foolishly, like a strayed child. Sometimes I made a mission of studying the fashions in the windows of shops, rapidly becoming *all* window, as if glaring for custom. Not a new face could look grim, simpering, or dramatic from any photographer's show-frame without my speedy cognizance. I enjoyed a daily glance at the great tripodal telescopes of the opticians, and fancied how soon they might take me, on swift wings of darkness, to Uranus. How often, in the booksellers' windows, did I scan the titles of the volumes I was unable to buy! But to pluck recreation from the business heart of Glasgow was torment to one to whom idleness was unrest. On the day in question, however, I was pushing along with an object—almost with a hope. I ascended the familiar stair, opened the well-known glass door, and was received by the clerks, Macnab and Dallas, with a silent hurrah of their pens. Mr. M'Corkindale was 'engaged,' and my successor—a consumptive-looking yellow-haired youth, with lean cheeks, and who looked about the knees as if too rapidly got up—accommodated me with my old stool. A stranger might have seen that I fitted it. I asked what had become of Joe; but Dallas only showed his superb teeth, and slightly shook his head, while Macnab—he of the large head and deep-set eyes—responded with a knowing nod or two, as mysterious as one of his own chess problems. In the window across the court I observed the permanent sewing-girl. She looked like the absence of sunshine. As far as I could discover, she had been sewing there ever since I left; but perhaps she had both eaten and slept, although one might not think that she had. On seeing the white head of me, she appeared, in her languor, to be struck with a kind of glad surprise; and a mutual smile of recognition ensued. It was an odd thing to see her smile; but she had probably thought me dead, and spectres are such strange sights to sewing-girls. From my successor I gathered that his health was indifferent; that he did not much like the berth; and that, quietly, he professed himself a judge of character, and considered the respected head of the establishment a vulgar and conceited old savage. I did not charge him with presumption, or ask him to wait till he knew as much of him as I did, for I remembered that even little children have instant and correct eyes for a bugaboo.

I had not long to wait. Mr. M'Corkindale opened the door of his room, and stood, handle in hand,

bowing an importunate gentleman out, with his red face intensely screwed—so intensely as to suggest a likeness to something done by machinery. The great man appeared to be summoning all his noble virtue, all his far-seeing prudence, all his consistent force of character, to the denial of some pecuniary request.

'It would be a great obligation,' urged the gentleman, with anxiety in his eyes, and perspiration on his forehead.

'No, no,' growled the great man; 'I never lend either my money or my name.'

Such declarations from his lips had a powerful stamp of sincerity.

'I am sure you would not regret it,' whispered the gentleman, lingering.

'Perhaps not; but I won't run the risk,' responded the shrike, with an expression which closed the colloquy.

It almost seemed as if every frown he had ever frowned had left its mark upon his visage. His forehead had the frowns upon it of a lifetime.

The gentleman moved away, distressed and humiliated—never again, I hope, to display, even in his commercial despairs, so pitiable an ignorance of Lavater; while Mr. M'Corkindale said, as if audibly, to supersede him, 'This way, Mr. Gray, if you please.'

There was a cloud on the mind of the wealthy proprietor of the Drums. Much sunshine there never was about him, at least during business hours; but now there was a positive and very dense cloud. He asked me to be seated, and to draw my chair near.

'That person who has just left,' he began, 'is a relation of mine, who has never done any good in the world. He wanted me to back him up in some concern on which he is entering, to the extent of five hundred pounds. I think I have taught him a lesson. There are ten people, Mr. Gray, who know how to make money, for one who knows how to keep it.'

'Very true,' I said. 'At the same time, you must admit that money best kept is not always best used. It is at least an old belief with me that for the capital expended in kindly deeds God himself pays interest.'

'Yes, yes,' he replied impatiently; 'charity is, of course, a good thing in its proper place; but a couple of guineas to the Royal Infirmary, which I am happy to give at all times, is a very different affair from five hundred pounds to a relation, which might or might not be repaid. However, to come, as we say, to business, I have sent for you to consult about a matter which is giving me much uneasiness.'

'If I can render you any service'—

'Pardon me; I know your good feeling. Well, then, the fact is simply this, that my son Joe, whom you know to be a perfect fool, has absconded. I have not seen him for a week'

'Indeed!'

'Whither he is gone, or whether he is alive or dead, I know not. Now'—drawing his chair very close—'it has occurred to me that, sitting opposite him so long, and learning something of his views and habits,

you might possibly be able to throw some light on his present mysterious disappearance?'

'I am very sorry,' I said; 'but not a solitary clue can I afford you to his whereabouts. Of his companions or his haunts I unfortunately know nothing whatever.'

'Thank God!' he exclaimed, starting back from his confidential posture, 'whatever may be his fate, I have at least a clear conscience! Never in this world was there a boy more strictly brought up. Fairy tales and other such trash were never permitted to mislead him. So far as I know, he was never in a theatre in his life. From his childhood I dared him to absent himself from church. Evil associates he had no opportunity of having—I had him constantly under my own eye.'

'I am well aware that he had always the advantage of the strictest discipline. Strange that he should not have appreciated your kindness!'

'Again and again, sir, I have laboured to thrash the devil out of him—with a stick, sir—until I could scarcely lift my arm.'

'And yet he has run away from you! What an ungrateful scoundrel!'

Mr. M'Corkindale stared at me with a searching stare. He felt rather than suspected the irony. I saw my advantage, and proceeded:—'Your experience, Mr. M'Corkindale, is fully equal to mine; and it is not for me, perhaps, to offer you advice. In the event, however, of poor Joe turning up, as I trust he will, I think you might do well to try the effect of a milder system of treatment. Not to provoke to stubbornness and rebellion, I believe to be the secret of all successful authority.' He looked grave, and I proceeded further:—'Oh, sir! I am old like yourself; have children—though one, being gone, has grieved me, yet that is God's chastening—and I know, sir, how infinitely better it is to be loved than feared. Try a little forgiveness with poor Joe. Make his father's anguish a bitterness to him—not a revenge.'

If moved by this appeal, his altered feeling was but little demonstrative. 'What can have become of him?' he exclaimed, starting to his feet, and moving uneasily about the room.

At this moment, the voice of Joe himself was heard in the countinghouse—'I shay, Dallas, is the gu'nor within?'

Mr. M'Corkindale's countenance was a study. His momentary gleam of satisfaction reddened into a blaze of rage. He literally dragged the uncombed and dilapidated wretch into the apartment—pinioned him into a corner—thundered menaces at him—and struck his head forcibly against the wall.

'Let me alone, I shay! Let me alone! I'm blowed if I stand it!' cried Joe, shaking himself loose, and with tears of strong resentment sobering in his eyes.

The old gentleman threw himself into his chair, gnawed his thumb fiercely, and patted the floor with his foot. In vain did I try to interfere. Mr. M'Corkindale abruptly ordered me to leave.

Ay me, my masters! it was a sad scene! Father

and son, with bond of affection torn and blurred—mutual victims—conjoint, yet alien—enemies in alliance—belligerents intestine—senseless, insane, suicidal, unnatural, even like friends drowning, each giving the purple death-grip to each! Oh! trial of outraged instinct, sadder incomparably than saddest trial of bereavement! Fancy the horror of it!—death to all peace and trust, and not a sweet memory to outlive the transient angers! O gold! powerful to move the world! yet impotent to purchase that which is unpurchasable—the little that remains in the world of its primal paradise of bliss! I may have hated old M'Corkindale with a genuine hatred, and burned for proud victory over him; but I nevertheless own to some touch of compassion at the wildness of the vengeance, and completeness of the humiliation, of which I had been an accidental witness. Oh for my *Paradise* in Portland-street after that peep into the *Inferno*! Would I have exchanged my own poor state for that of my imperious millionaire? Shade of Dante! how different the surroundings!—bland delicious skies as compared with lurid glooms, and angels' wings as contrasted with devils' hoofs! Take heart, Poverty! Oh! sudden instructive curtain-peep! Sooth to say, the worldly-envied are not always the least wretched—at all events, so I fancy, and wonder.

But once more for my own home in Portland-street, with my heart of larger content. How odd to be threading the thronged streets, reaping there only quietness of soul, and rejoicing, in the patient innermost of me, that I was not the great M'Corkindale of the Drums! Yet what had I but disappointment—the old tale of 'nothing yet'—to carry to my suffering wife and daughters? To them, so eager, the message of Mr. M'Corkindale had appeared like rescue from desuetude. What, however, had I now to tell of success, beyond a casual, though not, I hope, profitless incident in the astounding melodrama of life? Again, too, I was on the downward slope of despondency as I reflected on Mathew Waddel—the impossibility of filling up his void—and the bewildering unaccountableness of his treachery. The kind of excited glee with which my family greeted me took me by surprise. All were alert for the news; but, alas! what had I to communicate? When I had told them everything, there appeared to be more laughter than vexation. Perhaps I had drawn the figure of Joe too grotesquely. No matter, I was glad to see them pleased.

'Poor old M'Corkindale!' I said, 'from him there is nothing to be hoped.'

'But we are not friendless,' said my dear Jean; 'I cannot think but that Mr. Waddel—if he knew all'—

'A fell curse on him!' I exclaimed; 'he looked blank at me.'

'Yet I still think he could not have seen you,' argued Jean.

'Seen me!' quoth I; 'he saw me if I see you at this moment.'

'Liar!' roared out Mathew Waddel—for it was none other—amidst a shout of merriment, as he burst from the little bed-room adjoining our parlour, and made a wide and blundering clutch at my throat. I held the dear old man by the shoulder—stared at him—and again said, with a subdued and faltering voice of doubt, 'You saw me!'

But he answered—feeling down my arm for my hand, and wringing it with the fervour of other days

—'Gabriel! I don't see you even yet. A darkness has fallen gradually upon my eyes. Pity me, Gabriel! I am blind.'

O Heaven! the darkness of my friend was like the breaking in of a fine light; and for a moment we wept in concert, with our hearts too full for words.

CHAPTER XVII.

—'moving through his clouded heaven

With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace.'—*Spenser*.

Mr. Imrie—although fast recovering his spirits—such is the buoyancy of youth—suggested the erection of a monument to our gentle enskied heroine. How Sophia thanked him, and cried! But Mathew Waddel—my cronie for evermore *now*—has already commissioned a simple tablet—a tablet of Carrara purity—bearing the name, so typical to me of all sweetness, BARBARA GRAY, and exhibiting, in bas-relief, the figure of an angel stooping to pluck a flower. This last idea emanated from myself, after some silent meditation.

'By the living cherubim!' exclaimed Mathew, 'a beautiful device!—original, too, I fancy, as the first broken column set up in any grave-yard! You shall describe the work to me as it progresses—in particular, the white flower growing, under the chisel of the artist, into immortality; and, when all is completed, I shall see it, Gabriel!—fondlingly—with my blind hands for eyes.'

Ah, Mathew Waddel!—dwelling in chambers of the night always—what to thy exquisite ear now had been our one lost voice of melody? Sophia, however, is at his side; and he vows that her voice is like Barbara's. She is less tall; and not, like her, beautiful. Her face, too, has lost even its comeliness of heretofore. It is like the face of a country desolated by recent floods. It is like the edge of a sword hacked in combat with the last enemy. It is like the shreds of a flag torn from the death-strife of defeat. How Barbara's illness has wasted—how her death has crushed her! No, no; she is not, like Barbara, beautiful. But she is distressed at our tears, and would monopolise the anguish of the house. She would grasp fire, with the nerve of Cranmer's shrivelling hand, to save a little finger of any one of us from pain. I saw the load of our late reverses terrible at her heart; for, not content with her reasonable share of it, she tried to support it all. If mortal strength of affection could have availed, Barbara would have been living at this hour. That failing, Sophia would have clung to her—followed her—gone forward with her, fearlessly, martyr-like, through grim gathering shadows and utter blackness of death, but that she glanced back at the crowding horror-struck faces of us all, and shuddered to inflict on us the torture of a double bereavement. Ay me! for the crisis of human trial where such strength of human love is helpless! But she threw her trust on God when other hope there remained none; and the agony is calmed now, like storm-waves of the world broken on celestial shores.

And so Sophia glides towards the old man, in his strange darkness, with no more blushing than a Florence Nightingale, where calamity is to be soothed and brightened. Mr. Waddel—but I ask pardon—I mean our dear old Mathew—is gratefully associated in her mind with the lost jewel of our household. While thinking of the pity of it, she almost feels it to be a blessing that he is stricken, lonely, and helpless; for her impulses of affection—like profuse tendrils deprived of their support—have been wandering vaguely and unhappily, as if likely to fall to earth and wither. She desiderates some one to be kind to.

It is a necessity of her intense nature. And so she glides towards the old man, takes his one hand in hers, and is as trusting as a daughter when he puts the other round her waist. So placed, what a contentment beams from his countenance! He knows where he is. All our voices are lights to him. He sees us, and he sees Barbara too. Everything is unchanged. His white eyebrows leap for joy. The camera of his once beautiful world has been closed, and everything preserved to him at its best. Oh, happy blindness! Henceforth he shall look on nothing to give him pain.

Mathew's loss of sight had been very gradual. At first it was only a dimness. Then he began, even while still walking freely about, to see people as through a mist—unable to distinguish their features—unconsciously making enemies for life. It was his fortune to dwell in a city which boasted the first oculist in Europe. But although Dr. M'Kenzie suggested certain mitigations, the curtain of his darkness thickened. New threads were woven into its warp and woof—making it, in the end, almost quite dense. When his case became hopeless, he withdrew from the concern of Simpkins Brothers—sold off his gorgeous upholsteries—and ordered my friend of clerical-looking memory to conduct him back to his old quarters in Portland-street. And now that he is once more among us, the fat and good-natured Susan blooms afresh, and polishes the bell-handle with renewed vigour, as if to typify the return of brighter days. Every morning, too, I step across the street, to lend him my eyes at the breakfast-table—to read the newspapers to him; and to be hyperbolically abused for silently passing him on the terrace—sending back the money, which he denied to be his—and acting, in divers ways, like a big petted fool! Of course I seldom fail to retort—to jeer at his attempts at *haut ton*—to denounce his sycophancy to Jones, and the other great vulgar—and to vituperate him, in short, into a grand fit of merriment. Our custom is thereafter to walk out—sometimes down Paisley-road to about Ibroxholm—sometimes as far south as Shawlands. He does not care to cross the Bridge, or to visit the West-end. The after-part of the day he spends entirely with us. Sophia always sits next him at dinner—doing little officious carvings, and assisting every article at table to meet his quietly groping hand. His means are ample, and he has planned that we shall all live together—a prospect at which my wife looks as if she wouldn't fall off any longer—and proceed, as soon as the spring sets in, either to Helensburgh or Ashton, for permanent residence.

'I would like,' he said, 'to snuff the salt breeze, and to listen, Gabriel! to your glorious, unappreciated talk beside the surgings of the sea.'

'And so you shall, Mathew!' I cried. 'When the season comes round, we shall be off to the salt-water with the enthusiasm of youngsters.'

'But ah! Gabriel, no pic-nic now! Our party will be incomplete.'

'True, Mathew, true,' I responded tremulously. 'Yet between us, and with God's help, we shall find out "what the wild waves are saying," and make their murmurous tongues articulate for consolation and benediction.' Sophia crushed back her tears, and I added—'But let us defer our melancholy. The hardest tried have a duty to be cheerful at times.'

It was night—cold and raw without, but warm and cosy in our little parlour in Portland-street. Sophia had just made up Mathew's tumbler. At a corner of the table-farthest from the fire, Jessie was sewing as if her seam had been a mile long, and she had to reach the end of it by a given time under penalties. Isabella was sitting with a book in her lap, observing

something in the fire which she was too languid to describe to anybody. As for Kate, she had eloped with Edward Imrie, immediately after tea, to the dining-room—shamelessly, as if a match were imminent. My wife Jean—who now saw her way clearly to the circles of the 'upper ten'—was bustling about preparing some toasted cheese, made mild with milk and eggs, and warranted free from nightmare.

'Thank you, my dear!' said Mathew, nodding in a wrong direction, and lifting an empty glass to his mouth; 'that is quite the thing'—whereat there was a slight titter. He corrected his mistake, though not without Sophia's help, and added—'Now, don't laugh, girls! a man must have time to get his blind hands, just as a sailor must have time to get his sea-legs.'

'My good friend!' I exclaimed, 'how many people are there in this world who find nothing but emptiness where they anticipated rare draughts of enjoyment! It is Fortune's trick of the double-glass, with the liquor frothing between, inviting to the eye, but mocking to the taste. What was your own brief West-end experience, Mathew? Come, be honest with me.'

'Business, Gabriel! business. It was all in the way of business. There are worse baits than a champagne dinner or two when you have gudgeons to catch.'

'Well, well, I honour you for your manly home-coming, at any rate—your brave preference of a forty-year and upward acquaintance to your new butter-flies of an hour. Belisarius (a great man, Mathew!) preferred beggary and blindness—I know the tradition is disputed, but I hate the brainless sceptics who are always undermining the grand heroic annals of the world—I say, then—I say it, and I stick to it—that Belisarius, indubitably a very king of men, preferred beggary and blindness to the temptation of a crown, offered to him by the Goths whom he had conquered.'

He was beginning to protest against my waxing misanthropical, and to assert that I would have been high enough up myself had I done justice to my powers, when the door-bell rang, as a policeman, with sinews that would have stabbed at Culloden, might ring it to announce a fire. It arrested Jessie's needle, and made Isabella start. A little boy wanted Mr. Gabriel Gray. He was all blackness and rain—the rain warring ineffectually with the blackness; but Jean asserted that she had heard him singing cheerily about leaving Annie 'in sorrow,' in the stair. I opened a hurriedly-pencilled note which he presented. 'Good heavens! "Mr. M'Corkindale of the Drums"—"died this afternoon"—"obliging if I would write a paragraph"—hum!—"boy will wait"—"desire to have par. exclusive"—very striking! poor old sinner! Jean! take this lovely urchin to the kitchen, let him have a thorough warm at the fire, and hospitable entertainment—I was once a cherub myself! Poor old M'Corkindale! the Vesuvian face of him grown pale now, I fear.'

Whosoever the last terrible bolt is launched—even as punishment for murder—the effect is involuntary shuddering, and sensation of a common humanity subject to a common doom. Poor old M'Corkindale! But I was not the man to write his panegyric. Had he, in the long years of our intercourse, thought that I might one day be asked to do so, he would probably have been at pains to show me less of the shady side of him. He might have shaped the narrow biography of him to better ends. But, a Liberal in politics, he had taken no part in public affairs—a Christian by profession, he had shut up his purse and his heart against every appeal where

compliance could bring no worldly profit. His life—I dare speak it in hearing of the heavens!—had been one of brutal selfishness. Others, who knew him less, might pen a few vague lines about his industry, attention to business, and architecture of his own fortunes; but I declined, courteously, to smear his name with such weak varnish, and dismissed the P. D. rejoicing,—while Mathew vociferated that I was right.

'Mathew!' said I, as I mixed a fresh rummer—still under the shadow of the awful event which had been communicated—'You know the incomparable power of money. Oh, it has power Mathew! to smooth all roughnesses, to win all regards, to conquer the fame for which great and struggling hearts have been content, in all ages of the world, to die!'

'Then, by Jove! Gabriel, you shall have the sole guidance of mine. We shall rivet all hearts to us by the sweetnesses of our charity. You shall tell me of tears that are to be dried, and I shall talk to you of sighs that should be relieved. We are both old, Gabriel; and my steps must now be directed by the pillar of fire rather than the pillar of cloud. There may be little of our lives to come, but it is in our power to make that little noble. Henceforth you must dedicate yourself to some great book, with a certain songless Homer for continual prompter and critic.'

I took my venerable friend by the hand, and pledged him—with a heart almost running over—to contribute what moiety I could, in order that our two lives might be built up finally—to the dimensions of a newspaper paragraph at least.

CHAPTER XVIII

—'among these pleasant things

Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.'—*Surrey.*

Who would not unbosom to the man who should stand up, publicly, in Newcastle, and maintain that there was something better in the world than coals? In like manner do I honour our luminous preacher, Dr. Caird, for vindicating, in front of a Glasgow audience, and in a manner to extort applause, the claims of Poetry and Fiction. Let not any fool—if he would escape knouting—mouth out a rejoinder, or a platitude, respecting the supremacy of Truth. Everybody knows that steeples are tall without superfluous shouting of 'Eureka.' Admitting truth to be paramount, the question is, do not poetry and fiction, in their best developments, embody the highest truth? Nay, are they not as the golden pinnacles of the steeples, reaching near to heaven, and touched with the celestial splendours.

'Ah, Mathew!'—for Mathew and I are once more a club; I take the chair of him as of old; with his 'hear, hears,' his 'cheers,' and his 'laughters,' he is again, I say, my audience, my multitude, my great fame's boundary.—'Ah, Mathew! there is no such delusion among men as a worldling's conceit of knowledge. A matter-of-fact man is the everlasting dupe of his own deadness of sense. He sees falsely because he sees imperfectly. Beyond his little circle of hard realities he has no desire because no capacity to soar. Yet is it his practice to indulge in ignorant sneers at such as he is pleased to term visionaries. He cannot understand what people with legs have to do up in balloons. Poor mole, with nose burrowed in the earth! Infatuated desert-bird, with head hidden in the sand! Are not the immeasurable eternities outside of him, with their alternate glooms and glories? Is not his ear startled at times with murmurs from the illimitable shores? Or is he wholly unenfranchised of the universe? Ah, Mathew! there is truly no more

truth in him than in a gin-horse's notions of geography. There is profounder and loftier truth in the phantoms of a dreamer, or the wonders of a little child. (Toddy-spoon striking the familiar chimera.) 'Great laud, then, to Dr. Caird—a very trump caird,' as I heard an unchanged pirate remark—for setting cap and bells on the heads of the philosophers who hold that

"Red-lined accounts

Are greater than the songs of Grecian years."

On my integrity, Mathew! I have known wretches, who, if I told them that I was your "old dog Tray," would aver, with the gravity of Liston, that they were very sorry, but that I must be in error, as, on account of my physical peculiarities, not to speak of the faculty of speech and such like, I could not possibly belong either to the class Quadruped or the genus Canis!'

'And they would aver rightly!' cried Mathew. 'They would aver rightly, you—you old dog you!' (Toddy-kettle poked, in mistake for a great orator's ribs, and laughter of the entire company of two, followed by peremptory orders to renew the supplies.)

Poetry—in which term I include the grander parts of fiction—is as true to actual life as fragrance to a flower. Without it, existence would be intolerable even to the dullest. Those who profess to despise it might as well despise the oxygen which they see not, but which is their life. There, for example, was Kate, without an ounce of brain for 'Hamlet,' or 'Lycidas,' or 'Endymion,' or the 'Idylls,' yet living in a very sunburst of poetry. What, O Thackeray! could she, with her dazzled eyes, discern of the haggard anatomy of the world? Why, man, the poetry that was in her, and which lacked, as Wordsworth phrases it, 'the accomplishment of verse,' blinded her as if she had been a princess. How her surroundings were idealised! Fancy our dull Portland-street glowing in the hues of the Vale of Tempe, or the Gardens of the Hesperides! I doubt whether she would have exchanged it for the palace of Alladin and all its jewels. Paradise itself would have been some totally other place to her had she been compelled to go thither alone. If the truth must out, Kate had made up her mind to get married, and Mr. Edward Imrie was the object of her special selection. My belief is, and I told it confidentially to Jean, that she *tehee'd* him into it, and that her fascination in courtship consisted of her lack of gravity for wifehood. As, however, they both professed to be pleased, it was not for me to interfere on suspicion of a wrong initiative. Kate—if my candour may be forgiven—was not much for me to give away—the little threepenny that she was!—and, to the extent of her, I was accordingly generous. Yet I knew I should miss the cricket. When our canary-bird fell a fluttering martyr to feline untunefulness—our poor canary-bird, a disconsolate thing which had long sang vociferously in recompense for its trifling pick and sip—I confess to have experienced some sensation of eye-moisture; and when Kate was about to carry her gladness to a little home of her own, I own to some like transient touch of the pathetic. But Edward was a well-grown and sensible fellow—a fanatical teetotaller, which I approved, so long as he did not insist on my joining him—and was, besides, possessed of a playful and expressive rather than a handsome face; which latter, to a young man, I hold to be as dangerous as a spark in the throat, ever needing to be quenched. How strange to think of our tall and beautiful Barbara in the grave, and little frisky Kate wearing her orange-flower! It must have been the

mere thoughtlessness of Kate that nerved her to that assumption. Yet, I somehow felt it as a sort of tribute to the dead—to Barbara unsullied and in heaven—that he, who could not rejoice as her bridegroom, should fit himself to mourn along with us—as her brother. I felt, indeed, as if he were establishing on earth, in the sole possible fashion left, a definite and permanent relationship to our darling in the skies.

The marriage was a tremendous business. Long before it took place, Jessie's needle became a miracle of unrest. I could not contemplate it without thinking of the man who undertook to walk a mile every hour for a thousand hours in succession. From morning until far on in the night, the toiling girl seemed to be saying to herself that she would beat the sewing-machines, or die for it. Isabella appeared to be much put about, like one always wishing to say her prayers, and hopeless of finding a quiet corner. As for Kate, what with being one-half of the day in stays, for the more expert fitting on of new dresses, and the other half keeping up their courtship, which she did in quite an extraordinary manner—sometimes with a kiss, and sometimes with a slap—she was, of course, in continual occupation. But the glory of the house was its feminine head. Less generalship than was displayed by Jean has saved many an empire. Her grasp of the occasion would have surprised Herr Harwitz, the blindfold player at chess. Not a move did she forget. I am quite certain that, but for her, the furniture would have been disgraceful, the glasses cobwebbed, the silver tarnished, the plates too few, the stair unwashed, the jellies unmade, the 'cries' uncured, the ewers without water, the minister uninvited, the bride-cake not ordered in time, the lump-sugar deficient, and deuce an old shoe forthcoming at the critical moment. Sophia—though with a memory often startled to tears by some casual incident—crept about noiselessly, doing a thousand gentle offices, to preserve, as much as might be, in the midst of all this turmoil, the amenities of our ordinary home, for all our sakes. Day after day, too, the presents for the bride came tumbling in—most of them selected with a view to a great show of handsomeness at the slightest possible cost. One of these put Jean in a fury—with herself. In order to give *éclat* to the wedding, and secure something splendid wherewith to astonish the Imries, she had, contrary to my wishes, invited her aristocratic friends, Mr. and Mrs. M'Grubber. They had not been in our house for years. However, they graciously accepted, and sent, with an elegant accompanying note, on which there was an embossed crest, a silver cardcase, beautifully chased, and which turned out to be a mere Birmingham article, indifferently plated!

'A forgery—a forgery!' cried Mathew.

How both of us roared! Well, let the donors have thanks for that. It was our first thoroughly round laugh since our dark days—our middle ages, as I call them—and was surely cheap to the M'Grubbers at—say, four-and-sixpence.

At length the momentous day dawned, with Jean up, dressed, and threatening to leave me to the pinches of a December morning if I did not follow her example. Mercy! how the storm was rising! But Jean was in full command of the ship, and I doubted not would carry it triumphantly through! Everything was in an uproar and mess—the very kitchen presenting a medley of white-satin favours and porridge-plates!

'Let me out!' I exclaimed—'let me out!' as I prepared to go over to breakfast with Mathew. By way of parting salute, I shouted—'See and have everything ready in time!'

'Ay, all the sooner for your help,' retorted Jean in her flurry.

I had taken the precaution to put on my best attire at once, in order to save farther trouble; and so I was enabled to pass the time leisurely with my friend until near the appointed hour. Our morning sed-runts were generally quiet. Nevertheless, we read the newspaper, and discussed the events of the day with our wonted vigour. In due time, I happened to glance across to my windows; and observed Jean, with golden head-gear, and quite a spectacle of grandeur, trying to catch my eye, fluttering a white handkerchief, beckoning spasmodically, and even shaking her little fat fist from a superlative depth of lace sleeve.

'O! ho!' I said; 'we are signalled.'

Mathew was off his seat in a moment; and, after some little toiletting—during which my poor blind cronie insisted that if there was a speck on his nose or his gloves, I should apprise him of the fact—we were forthwith on the festive side of the street.

The entrance to the close had a guard of honour in the shape of a group of children, with their humus ready to uncork. It was obvious that the stair had been newly washed. A brighter bit of brass than that which bore the name, 'Gabriel Gray,' I have not often beheld.

Within doors, order had come out of chaos. Jean was sitting in state in the parlour, and everyone else was fully equipped, with her work done, and at ease. Even Jessie was enjoying an interval of blessed relaxation. Wouldn't the *dejeuner*, which was laid out in the dining-room, astonish the M'Grubbers? Mathew asked for the bride, who jumped, with giggling alacrity, upon a stool, and announced herself with a hearty smack, crying 'Here I am, uncle!'

A more successful assault I never witnessed, as the monkey retreated with a ten-pound note in her hand, which she flourished, dancing, like a flag.

I was in the act of shouting 'Stop thief!' when the bell rang, and immediately the Miss Stewarts were announced—the red-haired maidens who lived above, and who had been invited with a view to save their unhappy piano from being spiteful, and making a fool of itself. They were done up in bunchoy muslins—elaborately dipped in Glenfield—and came in with a delightful simper. When I heard their frightened voices on the weather, I wondered they could be such noisy neighbours. Mathew looked fidgetty and dull, as if feeling the weight of his darkness. Sophia saw it in a moment, and, gliding to his side, took his hand, and with her whispers made up for his lack of sight. His white eyebrows became breezy—the clouds straightway dispersed—and a sunshine lit up his features, and benignantly settled there.

'Why, Bella!' I exclaimed, 'you look as if you had been attending marriages all your life, and were, on the whole, rather tired of them!'

This had the effect contemplated, of starting a little laugh, and helping to begin the fun. Another jingle of the door-bell. Enter Messrs. Peter Macnab and John Dallas—almost the only young fellows I knew, and whom I had summoned to compare by way of counterpoise to my anthology of daughters. After duly introducing them, I asked what had become of Mr. Joseph—for I had given him, too, a chance; but was informed, in a confidential way, of a rumour that Joe was off to the Continent, accompanied by an opera-dancer who knew the languages!

'No! Good gracious!'

'Gabriel!' said my wife, pulling my elbow, 'the Reverend Mr. Gilla.'

There was an instant hush in the conversation; and as I placed Mr. Gills in the arm-chair, his monopoly of a voice was heard to decided advantage. The bridegroom and best-man were the next comers. They apologised for being late, their carriage having run down an old woman in Jamaica-street. (Great sensation—agonising suspense—and eager questions as to whether she was killed.)

'Not in the least,' said Mr. Imrie; 'only, an impudent fellow of a policeman insisted on holding the reins, gathering a crowd, and making himself of importance.'

This was altogether a valuable incident, as it gave an extraordinary impetus to the conversation—Mr. Gills remarking, 'How awkward it would have been had the bridegroom landed in the police-office!'

Thereupon a good deal of merriment was whipped up, but the arrivals were now fast and furious, and culminated at last in 'Mr. and Mrs. M'Grubber.'

Mr. Mac was a dapper little gentleman with bushy whiskers and a bald head; while Mrs. Mac was a thin scorbatic female, laboriously supporting a singularly massive, columnar, and solidly architectural mauve dress; and exhibiting, on wrist, neck, and forehead, some decidedly expensive jewels. Quite a commotion ensued, in order that the great people might be accommodated with the best seats.

Having got the hint from the sovereign lady of the ceremonies that the company were all assembled, and that it was my duty to bring in the bride, I withdrew to a near bed-room, where I found Kate and her bridesmaids, like a village procession in a theatre, waiting at the side-wings for their cue.

'Now for it!' I said.

'O papa!' said Kate, 'I am like to cry.'

'I dare say you are, my dear!' I replied, leading her along; 'but when people are about to be executed, the best thing they can do is to encounter their doom like martyrs.'

'Oh dear!' sighed Kate, dragging a little back; 'wait till I get breath.'

However, in we all went. A ring was formed, and in midst of the huddle and silence, Mr. Gills tied the knot in a loud and fearless manner; and the ceremony was wound up with a round of kissings and congratulations.

Good gracious! Joe off to the Continent with an opera-dancer!—but I was not long permitted to indulge in this reverie. The cutting of the bride-cake was obviously, in the eyes of the best-man, as formidable an operation as the taking of Pekin. He was a sallow and awkward youth, weighed down and almost paralysed by his awful responsibility. Young Dallas, however, knew all about it. The smile with which he showed his perfect teeth was quite reassuring. He accordingly took the lead in a brief council of war, and the deed was ultimately accomplished in a manner entirely efficacious. The elder of the 'Old Reds' became all of a colour, on the thimble falling to her lot. After a vain effort to dispose of it surreptitiously, she remarked, with an unsuccessful attempt at good-nature, that she suspected Mr. Starke, the best-man, of a trick. Mr. Starke looked sallow and unconscious, like a man who had never perpetrated a practical joke in his life. A burst of hilarity came to the relief of Miss Stewart, consequent on dear old Mathew getting the ring. The young ladies all clapped their hands. High above the hubbub, Mr. Gills was heard asseverating that 'Cupid had taken compassion upon him at last.'

'It may be so,' responded the fortunate ring-winner, 'seeing that I am like himself—blind.'

At this juncture, Jean handed me a letter that had

just come by post. I was about to take a furtive glance at its contents, when an astounding commotion ensued. The young couple were going off. A rush took place into the lobby—confused and hurried partings were exchanged—and down the stair went the turtle-doves under a storm of old slippers—young Dallas enthusiastically heading the battering party. For my part, I beat a retreat, and joined the elderly folk. We betook ourselves to the windows, every one of which that was available we threw up, and filled with heads. Dallas, assisted by some of the girls, kept up the pelting into the very carriage. From one of the windows Mathew, armed with a dilapidated prunella boot, made a miraculous aim, under Sophia's direction, hitting the postilion on the cheek; and off the vehicle drove, amidst a grand volley of cheers from the congregated juveniles.

And now, my friends, for the *dejeuner à la fourchette*. Was ever anything so triumphant? Mathew declared I was superb; but, ay me! the blindness of him! Yet if my modesty dared let me, I may confess to sundry bulls'-eye hits in the target of true wit. Jean and the girls likewise made good contribution towards the entertainment. It was, in short, a prolonged success. A success!—why, it was a riot. Mr. Gills ha-ha'd with infinite grandeur, and gave the leading toasts in a voice pitched for an audience of five hundred. Dallas broke the merry-thoughts and pulled the crackers, right and left, in the manner of a young man familiar with such pleasantries; while Peter Macnab, with his frontal promontories and deep-set eyes, undertook to teach any young lady chess in a single lesson. Even Mr. Starke began to master his diffidence, and exhibit symptoms of being at home. But the Stewarts presented the chief embodiments of perfect enjoyment—good Mathew Waddel, with his radiant face and ready chuckle, not excepted. Their eyebrows, having been hoisted high at the beginning of the feast, were not once permitted to come down—unless, in the case of the elder, during the mortifying incident of the thimble. It was infectious to contemplate their smile. That smile had become a very fixture at the climax of wondering delight. I presumed that it would continue in their sleep, and testify to the angels' whispering. The only cold, stuck-up, sniffly people were the M'Grubbers. Yet, no wonder they were ill at ease, having so much dignity to support! The costly pair, to do them justice, had the discretion to fold their tents early; and, all things considered, I was glad they had come, as the unhappy spectacle they exhibited served to cure my soaring and solid moiety of some of her old West-end aspirations.

When, after many jovial bursts of song, the company—all save Mathew—had left, Jean sunk and spread herself in the easy chair, and confessed that she was 'fairly done.'

'My dear!' said I, consolingly, 'you shall do nothing but sleep for a week!'

What, let me pause to ask, was all I have here described but poetry? In dress, cookery, and conversation, a night of superlative addition to the vulgar utilities! Alike in stately ceremony and the jovial disregard of it—a break, like a thrilling gem of verse, in the dull prose page of our ordinary life's narrative! Look at nature. What gems has not the morning on her cool sandals! Are there no splendours on the broad wings of noon? And wears not the majestic night a starry nimbus to attest her divinity to all worlds? And what are Dr. Caird and men of his fine clay, but the natural interpreters of such glorious oracles? Poetry and fiction—or, more properly, poetry and high invention—what are they, then,

but truth exhibited to fascinate the souls of men, shining and irresistible in the aureola of immortal beauty?

But the letter—I had almost forgotten it. As soon as the girls had dropped off to bed, and Jean in the easy chair was enjoying her profound nap, I begged Mathew—we were taking our usual quiet nightcap—to excuse me for one moment. Oh wonderful! 'Mathew!' I began, 'my struggles for independence are at length on the eve of realization. I have here a proposal to take the complete control, on terms the most liberal, of the great concern of M'Corkindale & Co.'

'You shall not accept it.'

'But I shall.'

'By Jupiter! you shall not!'

I was about to insist farther, but Mathew, choking with excitement, said with forced calmness, 'I have already made over half my means to you—and they are ample; besides, I have property which I require you to manage; above all, I am lonely and helpless, and need you to be always with me.'

'Fear me not,' I replied; 'our friendship is rivetted in heaven, and shall not be discovered on earth.'

'Then no more of your infernal nonsense,' said my noble old Belisarius; 'but let us drain our last glass this night—to the dear memory of Barbara!'

Farewell, my indulgent masters! The narrative of my trials is closed. When the fitting season comes round, a couple of white-headed gentlemen—one of them tall and slender, and the other blind—will probably be seen wandering along the shore towards the Cloch Lighthouse—for they have decided on residing chiefly at Ashton—enjoying the salt breezes from the sea, listening to the fresh roll of the billows, and talking of old times, anatomising society as it exists, and planning, on the edge of all the eternities, great actions for what little of their lives may be left. In the prospects of this future I, Gabriel Gray—Mr. Gladstone's tenpenny Income-tax notwithstanding—am happy!—

Yes, I am happy—happy as an eve

When clouds that threaten'd take a tranquil leave,
Awe'd by the infinite beauty of the night.

Through every chink of heaven there breaks a light,
Subdued and fitted to my mortal eyes.

There is no speck of storm in all my skies!

Friendship is mine, and love that will not end,

But with the glory of the future blend

When what is best of man grows part of God;

Rancours at home, and enmities abroad

Have ceased to be. My heart is well at ease,

Steep'd in that sweetness of the charities

That still can pity where it may not praise.

God keep my footsteps in the gracious ways

On which 'twill be a joy to look behind,

Untrack'd by any howlings on the wind

Of fierce remorse, ever in pursuit!

Yes, I am happy—temper'd like a lute

With all its chords deliciously in tune.

Not heaven itself has any dearer boon

Than a glad heart with its own self at peace.

My life runs sweetening as my years increase;

Yet over all there broods a memory

That while I live I never can let die.

The winter nights to me are very dear.

All the home-voices that I love to hear

Are round about me, and at distance keep
The ravenous owls that kill the doves of sleep.

Humanity grows beautiful to my eyes;

For I have learn'd, at last, to recognise

The cheering truth that friendship may be true.

Well pleased, my thoughts their sportive wills pursue,

And laughter follow where the wit is bright.

My friend, who sees me not, fills all my sight,

And I his hearing fill, with mutual gain.

More are we one that for a time we twain

Found through divergent paths unhappiness.

Greater the joy again to coalesce,

In simple trust, after some alien thought

A partial madness in the brain has wrought

By witchery of books around us cast,

Immortal guests are usher'd from the past—

Such as no single age has ever claim'd!—

Poets and sages whom we hear but named,

And feel ennobled to be of their blood!

Yet though uplifted to that higher mood,

With the great bliss is blent a memory

That while I live I never can let die.

A little while and aho, the hopefulest

Of the year's daughters—leading all the rest—

The Hebe Spring, will walk the emerald dews.

A flush of gladness will her smile diffuse

Over the earth, making it beautiful

As a young face fresh bounding out of school,

And caught with sudden carol of a bird!

A happier voice will in the streams be heard,

And endless flowers make vagrants of the bees:

While daylight lingers till it almost sees

The night-ay trembling with its wealth of stars!

Old rats of tearing cannon, and the scars

Of cleaving armies, thundering as they pass,

Time smooths and heals with silence of the gram.

So will I list the great sea's monotone,

And think of trials past, of sorrows flown,

With a heart's heart, and pulse of perfect calm!

Yet when the air grows precious with the balm

Of myriad blooms, and health beats everywhere,

Regrets will rise for one who once was fair—

By robber-winds removed from my embrace!

And so, with tears upon my placid face,

The brightest scene will wear a memory

That while I live I never can let die.

So, once more farewell, my masters! and my blessing and good wishes be with you all!

[THE present Number ends the Second Volume of the 'MISCELLANY.' It likewise brings the career of the periodical to a close. The Editor regrets that he has been unable to give it so much attention as it demanded. He also regrets that the pressure of other avocations now compels its discontinuance.

Its success, he may add, has been considerable, although not sufficient to compensate adequately for the labour of conducting it, or justify a more exclusive devotion to its interests.

To the various Contributors who have enriched the pages of the 'Miscellany,' the Editor is under special obligations. To each and all of them he desires to tender his grateful thanks.]

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